Six Skeletons in Your Closet

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Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Major Character Death
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Fandom:	Undertale (Video Game)
Relationships:	Sans (Undertale)/Reader, Papyrus (Undertale)/Reader, Reader/Everyone!
Characters:	Underswap Papyrus - Character, Underfell Papyrus - Character, Papyrus (Undertale), Underswap Sans - Character, Underfell Sans - Character, Sans (Undertale)
Additional Tags:	Fluff, Sexy Fluff, Reverse Harem, six skeletons and a girl genre, Female Reader, reader perspective, Angst, Fluff and Angst, Bad Puns, Past Abuse, Past Child Abuse, Scars, Secrets, Violent Outbursts, Jelly skellies, more AUs included, Light BDSM, reader is a freak, Slow Burn, constant conflict, Biting, steamy makeout sessions, Skelekisses, Jealousy, skellies treat reader like a trophy, but they really do love her, Steamy love confessions, Love Confessions, Reader can't say the L word, Infertility, Reader Needs a Hug, SAVED Asriel Dreemurr, Preteen Frisk and Azzy, Nonbinary Frisk, Chara is Female, Chara Is Dead, Chara is an evil spirit, Romance, Danger, All the skelebaes, Reader has character development, Reader-Insert, It Gets Worse Before It Gets Better, shit gets real, Self-Acceptance, Body Positivity, Sexual Tension, Relapsing into bad habits, Gore, Blood and Gore, Violence, Well-adjusted abuse victim, Fluff and Smut, Smut
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Six Skeletons in Your Closet

by MsMK

Summary

Rewrites in the works! Rewritten up to: **Ch 4 for syntax, plot hole fixes, and general foreshadowing and writing quality.**
You're just an ordinary college student...with terrible secrets that could be life-threatening...the least of which is that you're a masochist...but when you find solace in a house of skeleton monsters, your secrets aren't safe for long. How long until the truth comes out? How long until you snap? Or they do?
Your skeletons aren't in your closet anymore...they're all over the house!

After everything you've been through, all the pain and the suffering, all the secrets you've spilled...you still have trouble trusting yourself.

Part One: A Soul to Save (Ch. 1-30)
Part Two: Forget-Me-Not (Ch. 31-45)
Part Three: Time is Running Out (Ch. 46-74)
Part Four: Before It's Too Late (Ch. 75-???)
Reader perspective, the "Reader" character is female.
Changed username for reasons. Still me, still the same story.
Inspired by "Six Skeletons and a Maid" by RaccoonSinQueen

Explicit chapters marked with * or ** depending on severity, and TW are in the notes!

Notes

This was inspired by RaccoonSinQueen's Six skeletons and a maid! I've been working on this idea for a while, so please leave comments to tell me what you think!

Edit: I updated my inspired by section to include Llama_Goddess and Tyrant_Tortoise, as they have been a consistent source of inspiration, and update more often. A lot of my characterizations come more from their docs, where the original idea was inspired by SSOM

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Six Skeletons, One Maid by RaccoonSinQueen
- Inspired by Not the best way to go about Life by Llama_Goddess
- Inspired by Skeleton Squatters and the Landlady by Tyrant_Tortoise

A Strange Proposal

Chapter Summary

> You're out of a house, but luckily your favorite drinking buddy has an extra room.
> There's no harm in it...right?

Chapter Notes

> 3/13/18 edit:
> Rewrote most of this chapter to reflect proper foreshadowing, fill plot holes, and amend poor writing. If you gave this story a try but didn't care for it before, I would encourage you to read through it again and see if this is better!
> I will slowly be working through rewriting the next dozen or so chapters.

Part I: A Soul to Save

When you were growing up, you had often heard the phrase "Skeletons in your closet". It meant that you had secrets, things you wouldn't tell anyone no matter what, or that might ruin your life if somebody knew.

Certainly, the people who talked about these “skeletons” usually meant something like embarrassing habits, or secret affairs, or unpaid parking tickets. The rare few, however, meant something darker, something much more sinister and blood-curdling...or maybe something on the sexually deviant side, something you could never tell.

Well, you had plenty of those, of both kinds, and they continually kept you moving. You had been moving around for years, hopping buses and making Craigslist ads, enduring roommates arguably stranger than even yourself, enrolling and never showing up for college classes across the country. Every time you thought you were comfortable, and you began to relax...

You were reminded that people often forgot to mention was that your skeletons follow you.

You sighed as you turned the engine off, letting your Toyota Corolla idle in the parking lot of Grillby’s. Yeah, a monster restaurant. Most people you knew avoided it like the plague, but you found it more than charming--monsters were nicer than most humans, you found, and despite being one of the only humans in the place, it was much easier to blend in here...to escape from the hell that had become your life.

You glanced in the rearview mirror at all of your things packed haphazardly into your tiny car, and groaned, resting your forehead on the steering wheel.

You can't believe you got found out by another set of roommates. It was an epidemic. A travesty. A complete dishonor on you and your cow.

At this point, you aren't sure if even *you* would room with yourself.

You sighed. It was, quite frankly, the fifth set of roommates in two years. Life would be so much easier if you just...didn't have secrets to keep.

You still remember Shelby's face when she had seen the scars marring your back, and the way you vehemently refused to go to explain why you had gone to the hospital...and the way she deadpanned when she finally weaseled it out of you. You could still hear Kevin shouting questions at you through the door as you hurriedly packed your things, and Rei's shocked silence as you gave very specific instructions not to follow you.

You shook your head and opened the car door. It was time to drown your sorrows in a good burger and make a new craigslist ad, AGAIN.

The second you stepped inside you relaxed. Monsters were way better than humans. They never judged you, even though they had every right to believe that humans were the root of all evil, and they were content to mind their own business or listen to your rants or…
Well, you supposed you were thinking about one particular monster, who you began to fear wasn't showing up tonight. Grillby served you your favorite, extra ketchup and extra cheese, as you wondered where your pun-buddy was tonight.

As if you called him, a skeletal hand patted your shoulder and a relaxed voice called out to you: "hey y/n, you're here awfully early today. somethin' the matter?"

You felt yourself grinning to match Sans as you turned around, that familiar blue catching your eye as he settled in the stool next to you.

"Not now that you're here. Funny, I thought for a split second that you weren't gonna show tonight."

"me? not at grillby's? the world might end." He glanced back out the door behind you both, a strange expression on his face. "you headin' somewhere? looks like you got your whole life packed away in that car."

"If it was my whole life, it might look a lot more alarming," you snorted into your soda. "Burgers first, then my tale of woe?"

"sounds good."

You sat together at the bar and you started to unload on him and Grillby like usual. When you got to why you left your roommates...well, you glazed over that part. Sans listened alertly, unlike usual where he seemed to be in a daze. Eventually you realized he'd been staring at you the whole time, a look of concentration on his skull.

"S-Sorry to unload on you, I guess," you said finally, becoming very interested in your fries. "It's just frustrating to be homeless yet again."

“how ‘bout me?”

You snapped up to look at him, completely confused by the statement...the question? He was looking at you with his usual smirk. You couldn’t read him.

“I uh, I don’t follow you, Sans,” you admitted, clueless.

“i, uhm, i mean, i gotta house, you know, with my brother and my...cousins...and it’s really big and...well, we have an extra room.” He started to glow blue just a little bit, or was that the light playing tricks on your eyes? Can skeletons blush? “it’s a skele- *ton* of monsters, but we could really use a woman’s touch around. you cook?”

You blinked. Did you hear him correctly? Was he offering you a place to live?

NO. Absolutely not. That was your first instinct. Sans was a good friend, and you didn't want to compromise that by possibly having him discover...well, you couldn't bear it if Sans ever looked at you with disgust at least.

Your eyes flicked to the window, where your car was seen patiently waiting, holding everything you owned.

“Uh, cook?”

“yeah, ain't a single person in the house who can, so it'd be an added bonus. why do you think I'm at grillby’s all the time?”

Actually, you were a fairly decent cook. You took a few semesters of culinary school before you switched gears to astronomy, so you actually knew quite a bit. You relayed this to Sans, whose face seemed to light up with that information.

“great, then it's settled. i need a night to prepare a room, so how about i set you up in a motel in the meantime?”

You almost choked on your French fries.

“Y-you would do that for me?” you asked, in awe at his kindness. He's always been nice, but this was...beyond what you deserve.

“of course, pal.”

“What, like, no catch?”

“hmm, well, a few of them are pretty high maintenance and tend towards violence, if you'd call that a catch. but if they bother you, just give me a holler and i'll come running, ok?”

Violence? Like what kind of violence? You could feel a blush forming on your cheeks but did your best to force the feeling down--you needed a place to live so you had no choice. You assured him shakily that you could handle what they had to dish out. He was unconvinced, but shrugged it off as he stood up.

You followed him out, chatting a little more, and he bummed a ride with you to set you up in a nearby motel. You asked lots of questions about your soon to be roomies, but he avoided most, simply saying you'd find out soon enough. If this was meant to assuage your curiosity, it had the

exact opposite effect, what with you being a nosy little shit and all...but eventually you gave up and fell quiet, accepting his non-answers.

After the motel was all set up, you thanked him so many times he actually had to put up a hand to stop you.

“hey, hey, it's a friendly gesture, not a royal gift. i will expect some chores be done and stuff in return...i do have one rule, though.” His face got uncharacteristically serious as he looked you in the eye, his eye lights unwavering. “if you cross my family in any way, you won't just be homeless, you'll be lifeless. and if you try anythin’, hurt anyone, and you run, *i will hunt you down...* capiche?”

You were taken aback by his dark demeanor and stepped back, your heart racing embarrassingly fast. You had *never* seen him act like that before, and of course you would never dream of hurting anybody!

But, you supposed if you had any family to lose, you'd probably say the same thing.

“O-of course, I wouldn't dream of it, dude,” you stuttered quietly. Sans grinned and tousled your hair a bit.

“i know you wouldn't, just needed to be said. see you tomorrow to show you to the place, kay?”

He winked, and disappeared, leaving you alone in your motel room, clutching your bag. His little teleportation trick was a blessing, as it allowed you to break down quickly in peace.

You let out a gasp and crumpled to the floor, face burning bright red as your heart banged against your ribs. You hated to admit any power to your masochist side, as if it gave some sort of satisfaction to those who had wronged you in the past...but you had to admit, when his eyelights disappeared, you felt a lot less threatened and a whole lot more *turned on* .

Was this a huge mistake? He said that some of them were *prone to violence* , a fact that sent thrills through your nervous system just to think about it. How violent? Would they target you? Bruise you? Tie you up?

You decided then and there that they would never know, and you straightened yourself up through your resolve. No, they can't know, because if they did then they'd think you were disgusting...they'd think you enjoyed punishment, they'd ask questions.

Yes, you were a freak, but they’ll never know. Just like your scars and the rest of your skeletons, this would stay firmly in your closet...sexy, scary, possibly violent monsters or none.

The water pounded mercilessly against your sleepy form as you swayed in the shower, washing away the damp sweat you had accumulated from long, lewd dreams probably brought on by the impending “violent monster” living situation. You wanted to be upset, but...wet dreams are better than nightmares.

Sans would be here any minute, but you couldn't bring yourself to move any faster as you let the water and cheap hotel soap lather away your sins.

When you finally stepped out, you felt raw and pink and bare, and you dressed with the same slow hands as you had washed yourself, pulling an old band t-shirt over your frame absently.

You took a look in the mirror, at the soft color of your eyes and the way the bags were only slightly more noticeable than usual. You wished you could sleep better, but it was an unexplainable phenomena...you'd always been awake at night.

There was a soft knock at the door just as you were pulling your hair into a messy knot.

"Just a minute!" you called, hearing voices outside the door. You paused to listen, and though they were muffled, there was definitely more than just Sans out there.

You opened the door just a crack, chain still in place and the door catching. The tall skeleton outside your door glanced at it momentarily, taking a deep drag of his cigarette. How does that work? Shouldn't the smoke like...curl out his eyesocket?

"sans is parking the car, with the others," he said, waving to the commotion behind him, cigarette in hand, as if to explain what you hadn't yet asked. His demeanor was relaxed, but he was hesitant, glancing once again at the lock.

"Right," you muttered sheepishly, closing the door briefly to remove the chain and swing it open this time.

Now that you could see him better, he wasn't all that intimidating. His pull-over hoodie was a deep, friendly shade of orange, and he wore khaki cargo shorts and converse like any respectable skater might. Nothing about his posture seemed aggressive, even the way his eyelights bored into your own eyes, as if trying to decipher you.

"stretch."

The command caught you off-guard, but for some reason you obeyed, bringing your arms up above your head to do so.

His laugh was surprised and clear, a small chuckle not unlike Sans'.

"no, eh...my name, it's stretch."

Oh. Well, color you embarrassed. You dropped your arms so quickly that he laughed again, making you flush.

"Ah, uh, yeah...sorry. I'm y/n, though feel free to nickname me anything you like."

"whatever i want?"

"Uhm, yes, it's fine."

He looked at you contemplatively, his eye lights searching you up and down. He leaned towards you, making your heart skip a beat as his face leaned closer to yours. You, for some reason, didn't lean away, frozen as he paused inches from your face...and stubbed out his cigarette in the ashtray just inside the door with a smirk.

"y/n will do just fine, till i know you better. you should probably refrain from giving all the household members free reign of what to call you, though. for your own safety."

“hey, stretch, don't scare the girl on her first day in.” The familiar rumble of Sans’ voice made you perk up as he popped out from behind the taller skeleton. “hey y/n, I know everything's already packed up but i couldn't convince these guys to stay behind. everyone but edge and red decided they absolutely had to see you through. so--”

He was interrupted by another skeleton approximately two-thirds his height popping up in front of him. The baby faced skeleton was clad in a blue and white outfit and blue bandana, with a comically large hat that said “moving crew” on it, and had literal stars in his eyes as he bounced in place.

“HEY! HEY! I'M BLUEBERRY, YOU CAN CALL ME BLUE! I'M PAP--I MEAN, I'M STRETCH’S BROTHER! I REALLY AM EXCITED FOR YOU TO COME LIVE WITH US, HUMAN! FEAR NOT, BECAUSE I AM AN EXCELLENT ROOMMATE AND TACO CHE--”

Before he could finish, another tall skeleton bobbed into view, wearing orange shorts and a cut-off t shirt that looked like they wrote “ ***moving crue”*** in Sharpie on the front.

“HELLO HUMAN! I AM THE GREAT PAPYRUS!” He said, striking a heroic pose that made you stifle a giggle.

“Right! You're Sans’ brother,” you acknowledged, recognizing the name from Sans’ many, many stories of him. “Sans talks about you all the time. Your coolness is legendary.”

“NYEH HEH HEH, AS EXPECTED! MY REPUTATION PRECEDES ME! I *AM* A VERY COOL PERSON, AFTER ALL!” He puffed his ribcage out dramatically, giving the illusion if muscles beneath the fabric, and you were full-on grinning now, your apprehension about the new place completely forgotten. “I AM PLEASED TO WELCOME YOU INTO OUR HOUSEHOLD AND IF YOU EVER NEED ANYTHING PLEASE FEEL FREE TO COME TO ME AND I WILL TRY MY BEST NOT TO STARTLE YOU WITH MY AMAZING PROBLEM SOLVING SKILLS!”

“PAPYRUS, I WAS TALKING TO THE LADY FIRST!” The smaller skeleton buffed in annoyance, though it was unclear there was no ill will. He tried to push Papyrus out of the way, but the tall skeleton barely moved, rather stepping aside of his own accord.

“OH! APOLOGIES!”

Blue took his place in front of you again, taking a deep breath as if to start his tirade over again--

“hold that thought, eh blue? let's get this girl moved in first.” Sans said quickly, before holding his hand out to you expectantly. “well? ready to do this, kid?”

You grabbed his hand without hesitation.

“Yup, let's do this thing.”

The neighborhood was lively, with several monster and human children playing in the streets and nearby parks.

Sans’ house was in a perfect spot, equidistant from the college and the downtown areas--easily walkable should your car cease to function, knock on wood. It was also huge, with three floors and a detached garage that was almost as big as the bottom floor of the house. The garage door was

open, and you caught a glimpse of a separated sitting area, as well as several nice cars and motorcycles, plus Sans' electric blue vespa.

Dang, you knew he made decent money but this was...beyond anything you could have imagined. This place must cost a fortune and a half to maintain.

The attic room was to be yours, which essentially gave you the entire third floor. Even with only a quarter of the space of the first and second floors, it was the size of a small apartment, separated from the second floor by a private set of stairs with a lockable door. It even had its own bathroom, which was bigger than any bathroom you had ever shared with roommates before. It even had a lovely view of a lovingly maintained garden in the backyard, full of color and life.

You kept checking with Sans that it was okay, and he insisted it was, allowing you some privacy to put away your things.

You spent the rest of the day chatting with the skeletons you had already met, finding yourself enjoying every second of it. Stretch was just like Sans, but seemed to have a twinkle in his eye that you just couldn't place. Blue was positively adorable and wanted to help with anything and everything. And Papyrus...Papyrus was certainly something else, and he gave you energy just watching him. You had a feeling you and him would be good friends.

Then there was Sans, who was eyeing you throughout the day, probably gauging your interactions to see if he could believe what you had told him the night before. After a few hours you felt him tug on your sleeve, and you let him pull you aside.

Before he could voice his thoughts, you rushed to reassure him you were happy here.

"Sans...thank you so much. Really. This means a lot to me, and everybody has been so nice and...I don't deserve it."

He grinned at you. "of course y'do, kid. but before you serve that gratefulness up, you have a couple more comin' that might...be hard to swallow."

"Right, there's two more. Edge and Red, right?" You recited, remembering what Papyrus had said earlier.

"yeah...listen, really, if they do anything that makes you uncomfortable, let me know immediately. if they get too handsy, or rough, just call for me, okay?"

Ok, wow, he was making it very hard not to be excited about these two. God you were such a freak. You wondered, not for the first time, what this place had in store for you in the long run.

"I can handle it, Sans, really." you beamed at him. The image in your head of these two was probably way off base, anyway. No way they were tall, dark, leather-and-metal-covered badasses that want to dominate you in every--

...whew, calm down, y/n.

He looked like he was going to say something else, but there was a *slam!* as the front door swung open violently, cutting off whatever he might have said.

“WHERE IS THIS MISERABLE HUMAN THAT YOU INSIST MUST LIVE WITH US?” The first voice was obnoxiously loud and gravelly, a deep growl in every syllable that made your skin crawl.

“chill, boss, maybe it won't be so bad. after all, humans can be pretty tasty...might be a good view.” The second voice was lower, and carried a rough hardness like whiskey.

Oh no, you're sweating.

“we're in here,” Sans called out, somewhat reluctantly. You found his hand on your shoulder, somewhat possessive and comforting.

When they appeared around the corner, your jaw very nearly hit the floor.

Oh no, they're hot!

Turns out your fantasies weren't far from the truth, incidentally, and the two skeletons in front of you looked like they were ready to have a good, rough tumble.

The tall one was decked out in black, spine exposed to reveal sharp protrusions along his vertebrae. His pants were tight in all the right places, and his heeled boots tapped impatiently as he regarded you with disgust in his sockets.

The shorter one was wearing a hungry grin as he looked you over, as if ready to devour you on the spot. His ensemble was also black and red, with the addition of a--holy christ, is that a *collar?!*

“see, boss?” The collared one practically purred, malicious intent dripping from his fangs. “looks like she’s good scenery after all.”

Nope. NOPE. Nopenopenopenopenope can't do it right now. You felt faint.

“I-! I need to go unpack!” you said suddenly, bolting out the door before anyone could so much as introduce you. You could only hope they just thought you were scared of them.

You didn't stop running until you clicked the lock on your bedroom door and collapsed, shuddering at the sudden thought of one of them chasing you all the way up here to--

Hoooo...breathe.

You had a nosebleed, not uncommon for you at times but this one was definitely related to the heat overtaking your face. They looked like something off the naughty calendar you kept hidden under your bed! How are you supposed to live with Mr. BD and his brother, SM?!

This...would be much harder than you had thought.

The monsters watched you rush out of the room in shocked silence, and when the door to your room slammed shut, Red snorted in displeasure.

“geez, how rude!” He scoffed, adjusting his collar. “the doll didn't even stop to learn our names!”

“WELL, OBVIOUSLY THE HUMAN IS INTIMIDATED BY MY LARGE VILLAINOUS STATURE,” Edge sniffed, not knowing just how close to the mark he was. “BUT RUDENESS

WILL NOT BE TOLERATED AND I WILL HAVE TO THINK OF A FITTING PUNISHMENT FOR LATER!”

"edge, don't you even *dare* ,” Sans growled through gritted teeth. “not a fucking hair on her head is to be harmed, do you understand?”

“I DIDN'T SAY I WOULD *HARM* HER...CERTAINLY PSYCHOLOGICAL TORTURE WOULD DO JUST FINE.”

“if you do *anything* , one little toe outta line with her…”

“FINE! FOR FUCK’S SAKE, LEARN TO TAKE A JOKE.” Edge said begrudgingly, clearly not in the mood for arguing. “NOT A FINGER. BUT SHE WILL REPAY ME FOR HER RUDENESS SOMEHOW.”

He stalked off towards his bedroom, leaving Red to follow him hastily.

Sans pinched the bridge of his nose bone with a sigh. Okay, that went about as well as he had expected it to...hopefully you weren't too freaked, and he could still coax you out of your room for dinner.

Then perhaps he could convince you they weren't so bad…

...as if he believed it.

Dinner and a Promise

Chapter Summary

You make dinner on the first night, and Sans opens up a little

It wasn't long before Sans knocked on your door, making you jump a little bit in surprise.

“hey, uh...sorry about red an’ edge. i promise they won't pull anything if you come make dinner.”

“No, no, uh...I'm sorry. I was caught off-guard. Pointy teeth and stuff,” you offered lamely, trying not to think of the nasty bruises those fangs could make in your delicate skin.

“well, in any case...they’ll behave, i’ll be sure of it.”

Yeah, but could *you* behave?

“Okay, I'll be down in a minute!” You responded cheerfully, and that seemed to satisfy him. As his footsteps disappeared down the stairs, you returned your attention back down to the box you had been organizing to clear your head. It mostly held pictures, as meager as your pictures collection was. 16, 17, 18, 19 years old...standing and smiling with Gram, looking a little bit happier in each one.

You chose to ignore the small set of pictures at the bottom of the box: some to remind you of the things you were running from, and some to remind you of the things you will always regret leaving behind.

"Be back later, Gram."

You made your way down the stairs slowly, observing the pictures lining the hallways. Like yours, most appeared to be from just the last couple of years. Half of them were group photos from exotic locations, some including a small human you recognized as Frisk, the monster ambassador. The other half seemed to be mostly candid shots or spontaneous poses: Blue and Papyrus posing with huge snow sculptures, Sans on his Vespa clearly in the middle of making a pun.

There was a whole life, a family here. Even if they sometimes don't get along, you supposed they were family after all. Just where could you fit into this picture?

It wasn't long before you found yourself at the door of the kitchen, and you were surprised to find Stretch leaning nonchalantly against the counter.

“Oh! I'm sorry, I didn't know you were using the kitchen,” you squeaked, turning on your heel to make a hasty retreat.

“wait.” You stopped in your tracks, and he accidentally bumped into you, having moved to follow you. He chuckled as you turned around, a little embarrassed. “are you always so obedient?”

“Sorry...force of habit,” you mumbled.

He took a drag of his cigarette, amusement lighting up his sockets. “sans asked me to hang out and make sure you knew where everything was in the kitchen.”

Oh. Oh! That made sense.

“Oh, duh,” you said, smiling brightly at him. “Thanks.”

He quirked a socket up as if to raise an eyebrow, hesitating. He seemed surprised, as if he had expected hostility or some kind of snarky remark. There was a long pause before he relaxed, apparently deciding not to question it.

“...so, what are you making?” He asked curiously, moving aside so you could fully enter the kitchen.

“Well, that depends on the ingredients available, I suppose,” you answered, admiring the quality of the tile as you crossed the kitchen to the huge refrigerator.

As you opened it, you were taken aback slightly by its contents. Half of the fridge was occupied by condiment bottles filled with mustard and ketchup, and the rest with Tupperware full of spaghetti and tacos...some of which appeared to have glitter in them. You had sort of expected a lot of condiments, since Sans is constantly drinking ketchup at Grillby’s in lieu of a real drink, but the sheer amount was not only mind-boggling but also enough to make you slightly queasy.

You closed the fridge and opened the cupboards, but were equally appalled by the selection there--mostly bottles of honey, far too many for one household, taco seasoning, bottles of spaghetti sauce, a buttload of vinegar...and craft glitter. Not even edible glitter.

Stretch laughed at your distraught face as you closed the cupboard. “heh, we don't have much,”

“No, that’s alright,” you dismissed, smiling. “Sans said you guys don't cook much. Where's the nearest grocery store?”

He looked at you, amused, and then straightened himself...before surprising you by taking your hand and pulling you to follow him out the front door. “walking distance. i can take you, but if we don't want to spend several hours there then we might wanna scoot before we pick up any tagalongs.”

He winked at you, and you felt your face get warm as your feet quickened to keep up.

“so what's your story?”

“Story?” You frowned in confusion, glancing up at him from the package of beef in your hands. He was leaning against a display of Oreos, cigarette replaced by a lollipop that he rolled around his mouth as he eyed you curiously.

“i mean, you just moved into a house with bunch of monsters you don't know on less than a day’s notice. aren't humans generally afraid of monsters?”

“Aren't monsters usually afraid of humans?” He paused, then he chuckled lightly.

“alright, you got me there.” He shook his head. “just thought it was a little strange. people don't usually do crazy stuff like this.”

“I mean...I don't really see it as all that *crazy* ,” you shrugged dismissively as you put the meat in the cart and pushed on towards the dairy section. “I mean, I've known Sans a while, and he's pretty great. I figured his family couldn't possibly be worse than some of the other roommate situations I've been in, so, what the heck, right?”

“do you still think so?”

“Well, so far, so good,” you giggled, and his shoulders relaxed a little as he strode alongside you. “Definitely not worse than bug collector roomie who had dead bugs framed all over the living room.”

“pfft, nasty.”

“Right? Glad I'm not the only one who thought that was weird.”

The conversation derailed for a little bit as you gathered ingredients for burgers and fries, a safe bet for Sans any day. You hoped it applied to his family as well. Stretch loosened up more as the shopping trip wore on, cracking puns that rivaled Sans’ best works.

“so, you're really okay playing house mom to six monsters?” He asked at one point as he not-so-stealthily dumped a value-sized bag of lollipops into the cart. “i mean, we’re pretty messy”

“I'm a student, so I don't have much else to do except classes and homework, so helping out around the house will be refreshing, I think. “

“damn, what a gal. what did your old roommates do to lose you?” It sounded harmless enough, but regardless, it made your posture stiffen.

You laughed nervously. “Ah, no, it's not really like that. It...wasn't a good fit. I'm just hoping you guys don't get sick of me, too.”

“sick of you?” He asked slowly, an incredulous tone to his voice. “no, that's not what i...sorry, didn't mean to offend.”

“Not offended, just…” you trailed off, shrugging. He eyed you, and you could almost see the gears turning in his brain.

“nevermind, it isn't important. let's move our *buns* and get these burgers made, right?”

You didn't really believe it wasn't important, but you smiled at his pun.

“I guess if I don't want you to get sick of me, then I'll just have *fry* hard to impress you!” you shot back, to his surprise. He chuckled, and you were starting to find that you were liking him more and more...he reminded you of the love interests in those indie romance movies.

“i’ll be honest, doll,” he drawled, weighing heavily on your cart to stop you. He leaned in, closer and closer until you could smell the cherry flavor of his lollipop. “can't imagine i’ll *ever* get sick of you.”

Ohhhh goodness. Definitely like one of those romance movies. You felt your pulse quicken as you searched for an answer, and when you couldn't think of anything, he simply laughed, tousling your hair slightly as he stood.

“what a cute little human we’ve found,” he mused, almost to himself. “c’mon, let’s get home.”

Dinner went off without a hitch. The table was lively and boisterous with multiple conversations mingling in the air, and you were humbled by the many thanks your new housemates gave you. The only one who seemed unimpressed was Edge, but you got the feeling that he wasn't easily cracked, as even Red seemed a little backhanded when he complimented the burger.

Speaking of Edge and Red, you had behaved yourself just fine to your surprise. Their dynamic was...interesting. Despite being the older one, Red dutifully answered to his brother, even to the point of calling him “boss”...mmm...this is your aesthetic.

Finally, people started to filter out and back to various parts of the house, and Blue was kind enough to gather the dishes so that Papyrus could do them for you. Even though you felt responsible for the dishes, it was nice that they didn't expect you to do it.

You stood up and stretched, ready to take a break from feigning normalcy and go hide in your room. As much as you had thoroughly enjoyed tonight, you were still incredibly nervous about this whole situation--your heart hammered in your chest any time somebody started to ask you questions, and you weren't certain who exactly you could trust here…

...well, except for your dear friend Sans, who had strolled through the back door while you were lost in thought. He'd been regrettably absent from dinner, so you felt relieved to see him.

“Oh, Sans! I saved you a burger and fries, I was just about to bring it to you. Papyrus said you were working, are you done now?”

He seemed surprised for a moment, as if he had forgotten you would be here, but his face quickly returned to his normal lazy smile as he shrugged. “uh, not done per se, but takin’ a break i guess….uh, hey...can we chat?”

“Can peacocks fly?” You snorted. He stared at you a moment, so you sheepishly continued. “...yes. They can.”

That earned a small chuckle from him.

“cool. hey, it's nice and clear outside, so why don't we step out there?”

A clear night? You brightened considerably, ready to show off all those astronomy smarts you had acquired through your major these last few semesters.

You were almost disappointed when Sans was able to name the constellations almost before you pointed them out. You think he may have noticed, because he stopped and let you point out your favorites. After a while of stargazing from the stone bench in the garden, you started to get the feeling that Sans had something else he wanted to talk about, and might be stalling. You looked over at him, studying his face.

“Is there something else you need to talk about, Sans?”

"nah, nothin' important." he shrugged, but you weren't convinced. "i just...y'know, wonderin' what you're doin' here."

You blinked, confused. Oh, no...was he having second thoughts? Your heart began to sink as you wondered how you had managed to screw things up so quickly. "Because...you offered?"

"no, I mean what kinda crazy human girl accepts a proposal like this? a house full of monsters she doesn't know that may or may not be violent and two who definitely are? if we're being honest, you don't even know *me* that well." So he was concerned for you? You let out a sigh of relief. "if you got somewhere better to go then you should go, kid."

"Oh...don't worry about that. I don't."

"no parents?"

You shake your head. None worth a moment of your attention.

"siblings?"

Shake again. None that you ever wanted to see.

"no family or friends at all?" He asked, disbelieving. "you're...huh. you're really on your own."

"We all have our reasons to run, Sans," you said, smiling sympathetically at him. "And I've been running from those things for a long time. Can't you say the same?"

His eye sockets seemed to widen at your perception, and he turned away. This time it was clear that he was, indeed, blushing a blue glow.

"if you say so, kid...then just one more question, eh, more of a request?"

"Shoot!"

He turned to you, and you could see his glow getting brighter. "if you really are gonna stay, then can you say that...can you promise not to leave?"

You were a little surprised to see this side of the drunken pun master. He usually doesn't get weepy until the ketchup is gone. And did he mean, like, forever? Or just the foreseeable future?

He seemed embarrassed by your hesitancy, and pulled his hood up so that the fabric obscured his blush.

"it...it's just that we skeleton monsters tend to get attached easily, and these guys have all had their share of heartache already. me, too…" he admitted. He sounded hurt...a hurt you knew little about, but you were determined to relieve it. "just...i don't wanna see any more broken hearts, that's all."

He didn't want his family to suffer. You hadn't even considered how hard it must have been for them to allow you into their home, with little knowledge of what could come of it. You felt like a bit of a bitch, thinking only about yourself...

You swept back his hood and he looked up at you in surprise. Before he could protest, you clutched the hood to bring him closer and planted a kiss on the top of his skull, releasing him as quickly as you had grabbed him and smiling at his shocked face.

“For the rest of my life. I promise, Sans.”

School Daze

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The sun painted your room pink and orange as it rose, illuminating the sleepy house. You sat on the large windowsill next to your bed, watching it rise over the garden, where you could see Papyrus watering the blooms diligently, and you couldn't help but smile at the simple beauty of it all--the garden, the house, your room, your housemates...it all felt like a fairytale to you.

You don't sleep well at night usually anyway, so when you had been woken by a nosebleed in the middle of the night you weren't in the least surprised...but it had been a lot more comfortable to stay up in your room here than at your previous apartment. You were detached enough from the rest of the house that you were able to watch Netflix without the danger of waking them up. The little voice in your head told you that you should probably accept offers from strange monsters more often, and although you knew it was a very bad idea to listen, it did make you laugh a tiny bit.

You collected yourself and stood, wondering vaguely what to wear today as you approached the large wardrobe Papyrus had insisted you take because the attic had no closet. It was huge, almost stretching all the way to the ceiling, made of a deep red wood. It was simply decorated, but still felt like something a princess might have...rather than just little old you.

What *should* you wear? You were only going to school, so it wasn't like pajamas wouldn't do. But you were feeling good, so maybe you should dress up. It's been a while since you've felt the urge to do so, so maybe you'd indulge yourself.

You don't have much, you realize, as you stare into the wardrobe at the meager selection of items. A few dresses that are hanging, some jackets. An old sweatshirt. You have several t-shirts, and one wrap skirt you had splurged on when you received your latest student loan.

...you really need to get a job soon, so you can pay that off. You had no idea what would happen to your debts if something happened to you, (which it inevitably would because when doesn't something happen to you?) so you needed to really bust your hump and get it done.

But that can wait. Today, class. After a minute of staring at the selection in front of you, you pick out a dress that fits the feeling of the day: a sunshine orange number with white accents and buttons. You usually don't like orange as a rule, but this particular shade reminded you of honey, and it was soft enough to not burn your retinas in the sunlight.

That, and somebody special had bought it for you once upon a time. So you cherished it.

The only issue with this number, of course, was the spaghetti straps. You looked in the mirror nervously at the scars across your back, a dead testament to the things that haunt you at night. No, best to keep your back and shoulders covered, as always. You remembered the sweater you bought a few weeks ago, a cropped white one with long sleeves--perfect.

You stared at yourself in the mirror, turning to see if all your scars were covered. Satisfied, you reached up to do... *something* with your hair. You'd always been hopeless with it, since you hadn't had any for so long, so eventually you gave up so you wouldn't be late.

Bag, check. Door locked, check.

Now, breakfast.

You had seen Blue from your window, going off for a jog, and Papyrus had already been in the garden, but if the rest of them were anything like Sans, you expected them to sleep until noon at the very least. So you crept downstairs quietly, hoping not to wake anyone on the way down.

...and ended up nose-to-sternum with Stretch, to your surprise. He staggered back a little bit as you rubbed your nose, sore from hitting bone through his sweatshirt.

“oh, uh, good morning, y/n,” he said, clearly as startled as you.

“Good morning!” you said with a smile. He seemed a little surprised at your cheerfulness, maybe because it was so early. And, had you slept, he'd be correct in assuming you would be grouchy in the mornings. “I didn't expect anyone else to be awake just yet!”

“i’m normally not, but i was working through the night.” His eyes dropped to your dress. He didn't look away for a bit, taking in the whole ensemble. He didn't say anything about it as he did finally tear his eyes away, but his face was flushed the same honey color as your dress. Huh...that's really cute. “so, uh, are you going somewhere?”

“School,” you said, wrinkling your nose a little. “I'm pretty lucky that I have a lot of interest in Greek Mythology, or else I'd probably shoot myself for having a 7am lecture class.”

“at least you'd go out with a *bang* ,” he chuckled, and was pleasantly surprised when you laughed a tiny bit.

“Well, I should go. Don't want to be late, since I've already been out for a week to sort all this stuff out, which is a shame since I enjoy the material.”

“so, i guess you could say you *myth* ed it?” He said with a chuckle. You laughed again and he felt a sense of smug pride--you were *really* cute when you laughed.

“It’s all *Greek* to me anyway,” you joked, shaking your head as he smirked. “I've got to go, but...see you later?”

He said goodbye and watched you hurry off, placing his hand on his sternum where you had bumped into him. There was a tug, a pain, unrelated to the collision…

**she looks just like her.*

**wonder what sans is thinking, letting her live here.*

The lecture was mostly review, to your pleasant surprise. You were able to pick up on a lot of stuff you had missed without having to beg notes off of anyone, which is a plus.

The only problem is that the review is hardly a substitute for attending, and as you're packing up, you're finding you're still less than prepared. If only you could--

“Y/n! Hey, Y/n!”

You blinked, startled out of your thoughts by somebody calling your name. When you looked up, you saw a familiar gangly redhead picking his way through the crowd of people surging towards the exit of the auditorium.

“Colin!” you acknowledged, as the freckled face of your classmate became visible. He grinned from ear to ear when he saw you wave, and pushed past the last few students to make his way over to you.

“Hey, I almost thought you weren't coming back,” he said, suddenly acting a little sheepish now that he was near you. He pulled a stack of papers from his binder and handed them over, your own curly handwriting looking back at you. “I thought I'd never get to return your notes. Thanks for letting me borrow them.”

“Of course,” you said sweetly, accepting the papers. “Us 7am-ers gotta stick together.”

“Oh! Which reminds me!” He quickly rummaged around in his bag and produced a similar stack, handing them to you. “I know my handwriting is barely readable, but I tried to make it legible. When I noticed you were gone, I made extra sure to write everything down like you did for me. Teach says most of it will be on the midterm.”

You gratefully accept the stack of papers. Colin! The lifesaver! Now you didn't have to go grovel to the teacher for notes! “Thanks, Colin, this really helps a lot!”

“No, no problem, just what anyone would do for a nice classmate.” He seemed a little distracted, and what he said next explained why. “Hey, uh, I just wanted to warn you...someone's been spreading some rumors about you the last few days...about getting kicked out of your apartment by your roommates...I didn't believe them, though!”

Your heart sank. What rumors? If they were what really happened...that could be really, *really* bad.

“I mean, there's no way you went psycho and tried to kill that dude, that's just nuts. You're...well, you're way too nice for that.” Kill a dude? You sighed in relief. That wasn't the truth at all. If it was lies, you could just ignore it.

“Jeez, what a story,” you shook your head, but thanked your ex roommate silently for at least thinking up something ridiculous instead of airing your dirty laundry. “Nope, no psychotic break yet, just decided we couldn't handle each other's habits anymore.”

He seemed to visibly relax, as if he was holding his breath. So he had probably believed it a little.

“So...are you okay then? Are you staying with family?” He almost sounded hopeful?

“Oh, no, I had a friend from the monster suburbs nearby who set me up with him and his roomies. It's a pretty sweet deal, actually.”

"Someone from Grillby’s?” He asked, sitting on your desk so you were closer to eye-level and didn't have to crane your neck.

“Yeah, Sans.”

He gave you a strange look. “The barfly who’s always drunk on ketchup?”

“well, not always, but i do try to keep up appearances.” You both jumped at the interruption, and you turned to see Sans leaning against the podium behind you “hey, kid. came to bring you lunch. courtesy of pap and blue. ‘sup colin?”

He held up a Tupperware packed full of what looked like spaghetti and tacos. You remembered you skipped breakfast as your stomach rumbled urgently...and despite the *glitter* you saw in there somewhere, it looked really good.

Colin smiled nervously back at your friend. You assumed his impression of the skeleton wasn't as great as yours, probably because the only time Colin ever went to Grillby’s was that first night you met Sans--and the redhead had gotten *so* sick, so very, very sick.

“Oh! Sans, you didn't have to come all this way, I could have gone home between classes or something. Thanks for doing this.” You accepted the Tupperware with a smile.

He chuckled, hands returning to his pockets.

“might wanna try the food before you thank me too hard. then we can go to grillby’s and get some real grub.”

“Yeah, alright. Colin? You wanna come?”

He jumped at the mention of his name. “Uhm, actually I have another class in a few minutes, and I have a test...but...I'll see you later okay?”

“Aw...okay, Gingersnap,” you said, giving him an affectionate hug goodbye. He smelled exactly like gingerbread, ironically. Do they make a cologne like that or does he just do that naturally?

“Oh, and, uhm, I just wanted to say, uhm…” he started to flush a light pink as he leaned back after releasing you, and ran a hand through his red curls. “You...you, uh... you look really, really nice today.”

You feel your face get warm at the unexpected compliment. You almost forgot you had dressed nicely. You smiled and thanked him, and he left quickly, his face a bright magenta. You put your free hand on your cheek, wondering when you had started to find meek nervousness cute.

A small cough made you remember Sans was there, and you whirled to face him apologetically. He wore a strange expression on his face that you couldn't quite read.

“So let's find a place to eat?” You offered, bounding over to accept his offered arm.

“wherever y’like.”

Sans had been absolutely correct about the food, and you were simply happy that Papyrus and Blue weren't around to see you retch it all up. The poor garbage in the quad, however, was not so lucky.

Instead of Grillby's you grabbed some sandwiches from a nearby sandwich place you liked, and retreated to find a shady spot in the spring warmth.

"That one looks like a bear," you said, pointing up at a particularly teddy-shaped cloud. "A *bearer* of good weather!"

Sans chuckled beside you, sandwich finished a while ago. "c'mon, kid, you can do better than that."

"Hmmm...I think you're being too *cirius* about it."

That earned a much harder chuckle. "alright, i'll accept that one. don't *fog* et that i'm the master, though."

You both were busy enjoying the sun, and didn't say much, but the quiet was refreshing for you both and you found the afternoon enjoyable so far. A few times you thought Sans may hay fallen asleep, but every time you spoke he responded quickly.

It was nice. Sans was always in the mood to relax, and the time you spent with him never felt wasted. You found your mind drifting, wondering what life in his house had in store for you…

There's an unwelcome fear deep inside you. It fears that if you get too close, it will hurt, it will hurt so much...your soul might break.

After a few hours it was time for your next class, so Sans said he or one of the others would be back to walk you home (even though you tried to tell him you drove). In class you found your mind wandering (physics was so boring) to how nicely you were being treated. A voice in the back of your head whined in disappointment, but you pushed her down (shut up, Mistress, there's Newton's Laws to memorize here!). In the end, you collected your review packet for the midterms and exited the classroom, looking around for that familiar blue sweatshirt.

Except it wasn't Sans who had come for you, and you stopped dead when you saw him, excitement mixed with unease rising in your chest.

Black jacket. Chains. Red collar.

Red's crimson eyes landed on you, his grin widening, his golden tooth reflecting the sun right into your eyes. A hungry look emanated from his smile, making you step back. People were skirting around him like a disease, whispering.

Well slap me on the ass and call me Daisy!

Alright, so it seemed it was more excitement than fear, here. He was certainly...your type. But that doesn't mean you should let your guard down! You drew yourself as tall as you could go as he approached, eyelights flicking over your outfit slowly.

"hey there, dollface. sansy said i needed to walk the little lost sheep back home."

If you were the sheep then he must fancy himself the lion.

He reached out and snapped the spaghetti strap that was barely showing from under your sweater, making you jump and pull your jacket back into place with urgency. “eh, not everyone looks good in orange. maybe a nice red and black thing next time, eh, sweetheart?”

The way he said sweetheart was pointedly demeaning and rude and...and...well, hot.

“I have plenty of red and black in my closet, Red,” you returned. “But you’ll probably never see those. I save them for *good boys* .”

Judging by the change in his face, you guessed Red could dish it out, but not take it. He immediately pulled his hood up to obscure the red glow forming on his face.

“...whatever toots, let’s just go home. i’m starvin’.”

You gaped at him a moment, pleased with your discovery. Ohhhh boy, he is going to be *fun* to fuck with.

Determined, you marched toward him confidently and grabbed his arm, pulling him closer to you by his squishy jacket.

“Well, then, lead the way, cutie~”

Man, you were not nearly as scared of him as he had thought you were, but, as it turns out, he was a little scared of you.

Chapter End Notes

I LOVE messing with Red. He's just a big squishy baby.

Playing With Kitten/Comfort

Chapter Summary

> Papyrus and Sans leave you at the mercy of the Fell brothers for a day...it doesn't go as expected

Chapter Notes

> This was originally two chapters, but neither was very long and it was all the same incident, so I figured I would put them together.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After a couple of weeks, you were starting to get settled.

You suspiciously hadn't seen much of Edge in your time there yet, in fact Red had been taking him most of his meals. You were secretly relieved, not because you were scared, but from what you had heard he was the most likely to act on any violent or rude impulses, and that certainly made the mistress inside of you very excited, since Red had been pretty careful to be avoidant and indifferent to you.

Instead you spent most of your time with Papyrus and Blue, playing through their puzzles and having fun. Sans and Stretch would join you occasionally from their workshop in the backyard, but for those first few weeks it was very quiet.

Until Sans and Papyrus went out of town.

"You're going somewhere?" You asked, surprised. This was the first time you'd heard of any of the guys going anywhere that wasn't the store or Grillby's.

"WE ARE GOING TO VISIT A GOOD FRIEND FROM OUR TIME IN THE UNDERGROUND, BUT FEAR NOT MISS! WE WILL BE BACK BEFORE SUNSET TOMORROW! WE APOLOGIZE THAT WE ARE LEAVING WHILE STRETCH AND BLUE ARE ON A SHOPPING ADVENTURE."

"they'll be back later tonight. oh, and i got you this," Sans casually handed you a phone. Like, a cell phone. Were these skeletons made of money?? "i see that look, and don't worry about it. i noticed you didn't have one and we'd feel more comfortable if we could contact you. it's only got our numbers in there so far, so it's up to you if you wanna let the others have yours."

You gaped openly at him, not even moving to take it. He shook it pointedly.

“No, no, Sans, I can’t accept this. It's too much, these are expensive!”

“please, kid, we can afford it. and it’ll give you a leg up on...well, those two.” He thumbed over his shoulder at Edge and Red’s rooms.

You hesitated. That *was* a good point. Without any way to properly contact Sans, those two could do whatever they pleased to you and nobody would know until Stretch and Blue came home.

Finally, you sighed, assenting with a nod and taking the phone.

You looked at the open contacts page: **SANSational** and **THE GREAT PAPYRUS** were already entered.

“Thank you, this is the most thoughtful thing anyone’s ever done for me…” You give them a huge smile and pull them in for a big hug. Sans chuckled, patting you on the back, but Papyrus hugged you both wholeheartedly.

“DO NOT EVEN MENTION IT, DEAR HUMAN! WE JUST WANT YOU TO BE COMFORTABLE!”

You send them on their way with packed lunches, and wonder if you should start on homework or chores first. Homework is boring, but chores are no more tempting, and if you were around the house you have a greater chance of running into--

...Red and Edge, who you smacked directly into when you turned around.

“HELLO, HUMAN GIRL.” Edge practically hissed. You backed up against the front door, only to find that Red had somehow gotten behind you. Great, he could teleport like Sans. “WE HAVE SOMETHING MAGNIFICENT TO SHOW YOU, AND BY SHOW YOU, I OF COURSE MEAN FORCE YOU TO SEE.”

You felt hands clamp down on your upper arms, holding you stiff. Red leaned in so you could hear him clearly.

“c’mon, sweetheart, let’s have a little fun.” His breath was hot on your ear, and smelled like mustard.

Stars on a stick, we got a code RED, Miss. If you were honest with yourself, it actually *did* sound like fun, but you *hardly know them* , and you get the distinct feeling that they didn't want to torture you simply for pleasure...okay, maybe Red did, but Edge was looking a hell of a lot more malicious over there.

You try to ignore the mistress and your body’s response, deciding that no, *playing* wouldn't be a good idea right now--one or several of your secrets might accidentally come to light, and then what would you do?

“Oh, but I wouldn't be any fun at all…” you said, eyes flicking from Edge to Red over your shoulder. “And I think Sans might get upset.”

“what the landlord don't know won't hurt ‘im,” Red purred, pressing his ribs against your back and lewdly grinding against you, making you squeak.

“Well, there's also the fact that…” You yanked your arms from Red’s grasp, catching him by the hood and hip-tossing him directly into his brother, who shrieked but caught him without falling completely on his ass. “I don’t think you could keep up with me.”

You seemed to accomplish your goal with Red, who immediately froze, turning, well, red. His blush overtook the entirety of his skull and he stuttered as Edge shoved him upright, and you felt like he might be down for the count.

However, you had gambled and lost with Edge. Contrary to his brother’s reaction, Edge became *furious* .

“NYEEEEHHHHRGH! INSOLENT HUMAN! NOBODY THROWS MY USELESS BROTHER AROUND BUT ME!”

Before you could react, he grabbed you around the waist and threw you over his shoulder roughly, making you whack your head on his armor. You tried to shake it off, to get rid of the stars dancing in your vision, but you knew a concussion when you felt one, unfortunately, and he stomped off up the stairs with you in tow, Red tagging along behind, still flushed, but amused beyond anything you'd seen thus far.

It was a bit of a blur, and you felt yourself deposited in some kind of chair. Red’s crimson eyes danced in front of you as his hands expertly strapped you in.

...strapping you to a chair? Has he been reading your diary? And you can tell he knows what he’s doing, because his knots are precise and tight, without being too abrasive.

Hmmm...this is nice rope...wait. You aren't supposed to be praising them!

“i think you hit her too hard, boss. humans are pretty fragile, ya know.”

“YOU DON’T NEED TO TELL ME THAT! JUST GET HER READY FOR HER PUNISHMENT BEFORE THE OTHERS GET BACK.”

You heard footsteps leaving, assumedly Edge, as Red was still firmly fastening you to the chair. You felt his hand push your hair out of your eyes.

“don’t die before the fun part, kitten.” His face came into focus a little, grinning, and you could see a big red tongue lolling out of his mouth.

Gross….and hot.

“wait, what?”

Shit. Did you say that out loud?

“uh, yeah...yeah, you did.”

Were you saying everything out loud?

“yes. yes you are.” His words were slow and deliberate, with an amused lilt to them.

“I’m hot,” you said, trying to cover it up, your voice sounding a little foreign. “C-Can you open my shirt?”

“you've obviously hit your head really hard and there's no way i could bring myself to take advantage of that...kidding! let's get rid of those buttons!”

You felt a sharp tug and heard the clinking of plastic buttons hitting the floor. You gasped involuntarily, feeling the heat in your face. The knock to your noggin has made it hard to control the mistress. Red seemed to hesitate, and brought his face down to your level.

“hey, uh, if i didn't know any better, kitten, i’d say you're actually enjoying this.”

You could barely look at him, but you hoped you sounded convincing when you answered.

“Like I'd enjoy a thumbtack sandwich.”

“well, i could always arrange that snack for you. or how about…” you felt his bony hand on your neck, squeezing ever so slightly. The tip of his thumb bone dug into your skin a little, breaking the skin. You bit your lip to keep from crying out. “a knuckle sandwich?”

That was far enough. If he did anything else, you wouldn't be able to control yourself. You quickly brought up your free leg, forgotten when he had paused to talk to you, and kicked him off of you. He shouted in surprise as he flew backward. You hadn't kicked him very hard, but he seemed worried nonetheless.

“cripes, kid, you got some fuckin’ claws over there!” he spat, standing up, and he was shaking--from rage or excitement, you couldn't tell. Probably both.

At first it seemed like he might hit you, but he stopped short, and grabbed your face roughly once again, inspecting it.

“...are you for real? you act all mad, and you’re resisting, but i know that face...hell, i *make* that face.” Realization dawned on him. “holy stars, kitten, you're a *freak* , aintcha?”

Your head hurts too much to try and protest. There’s a certain sense of smug victory on his face, and you almost roll your eyes. Of *course* it would be this asshole who figured out this secret.

“aw, kitten, you should’ve said something,” he purred, grasping your chin firmly and making you look at him. His other hand grasped your shoulder, pushing you back in the chair so he could lean in closer. “we’re gonna have so much fun together, you and i.”

You couldn't suppress the excited shudder that coursed through your body, and he sensed it. He chuckled, his tongue darting out to tickle at your clavicle and you choked on a small moan. He was leaning so close you feared he’d crush you, his weight heavy on your chest. You could feel his hot breath as he leaned in…

Suddenly the door flew open and Red was ripped away from you with a squeak. You winced, expecting Edge in a rage.

“what the *hell* do you think you're doing?”

You looked up to see Stretch holding Red up against the wall by the front of his jacket. His back was to you, but you could hear the venom in his voice.

“playin’ around, ashtray,” Red laughed, hand on Stretch’s wrist.

“i’ll deal with you later,” Stretch scoffed at the smaller skeleton, who only smirked at him.

“we was just having some skele- *fun* , ain't we kitten?”

Stretch pulled him away, and then slammed him into the wall again. You got the sense that he didn't need his hands to do this. “shut. up.”

Red obliged, his grin faltering slightly. Stretch released him, but he stayed on the wall, a strange orange glow around him. Looks like you were right about Stretch not needing his hands. The taller skeleton turned and began undoing your binds, trying not to look at your exposed chest.

"Hey, Stretch, don't look so serious," you tried to joke, his face focusing in and out.

He examined you while he unbundled your wrists, his eyes flicking from the bump on your forehead to the cut on your neck. When he finished untying you, he gently picked you up bridal style, and you couldn't help but be impressed by his prince-like stature.

Mayday! Mayday! Cute as hell and I like it alert!

Great. Another voice to deal with.

As you left the room, you heard Red cry out as he hit the floor. You turned back to look but he was already grinning in the doorway, winking at you and holding his hand up as if to say “call me!”

Stretch was saying something, but you couldn’t hear him as the adrenaline wore off. Your head began to pound and the room started to spin. You groaned and put your head on the tall skeleton’s shoulder, burying it in his soft orange sweatshirt, and soon the only thing you could sense was the scent of honey and smoke.

At some point you were put down, but you didn’t want to let go of the scent for fear of losing all your senses. After a small hesitation, you felt him relax and lay next to you.

What a soft pillow you had now.

You could hear him trying to say something, and you tried to focus on it over the pounding in your head.

“y/n...y/n….an’t….head…”

What?

“y/n, can you hear me? you can’t fall asleep, you hit your head.”

Oh...right. No sleep with a possible concussion. You opened your eyes to the soft orange color,

shifting slightly with a moan. You didn't want to wake up, because then he might leave.

"...i won't leave."

Did you just say that out loud?

"yes."

Oh.

You felt his hands pushing your hair away, much more gentle than Red's rough finger bones earlier. You were surprised Stretch was so gentle, he always struck you as the kind of guy who looks laid-back but is perpetually stressed out.

"...well...you aren't wrong, so i guess i will take it as a compliment?"

You've really gotta stop thinking out loud.

Finally, your eyes focus, and you find yourself sprawled across Stretch's lap on your stomach with your head on his chest. You've curled his pull-tie on his hoodie around your finger.

"How'd you know?" you asked him, curious as to how he found you.

"i found edge in the kitchen sharpening his, eh, tools. after i took care of him, i figured he must have left you with red. looks like i got there just in time, heheh." He sounded jovial, but he was worried. You couldn't see what he did: Bruises from the bindings, a cut on your neck that didn't want to stop bleeding, and the fat, bruised bump on your forehead.

"Hey, Stretch?"

"yeah, kid?"

"Don't tell Sans."

You didn't need to look at him because you could feel the strange look he was giving you. He couldn't tell Sans, because if he did then Sans might decide you aren't safe here and kick you out! You also didn't need Red spilling the beans about how you like it rough, and...you couldn't handle losing your home again.

"don't tell...stars, kid, you're covered in bruises, how's he not gonna know?"

"Long sleeves? Gloves? Does Blue know?"

"i haven't told him anything yet...let me guess, don't tell him?" Nod. "or papyrus?" Another nod.

He gave you an exasperated look, and sighed, dropping his hands to your upper back in defeat.

"alright, but what about your head? it's not exactly easy to miss."

"I...don't know…" your head hurt too much to think of a good excuse.

They all sound like the myriad of excuses you gave when you were young.

Fell down the stairs. Ran into a door. Tripped while skateboarding. Fell off your bike. Maybe you got in a fight and lost, or were careless with your kitchen knife when cooking...

Wait, were you thinking out loud right now?

"...yes, you were."

You froze, and suddenly your mind was clear again.

Crap. Shit. How do you recover from that?!

You tried to scramble away from him, not wanting to get into a huge conversation about the past right now, but he gently grasped your arms to steady you.

"y/n...what do you mean, the same excuses you used when you were young?"

"I-I hit my head, I'm not thinking-"

" *don't lie to me* ."

You shrunk a little at his forcefulness, but he returned immediately to being gentle, closing the distance between you so you could sit comfortably. You looked at the bruises on your wrists. You couldn't speak, and you couldn't look him in the eyes.

"y/n...sans said you didn't have any family to go to. is...is that because you really don't have any, or because you're running from them?"

"I...uhm?" you squeaked, unable to find the right words. How can you tell him? How can you explain without him thinking you're disgusting, without him looking at you as less than human?

You felt his hands tighten on your arms slightly.

"did your roommates kick you out because they found you? your family?" He gaze was steady, worried, as it met yours. You didn't realize how perceptive this guy was. "look, you don't have to tell me why, but you at least need to tell me who, so we can protect you. does sans know people are after you?"

You tried to shake your head. Ugh...Mistake. You groaned, bringing a hand to your face.

"No," you responded verbally.

Stretch cursed under his breath, leaning back into what you now realized was his bed, lighting a cigarette. He took a drag and huffed it out, annoyed.

"how are we supposed to help you if we don't know anything? oh, and let me guess, don't tell him?" You nod once more. "look, kid, this is a dangerous game you're playing. if someone from your family shows up and we don't know not to turn them away, then what? i'll keep your secret for now, but really...you should consider telling the others."

He eyed you for a moment, and then sighed, stubbing out his cigarette in the ashtray on his bedside table.

“look, let’s just get you to your room so you can rest. i’ll think of an excuse to tell sans.”

He moved towards you but you stopped him with a gentle hand on his sternum. He could probably overpower you without blinking, but he didn't.

“N-no, I’m too dizzy. I’ll just...stay here.”

Without waiting for his response, you laid your head back down on his chest, pushing you both back onto his pillows.

“hey, kid, do i look like a mattress?” He said in a low voice, but you suspected he didn't truly mind when his phalanges began to glide gently through your hair. It felt good... *safe* . What a concept, huh?

You closed your eyes, concussion be damned, and easily fell asleep to the scent of honey and smoke.

You awoke with a groan to a dark room and a strange buzzing noise. You lifted your head off of Stretch’s chest, noting that he looked very peacefully asleep. The buzzing noise happened once...no, twice more.

...oh yeah, you have a phone now.

You had almost forgotten about it. You quietly searched through your pockets and around you until you found it under Stretch’s shoulder. You pulled it out and pressed the button to light up the screen.

Oops, it was facing the wrong way and shined right in Stretch’s face. He groaned, pulled you closer, and settled back down. Despite his iron grip, you managed to find a good angle to scroll through the texts you had gotten.

SANSational: everything ok over there kid?

SANSational: hey, startin’ to get worried.

SANSational: nevermind, kid, stretch says you’re having trouble working the phone. he’s keeping me updated.

You hoped that ‘keeping him updated’ meant that he was also keeping your secrets.

Sans must really be worried, since he didn’t even make a pun. You never thought you'd see the day that he passed up a perfectly good chance to tease you.

You clumsily banged out a response saying yes, you figured the phone out, and no, he doesn't need to worry about you. As soon as you hit send, you heard another buzz, then a few more.

"That was fast," you mumbled.

UNKNOWN NUMBER : c'mon, kitten, are you gonna stay in stretch's bed all night?

Well, *that* isn't Sans.

UNKNOWN NUMBER: you might make me jealous

UNKNOWN NUMBER: i might have 2 punish you

UNKNOWN NUMBER: ;)

Red. It had to be. But how did he get your number?

(xxx): How did you even get this number?

Immediate buzz.

UNKNOWN NUMBER: ahh, so you are awake. i got my ways, sweetheart. feel free to put me in there as "red hot" or maybe "big red"?

(xxx): No

When he didn't answer right away, you decided to save his number anyway. At least then you could ignore his messages. When you opened your contacts, you saw that Stretch had entered his number under ***Honey***.

You smirked. You can't be certain that the flirt hadn't meant it romantically, but it could also be a reference to how he guzzles the stuff. You'll need to spend more time with him to find out, you suppose.

For Red, after a moment of thinking, you chose a name. As you finished, the devil buzzed back.

RedFlag: aww c’mon, kitten, lighten up. i know your secret now, so let’s be friends?

(xxx): I don’t know what you’re talking about. And stop calling me Kitten.

RedFlag: heh. no.

RedFlag: 8=====8

(xxx): Gross

RedFlag: ...and hot?

RedFlag: and it's supposed to be a bone, git ur head outta the gutter ;)

(xxx): I'm going to stop responding to you now

RedFlag: you'll seek me out when you're ready to feel the burn

You turned the screen off, ignoring the subsequent buzzing. You briefly considered moving into your own room, but with a possible concussion it was a good idea to stay with someone, even if they were also fast asleep.

“y/n?”

Stretch’s whisper surprised you, making you tense a little. You thought he had been asleep.

“Y-yeah?”

“...don't leave.” His voice sounded needy and lonely, a very different side of Stretch than just a few hours before. You supposed everyone was different at 3am, though.

“Wasn't planning on it, actually,” you whispered back. Something about the neediness in his voice was pulling at you, pleading with you to stay, and you couldn't resist the urge to lean over and place a soft kiss on his forehead.

He sighed in relief, adjusting himself so that you were both laying on your sides. He pulled you close once more, and you let him rest his skull under your chin, not even hesitating to wrap your arms around his shoulders and head. You trailed your fingers up the back of his neck, coming to rest at the base of his skull.

He shivered at your touch, clutching you desperately and whispering in a language you didn't understand. You weren't sure he was awake enough to realize what he was doing.

You couldn't help but wonder how long it had been since he was held.

Chapter End Notes

Red and Stretch are my favorites, clearly.
Also, Text messaging FTW

Breakfast in Bed

Chapter Summary

You bring some of your roomies breakfast...it gets interesting

Chapter Notes

This is just a bunch of quick interactions, but still important to the story. Warning--non-consensual douche Red (it's not that bad, though)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Sans and Papyrus returned, Stretch told a flawless story about you trying to fix up the garden and stepping on a rake. It was so convincing that even you thought it might be true, even though you knew what really happened. When the story was told, Edge and Red stared at him, dumbfounded that he was covering their tracks. Sans was a little skeptical, but after seeing Papyrus fret over you, he relaxed.

You wore your favorite cuff bracelets for a few days.

Everything went on uneventfully for a couple more weeks. Edge and Red were actively avoiding you, having dodged a huge bullet in Sans finding out what had really happened. You suspected Stretch was avoiding you, too, but probably because he was a little embarrassed.

So today you were sitting at the breakfast table with just the two most excitable roomies: Papyrus and Blue. They were discussing puzzles animatedly while you pretended to study, finding their conversation much more entertaining than your boring physics book.

“THEN YOU SET THE SPAGHETTI TRAP IN THE MIDDLE! THIS STEP IS VERY IMPORTANT, FOR NO HUMAN CAN RESIST WELL-MADE SPAGHETTI!” Papyrus said excitedly.

“I SEE! THAT'S A CLEVER TRAP INDEED! HOWEVER, MIGHT I SUGGEST TACOS INSTEAD OF SPAGHETTI? TACOS ARE MUCH BETTER FOR LURING UNSUSPECTING PEOPLE INTO YOUR PUZZLES!”

“Maybe you should use both?” You said amusedly, not looking up from your book. You heard them gasp, so you peeked up at them. They were both grinning at you, and Blues eyelights had turned to stars.

“Y/N! I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU HAD SUCH AN INTEREST IN PUZZLES! I HAVE LOTS OF REALLY COOL STUFF I COULD SHOW YOU SO M-MAYBE LATER YOU COULD COME TO MY ROOM AND--”

“NONSENSE, BLUE! MISS WOULD BE SO MUCH MORE CHALLENGED BY MY OWN PUZZLES! SHE SHOULD COME BY MY ROOM AND--”

“How about you work together to make me a puzzle?”

The excitable skeletons began to chatter excitedly at the thought, and you adjourned your attention in favor of the buzzing of your phone.

SANSational: breakfast sounds egg-cellent. any way i can convince you to bring me some?

You smirked, writing back a quick affirmative. Sans had been busy with work, so you wanted this chance to speak with him alone. Living together, you would have thought you would see more of him, but you had been pretty disappointed in that respect. As you answered, another buzz lit up your phone.

RedFlag: come keep me company, kitten.

You: No.

SANSational: thanks kid. you're the toast of the town.

You: np, S

RedFlag: you'll come to me when you need a 8===8

You: Gross

RedFlag: and hot

You rolled your eyes. You were still denying everything that Red said, and even feigning amnesia to that day to make it more convincing, but he wasn't letting up. You wondered if it was just how he was, or if was more intelligent than he let on.

You smiled up at the two skeletons talking animatedly in front of you.

“Hey, while you two think up a great puzzle for me, I'm going to take Sans and Stretch some breakfast, alright? They didn't come down this morning.”

“OH! AND EDGE AND RED DIDN'T COME DOWN EITHER!” Papyrus observed. Shit, you'd been intentionally forgetting them.

“YES! IF YOU WOULD BE SO KIND, Y/N? I'M SURE THEY'D APPRECIATE IT!”

You hesitated, looking at the earnest faces in front of you. With a sigh, you realized you can't exactly say no to those faces, and conceded that you would bring breakfast for them, too.

You set up four trays, adding the smaller details you had learned they appreciate.

Edge liked his coffee black, and strong. You never told him, but you actually made his weaker than you usually made yours.

Red always had mustard with his meal, no matter what it was. He also would never admit it, but he loved strawberries. You added a bowl of them on the side.

Stretch usually didn't eat breakfast, but rather preferred breakfast tea with honey. You served up some fruit with honey today anyway.

Sans always wanted something different, but he never knew what so you had learned to anticipate his cravings. You were glad you knew him before all this, or you'd be lost. You dished him sausage today, with a bottle of ketchup as always.

You looked at your trays. Everything seemed to be in place.

Time to bring breakfast in bed.

Edge answered his door with a steely glare, obviously frustrated that you had interrupted whatever he was doing.

“WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY WANT THAT IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN--” He stopped short when he saw the tray in your hands. You raised an eyebrow at him, and he moved aside to let you pass.

You swept past him into the dark room and placed the tray on the desk. He must have been speechless that you decided to bring him breakfast, because he didn't say anything while you set it up and drew the curtains back to let the sun in.

You turned to face him, and seeing his suspicion, you gave him a big smile.

“You shouldn't skip breakfast,” you explained. “And no, it isn't poisoned.”

“I CAN SEE THAT ALREADY, HUMAN, FOR I HAVE SUPERIOR PERCEPTION SKILLS. I AM SUSPICIOUS AS TO WHY YOU WOULD BRING ME ANYTHING AT ALL.”

“Sans asked me to cook, so I cook. I won't let you starve when I work hard to cook for you.”

“EHM, I SEE,” he said, flushing a soft orange glow. Good to see that he could have feelings other than violence. “I MEAN, I SEE! IT IS CLEAR TO ME NOW THAT YOU ARE HOPELESSLY IN LOVE WITH ME. I CAN'T SAY THAT I BLAME YOU, THOUGH, AS I AM A PERFECT SPECIMEN IN EVERY WAY.”

You wanted to refute him, but he wasn't wrong to say that he was handsome, for a skeleton. And besides, you'd never seen him anything but angry, and you didn't feel like having another concussion, so it was probably best not to say anything. So instead you listened to him rant about himself for a minute or two.

“WELL, IT'S NOT LIKE YOU HAVE A CHANCE WITH ME, SO I WILL INDULGE YOU MOMENTARILY. IF YOU BEG.” He finished, smirking at you with his arms crossed. Seeing him standing there, black spikes and chains and all...well, you couldn't say it wasn't tempting. For a split second, you wondered if he was as good at tying knots as Red was.

“Nope.” You answered finally.

“WELL OF COURSE I--WAIT, WHAT DID YOU SAY?”

“I'm not gonna beg you, Edge. If you want me, you have to use your big boy words and ask me out.” You're not sure you would say yes.

“I-I DON'T WANT YOU, FILTHY HUMAN! I WAS ONLY T-TRYING TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO FULFILL YOUR FANTASIES, BUT I CAN SEE THAT IT IS WASTED ON YOU. GET OUT!”

He reminded you of a petulant child as he stomped his foot and pointed to the door.

You shrugged and walked out, expecting him to slam it. When he didn't, you turned to look at him quizically. He wasn’t looking at you, but rather off to the side, a hand over his face.

“I EXPECT LUNCH AT 12:00 SHARP.” He hissed, an orange glow barely covered by his black glove.

He slammed the door. Sounds like you got to him a little.

When Stretch didn't answer his door, you went ahead and pushed it open. After all, you'd been in the room before, so you didn't think it was a big deal.

It didn't take you long to realize that the taller skeleton wasn't there. His messy bed was empty, and his chair as well. You shrugged and placed the tray on his desk. You pulled out your phone and opened up a new text to him.

You: Hey, sorry to intrude on your room but I brought you breakfast. Too bad I missed you.):

You: Eat all the fruit this time, NOT just the honey!

You couldn't help but feel disappointed as you clicked the door closed behind you. You had something to discuss with him, but he'd been so distant that you hadn't gotten the chance yet.

Besides, you missed the smell of honey and smoke a little.

You shifted the tray over to one arm, trying to balance it so you could knock on Red’s door.

Impossible. This tray was too heavy. With a sigh you balanced it back on both arms, wondering how to go about this.

As you pondered, you heard a click and the door swung open. Before you could say anything, you were swept into the room by the front of your sweater.

The tray tipped as the door shut behind you, and you found yourself covered in syrup, pancakes, and strawberries, lying on your back on Red's bed.

"heya, kitten, couldn't wait any longer to play with me?"

You picked a pancake off your face and glared at him as he hovered over you. His closeness was tempting, and it didn't help that his chains were trailing across your skin.

"I was bringing you breakfast, you egg!"

"mmm, and in bed, too," he grinned, running a finger across your collarbone, smearing syrup as he went.

"Gross," you said, smacking his hand away.

"and hot?" Why wouldn't he just let that go?

"I'm not breakfast."

"nah, you're dessert." He leaned down and licked the syrup off your neck, going agonizingly slow. When he was next to your ear, he purred quietly, his hand moving up your thigh. Shit, that was hot.

Still, you might be a freak, but that didn't mean you were cool with nonconsensual stuff. You pushed him up off your neck firmly, shooting him a look. You hoped you looked determined, despite your blush.

"So who should I call first to come get me? Edge or Sans?" You said, looking at him with a serious face.

Red's grin faltered, and he begrudgingly slid off of you. You smirked victoriously as you rose to your feet.

"y-you coulda just said no," he said, dejected. He wasn't looking at you.

Man, he looked like a baby bird. You had to indulge him a little. You quietly closed the distance between you two and pulled him toward you by the edge of his hoodie.

He looked up at you in shock, and for a moment you thought he might run. However, curious as to what you were doing, he didn't move. You slid your hand along his jawline, using two fingers to lift his chin up. He almost melted at your touch, quivering. Your faces were so close, all you would have to do is purse your lips and you would be kissing him.

"No." You said softly, and pushed him back. It was mean, oh so mean, and probably would only make things worse for you with him in the long run, but you felt fucking powerful and hot.

His expression was all the satisfaction you needed as you swept out of the room, clicking the door closed behind you. You leaned against the door and sighed, your face probably as red as a fire truck.

Your phone chimed.

RedFlag: you're playing a dangerous game, kid.

RedFlag: you're mine next time

“y/n?”

You jumped and nearly dropped the phone, looking up at Sans sheepishly. He was standing in the doorway to his room, looking at you funny.

“H-hey Sans, I was just trying to bring Red some breakfast, too.”

“and you ended up wearing it?”

You had nearly forgotten about being covered in food. You looked down at your syrup and berry-stained sweater and sighed.

“Unfortunately.”

“...and nothin’ else happened in there? he didn't...try anything?”

“N-no, no, I handled it, I'm fine, really. I'll be right back with your breakfast, ok?”

Before he could respond, you turned on your heel and took off towards the kitchen.

You'd have to be more careful around Red from now on.

You sat with Sans quietly while he finished his breakfast. You had brought your study materials up, so he was helping you quiz yourself. You really weren’t good at physics.

“maybe we should take a break. too much study can be *physics* ly exhausting.” Sans said with a grin. “uh, you sure you don't want to take that sticky sweater off? it's like a million degrees in here.”

It *was* unseasonably hot for April.

“Uhm, no, I'm fine, I'm actually a little cold.” You lied, knowing you were only wearing a tank top underneath. Explaining your scars would be a lot harder than enduring the heat. “But I could take a break from studying. What'd you have in mind?”

“grillby’s?”

Ah, an excuse to not bring Edge his lunch. You started to gather your notes and get up. “Yeah, I'll just go change really quick into something less sticky.”

“hey, uh, actually…” he trailed off, eyelights looking off to the side.

“Hmm? What?”

“well...forget grillby’s, i mean i just ate and all and...well, i kinda like just hanging out with you alone.”

You smiled and sat back down. Sans wasn't very good at expressing himself, so it was nice to see him admit that he just wanted the company.

You reached over and placed your hand on top of his. A light blue glow began to form on his cheeks as he grinned up at you, somewhat nervously. You cocked your head to the side and gave him your signature smile.

“Me, too, Sans.”

Chapter End Notes

Ahhh, Original Sans fluff is the best fluff

A Good Deed

Chapter Summary

You go to a party-er, a study date, and the guys try to win your favor with good deeds

Chapter Notes

This one is really long, and will have several small pieces to it in upcoming chapters. I like having Colin around as a little competition so maybe we will see more of him.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“what’s this?”

Stretch held up the ticket that you had just slid towards him from across the breakfast table. Seeing as it was the first time you'd seen him in a few days, you thought it was a good opportunity to give it to him now.

“It's a good deed ticket,” you explained. “For helping me when I got that concussion.”

“a good deed ticket? the hell kinda pansy shit is that?” Red scoffed, taking a sip of his mustard bottle. He was sitting at the other end of the table, sulking because you wouldn't answer his text messages.

“Well, when I was little I used to live in a place with lots of children. The Matron there was a mean lady, but the one thing she did do right were these tickets. Basically, they were ‘get out of jail free’ cards. You could use them to get a favor from a teacher. Eventually the students turned it into a game. Half the ticket is for truth, and the other for dare. No exceptions, good anytime.”

“a truth and a dare?” Stretch asked, unbelieving.

“Yes.”

“any truth?”

“Uh-huh!”

“and any dare?”

“That's right.”

“whenever i want?”

“Whenever you want.”

Stretch sat back in his chair, looking at the ticket contemplatively, a mischievous look on his face. Red spat out some mustard and turned to you, wiping his mouth.

“woah, wait, Stretch gets a free ticket to do whatever he wants to you and ask whatever he wants to know?” Red asked, a look of awe on his face.

“wait, what?” Sans asked, clearly coming out of a daydream from his spot on the nearby couch. Edge stood from his chair and stalked over to you.

“I’M INTRIGUED BY THIS TICKET. I DEMAND YOU GIVE ONE TO ME IMMEDIATELY!” He held out his hand impatiently.

“Uh, sorry Edge, but that's not how it works. You have to earn it by doing something good, or nice.”

“yeah, edge,” Stretch drawled smoothly. “good luck with that, it isn't easy being as heroic as me, heh.”

“WHY YOU--FINE! I WILL PLAY YOUR STUPID GAME AND DO A...UGH...A GOOD DEED.” He used air quotes around “Good deed” to emphasize his disgust. With that he turned and stalked off towards his room, most likely to start planning whatever horrific ‘good deed’ he had planned.

“hey, yeah, count me in, i got some plans for that dare.” Red chimed, his gold tooth gleaming as he eyed you hungrily.

“I TOO SHALL DO A GOOD DEED! THE GREAT PAPYRUS IS THE BEST AT HELPING OUT FRIENDS!”

“NO! IT IS I, THE MAGNIFICENT SANS THAT IS THE BEST AT HELPING FRIENDS! I WILL DO THE GREATEST GOOD DEED THAT YOU'VE EVER SEEN, Y/N!”

“go get ‘em, bro,” Stretch encouraged Blue, patting his head with a smirk. Blue grinned up at him, and then took off with Papyrus into the backyard, whispering loudly about ideas.

“that isn't so great, a truth or dare ticket.” Sans said casually, as if trying to convince himself. If you didn't know any better, you would say he almost sounded jealous.

“Oh, Sans, I'm sorry, I have one for you, too. You know, for letting me live here?” You walked his ticket over to him and he took it with a surprised look on his face.

“oh, heh. thanks, kid...i didn't mean it before, this is actually really cool.” He admitted, scratching his skull with a blue glow on his cheeks. At least he was honest.

“wait, so sans gets one just for letting you live here? what a crock of shit, we're *all* letting you live here,” Red huffed, sinking into his chair.

“yeah, but it was my idea, red, and that's the *truth* of it. i *dare* you to do better than puttin’ a roof over her head.” Sans seemed to be enjoying this a little too much.

“well, i’m going to save mine for now,” Stretch said, tucking his ticket into his sweater pocket. “i’ll think of something good later, or save it for a rainy day.”

He winked at you, making you laugh a little. The others gave you a strange look that you couldn't quite read.

“Well, I look forward to all your ‘good deeds’, but right now I have to get ready to meet Colin for a study session.” You said, leaving Sans’ side to collect some of the dishes left on the table.

“you’re, uh, you’re meeting up with colin?” Sans asked, pushing himself up off the couch.

“who the hell is colin?” Red asked.

“Uh-huh, I'm going over to his place to study for our Greek Mythology midterm. It's in two days and I've been slacking.” More like fending off strange skeletons at every turn, but slacking was an easier way to say it. You deposited the plates in the sink and decided you'd get to them later.

“you sure it's safe to go there? have you ever been alone with colin?” Sans asked, concerned.

“who’s colin?!” Red asked, louder, throwing his hands up.

“Thanks for your concern, Sans, but Colin is harmless. He's just a big nerd like you,” you teased, flipping his hood up over his head as you passed by to get to the stairs. He sunk back into the couch, a deep blue lighting up his face.

They watched you go up the stairs, and when you were finally out of earshot, there was a long silence between the three remaining skeletons. Until Stretch cleared his throat.

“so we're following her, right?”

“oh yeah.”

“definitely”

You looked in the mirror one more time, making sure your back and shoulders were covered. The sleeves on this shirt were just barely too short for comfort, but it worked. You grabbed a sweatshirt just in case.

When you were satisfied with your look, you turned to gather your things, only to hear your phone chime. You pulled it out to see a message from Colin.

Gingersnap: Hey! Just checking that you're still planning on coming by today. The roomies decided to throw a party sooo...it might be loud):

You: That’s alright, I'm used to noisy environments

Gingersnap: Oh ok, good! And if it really gets too crazy, we can just go to the coffee shop down the block.

You: Sounds good! See you in a few!

Gingersnap: Over and out!

You put your phone in your bag, checked your hair again, and then closed the wardrobe. After locking your door behind you, you skipped down the stairs, ready to head out. You stopped at the

bottom of the stairs.

Stretch, Sans, and Red were all standing in the entryway, seemingly trying to look inconspicuous. Weirdos.

“Uhm, bye?” You said tentatively. They all answered simultaneously.

“oh, yeah, bye”

“see ya, kitten.”

“be safe, huh, kid?”

You hesitate. They're being very weird. In fact, you don't think that you've ever seen them all together like this before.

But you don't really have time to worry. Colin was waiting, and those notes wouldn't study themselves.

You give them a perplexed look, and take off out the front door.

As soon as you left, the three skeletons scrambled to the front window to watch you drive away.

“okay, so where are we going?” Red asked.

“i saw an address scribbled on her notes yesterday when i was helping her study,” Sans said thoughtfully. “it was probably colin’s. we should check there first.”

The other two nodded, grabbing his shoulder so he could teleport them all to the human town together.

They popped back into existance, landing rather roughly on a length of bushes by an apartment building.

“oh, great teleportation skills, sansy. maybe you should teleport me straight onto spikes next time,” Red groaned, pulling a stick out of his ribs.

“keep your hands and feet inside the teleportation safety bubble, red,” Sans snickered.

“you sure this is right, sans? it...doesn't look like a study space…”

Stretch was right. The building they had teleported to was absolutely trashed, with loud music spilling out of every window and young people milling in and out of the building.

“it’s gotta be right, because here she comes.” Red pointed to your car gliding down the street slowly, pulling to a stop in a small parking lot near the building. The monsters squished into each other as much as they could, trying to hide in the bushes.

“maybe she’s going to the next building over?” Sans offered, hopefully.

“i don't think so, since i think that's colin, right?”

Sure enough, a tall man with curly red hair had stepped out of the noisy building and was greeting you warmly, even giving you a hug.

“yeah, that's colin,” Sans confirmed, crestfallen.

“ugh, poor kitten. she’s probably over there thinking about me right now,” Red sneered. He didn't like the way that Colin hugged you like he knew you.

“can it, you cretin.” Stretch shoved Red’s head back down behind the bush. “she’ll hear you.”

“the girl lied to us, guys, she said she was studyin’, not partyin’! ah great, now she’s going inside. the fuck are we supposed to do now?” Red asked, shoving Stretch’s hand off of him.

“we go up,” Sans said, pointing to the roof of the building across from the party house. It was pretty close to the level of the apartment they could see you in through the window.

“then what are we waiting for? an invitation?” Red disappeared, and the others followed suit.

Wow. Colin had not been kidding about the party. The dorm was absolutely nuts, with every room blasting music and people literally everywhere. You had almost hit three separate drunk chicks just trying to park.

When you finally were able to make it out of your car, Colin had already found you.

“Hey, y/n! Glad you found the place okay!” he said loudly, trying to speak over the music.

“Kinda hard to miss,” you responded, giving him a quick hug. It was nice to hang out with someone other than your housemates once in a while.

“Yeah, that’s true,” he said, laughing nervously. “It’s, uh, surprisingly quiet in, uhm, in my room, though.”

“Soundproofing, you devil!” You teased, and he laughed as he waved for you to follow him.

After picking through the maze that was the dorms, stepping over empty cans and drunk people, Colin pushed open a door with his name scribbled on the whiteboard next to it. The small apartment was full of people, and they all greeted you cheerfully.

He introduced you to his roommate, who’s name you couldn't quite hear over all the noise, but looked shockingly like a young Antonio Banderas.

Hot.

He offered you a drink, but you refused, and followed Colin to his room. When he closed the door behind him, the sound of music and voices was almost completely gone, just like he said.

With a sigh, you collapsed in his computer chair.

“It takes so much energy to deal with drunk people.” You said, pulling your bag onto your lap so you could look for your books and notes.

“Yeah, not a fan unless I'm partying, and I don't do that often.” Colin took a seat on his bed. When you looked up, you noted that the room was conspicuously clean, and that Colin probably shoved all his stuff away because he had been expecting you. Well, at least he cleans. “So, how is everything with the skeletons?”

“Hmm? Oh, the guys? They're fine. They’re all in some competition to get truth or dare tickets from me. I have no idea why it's so important to them, but to each their own.”

“Isn't it weird to live with so many guys though? I-I’m really not meaning anything by that, I don't think you're...I mean, I don't assume anything.”

You laughed. “No, no, it's not that weird. They are very needy, though, and I can hardly get any work done around their distractions. Hence the study-date here.” You tapped your notes on your binder to emphasize. “The guys are really rich, and so they don't have to work necessarily. So instead they follow me around like puppies or hide in the shadows until I'm free to do something for them. I think they're looking for a mother more than anything.”

“Oh, I see,” Colin said, his eyes flicking back to his notes. Maybe your response had been too long-winded. “Do you, uh, like them?”

“Sure I do, I like them all.”

“R-really? All of them?”

“In their own way.”

“But, like, as friends?”

What a strange distinction. “Uhm, yeah, or like family I guess.”

Colin seemed to visibly relax, and gave you a sheepish grin. “So, you’d say that, like, you’d be open to seeing someone else?”

You tilted your head, confused at his wording. Did he mean actually seeing? Or like dating?

“Well, I'm not dating any of them, so does it count as ‘seeing someone else’ in that sense?”

“Oh, I guess not, heh. So, like, what about m--”

Before he could finish his statement, his notes flew up from his hands and fluttered into his face, startling him.

“Oh, geez, I guess the wind wants us to start studying?” You said, laughter in your voice as you helped him collect the papers.

“Y-yeah, I guess so,” he said, a sense of disappointment in his voice.

The notes had long since been abandoned, and you were standing with a group of people you didn't know, red cup in hand. After a couple of hours of study, Colin had suggested you both join the party. Wasn't much more to learn, and no point in stressing yourself out, so you agreed. You hadn't been to a party before, but you knew enough not to take any drink a stranger hands you, so unless you or Colin made it you had politely refused. You stared out the window, not listening to the

conversation of the strangers around you. The roof of the building across the way was funny looking and familiar, but in your drunken state you couldn't make out the details.

You pulled out your phone. It was suspicious that nobody had texted you tonight. Should you say something? Like Stretch? He was so awesome, you should tell him.

You: Streeeeeeetch

You: y'all so quiet

You: and you like, never even mentioned that time we cuddled. It was sooo comfy!

You: maybe a repeat 2nite? ;)

"Hey, y/n!" A clumsy hand grabbed your arm, and you turned to see Colin, cheeks red from drinking. He was smiling at you sweetly. You pocketed your phone and grabbed him by the shoulders.

"Ohhh Colin! Where did you go before! You left me here with…" You waved your hand at the obscure group of people who's names you didn't know. "...them!"

"Sorry, I'm sorry, but come, come, they have a great song on, we should dance."

"Oh, okay!" Anything to be with somebody you knew. He took your hand and led you through the apartment into the living room, where some song you didn't recognize was playing. You giggled as you stumbled into Colin, who supported your weight well. Before he could make you dance, you felt your phone buzz.

"Oh! Hold on! Honeys callin', haha."

Honey: i'm not opposed to the idea

Honey: are you alright? you've been gone a long time.

Hmmm. What to say? Before you could respond, your phone buzzed twice.

SANSational: hey kid, you ok?

RedFlag: the hell are you doin', kitten?

“Hey, don't make that face, let’s dance!” Colin pressed, making you forget that you still needed to answer. You put the phone away again and let him pull you in. He smelled weird, but not bad. But not like honey, or mustard, or ketchup. He smelled like booze and bad decisions.

“Yeah, well, that’s probably true,” Colin said, laughing.

“Oops, I was thinking out loud. That happens sometimes.”

“No worries,” Colin said into your ear as he held you up to dance. “But, for the record, any decisions I make with you don't seem like bad ones.”

Your phone buzzed again. You groaned and pushed away from Colin, pulling out your phone.

SANSational: kid, you gotta tell me where you are

SANSational: c’mon, kid

You sighed and answered.

You: i’m fine okay? I can't come back yet cuz I can't drive right now so it'll be fine don't worry

SANSational: are you drunk?

You: ain't nothin’ you haven't seen at grillby’s, Sansy (:

SANSational: careful, kid, you ain't actually at grillby’s

SANSational: don't hesitate to call if you need help

You: okay MOM :-* XOXO

“Are they worried?”

You looked back up to Colin, who seemed to have given up on dancing and was instead handing you another cup. You pushed it away.

“Water,” you said to him over the music. You had to drive home later.

He nodded, handing the cup off to someone else as they walked by.

“But, yeah, they're worried. I should go soon.”

“I get it. But you can't go anywhere like that, get Vince to drive you home, pick up your car tomorrow.”

“Vince?”

“My dorm mate, you met him earlier? Looks like a--”

“A young Antonio Banderas!”

“Yeah, he doesn’t drink so you can get a ride from him.”

That made sense to you, but for some reason you were hesitant. Your mind was too foggy to figure out why.

“Or you could...you could stay here tonight.”

You looked up at Colin, trying to figure out the meaning behind his words. Ugh, you were so tired. Thinking is hard. Colin’s hand grasped your elbow as you swayed slightly, and you giggled.

“Oops, a little tipsy.” You moved in to lean on his shoulder. What had you been talking about again? “Mmm maybe I should just stay here?” You suggested, feeling confused. The idea was so obvious. Why had you not considered it.

“Yeah, I could set you up in my room and I could sleep, like, on the couch.” Colin’s voice was like a bright light, cheerful. He made you giggle.

“thanks but no thanks, bub.” That was a dark voice. Deep crimson darkness. You felt someone roughly pull you from Colin.

“Red?” You asked blearily, looking up at the dark form. What was he doing here? You looked at your phone. How long had you been holding it? Your conversation with him was open.

You: come get me

RedFlag: Kitten?

You: help

You: COME GET ME

Why would you send a message like that? You looked back over at Colin, but it wasn't Colin, and you weren't in the living room. Had you blacked out? What was the dorm mate’s name? Victor? Vinny? He was standing there, looking angry.

You groaned and clung to Red’s jacket, suddenly confused and scared.

“Take me home, Red.”

“you’re just lucky i'm more concerned with her, “ Red seethed at the guy. “c’mon, kitten.”

You felt like you were jumping, and you were laid down on a bed. Or a couch? You didn't know. You felt someone turn you on your side and you heard voices. Someone started rubbing your back, and it felt so nice.

“try to sleep.”

You couldn't figure out which voice it was, but you turned to cling to them, groaning.

“i knew something was fishy there. we should have kept her home.”

“sometimes people need to make their own mistakes, stretch. at least we know she'll call us if she's in trouble.”

“...is it really okay to leave that guy alone, sans?”

“best not to mess with the humans. and he didn't even get the chance to touch her.” The voice was talking reasonably, but he sounded really angry, like he didn't believe his own words.

They continued to talk, but it started to sound like garbled noises. You buried your face in the shirt of whichever skeleton you had clung to, and they adjusted to have you in their lap, then continued to rub your back. You sighed contentedly, and allowed yourself to fade off into sleep.

You were so lucky to have these guys.

Oh Lord.

Your head hurt.

Your head REALLY HURT.

Whoever had been with you last night was gone now, and you opened your eyes to the empty living room. You groaned at the light spilling in through the window. You could really use some--

Water.

As if in answer to your prayer, a glass of water appeared in front of your face. You looked up into the huge smile of Blue, dressed in a very nice blue tuxedo.

“I’M SORRY YOU ARE NOT FEELING WELL TODAY, MISS! PAPY SAID I SHOULD BRING YOU LOTS OF WATER!”

You took the glass from his hand gratefully, adjusting yourself to a sitting position. When you were done, he took the glass from you and set it on the table, then extended his hand to you.

“I KNOW YOU ARE NOT FEELING WELL, BUT PAPYRUS AND I HAVE PREPARED SOMETHING NICE FOR YOU IN THE GARDEN! I HOPE YOU WILL JOIN US?”

Something for you? You nodded, taking his outstretched hand. He pulled you up from the couch and straightened his bow tie, leading you confidently out the door to the garden. You were shocked to see Papyrus standing at the garden table, dressed in an orange tuxedo.

“GOOD MORNING, MISS Y/N! WE HOPE YOU WILL JOIN US FOR A RELAXING TEA PARTY IN THE GARDEN TODAY!”

“You guys did this for me?”

“PAPY SAID TO REASSURE YOU THAT WE ORDERED THE FOOD FROM A NEARBY SHOP, THOUGH I STILL THINK TACOS WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER!”

Sweethearts! Papyrus held a chair out for you, and you sat. Blue served you a cup of tea, and bowed deeply as he walked away, making you giggle.

You didn't know what to say, and before you could say anything, you heard your phone ring. You looked at the number, but caller ID was blocked.

“H-hello?” You said into the phone as Blue and Papyrus turned to finish preparing the tea snacks.

“Hello, Miss Y/N, this is the First National Bank and we were just calling about your student loans?”

Your stomach dropped. You hadn't paid in over two months. You knew today was too good to be true.

“We just wanted to thank you for your complete payment of the loan yesterday, courtesy of a Mr...Edge? We hope you will continue to consider First National for any future loans or accounts.”

You dropped the phone.

Full payment?? You still owed over 30 thousand dollars! And did they say Edge paid it?? What in the world had possessed him to do that?

“MISS Y/N, ARE YOU QUITE ALRIGHT? YOU ARE CRYING!” Papyrus asked, placing a hand on your shoulder. Concern filled his eyes. "WAS YOUR TEA TOO HOT?"

You had never met a group of people so compassionate, so amazing, even if they try and hide it…

As your tears fell unfaltering down your cheeks, Blue wiping at them frantically with a napkin, you couldn't help but smile.

Best decision you ever made.

Chapter End Notes

Hero Red is the best Red.
Also, EDGE WATER YOU DOING

A Good Deed: Perspective & Aftermath

Chapter Summary

A Good Deed: from the perspective of Edge, Red, and Sans

Chapter Notes

warning: creepy dude who was obviously about to do some non-consensual shit (don't worry, there's also Hero!Red)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Edge

AS I PACED IN MY ROOM, I SEETHED, CURSING THE HUMAN'S NAME. HOW DARE SHE EMBARRASS ME BY NOT GIVING ME A TICKET!

BUT NO MATTER, FOR I HAD ALREADY COME UP WITH PLENTY OF IDEAS FOR HER SO-CALLED 'GOOD DEED' REQUIREMENT!

ALAS, WHEN I WENT DOWNSTAIRS WITH MY TORTURE TOOLS TO EXECUTE MY IDEAS, THE HUMAN WAS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND! EVEN SANS, ER, RED, WAS GONE WITHOUT TELLING ME!

BABY BLUE AND PAPYRUS HAD NO IDEA WHERE ANYONE HAD GONE.

I SET MY TOOLS DOWN, FRUSTRATED, AND THE CURSED PHONE BEGAN TO RING!

SANS HAD INSISTED ON THE INFERNAL DEVICE, THOUGH WE ALL HAD CELLPHONES SO IT WAS UNNECESSARY. I SCOFFED AS I PICKED IT UP.

"WHAT?" I SHOUTED INTO THE RECEIVER, FRUSTRATED. HOW DARE THEY INTERRUPT MY SEARCH FOR THE HUMAN!

"Oh, oh! Uhm, th-this is Sonia, from the First National Bank?" SHE SOUNDED SCARED. GOOD!

"AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

“Uh--Uhm! Does a Miss Y/N live in this household?”

“SHE ISN’T HERE RIGHT NOW.”

“W-well, is it alright if I leave a message?”

“I SUPPOSE.” I WAS A POLITE SKELETON, SO I COULD SURRENDER A MINUTE I GUESS.

“Well, uhm, this is just in regards to her student loans. She--”

“WHAT ARE THOSE?”

“E-excuse me?”

“WHAT IS A STUDENT LOAN?” STUPID HUMAN.

“Well, when somebody doesn’t have the money to pay for college or vocational school, th-then they come to us and borrow the money. Then they pay us back in small amounts.”

“SO WHAT IS THE PROBLEM?”

“Well, uhm, Miss Y/n hasn’t made any payments in the last two months.”

THE HUMAN HAD DEBTS? AN UTTER DISGRACE! THIS WOULD DEFINITELY NOT STAND IN MY HOUSEHOLD.

“S-so, if you could just tell her to--”

“HOW MUCH?”

“S-sorry?”

“DID I STUTTER?”

“N-no, sir. The overdue amount for the last two months is--”

“NO, THE WHOLE AMOUNT!” WAS THIS HUMAN DEAF? OR JUST STUPID?

“Oh, uh, of course. The whole amount left is $35,526.”

THAT LITTLE? THE HUMAN WAS MUCH POORER THAN I HAD IMAGINED!

“I WILL PAY IT.”

“The overdue amount?”

“THE WHOLE AMOUNT! I AM SPEAKING ENGLISH, AREN’T I?!”

“O-of course, Mister…”

“EDGE.”

“Mister Edge. I'll just need the card or account number?”

I REPEATED THE INFORMATION REQUIRED FROM MEMORY AND WAITED IMPATIENTLY WHILE IT PROCESSED. WHILE I WAITED I THOUGHT ABOUT HOW POOR THE HUMAN WAS THAT THEY HAD TO TAKE A LOAN FOR THEIR USELESS SCHOOLING! PERHAPS I WILL BUY HER SOME NEW THINGS AS MY GOOD DEED. SHARP, AND IN BLACK.

“Thank you very much, Mr. Edge! The payment has been processed and the account has been settled. You will receive an additional confirmation tomorrow at the earliest. Please continue to--”

I SLAMMED THE RECEIVER DOWN. IF IT WAS ALL FINISHED, THEN THIS CONVERSATION WAS OVER. I STALKED BACK TO MY ROOM, WONDERING WHAT I SHOULD DO FOR MY...UGH...GOOD DEED.

Red

---

the others had given up watching kitten at the party a while ago, but I knew something was wrong.

stretch had been the first to leave, feigning disinterest, but i knew him better than that. sans had stayed a while, finally saying he couldn’t watch anymore and that i should let him know if something goes wrong.

i stared through the idiot human’s window, watching kitten mill about. she was at least smart enough not to take drinks from anyone. except colin. ya know, i really don't like colin.

my head perked up as i saw her pull out her phone. drunk texting? maybe i’d get something juicy?

i waited...and waited. finally, my phone chimed, and I pulled it out expectantly.

shit. not kitten.

stretch: just got a text from y/n. she sounds drunk. aren't you supposed to be watching her?

me: fuck off at least i’m here, unlike you

i glanced back up at the party scene to see her being pulled close to the stupid redhead, who was just as drunk as her. ugh. what was so great about him? or stretch? why does he get a text?

i decided to text her first instead.

me: the hell are you doin’, kitten?

she never answered.

i watched her dance with the clumsy dude for a while, stopping to text every now and then. i settled against the wall, tired of watching her text everyone but me.

i checked on her occasionally. it looked like she had decided to crash on the couch. i really didn't like it, but it was whatever.

the rest of the party goers started to disappear. except for one guy. he must be the bean pole kid's roommate or something because he wasn't leaving. while kitten relaxed on the couch, he was talking to her.

i don't like him either.

suddenly my phone chimed.

what? why was she texting now?

kitten: come get me

come get her? I turned back around to see her talking to the dude still. she didn't even look nervous. i texted back questioningly. she responded quickly.

kitten: help

kitten: COME GET ME

i whirled back around to see the new guy practically dragging her away towards a room i couldn't see.

oh *hell* no.

I was there in a blink, just in time to hear the disgusting dialogue.

"No, let me go, I'll stay on the couch."

"Don't worry, girlie, you can stay in my bed all night. In fact, I'll even keep you company."

she was in my arms before he could blink. i was shaking in rage as she looked up at me, confused.

"yeah, thanks but no thanks, bub," i spat.

"Red?"

geez, she sounded so gone.

she suddenly seemed to make connections, because her face grew scared, tears brimming in her eyes.

“Take me home, Red,” she sobbed, clinging to my shirt. didn't have to tell me twice.

“you’re just lucky i'm more concerned with her,” I seethed, my red eye glowing threateningly. “c’mon, kitten…”

as we blinked away, I could hear the guy call her a “dirty monster lover”.

better than someone like you, dude.

sans and stretch were there in the living room when i appeared with her. i explained what had happened as i laid her on the couch. she sputtered and coughed, so i rubbed her back a little. i tried to move away, but she grabbed my shirt. well, i didn't have anywhere else to be.

the others discussed the issue while i adjusted myself, pulling her into my lap so i could rub her back more comfortably. i was only half listening to their conversation, instead focusing on the needy kitten, who sighed happily at my touch. i couldn’t help but blush...nobody had ever been happy to feel my touch before.

sans talked about peace, but his face was dark and his eye glowing. he left to “go to bed”.

“are you having a good time over there?”

i looked up from kitten’s sleeping face to smirk at stretch, who was obviously unhappy.

“shut up.”

“she didn't even text you when she did us, did she?”

us? so sans had received a happy drunk text, too.

i glared at him coldly.

“but who did she call to come rescue her, eh stretch? cuz it doesn’t look like it was you.”

he closed his mouth, glaring back at me. I struck a nerve. he didn't speak any more, but i knew he wouldn't leave because he wanted to keep an eye on me.

i didn't care.

kitten let me be the hero, for once.

Sans

---

this kid was already on my shit list and he just moved to the top. i told the others to leave it, that humans weren’t to be messed with. i honestly didn’t care if they believed me. i went like i was going to bed, but when i turned the corner i was in colin’s room.

look, i know it wasn't colin, but he still left her to the other guy's mercy, and before i went to shit on *that* guy, i needed to know what colin knew.

stars, this kid was drunk. it took me a while to wake him up, sprawled out on his bed fully clothed. when he finally woke, he wasn't happy to see me. i did not blame him.

"Hmm, uh, wha? Sans?" he said sleepily. i had him by the front of his shirt.

"was it your plan, kid?"

"What?" He struggled against my grip to no avail.

"did. you. plan. it."

"I don't know what you--"

"**don't lie to me, kid."**

"Sans, please, I don't know what you mean! I-if you're looking for y/n, she's sleeping on the couch! She was too drunk to drive, but I-I didn't even touch her, I swear!"

he knew nothing. i dropped him.

"yeah, you didn't. but you might want to rethink your choice in roommates, pal."

"Wha…" His eyes widened as realization dawned on him. He clutched his chest. "V...Vince? He...he didn't?"

"didn't get the chance, because we were there for her. but he was going to if we hadn't've come."

i turned to him, my blue eye glowing. he shrunk away from my gaze, terrified. *good.*

"What are you--"

"i'm headin' to your roommate's room. if you know what's good for you, you'll stay out of it, no matter what you hear."

as i walked out of his room, i rolled up the sleeves of my sweatshirt. i wasn't going to kill him, just send a message.

still, i didn't want to get my sleeves, eh, dirty.

Chapter End Notes

SHIT JUST GOT REAL
Really, though, Edge is precious that he didn't even realize it was a good deed, Hero!Red is the best, and Villain!Sans is HOT.

A Day on the Edge

Chapter Summary

Edge uses his dares

Chapter Notes

Firstly, can I just say THANK YOU SO MUCH! The response to this has been overwhelming! I'm trying to keep up with the comments, but I might have to stop answering them all if I'm ever going to write the story lol.
Really, you guys mean so much to me, thank you!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After your tea party, you gave Papyrus and Blue each a ticket, thanking them for making you feel better after your hangover.

“CAN I USE MINE RIGHT NOW?” Papyrus asked. You were startled by his eagerness.

“Um, of course, Papyrus. What can I do for you?”

“CAN YOU MAKE SURE THAT SANS IS ALRIGHT? HE’S LOCKED HIMSELF IN HIS ROOM SINCE LAST NIGHT.” He held out his ticket.

“Oh, Papyrus,” you said sweetly, pushing his hand away. It was just like him to try to use it for his brother. “I’ll do that one for free.”

You kissed him and Blue each on the cheekbones, making them glow blue and orange. Adorable.

You made your way upstairs and found yourself conflicted. Check on Sans, or thank Edge first?

Check on Sans.

You knocked on his door softly, and to your surprise it opened up quickly, though only a crack.

“oh, hey, what’s up kid?” He said, almost too swiftly.

“Oh, um, I was just checking on you because you’ve been locked in here all morning.” You tried to look past him to see what he was hiding, but you couldn’t see.

“nah, i’m fine, don’t concern yourself about me. i’ll be down for breakfast in a jiffy, okay?”

You didn’t believe him, and he saw your look.

He stepped out of the room, letting the door click closed behind him.

“are you okay, kid?” he asked, shifting the focus. “i mean, after last night?”

“Oh, yeah, yeah...I don’t remember much, so it isn’t a big deal. I just remember you guys taking good care of me when I made it home.” You lied, not wanting him to know you remember almost being violated. He didn’t need anything else to worry about.

“heh, yeah, we tried. we don’t know much about human drunkenness. listen, i uh...i got a ton of work to finish in here, but...but i’ll talk to you later?”

“Sure, Sans.”

You watch him retreat into his room, and you could swear you could see his blue sweater hanging from the desk chair, with blood spattered on it. You were wondering if you should knock again and ask, when a voice startled you.

“oh, uh, heya, kitten.”

You turned quickly to regard Red, who seemed to have just left his room. He looked embarrassed to see you, and wouldn’t make eye contact.

“Red!” You flung your arms around his neck, surprising him. He began to stutter, unable to form a word. You pulled back to smile at him. “Last night. You came when I needed you. Thank you.”

“oh, oh, yeah. anytime, kitten.” his face was a deep crimson.

“Here,” you said, producing a ticket for him. “It doesn’t really measure up, but I hope it shows at least a little of my gratitude.”

You placed a quick smooch on his cheekbone and swept past him towards Edge’s room, satisfied to hear him self-destructing in the background.

Edge answered the door immediately.

“AH! HUMAN! GET IN HERE IMMEDIATELY, YOU’RE LATE.”

Late? You obliged, stepping in the room. You pulled three tickets from your pocket, but he didn’t notice.

“I HAVE THOUGHT LONG AND HARD ABOUT THIS GOOD DEED THING, AND I THINK I’VE GOT JUST THE THING. I HAVE THIS WHIP, AND--” He stopped, eyes landing on the tickets in your hands. “WHAT ARE THOSE FOR?”

“These are for you, to thank you for paying my student loans. One for every ten thousand. It doesn’t even begin to compare, I know.”

He looked at you, confused. “YOU MEAN THE BILL I PAID FROM THE BANK? THAT COUNTS AS A GOOD DEED?”

“You have no idea.”

He took the tickets tentatively, glancing up at you, gears turning in his head. He crossed his arms, barely containing the orange glow forming on his face. “WELL, THEN, I SUPPOSE YOU SHOULD TAKE MY CELL PHONE NUMBER SO YOU MAY CONTACT ME SHOULD ANY...FURTHER PAYMENTS...BE NEEDED.”

This tsundere motherfucker wanted to pay all your shit for you?

Boy, did you have the perfect contact name.

You opened your contacts and typed in **Sugar Daddy** . You handed the phone to him with a smirk.

“REALLY, IT IS JUST A MEASLY 35 THOUSAND, I CAN’T SEE WHY...WH...WHY…” He trailed off as he noticed the name. He furiously typed his number and practically threw the phone back at you, turning away so you couldn’t see his blush. Oh, God, hilarious. “I-I SUPPOSE I WILL JUST HAVE TO HANDLE YOUR FINANCES SINCE YOU ARE SO INCAPABLE.”

An idea seemed to dawn on him, and he turned back to you, collected, composed, and smiling an evil grin.

“SO I CAN USE THESE NOW?” He asked, holding up the tickets. You nodded. Uh-oh, what did he have in mind. “VERY WELL. I WILL USE TWO OF THESE DARES NOW. ONE:” He tossed one half of a ticket at you. “YOU WILL DO EVERYTHING I ASK OF YOU TOMORROW. YOU WILL GET UP, GET DRESSED IN CLOTHING THAT WILL PLEASE ME, AND MEET ME DOWNSTAIRS AT 10:00 AM SHARP, NOT ONE MINUTE OFF. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?”

You gulped, and nodded.

“VERY GOOD. AND TWO:” He tossed another half at you. “THE NEXT TIME YOU ADDRESS ME IN FRONT OF THE OTHERS, YOU WILL REFER TO ME AS...S-SUGAR DADDY.”

“Just the once?” What a strange request.

“THAT’S ALL THAT IS NECESSARY. OH, AND UH...IN PRIVATE SOMETIMES...AS WELL.”

You had to admit, these dares were a lot more...tame than you had imagined.

“AND ALSO...DIDN’T YOU WEAR THAT SHIRT YESTERDAY?”

“Uhm, yeah, sorry, I don’t have much to choose from and I haven’t had to chance to change.”

“I SEE. THAT IS ALL.”

“Alright, then. Guess I will see you tomorrow then...Sugar Daddy?”

He smirked, triumphant, and dismissed you with a wave.

As you walked up to your bedroom to shower, you felt strange.

What had you just agreed to?

You looked yourself over in the mirror, trying to decide if this was good enough for Edge. You had ten minutes before you were supposed to meet him downstairs, so you needed to be perfect.

To be honest, you were more worried that the others might figure out something about your kinks by looking at this outfit.

You had assumed he wanted to see you in black, so on had gone the black dress with lace sleeves. You adorned your hair with a black headband with a skull on it, and chose simple black pumps. For little edge, you added a blood-red lipstick as a pop of color. You didn't need any more makeup, besides some mascara, but the outfit needed more glam, Edge was too glam-rock for this.

The brooch!

You picked up the black rose brooch your grandmother had given you. It was perfect. You pinned it to your dress, just below your shoulder. There, perfect.

And not a second too late! You grabbed a black jacket and raced out of your room, forgetting to lock the door behind you in your rush.

As you reached the bottom step at precisely 10:00am, you saw Edge standing there, waiting, and the others milling about nearby. Everyone stopped the second they heard your heels click at the bottom of the stairs. Jaws dropped.

“jeez, kitten, who’re you all dressed up for,” Red asked, pulling on his sweater nervously, a bright red glow marking his cheeks.

“FOR ME, YOU IDIOT,” Edge huffed. He grabbed your hand roughly, then executed a perfect twirl to spin you around. “I SEE THAT YOU AT LEAST CLEAN UP NICELY, HUMAN.”

“Uh, thanks, I guess.”

You saw him looking at you expectantly.

“...Sugar Daddy.”

It was as if somebody had pressed pause on the scene in front of you. Edge smirked proudly, and all the other skeletons stopped, including the crashing sound of Stretch dropping his mug. You turned to look at them quizically, but before you could see their faces, Edge pulled your face back to look at him.

“YES, THIS OUTFIT WILL DO FOR TODAY. COME ALONG, OR WE WILL BE LATE.” He turned back towards the others, almost gloating. “DON’T WAIT UP.”

And with that, he turned on his heel and marched you right out of the house to his black convertible that was waiting for you.

You looked back to try and see the others, but the door had already been closed.

You had no idea what to expect when you stepped out of Edge’s car, but it certainly wasn’t the mall.

You looked up at the huge building, wondering exactly what you had gotten yourself into.

“COME, HUMAN, WE WILL BE LATE.” He grabbed your arm roughly. Mmmm, a good roughness. Dammit, Mistress, not now!

“Late for what?” You said, heels clicking repeatedly as you struggled to match his pace.

“I’VE MADE AN APPOINTMENT FOR YOU TO BE FITTED FOR A NEW WARDROBE. YOU HAVE A PATHETICALLY SMALL SELECTION OF CLOTHING.”

Said the guy who wears the same thing every day.

“Woah, I don’t have the money for something like that!”

He stopped, turning and pulling you close to him, his face level with yours.

“ISN’T THAT WHAT A SUGAR DADDY IS FOR?” He said, smirking at you.

Oh, geez. You flushed a bright scarlet as you realized exactly what you’d done to yourself. You hoped to the stars that he would be tame with his clothing choices.

He wasn’t.

Ten minutes later you were standing in a shop that you could only describe as a pleasure dungeon. It made your heart race just looking at the things on the shelf. A lady dressed in black took you by the arm and pulled you into a fitting room, taking all your measurements. Edge lounged in a red chair outside the curtains, giving orders to people who knew him by name.

“I WANT BLACK.”

“Yes, Mr. Edge.”

“AND LACE.”

“Of course, Mr. Edge.”

“SHE MUST LOOK WORTHY OF A SKELETON OF MY STATURE.”

“Right away, Mr. Edge.”

Soon the dressing room was filled with outfits, some tame, but most something that you’d never wear outside the bedroom. You started with a black and purple number that buttoned up to your neck. The skirt was poofy and frilled. You wouldn’t have pegged him for the lolita type.

You fluffed the skirt and stepped out of the dressing room so he could look at you. He looked at you contemplatively for a minute.

“INTRIGUING. PURPLE BEFITS YOU. MISS! MORE PURPLE!”

“Yes, Mr. Edge!”

It was a whirlwind of clothes, from tight black pants to evening gowns, to boots that made your cheeks hot just looking at them. You'd lost track of what he'd said he wanted or had left behind. In between fittings, when Edge was barking orders, you texted with the others. None of them seemed surprised to hear that your excursion had been a dare. Finally, you came to the last dress, which you had specifically avoided because of one thing.

There was no back.

With this on, your scars were on display, etched into your back like a signature. No way, José.

You threw your black jacket over it and stepped out.

Edge looked at you as if you had slapped him.

“WHAT'S THIS? WHY ARE YOU WEARING A JACKET?”

“I’m not comfortable with my back and shoulders. I'd prefer they stay covered.”

The attendants stopped and glanced nervously at each other. Edge rose from his seat, sending them skittering away like mice.

“BUT I WANT TO SEE IT WITHOUT THE JACKET.” His voice sounded dangerous...and sexy. You took a step back as he advanced on you, boots clicking on black marble.

“And I said no,” You countered, looking up at him coldly. You crossed your arms defiantly.

He closed the curtain behind him. No witnesses now.

“TAKE IT OFF.” He demanded, hissing.

“No.” You backed up until your back hit the mirror. Shit, nowhere left to run.

His hands were quick as he seized your arms, overpowering you immediately. You shrieked as you both hit the floor, twisting around so that you landed stomach down with your arms behind your back.

Rrriiippp.

Edge tore the jacket off of you.

“THERE, NOW…” He trailed off, catching sight of your scars. Secret #3 was out. You expected him to gloat, or find pleasure in the moment, but he didn't. You held your breath as his fingers traced a particularly nasty one down your spine. His hand lingered, gentle and nervous.

Suddenly his weight was gone, the curtain fluttering. You sat up, rubbing your arms where he had held you. Dark purple was already starting to show.

As fast as he was gone, he was back, holding out a black leather jacket. He wasn't looking at you.

“TH-THIS ONE IS BETTER FOR THAT DRESS. PUT IT ON QUICKLY, I WANT TO SEE IT.”

You obliged, confused by his demeanor. He didn't even mention your scars.

And he never did.

After you put the jacket on, Edge paid for all the things he wanted, including the dress and jacket you were wearing. He instructed them to package it all for delivery tomorrow as he pulled you away through the mall to a nice restaurant. He didn't speak much, except to say that his cooking is, in fact, much better, and after dinner you walked through the mall together.

He acted as if he hadn't seen them.

You were grateful.

You happily listened to him rant about traps as you walked the length of the mall, only to have something catch your eye.

You stopped in your tracks to turn and look at the bracelet in the window. Such a beautiful bracelet, with special charms to choose from. Edge noticed you stopped and turned to see what you were staring at.

“DO YOU WANT THAT?” He asked bluntly.

“I-I... I-It’s...it’s really pretty,” you stammer, embarrassed that you were caught.

“VERY WELL.” He swept past you into the store and approached the terrified clerk. You hurried in after him. “THE HUMAN WANTS THAT BRACELET. SHE MAY HAVE ANY CHARMS SHE WISHES.”

Your jaw dropped.

“Uh, Edge, that’s, like, a thousand dollars!”

“I DON'T CARE ABOUT PRICE.”

Why was he being so nice to you? When he had said to do his bidding all day, you had not expected the princess treatment. In fact you had rather expected the prisoner treatment. He sensed your hesitation and turned to you expectantly.

“R-right.” You approached the counter, where the man had pulled out the bracelet and the available charms. You decided to do seven: one for you, and six for the guys.

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING?” Edge asked, clearly curious as you picked through the charms. You explained the concept to him and went through the charms.

“The purple heart is me, since you said purple suits me. The orange bow tie and Blue bow tie are Papyrus and Blue, because of how they dressed up for me yesterday. The bumblebee is Stretch, because he’s always eating honey.” You looked up at him. He was intrigued, so you continued. “The red rose is Red, because he’s more of a gentleman than he knows. The blue infinity knot is for Sans, because we made a promise that I would stay with you guys forever.” You felt your face flush admitting that.

“OH.” He sounded disappointed.

“Oh, and this one’s for you, Edge.” You held up an obsidian charm shaped like a locked box.

“A BOX?”

“For keeping my secret...and not asking questions.”

He knew exactly what you meant, and his face glowed a bright orange. He turned to the salesman and barked at him to ring it up already. The man scurried away to the register, and Edge helped you put the bracelet on.

“You know, Sugar Daddy,” you teased as he clasped it. “I would have thought you'd spend the day torturing me since you could've made me stay there. Who knew you had it in you?”

“I ACTUALLY HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT,” he said bluntly, still thrown off by your compliment.

You grabbed his scarf and pulled him down to land a sweet kiss on his cheekbone. You whispered so that only he could hear you.

“Thank you, Edge.”

The drive home was quiet, and illuminated by the streetlights and the permanent orange glow on Edge’s face. When he parked the car, he didn't immediately get out, so you looked at him, confused.

“YOU HAVE TO DO WHAT I SAY UNTIL THE END OF THE DAY,” He said suddenly.

“Uhm. Yeah, dude, that was the deal.”

You looked at the clock. 11:55. What did he have planned for the next five minutes?

“CLOSE YOUR EYES, HUMAN.”

Okay...you closed them.

He scooted over next to you, and you could feel his hands adjusting you, pulling you closer. You thought you might know what he was doing.

You were right.

Edge pulled you close and planted a kiss on you. Despite not having lips, it was...well, even counting the kisses you had had with people who *did* have lips, this was a million times better.

You responded in kind, and all of a sudden it went from 0 to 100. When you opened your mouth for him, his tongue worked it's magic and he pulled you completely onto his lap. His hands expertly gripped your hips, fingers digging into you through your new dress. *Just rip it off me* , the mistress whispered. You moaned involuntarily as his fangs grazed your lips. He kissed you as if it was the only way he could breathe, hungry and deep. Your hands slipped behind his neck, trailing along his spine. He shivered at your touch, slipping his own hands underneath your new jacket.

Oh, the mistress liked this.

Something beeped repeatedly, jarring you both. You pulled away, your blush rivaling his, both breathing shallowly and giving each other bewildered looks. The beep continued, so you pulled out

your phone.

12:00.

He seemed to know what it was, and he roughly moved you off of him, opening the car door.

“YOU WERE A GOOD SLAVE TODAY,” He said as he got out, not looking back at you.

“W...wait!” you reached out and grabbed his scarf, scrambling out of the car after him. He turned to you, shocked.

“NOW, LISTEN, HUMAN, I UNDERSTAND THAT I'M IRRESISTIBLE AND YOU WILL ALWAYS--ACK!”

You had pulled him down by the scarf and scrubbed at his face with a handkerchief from your pocket.

“Hold still,” you whispered. “You have lipstick on your face!”

He stopped struggling, realizing that he did, indeed, have smeared red lipstick all over him. He sat still while you finished wiping it off. You didn't need all the questions from the others.

“SO…” He trailed off as you finished wiping his face.

“So?” You inquired, shoving the handkerchief back in your pocket after making sure to get any smears on your own face.

“SO HOW WAS IT?” He didn't look at you, but rather off in the distance, arms crossed.

Before you could answer, the door swung open to reveal Stretch. Well, everyone was there, but Stretch opened the door. He gently took your arm, leading you inside.

“ah, welcome home, it's been a long day here without you...both of you, i guess.”

You glanced back at Edge and gave him a shrug and a smile, letting Stretch sweep you away into the living room.

Chapter End Notes

Good Guy Edge, who knew?
Also ANYBODY ELSE NEED A FAN?
Starts fanning self

Behind Closed Doors

Chapter Summary

Nosy skeletons sneak into your room while you're gone. Sans gets emotional.

Chapter Notes

You guys are too kind ;_;

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Red

---

i was the first one to notice it.

when kitten left that morning for her midterms, she didn't lock the door to her room. i knew right away because i always check it after she leaves for...security reasons.

lemme back up a little. she came home from her day with edge all happy and...unscathed. as if she hadn't been with him at all. we all tried to get her to admit to whatever torture he inflicted upon her, but she simply said they went shopping and had dinner. edge said the same thing, even though he was blushing something fierce.

well, good for edge...i guess…

whatever. anyways, nobody really believed her until the next morning, when people started showin' up from the store with a whole new wardrobe just for kitten. i'm not talkin' one or two things, i mean he bought her like 30 fuckin' outfits. and i gotta say, some of them looked pretty exciting from where i was sittin'.

anyway, she needed to leave, so she left the door unlocked so they could bring it all in.

enter red, curious little tyke that i am.

and i mean literally enter. i didn't even think about it, as soon as i realized it was unlocked i was inside. not that i couldn't have teleported inside at any time, but something about it being unlocked just begged me to do it.

it was a mess, mostly from the new clothes and boxes that just came through the door. what should i look for? proof that she's the kinky freak she keeps denying she is? uh, duh.

so i looked. in her wardrobe, in her desk drawers. i found some stuff. mostly letters. nothin' exciting.

i tapped my skull.

"hmmm...if I were a sexually repressed 20-something human girl, where would I hide my--oh, look at that, under the mattress."

i dragged the thing out, only to realize it was a calendar. oh boy. a BDSM calendar. heh, no getting around it, kitten, i got you pegged.

i fell back onto her bed while i flipped through the pages. the dudes in the pictures were all musclebound leather-clad humans, holding whips and spank paddles and...something i didn't recognize, but it looked like fun.

"some good ideas in here," i mumbled to myself, feeling hot at the sight of bondage and feather ticklers. i imagined having kitten in that state...ooohhh yes.

My phone chimed, scaring me right outta my nonexistent skin. I pulled it out to see a text from my brother.

Boss: WHERE ARE YOU? I HAVE SEARCHED THE WHOLE HOUSE AND CALLED FOR YOU SEVERAL TIMES. I AM STARTING TO GET ANGRY.

me: hey, boss, i'm in kitten's room. she left it unlocked heheh.

Boss: YOU ARE INVADING THE HUMAN'S SPACE?

me: uh

Boss: WITHOUT ME? HOW DARE YOU!

i could hear his boots start stomping up the stairs so i quickly replaced the calendar. i really don't wanna give up bein' the only one who knows her secret.

Edge

MY BROTHER IS INVADING THE HUMAN'S PRIVACY?

WITHOUT **ME** ?

UGH!

I PUT MY PHONE AWAY AND STOMPED UP THE STAIRS. THERE IS NO WAY HE WILL ENJOY GOING THROUGH HER THINGS AND I WON'T!

AS I ENTERED, HE STARTED TO LEAVE.

“already looked everywhere, not so much as a journal under the mattress,” HE SAID TO ME. HE SOUNDED DISAPPOINTED AS I SUPPOSE HE SHOULD BE. I LET HIM PASS.

HA! HE DIDN'T HAVE HALF THE DEDUCTIVE SKILLS I DID, I'M SURE I WILL FIND SOMETHING OF NOTE!

I STEPPED CONFIDENTLY INTO HER ROOM. IT SMELLS PLEASANT, LIKE WISTERIA FLOWERS. I HATE PLEASANT SMELLS.

I IGNORED ALL THE CLOTHES I BOUGHT HER YESTERDAY. SEEN IT! I WENT STRAIGHT TO HER DESK. YES, THIS IS WHERE THE INTERESTING STUFF MUST BE.

BEHOLD! A LETTER BEING WRITTEN! PRETTY SUSPICIOUS FOR SOMEBODY WITH NO FRIENDS OR FAMILY!

I REACHED OUT TO TAKE IT.

“hey, edge, are you lost?”

DRAT. IT WAS STRETCH. I GLARED AT HIM. NOSY LITTLE--

“I'M NOT LOST, I'M JUST...MAKING SURE EVERYTHING I ORDERED AND PAID FOR ACTUALLY CAME.”

“i see. so did it?”

“...YES.”

“sooooo…”

“SO I'M DONE HERE. IT SMELLS ANYWAY.” I STOMPED PAST HIM OUT THE DOOR, FRUSTRATED.

Stretch

---

i watched edge stomp away, a little proud of myself for catching him. nosy asshole.

but who was i to talk? i was only here to snoop. was i going to do the right thing today?

i peeked into the room at the mess the shop people had made. the letter edge had his eyes on lay open on the desk.

“guess not,” i muttered to myself as i slipped into the room silently.

she had certainly made use of the space we gave her. the bed was pushed against the big attic window that overlooked the garden. a picturesque idea, her sitting and watching the sunrise here.

i ran my fingers across the top of her dresser. clean of dust. she was usually impeccable, it seems, so the mess was indicative of the craziness of midterms. i never went to school, so i didn't know.

"oops," i said to myself as i slid one of the drawers out. i peeked in, a grin forming on my face.

hmm. this wasn't...what i was expecting. instead of, well, intimates, the drawer was stuffed full of unopened letters. i picked one up. addressed to grandma. i picked another up. same thing.

i replaced the letters neatly and shut the drawer. i vaguely remembered that her grandmother was deceased. she must write these to her as if they were a journal.

if that was so, then…

my eyes landed on the open letter on her desk.

"i'm not really going to read it," i told myself as i blinked over to the desk and snatched the letter up. i leaned back against the desk as i read. there must be more pages, because it started in the middle of a sentence. her handwriting was like an angel's…

And the guys didn't believe me at first, but Edge was really a true gentleman.

Grandma, I'm so incredibly lucky to be living here with these guys. Everyone's made me feel so welcome, even Edge, who is emotionally constipated. I just hope that it can last this time. How long? How long until he finds me again? Or sends one of my "siblings" after me?

I can't leave them. I made a promise. But...some nights I don't wonder if they aren't better off without me.

"aw, miss, do ya really feel that way?" i sighed. i felt bad about reading it now. she must be talking about the family that she's running from. i placed the letter on the desk and went to turn, but my sweater caught on the lamp. i fumbled with it for a minute, but ultimately it still fell to the ground with a crash.

shit.

i hightailed it out of there. no way was sans gonna catch me in there.

Blueberry and Papyrus

I SWEAR WE WEREN'T PLANNING ON GOING IN.

PAPYRUS AND I WERE PLAYING SECRET AGENTS, LIKE WE USUALLY DO ON TUESDAYS, AND THEN WE HEARD A CRASH FROM Y/N'S ROOM! WE DIDN'T REALIZE SHE WASN'T HOME YET, SO WE THOUGHT SHE MIGHT BE IN TROUBLE!

WE RUSHED UP TO HER ROOM, BUT ALL WE COULD SEE WAS THE BROKEN LAMP. THEN PAPYRUS REMEMBERED SHE WAS GONE FOR THE DAY!

I STARTED TO CLEAN UP THE MESS, BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT MISS Y/N TO HURT HERSELF WHEN SHE CAME HOME. BUT...

WHEN PAPYRUS WAS ON THE FLOOR, HE FOUND SOMETHING!

I DIDN'T REALLY FIND IT, IT WASN'T HIDDEN.

PAPYRUS FOUND A PICTURE FRAME UNDER THE DESK! IT HAD A PICTURE OF MISS Y/N AND SOME OTHER PEOPLE IN IT!

THEY LOOKED LIKE HER FAMILY.

I DON'T KNOW WHY SHE NEVER TALKS ABOUT THEM, THOUGH. THEY SEEMED PRETTY HAPPY.

I KNEW WHAT I HAD TO DO! I TOOK THE PICTURE OUT OF THE FRAME AND CHECKED THE BACK. IT HAD THE NAME OF A LAB IN COLORADO ON THE BACK! I GOOGLED IT, IT'S REAL!

BUT THEN WE WERE INTERRUPTED AND WE HAD TO LEAVE…

Sans

"what're you two doing in here?" paps and blue jumped at the sound of my voice. i guess i was pretty quiet coming up the stairs. i'd come to investigate the noise, but i wasn't surprised to see blue here. paps, though, that was a little surprising.

“W-WE WERE JUST TRYING TO CLEAN UP THIS LAMP,” blue stammered at me. “WE HEARD IT CRASH WHILE WE WERE PLAYING A GAME, AND WE DIDN’T WANT Y/N TO HURT HERSELF.”

papyrus was...uncharacteristically quiet. he shoved something under the desk and stood up quickly.

“you alright, bro?” i asked, suspicious that he would try to hide something from me.

“YES! I AM MAGNIFICENT AS ALWAYS, BROTHER! A-ANYWAY, IT’S ALL CLEAN NOW, SO WE’LL BE OFF.”

he rushed blue out of the room past me. i frowned. i hate it when he lies to me.

i glance into the room. it wasn’t like the kid to leave her room unlocked...maybe just a few minutes. i wouldn’t touch anything breakable.

her room smelled sweet, like flowers. the bed looked neatly made, save for a mussed up part in the middle. maybe she laid on it after making it this morning. i used my blue magic to pick the lamp up and set it upright.

i looked around at all the new clothes edge had ordered for her. it was...surreal. i’d never seen the guy dote on somebody this much before. there must have been like 30 outfits there, and don’t think i didn’t see the shiny new charm bracelet on her wrist last night.

in fact, everybody seemed to have taken quite the liking to her. her walls were covered with drawings from blue, poetry from paps. even red was consistently creepin’ on her, and stretch acted like her goddamn father.

i picked up her leather jacket off the back of her desk chair. another gift from edge, i guess.

maybe i was just selfish?

i had...really hoped to spend more time alone with her myself. i don’t know what i’d thought was going to happen, but...giving everyone attention but me...going on a frickin’ date with edge…

yeah, i was selfish. so what? didn’t i deserve the same attention everyone else was getting? didn’t i deserve to be a little selfish every once in a while?

the jacket smelled like her. creepy, i know...but i felt close to her for a minute, standing in her room.

there was a rustling behind me. paps...no, not him. unfortunately, i knew exactly who it was.

You

“Oh, Sans...didn’t I say my room was off-limits?” You tried to sound gentle. You needed to know if he had found anything incriminating before you freaked out. He gently placed your jacket back on the chair. He didn’t turn around.

“uh...yeah, yeah, you did...sorry. i...when i teleport while i’m tired, sometimes i end up in the wrong place. i broke your lamp, too...sorry.”

You frowned at him. He never apologized, and he didn’t crack a single joke.

“Sans…”

“no, no, i’m leaving, i’m sorry, i shouldn’t have been here.” He turned on his heel and started to leave, but you caught his arm. He looked so sad…

“Stay.”

He looked up at you, and a strange look came over him.

“you sure you wouldn’t rather have one of the others hang out with you? maybe edge could buy you some more stuff.”

You were not really in the mood for this. You just tanked your exams and here he was, trying to fight.

“Shut the fuck up, Sans,” you snapped. He looked shocked. “Stop acting like it’s all my fault, when you’re hardly ever around to hang out with. And for the record, I didn’t hang out with Edge yesterday because he bought me stuff, I did it because he asked me to. I would absolutely have spent the day with you, home, in the park, at Grillby’s, if you’d only bother to ask me!”

You crossed your arms across your chest.

“kid, i--”

“No! No. I’m constantly trying to check in on you and hang out with you, and you’re always working or ‘catching me later’. So, what, Sans? Do you have something to say? Because if you do, then you had better just say it for once!”

He looked like a kicked puppy. Cripes, this was a bad idea. You felt a lump in your throat as you noticed tears welling up in his eyes. Jeez, you didn’t even know he was capable of tears.

He turned away, wiping furiously at his tears.

“you...you’re right, kid...i...i’m sorry.”

“Oh, Sans, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean...I didn’t mean to yell.”

“no, no, it’s okay. i’ve been selfish, trying to monopolize you but turning you away when it wasn’t convenient. i...i guess i don’t really know how to handle my emotions. i get...angry.”

You pulled him to face you, using your sleeve to wipe his tears away.

“Well, it doesn’t matter. Maybe we’ve both been jerks?” He grinned at you, a little melancholy still.

“heh. yeah, guess we both jerked each other’s chains, huh?”

You pulled him close, and he hugged you tight. Vulnerability looked good on him, you couldn’t help but think. He sighed as you hugged, and you could feel the tension leave his body. When you

pulled away, he had a guilty look and a blush. Adorable.

“Hey, why don’t you stay up here with me for a while? We can watch a movie and make bad puns.”

“kid, that’s music to my ears.”

Chapter End Notes

SAAAAAANS
crying noises

Life's a Beach Pt. 1

Chapter Summary

The guys take you to their beach house. Some other Skelebros are there...

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for your interest in this story! And for those of you who have been interacting with me in the comments! This is really exciting for me :DDD
Prepare your ovaries

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“A beach house?” You asked, surprised at Stretch’s proposal. He’d come to you while you were doing dishes, leaning smoothly against the counter.

“yeah, we have a beach house on the coast. we go whenever we feel like it. i was thinking we could go...you know, together. to blow off steam, now that your midterms are over. the sun, the sand...”

A beach house with the guys? Although, you had a sneaking suspicion the others weren't a part of Stretch’s plan...

“THAT’S A GREAT IDEA, PAPY!” Blue shrieked, coming out of nowhere and yanking on his brother’s sweater in excitement. “I’LL GET THE OTHERS AND WE CAN LEAVE TODAY!”

“w...wait!” Stretch called after the little skeleton, only to be ignored. You giggled. So you had been right. He sighed and dropped his hand, giving you a weak smile. “that’s...that’s what i meant, all of us.”

Of course, you totally didn't doubt it for a second (yes, you did).

“It’s alright, Stretch, it sounds like fun. I'll save a spot on the beach next to me for you.” You smiled at him, and he blushed a soft orange.

“heh, if we’re takin’ kitten to the beach, does that mean we get to pick her out a swimsuit?” Red said from across the kitchen, leaning on the counter. “i’m thinking black and red, reeeeeeaaaaally tiny, the works.”

“you are a sad excuse for a skeleton,” Stretch said bluntly, arms folded across his chest.

“oh, i’m sorry stretch, i didn't mean to push my preferences on you. let me go a little more your speed. bikini, orange with white polka dots, maybe a bow. matching bottoms with a little skirt. that a little more your style?”

Stretch failed to answer, his mouth floundering in response. You giggled as Red grinned, triumphant.

“thought so. everybody’s got their preferences. take blue here,” Red reached out and grabbed Blue by the scarf as he scurried past, causing him to drop all the beach toys he was carrying with a squeak. He whirled him around to face you, gripped his shoulders, and stooped down behind him to talk right next to him. “blue. take a good look at miss y/n here.”

“WHA-”

“just do it! okay, now imagine her on the beach, wearin’ one of those old fashioned two piece swimsuits that look like a little sailor outfit.”

Blue’s eyesockets went wide, a deep blue blush appearing on his cheeks.

“I-IS, I MEAN, ARE YOU--”

“it’s only hypothetical, kid.” Red pushed the little skeleton away. “but see? everyone.”

“papyrus.” Stretch challenged.

“YES?” The tall skeleton popped his head in at the mention of his name.

“papyrus is boring, he’s one of those as-long-as-you’re-comfortable types. I'd say red shorts, white t-shirt, and a sun hat.” Red ticked off the items on his fingers.

“OH, YES, Y/N WOULD BE VERY COMFORTABLE INDEED IN THAT OUTFIT,” Papyrus said, cheeks glowing.

“see?” Red said, leaning against the counter, bored.

“well if you’re so smart, red, why don’t you do me?” Red jumped at Sans’ sudden appearance behind him, but recovered quickly. He hung an arm around Sans’ shoulders and leaned in, grinning like the devil.

“aw, that’s easy, sansy. *you’d* rather she wore nothing at all.”

Stretch sputtered, spitting honey everywhere, and you stifled a laugh as you felt yourself blushing. A deep royal blue crept across Sans’ face, and suddenly Red hit the floor.

“sh...shut up, i ain’t a creep like you.”

“yeah, right, you’re worse.” Red groaned from the floor.

You ticked off the skeletons mentioned so far on your fingers. “What about Edge?”

Red straightened himself, using the counter as a crutch to stand.

“edge--”

“HAS ALREADY PICKED A SWIMSUIT.” Edge huffed, stalking into the kitchen and tossing something at Red. He caught it. A purple and black swim set: bikini bottoms and a surf shirt with short sleeves.

“...i’ll have to admit i did not expect this of you, boss.” Red begrudgingly tossed the swim set to you. “eh, a guy can dream.”

“you bought a swimsuit already?” Stretch asked, curious.

“OF COURSE. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN AN OVERSIGHT TO EXCLUDE A SWIMSUIT FROM HER NEW WARDROBE.”

You knew he picked this specifically to cover your scars. Hero Edge, to the rescue. Stretch leaned in to whisper to you.

“are you sure you don't want that orange polka dots number?” He asked, with a smirk.

“Oh, this one is perfect,” you were quick to gush so the guys would get off your case. It worked.

“i guess as long as she’s happy,” Red said. “you can always steal away with me one night to wear that other one.” He winked at you.

You stuck your tongue out at him.

“so am i correct to assume we’re going to the beach house?” Sans inquired.

“Yeah, Stretch thought it might be a good idea.” You said, placing the last dish and wiping your hands on the towel.

“okay, then, i’ll let them know we’re comin’ then.”

“Them?”

“oh, right. them.” Stretch sounded exasperated.

“some of our...cousins...are staying there for a while. they won't mind us, though,” Sans said, shrugging. He sounded like maybe he minded them.

“There are more of you?” You sputtered, confused. You’d never heard of more skelebros anywhere.

“yeah, you’d be surprised, kitten. there’s an awful lot of us, actually.” Red said. Again, unenthusiastic.

But you, on the other hand, were ecstatic. More skeleton friends?

You hoped they were as nice as these ones.

By noon, the seven of you had piled all your beach-going items into Papyrus and Edge’s cars. Somehow, much to Sans’ chagrin, Red convinced you to ride with him on his motorcycle (probably something to do with how incredibly hot you found motorcycles), so you donned your new leather jacket and held tight to him as he followed the cars out.

The scenery was beautiful, but the ride was long. By the time you could see the beautiful, glittering ocean, your legs were practically screaming to stretch.

The beach house was what you expected, and then some. Huge house, private beach, waves practically on the patio. Red extended a hand to help you off the motorcycle, and you accepted, hopping off. You popped the motorcycle helmet off, shaking your hair out a little with a sigh, running your fingers through it. You unzipped your leather jacket, enjoying the breeze as it hit your sweaty body.

Red turned away, blushing. You didn't notice.

Everybody else was busy getting things out of the car, so you decided to go knock and alert the others that you were here.

You had only just raised your hand to knock when the door swung open, fingers gently taking your outstretched hand and pulling you in.

“Well well well...Sans said they were comin’ over, but he never mentioned they were bringing an angel,” a svelte voice cooed in your ear. “You lost, sweetheart? Or did you really ride in with these guys to stay with us?”

You looked up at the tall skeleton, who was placing a chaste kiss on the hand he held. He was something to see, open leather jacket, white turtleneck, black pants...his eyes met yours as he lowered your hand.

His polite demeanor thinly veiled the hungry look in his eyes, chaste kisses doing nothing to obscure his wicked smile. He looked perfectly sinful with two sizable cracks on his skull.

Swoon…! Your face was so hot, you felt you might faint.

“Brother, please, you’re scaring her.”

You were startled by the voice, and even more so by the fact that a skeleton even taller than the first had managed to sneak up on you. This one also had two cracks in his skull.

The second one was dressed in a similar white turtleneck and dark pants, with a long black coat. Did skeletons ever get hot or cold? It was like a million degrees out.

The first one let go of your hand, frowning at his brother’s interruption.

“Hello, miss, I apologize, but Sans did not mention they were bringing an extra so I don't yet know your name. You can call me Green,” the tallest one said, taking your hand and bowing slightly to you. This was probably the most polite skeleton you had ever met.

“You can call me G, angel.”

“Oh, I'm y/n, it’s nice to meet you both.” You did a little curtsy, feeling a little foolish. However, they didn't make fun of you, so you didn't feel so silly.

A hand gripped your shoulder, pulling you back from your spot next to G. It was Stretch, who was eyeing the brothers warily, bags in hand.

“Hey, Stretch, you guys didn't mention you were bringing such a beautiful angel with you,” G drawled, sticking his hands in his pockets and smiling at you.

“must have slipped our minds. we’re so used to living with her that we didn’t think we’d have to explain her presence.” Stretch sounded a little on edge. You could only make wild guesses as to why everyone was so uptight around these guys. They seemed fine to you. Your eyes flicked back to G. *More* than fine.

“Take your coat, Angel?” G offered, holding out his hand invitingly. You noticed his hands had holes in them. Strange. You slipped out of your jacket and handed it to him. His eyes never left yours as he hung it on the coat rack by the door.

Stretch squeezed your shoulder, making you tear your eyes away to look at him quizzically. He wasn’t looking at you. You suspected it had been involuntary.

“hey, y/n, let’s go--”

Before Stretch could finish what he was saying, G had gently placed his hand on the small of your back and was leading you through the house. You could hear the others calling Stretch from outside, and when you looked back, he was gone.

“Here, Angel, you’re probably tired from the trip. Come take a seat in the living room.”

“Oh thank, you, but I’ve already been sitting an awfully long time. In fact I feel a little cramped.”

“Back troubles? Motorcycles will do that to ya. May I?” he spread his hands out in invitation, which you hesitantly accepted. He gently turned you around, sitting you down on an ottoman. He positioned himself behind you, placing his hands on your spine and... *pop pop!* Relief flooded through you as your spine popped, and you sighed audibly.

“So you came in on Red’s motorcycle?” G inquired, his hands rubbing slowly outward from the spine. Geez, you’d never been offered a back rub like this. And you’ve never had one so good…

“Y-yeah.”

“So what’s the story there?”

What did he mean?

“I’m...I’m afraid I don’t follow.”

“Your relationship with Red, I mean.”

“Oh. Oh! Oh no, we’re just friends.”

His hands expertly massaged your aching muscles, moving gingerly up to your shoulders. “And the others?”

“Friends! Just friends. I love them all, in their own way.”

“I see.” His hands began to move back down to your lower back. He stopped momentarily and gripped your hips, moving you closer to him. Sweet cinnamon sticks, this guy was smooth. “Well, if that’s the case, then maybe you and I could--”

“G…” Green stood by the entryway, arms crossed, fingers tapping away impatiently.

“She was stressed,” G said, shrugging his brother's comment off. “I fixed it.” He leaned in to whisper to you. “If it still hurts later, Angel, feel free to stop by my room. I know lots of good tricks like those ones.”

“cripes, g, keep your mitts to yourself.” Red spat crankily as he walked past. The others followed behind, muttering amongst themselves. Sans stopped in the entryway next to Green, giving G a steely glare. G held his hands up behind you, innocently.

“hey, kid, let’s go see where your room is, okay?”

“O-okay!” You hopped up, face burning, and quickly ran to Sans’ side. He kept his glare fixed on G as he gripped your arm to lead you away.

He didn’t speak again until he dropped your bags on the bed in the room you would use.

“kid, please be careful around g.” he said, his fingers trailing across the bedspread. “don’t let him get that close again...okay?”

“Why? Is he dangerous?”

Sans’ hand balled up into a fist, and he let out a sigh.

“not...dangerous...so much as sneaky. he’s a...just...trust me, okay, kid?”

“I always trust you, Sans.”

He looked up at you with a relieved grin. He looked worn out. Maybe the drive had taken a toll on him.

“text me if you need anything, okay? i’m just right here, in the next room.”

“Always,” you responded cheerfully, giving him a sweet smile.

He shouldered his bag, grinning back at you, and walked out, leaving you to process all that had happened downstairs.

Oh.

Fuck .

That skeleton was way too hot. You buried your face in your hands, cheeks burning as you thought of his experienced hands massaging your back, his crooked smile…and now, to top it all off, Sans had to go and make him even more hot by telling you to stay away from him!

You were in so much trouble.

You woke up with a start from the nap you hadn’t realized you’d taken. You glanced out the double doors to the balcony in your borrowed room. Still daylight. Had it all been a dream? The new, seductive friend, the worried Sans?

Your phone was blinking.

You opened up your messages to an onslaught of the guys' texts.

RedFlag: don't get so comfortable around g, kitten

Honey: be cautious with g

SugarDaddy: I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO HUMAN BUT REMEMBER THAT YOU ARE /OUR/ HUMAN!

Okay, possessive much? At least Papyrus and Blue had been nice enough to let you do you. Didn't they realize that all of this only made G hotter? You scrolled down to see the more recent messages.

UNKNOWN NUMBER: Hello, it's Green. I'm sorry to disturb your nap. Sans gave me your number, and I wanted to see if you would join us for dinner?

UNKNOWN NUMBER: Hey, Angel, swiped your number from my brother. Let me know if you need anything...like maybe another back rub?

You added Green's contact info under the name **GreenGiant** (it was accurate at least). You hesitated, trying to think of a good one for G.

Finally, after some deliberation, you typed in **GWhiz** .

Tame. But "HotSkelly" was a little too honest.

You: Thank you, Green, I will be down in a minute.

GreenGiant: I will set a place for you, then. See you soon.

You: The others told me to stay away from you

GWhiz: Do you want to stay away from me, Angel?

You: ….no.

GWhiz: Then what are they, your parents? You do you, huh?

You: But I don't want to upset them, either.

GWhiz: Bunch of jealous babybones, that's all. You're an adult, they can't make you do anything you don't wanna do.

You scratched your head. Well, he wasn't wrong. They were just being overprotective. And besides, what they don't know can't hurt them.

You: I'll be down for dinner soon. Will you be there?

GWhiz: Way ahead of ya, Angel. See you soon.

You liked the way he called you Angel. Flattering, sexy, and polite. You felt yourself blushing.

"must be somethin' good on that phone," came Sans' voice from the doorway. You jumped, covering yourself with the blankets. You had slept in just your tank top, after all. He stood leaning against the doorframe, smiling his usual smile like nothing was bothering him.

"Oh, just some stupid memes on imgur," you lied. He hadn't said anything about texting G, but it still felt a little taboo.

"you *meme* they still make those?" Sans chuckled. You laughed. It was nice to see him back to normal.

You had him turn around while you put a shirt on, and then you walked down the steps together, sharing bad puns.

Dinner was amazing since both brothers apparently were amazing cooks. It felt pretty good not to cook for once. G kept meeting your eyes every time you glanced up at him, making you flush with embarrassment. You texted him under the table a few times.

After dinner, Stretch helped you clear the table after you shooed Green out of the room, insisting that you do it.

"Wow, I didn't expect them to be that good at cooking," you mentioned as you put the plates in the sink.

"yeah, they kind of trump us in that respect." Stretch said, placing his collection of plates next to the sink.

You look over at him, studying his face. He seemed happy.

"You know, Stretch, when we got here, all of you were so stressed. It's nice to see you guys relaxing a little." He chuckled, an orange glow beginning to appear. You started to unstack and clean the dishes in your hands.

“am i relaxing? it’s been a long time since that happened, doll...since probably that night where i held you.”

You nearly dropped the plate in your hands. He mentioned it! He actually said something about it!

“i never thanked you for that night.”

“W-Well you took care of me, I should be thanking you.”

“you know the part i mean.” he leaned in close, his hand brushing the scar on your forehead as he gently turned you to face him. His thumb touched your bottom lip gently, tipping your face up. He held you like that for a long moment. You felt your breath hitch as you waited for him to do something.

"are you waiting for me to kiss you?" he asked finally. You stuttered, but couldn’t form a word. This seemed to be the reaction he was looking for, because he returned to his usual smirk and leaned back. Was he messing with you? You felt your face grow hot with embarrassment. What a jerk!

“i’ll finish the dishes, doll. i think i hear sans calling you.”

Chapter End Notes

Fuckin's Stretch just loves to toy with people
And OK WOW CAN I GET A Gaster!Sans CALENDAR???

Life's a Beach Pt. 2

Chapter Summary

Stretch gets the cold shoulder
G gets handsy
Stretch gets drunk

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for your amazing words of confidence!
I hope some of you will stop by my tumblr and drop me some questions!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You stared in the mirror at the swimsuit. The others had left to enjoy the water a while ago, but you just...there was no way you could be seen in this. You should have known better than to let Edge pick your suit.

Yes, it covered your scars on your back and shoulders, but it only reached your midriff, which was way more skin than you were used to showing. On top of that, the material must be specifically built to look like it was painted on, because it hugged your every curve exactly. And the bottoms showed a little more cheek than you would have liked, and was held together with string. If you knew these guys at all, that string would not stay tied throughout the day.

It might be covering, but it sure wasn't modest.

You sighed. You didn't really have a choice.

You topped it off with a white sun hat. Maybe the huge hat would distract them.

You grabbed a towel and opened the door.

"took you long enough, doll." Stretch drawled, leaning against your door frame. He wasn't wearing his sweatshirt, instead he wore a black tank top with his usual shorts.

You stalked past him without a word. You were still angry with him for the night before. How dare he make a fool of you like that? What, did he get pleasure from embarrassing you? Well...you're one to talk. But still.

He hurried to catch up to you.

"still giving me the cold shoulder? c'mon, you can't ignore me forever."

Watch me, you thought to yourself. You picked up the pace, rushing down the stairs, away from him. You turned the corner and ran straight into him. Oh, great, he could teleport, too.

You sighed in frustration and tried to step around him, stopped by his arm.

“c’mon, kid, talk to me.”

“No.” You shoved his arm out of the way firmly, sweeping past him and out the door. He followed. How annoying.

“hey--”

“woah, kitten, looking good.” Red interrupted, taking your hand as you stepped off the porch. “i wasn’t sure about that suit but now i can see that i was wrong.”

“Thanks, Red,” you said, pulling him close so you could walk with him. You glanced back at Stretch, who indeed looked defeated. He glared at Red, who grinned back at him as he snaked his arm around your waist.

Serves him right.

“kitten, you sure are forward today,” Red said, his face a deep crimson as he ran his hand along your side.

“Gross,” You said, pushing him. He purred at you, pulling you closer.

“and hot,” he teased.

“Leave the lady alone, Red. Let her enjoy the sun.” You felt a gentle tug on your arm and G quickly swept you away from Red’s grip. You looked up at him, clad in a t-shirt and swim shorts, a cigarette dangling from his teeth. He winked at you.

“O-oh, G, I didn’t see you there.” He pulled you close and leaned down to whisper as you walked.

“Come on, I’ve got something to show you.”

You were about to nod, but suddenly you felt your body stop, and you were pulled from G’s grip. You landed on your ass on the sand, confused. You looked around, but all you saw was Sans glaring at G.

“...Maybe later, huh, Angel?” G said, sticking his hands in his shorts pockets. He looked a little perturbed.

You stood, brushing the sand off of you, a little disappointed.

“MISS Y/N! MISS Y/N!” You turned to see Blue racing toward you, wearing blue swim trunks and a big blowup tube around his waist. “I’M GLAD YOU’RE FINALLY HERE! PAPYRUS AND I WANTED YOU TO PLAY MARCO POLO WITH US!”

“O-okay, Blue, that sounds like fun.”

“blue, i’d really like to talk with miss y/n before that.” Stretch said, reaching for you.

“C’mon, Blue! I’ll race you to the water!” You said, cutting him off. Blue squealed and started running, with you hot on his heels. Just before he hit the water, you swept him up from underneath the arms and stepped in the water. “I win!”

“THAT’S CHEATING, MISS Y/N!” Blue said, giggling. You pulled him into a big hug, innertube squeaking against your skin.

“Aww, you’re so cute, Blue!”

“MISS Y/N, MAY I ALSO HAVE A BIG HUG?” Papyrus inquired, splashing over to you as you placed a cyan-faced Blue down in the water.

“Of course,” you said sweetly, and he swept you up into his massive arms, giving you a big squeeze. Then he set you back on your feet gently, an orange glow dusting his cheekbones.

You smiled. These two were always good at cheering you up. You reached down and splashed water on them, giggling.

You collapsed on the towel, exhausted. You had spent a solid three hours playing with Blue and Papyrus, and they weren’t anywhere close to done.

“Lemonade?” You looked up to see G, holding out a glass of lemonade. You took it gratefully, and he sat down next to you. “You really are an angel. Most people would stop playin’ with those two after, like, an hour. The others did.”

“Blue and Papyrus are huge sweethearts. I could never really say no to them.”

“But you could say no to the others?”

“Ha! Not really, I guess.”

“Well, you been saying no to Stretch all mornin’.” He observed, taking a sip of his own lemonade. Perceptive man. “Something happen, Angel?”

“Stretch is a jerk, that’s all.”

“True, true. But, aren’t we all jerks, from time to time?”

“....Whatever.”

“We don’t have to talk about Stretch and you. In fact, I’d rather talk about you and I.” He placed a hand on top of yours, giving you a wink when you looked at him in surprise. He put his lemonade down and reached over to run his now free hand through your hair, bringing a strand up to his face, as if to kiss it. “After all, if an Angel such as yourself lived with me, I’d never be such a huge jerk that you’d stop talkin’ to me.”

His face was only inches from yours, his golden eyelights trained on your eyes. You couldn’t think of anything to say to that, so instead you just looked away, heart banging against your rib cage.

“You’re shy. Is it because they told you to stay away from me?”

“N-no…” Yes.

“hey, kid…” You looked up to see Sans standing near you. He didn’t even change for the beach, he just took his sweater off. “come with me, i got somethin’ to show ya.”

It was an excuse to get you away from G, but you followed him anyway, a little disappointed. You had wanted to talk to G for a little longer.

Sans took you to a rocky area and showed you a tidepool. The rocks obscured the sight of the others, and thus obscured you guys as well. You both took a seat on the rocks and watched the anemones open and close.

“are you and stretch alright?” Sans asked, after a period of silence. Why was everyone so worried about you and Stretch?

“No.” You had to be honest with him.

“did he...did he do somethin’ to ya? ‘cause i can kick his ass for you.”

You giggled. You knew he was joking, but it was always funny to hear Sans say things like that.

You sighed and put your head on his shoulder. It was nice to be alone with just Sans every once in a while.

“You always worry about me, Sans. Thanks.”

To your surprise, Sans tentatively put an arm around you, pulling you into his chest. He rested his skull on your hair, sighing.

“i just feel responsible for ya, kid. i worry about you.”

That was...kind of insulting. It’s not like he was your dad, though he was already a better one than your real one. But he probably didn’t really mean it that way. You felt a tug on your head, and it took you a second to realize he had started to play with your hair, twirling a strand of it around his finger bone.

“listen, kid, you should talk to stretch if you’re upset. the longer you give him the cold shoulder, the less likely it will be resolved before...well, i’d like to see you two getting along again.”

Sans smelled like ketchup, but sweeter. You were only half listening to what he was saying, feeling content as he ran his fingers through your hair.

“Easier than it sounds,” you said quietly.

He didn’t seem to know what to say next, and so he opted for a comfortable silence. He was good at those. You closed your eyes, wondering if it was wrong to wish that you only lived with Sans sometimes.

“A movie night, huh?” You asked incredulously, giving Red a strange look. “Do I want to see whatever ‘movie’ *you* picked?”

“relax, baby blue picked the movie. some kind of romantic comedy bullshit. everyone’s going to watch, though. you should join us. i’m bringing in some bourbon, and i’m gonna do a shot every time somebody stutters.”

“You’ll be very drunk by the end.”

“that’s the goal. well, the goal is to get you there, too, but me getting drunk is kinda a side goal.”

Hmmm. Maybe you could cuddle with G during the movie.

“I’m in,” you say, finishing the last dish and placing it in the drying rack. “But if this turns into a smooch-someone deal, I’m going to bed.”

The movie was alright, some older movie with Meg Ryan. You had hoped to sit next to G, but the spots next to him had been suspiciously taken by Papyrus and Green. So instead you found yourself sitting in between Red and Sans. You had a sneaking suspicion that Stretch didn’t watch the movie, but rather watched you. You did notice, however, that he was taking shots along with Red.

Red was surprisingly well-behaved, but that was probably because Sans had a protective arm around your shoulders and kept slapping his hand away every time he tried to touch you. You made eye contact with G a few times during the movie, and each time he gave you a grin that made your spine tingle.

Part way through the movie, G got up and slipped out of the room. He brushed your hair with his fingertips as he left, and you felt the urge to get up.

“I have to go to the bathroom,” you whispered to Sans, who moved so you could get by, distracted by the movie.

The house was dark, and you didn’t know which way G had gone, so you walked tentatively down the hall.

“G?” you whispered into the dark. Suddenly a hand grabbed you, and another covered your shriek.

“Shhh...it’s just me.” You could see his eyelights behind you in the mirror in the hallway. You turned around to face him as your eyes adjusted. A yellow glow illuminated the area, and you realized he was blushing a little. “I’m glad you followed me, Angel. I was afraid you wouldn’t come.”

He leaned down and captured your lips gently. Straight to the point, this one. You returned the kiss, opening your mouth slightly to allow his tongue in. He was experienced, his tongue leaving you breathless. He picked you up, pushing you against the wall with your legs wrapped around his waist. His incisors brushed your lips, and your mouth burned from the taste of hot sauce. You moaned, and he stopped.

“Shhhh, Angel, they’ll hear you,” he said, a finger tracing your jawline. You nodded in understanding, and he leaned in again, tracing his tongue along your neck, teasing, as his hand slipped up the back of your shirt.

You grabbed his hand, gently leading it down and away from your back. He didn’t seem to notice, and instead happily moved it to your bottom, using it to pull you up and readjust. He kissed like a demon, hungry and fierce, and it felt like he had a million hands that were exactly where you wanted them at any given time. You had started to wonder how sex with a skeleton would work when he pulled away. You whined involuntarily, breathing heavy.

“Don’t leave,” he said, breathlessly.

“I won’t.”

“I mean, on Monday. Don’t leave me.”

“Oh, G, I can’t stay…”

“Just say it.”

“...I won’t leave.”

He sighed at the words, as your hands slid down his neck. He let you down off the wall, cupped your face in his hands, and kissed you gently on the forehead.

“Come see me tonight in my room, Angel. If we stay any longer here, they’ll know something’s up.”

Um, yes, please.

“Heh, you’re eager.”

“S-sorry, sometimes I think out loud,” You whispered back. He winked at you, and disappeared down the hall in the opposite direction of everyone else.

You started to make your way back to the others, only to run smack into somebody on your way back. You felt around on the wall and turned the light on.

Stretch looked down at you, surprised. Uh-oh. Had he heard any of that?

“y/n…” he trailed off, a hiccup escaping his mouth. He didn’t even have a diaphragm, how can he hiccup. “...where’s the restroom again?”

You relaxed. It seemed he hadn’t heard anything. You pointed him to the bathroom and he went on his way. You let out a sigh of relief.

That would have been a hard lie to tell.

You woke up to several chimes from your phone. You were confused, because G had said he’d actually call when the coast was clear, or that he’d come to you.

SANSational: hey kid, paps and blue really wanted to go to the beach to stargaze but i wanted to letcha sleep. we left stretch behind to protect you if g gets handsy.

SANSational: join us when you wake up?

You rubbed your head with a sigh. At least they weren’t all guarding you like dogs. You decided to shoot Stretch a text to show you were awake. It would be fishy if you didn’t.

He texted back immediately.

You: Hey I'm awake

Honey: oh, good. i thought you might be dead in there, haha

He seemed jovial.

Honey: hey, hey, i'm comin' in okay?

Before you could respond, Stretch was standing by your bed, making you shriek and fall to the floor in a pile of blankets.

"oh, sorry, doll, i didn't mean to scare you," Stretch said, leaning down to help you up from the blankets. When you got up, you put your back against the wall and crossed your arms to cover your shoulders, remembering you were only in a tank top. You hoped he hadn't noticed the scars.

"Well, when you guys just teleport everywhere, it's hard not to be scared."

He looked at you funny.

"you spoke to me," he said, sounding relieved.

"No choice." You said.

"you look guarded."

"I'm mad at you." You reminded him.

He was quiet, his eyelights travelling up and down your body. He was acting strange.

"...you're very protective of your shoulders and back, aren't you?" he observed. Wait...was he drunk? He wasn't acting quite like himself.

"I don't know what you mean."

"i mean, you always wear sleeves. anything without a back you cover with a jacket. is that why edge bought you that swimsuit?" Cripes, why was he so perceptive?

"...You're making me uncomfortable, Stretch."

Stretch took a couple steps to close the distance between you, raising his hand so he could gently touch the scar from your concussion.

"what does edge know that i don't?" he asked, mostly to himself. "what does red know that i don't? and sans? why are you so close with the others...but not me?" You could smell honey and bourbon

on his breath. You couldn't even push him back without uncovering your scars, so you just tried to flatten yourself against the wall.

"I think I'm the same with all of you, Stretch."

"except g."

Ah. The truth comes out.

"...can you get me a shirt, Stretch? Then we can talk about this?"

He didn't move at first, but then he stepped back and pulled his orange sweatshirt off over his head, handing it to you. He turned around politely while you put it on. It smelled like him, like that night you spent with him in his bedroom.

"Okay," you said, when the sweatshirt was on. He turned back around, immediately closing the distance again. He looked ridiculously hot in his black tank top, with moonlight spilling in from the balcony window.

"can't we talk? can't you stop ignoring me now?"

You sighed, placing a hand on his chest to prevent him from leaning in further. You didn't have an answer for him.

"please?" It was unlike him to say please. You couldn't meet his eyes, because you weren't sure you could hold your resolve.

His hands found their way to your face, gently at first, and then he pulled your face to his, kissing you forcefully. Your shriek was muffled by his tongue. He tasted like bourbon, and he was holding your face too tightly, but the kiss...well, pain usually made your heart race anyway, but this was beyond that. Your knees felt weak, and you started to lean back...

But you were still mad at him!

You mustered your strength and shoved him off of you.

"Stretch, what the fuck!" You said, bringing a sleeve to your mouth to cover your telltale blush.

"why?" he asked, advancing on you again. You scrambled away onto the bed, but that just ended up trapping you under him as he climbed over you. "why? why are you so close to them? why do you push me away? don't i make your heart race? don't i make your spine tingle?"

"S-Stretch, that's not--"

"you'll kiss edge, and g, but not me?" he said accusingly, pinning your hands to the bed above your head. You stopped and looked up at him. You weren't even aware he knew about either of those kisses.

"How…?"

"i know. i saw you in the car, and i followed you earlier tonight, down the hall. i want to feel close to you, too."

“You’re drunk.”

“yes.”

“Get off me.”

“ **no.** ”

“Stretch, I--”

“are you really going to stay here, with him?” He laid down on you gently, his face seeking the crook of your neck, releasing your hands. His hands traced down your body gently. “are you really going to go to him? choose him over all of us? over me?” His voice shook, breaking. You brought your hands back down and hesitantly rested them on him, gently rubbing his back through his shirt to calm him.

“Of course not.”

He melted at your touch. You wondered why you only ever saw him like this at an extreme. He never let anyone know what he was thinking, always choosing to play games.

“y/n...i’m sorry,” he said finally. “i’m sorry i teased you like that yesterday...i’m sorry i spied on you and edge, and you and g...i’m sorry i’m so jealous all the time...i’m sorry i’m so pathetic.”

His words were slurred, and you didn’t think he understood what he was really saying anymore.

“You aren’t pathetic, Stretch.” You said, wrapping your arms around him firmly.

“heh...thanks for the vote of confidence, doll, but i really am. i was so angry, so jealous, that i actually did shots with red, like that ever ends well, and then decided it was a good idea to come and talk to you.” He started to get up, but you sat up, grabbing his wrist to stop him.

“It’s my turn to ask you to stay,” you said softly. He didn’t need to be told twice, and he fell into your arms again.

You didn’t make it to G’s room that night.

Chapter End Notes

I...I need a fan and a bucket for my tears. G is a sexy beast, but Stretch is all about that angst. Also, I was thinking that when I think of Red and Kitten, I think of the song "Irresistible" by Fall Out Boy. Drop by my Tumblr or answer in the comments what you think the other's songs would be!

Jelly Skelly

Chapter Summary

Stretch's side of the story
Beach house conclusion

Chapter Notes

Stretch is one of my favorites, and I always keep coming back to him. I thought we needed his side of the story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stretch

---

i made a mistake. i thought it was funny to tease her a little, see if i could get her heart racing. it worked.

blue always said i tease too much, but i never really understood what he meant until now.

well, too late. she wouldn't even talk to me. not at breakfast, or while doing dishes. i even waited outside her door and stopped her in the hallway, but she just pushed me away, and greeted red like he was her favorite person. she was doing it on purpose, treating everyone better than me. I followed her across the sand to where she was talking to blue. blue would let me get a word in.

"blue, i'd really like to talk with miss y/n before that," i interjected, but she ignored me!

"C'mon, Blue, I'll race you to the water!" blue got excited and forgot about me, racing off with y/n. when they got to the water, she scooped him up into a huge hug, and even gave one to papyrus.

my hands turned to fists. this was so frustrating! she wasn't even giving me a chance to speak!

"calm down, stretch," sans said as he passed by. "if you leave her alone, the kid'll come to you."

how did he always know everything?

so i waited.

and...i waited.

and waited.

she played with papyrus and blue. she let g lean in close, and play with her hair. she even disappeared with sans for over an hour to who knows where...she never came.

i needed a drink. when red broke out the bourbon during the movie i...well, i wanted to drown in it. after two, or maybe four shots, i wasn't watching the movie. i was watching her. cuddled into sans, his arm draped over her all leisurely-like. even red got a spot next to her, scooting closer and closer until sans slapped him away. she never came.

wait...was i the only one who saw that? g left the room, and then she excused herself and followed. nobody so much as batted an eye. i downed my shot and handed red the bottle back, slipping out to follow them. *woah*. walking is hard. i made my way down the hallway slowly until i heard voices, hushed and secretive. i couldn't understand what they were saying, but i did understand what i saw.

i felt my stomach drop, just like when i saw her kissing edge in the car from the window. but this...this was worse. she was wrapped around him, pinned to the wall. he had his hand on her... i stepped back so i couldn't watch anymore. i felt the anger welling in my chest. then i heard it.

"I won't leave." she said. my jawbone dropped. she said she'd stay here, with him! he asked her to come to his room later, and she sounded so desperate when she agreed.

didn't i excite her? didn't i make her hold her breath for a kiss? why...why hasn't she ever talked to *me* like that? somewhere deep down i knew it was selfish, but…

she bumped into me. she turned on the light. i did the only thing i could think of and played the drunken fool.

"woah, woah, kitten did *what* now? oh, g is so-*ho* dead if sans finds out."

why was i confiding in red?

right, because he had the bourbon.

"i can't believe that douche kissed her before any of us did," red continued. edge was sitting nearby and he choked on his drink. red didn't make the connection. "i bet if it was just me and my bro, we'd have her wrapped around our little phalanges by now. i'd make kitten purr real good. it's youse idiots keep gettin' in my way."

"you get in your own way, you pervert," i snatched the bottle from him to pour another shot for myself.

i probably shouldn't be drinking. sans left me in charge when he took paps and blue out.

oh well.

i downed the shot as my phone chimed.

Doll: Hey, I'm awake.

surprised she said anything instead of just sneaking off into prince g's room.

hey, maybe she wanted to talk! i responded quickly, downing two more shots.

"gonna talk to kitten? like that? oof. have some more liquid courage," red offered, handing me a full glass. why not?

i'm surprised i could teleport straight to her bedroom and didn't hit a wall.

she was surprised, too.

"oh, sorry, doll, i didn't mean to scare you," i helped her up. she acted as if my hands were poison, skittering away to stand against the wall, hands across her chest.

"Well, when you guys just teleport everywhere it's kind of hard not to be scared," she said bluntly. i guess i could have given her more warning.

"you spoke to me," i said, a weight lifting off my chest. some of the anger i held in my heart disappeared.

"No choice." she said, not lowering her hands. they were firmly clamped over her shoulders. come to think of it, i had never seen her shoulders.

"you look guarded."

"I'm mad at you."

ouch.

"...you're very protective of your shoulders and back, aren't you?" i said tentatively. she looked like i had just slapped her.

"I don't know what you mean."

"i mean, you always wear sleeves. anything without a back you cover with a jacket. is that why edge bought you that swimsuit?" did edge know something i didn't? for some reason that made me so mad. was she telling everybody secrets while leaving me in the dark?

"...You're making me uncomfortable, Stretch."

i swiftly closed the distance between us, my fingertips brushing the scar from her concussion. her skin was so soft.

"what does edge know that i don't?" i muttered, mostly to myself. "what does red know that i don't? and sans? why are you so close with the others...but not me?" i was probably getting a little scary. she shrunk away from my touch, flattening herself against the wall.

"I think I'm the same with all of you, Stretch."

yeah, right, the same. nevermind how she looks at sans when she thinks i'm not looking, or the way she panders to red.

or the way she practically falls over her own two feet for g.

“except g.”

shit. i didn’t mean to say that. too much honesty juice.

“...can you get me a shirt, Stretch? Then we can talk about this?”

i didn’t want to move away from her because she might bolt. i took my sweater off and let her put it on.

oh stars, she looked so good in it. she looked...she looked like she was mine. i closed the distance again, looming over her. i wanted to close the emotional distance between us, to be close to her.

“can’t we talk? can’t you stop ignoring me now?” i pleaded. i sounded so pathetic and needy...because i was. and i was too drunk to hide it. please talk to me...please hold me...please tell me i’ll be okay… “please…”

my hands gently traced the arms of the sweatshirt, so lightly that i don’t think she noticed. i placed my hands on her face...so soft...she felt so soft...i wanted to kiss her. the last cup of bourbon red gave me was working.

i kissed her.

at first i thought she might let me. she shivered under my kiss, and started to lean in.

but then she shoved me back. i should have known better. i was making an ass of myself.

“Stretch, what the fuck!” she covered her mouth with the sleeve of my sweater, but she couldn’t hide her blush. she wants me back, so why does she deny me?

“why?” she moved away as i tried to get near her again. i followed as she moved to the bed. ugh. my head felt so foggy. “why? why are you so close to them? why do you push me away? don’t i make your heart race? don’t i make your spine tingle?”

“S-Stretch, that’s not--”

“you’ll kiss edge, and g, but not me?” she looked at me, shocked, and i realized that she didn’t know i knew that. when had i pinned her hands down like that? how long had i been on top of her?

“How…?” she trailed off.

“i know. i saw you in the car, and i followed you earlier tonight, down the hall. i want to feel close to you, too.”

“You’re drunk.”

“yes.” very.

“Get off me.”

“ **no.** ” not a chance.

“Stretch, I--”

“are you really going to stay here, with him?” i said softly, releasing her hands. i let my weight down on her, trailing my hands down to rest on her shoulders as i lay my head in the crook of her neck. i loved the smell of wisteria flowers. my voice felt foreign as it wavered, teetering on tears. “are you really going to go to him? choose him over all of us? over me?”

i tried to brace myself for the goodbye, the confirmation of my fears. i wasn’t lucid enough to prepare myself, so instead i just hoped the alcohol would numb the blow.

i was startled out of my self-pity when she brought her hands to my back and neck, rubbing gently.

“Of course not.” her voice was sweet, like honey, echoing in my skull like a lullaby. i sighed involuntarily, practically melting at her soft, affectionate touch. she wasn’t leaving. she told sans she’d never leave. of course not, of course not... i lost a bit of time here, thinking about how pathetic i was. i needed to leave before i embarrassed myself.

she stopped me. asked me to stay.

i was in her arms faster than you could say “skeleton”, holding her close, as close as possible. i lost my fingers in her hair as she whispered to me, telling me what i wanted to hear. she was holding me, hugging me, not flinching at my touch, not shirking from my grasp. and stars, i wanted to kiss her. if i did, it would never be the same. unless...i blame it on the alcohol and pretend i don’t remember in the morning...

oops. i kissed her.

she let me. she sighed at my touch. she moved closer. i could feel the alcohol clouding my brain, making me sleepy, but she was like a thousand cups of coffee, every touch electric. just...a little...longer...please…even if it’s only a lie...even if it’s just tonight…

please...love me.

---

she was asleep in my arms when i woke the next day. so i really had stayed.

i observed she was still wearing clothes. shame. guess i’d passed out after all.

as much as i wanted to stay, reluctant to release her, but it would be much harder to pretend i didn't remember anything if i stayed. i moved to remove my sweater from her, but stopped. firstly, whatever she was hiding...we only just got on good terms again, i didn’t want to ruin it. and secondly…

i smirked as i imagined the other’s faces when they saw her in it. when they saw me leave her room this morning.

this would be fun.

You

You woke up alone in bed, despite having fallen asleep holding a certain drunk, jealous skeleton. You were still wearing his sweatshirt, so you knew it hadn't been a dream. You sat up and stretched, back and joints popping. The sunlight was lazily falling over your room, so you guessed it was mid-to-late morning.

There was a knock on the door, and Sans' voice could be heard in the other side.

"hey, kid, you alive in there?"

"Yeah, coming!" you threw off the blankets and headed to the door.

"oh, good, i was worried because you never showed up for…" Sans trailed off, his eyelights travelling over the sweatshirt you were currently drowning in. A strange look came over his face and his grin faltered. "...you never showed up for stargazing, and neither did stretch…"

"Yeah, no, we stayed in. Stretch was really drunk, so I let him sleep it off under my supervision."

"ugh, why are youse guys so loud so early in the mornin'?" Red grumbled as he walked by, looking haggard. He stopped, backed up, and regarded you with an incredulous eye. "what, uh...whatcha wearin' there, kitten?"

"Uhhh...Stretch's sweatshirt?" What a strange question to ask when you obviously knew the answer.

Red looked at Sans, who just shrugged. Then he turned back to you, looking like he might say something, but stopped himself, shook his head, and walked away.

"uh, anyway, better pack your things because we're leaving after lunch today." Sans said.

"Oh, okay," you said, unable to hide your disappointment. "I just wish I could have made it out to stargazing with you last night, I'm sure it's beautiful out here…"

"next time, promise."

And then he was gone.

You scratched your head and yawned, closing the door behind you as you turned back to the bed. You pulled out your bag, ready to start packing, when you noticed someone out of the corner of your eye. You looked up, and standing on your balcony, looking out at the sea, was G.

You suddenly remembered that you were supposed to meet him last night.

"I see you enjoyed Stretch's company last night." He didn't sound mad, but he didn't turn to look at you. "I'm glad you two made up."

"I-it wasn't like that," you said, turning red.

G scratched his skull, and then turned towards you, closing the double doors to the balcony behind him.

“I know, Angel. I can tell.” He grinned down at you like normal. “But I can also see that you really are leaving.”

You didn’t respond. You didn’t know what to say. He closed the distance between you, picking you up by the waist and twirling you around effortlessly, falling back on your bed with you on top.

“That’s alright, Angel. It’s more tragic this way, ain’t it?” he whispered, fingers tucking your hair behind your ear. “And if you ever need me, I’m just a phone call away, right?”

True. He can clearly teleport like the guys.

He pulled you down for a deep kiss, which you happily received.

You wished for at least one more night here, but your wish fell on deaf ears.

You were blushing fiercely after your steamy session with G when you were supposed to be packing. You only kissed, but...damn. Why are all these skeletons so good at kissing? They don’t even have lips.

You were looking for Stretch. You wanted to return his sweatshirt before you guys all left.

“aw, you changed.”

You whirled around to see Stretch, standing there casually in his tank top with a cigarette hanging from his teeth. “i was hoping to tease the others for a little while longer.”

“Tease them how?”

“nevermind, doll,” he said, one hand taking the sweatshirt and the other tousling your hair a little. “i’m sorry for whatever i put you through last night, though. i just remember it wasn’t something fun, i don’t remember why.”

So he didn’t remember. And it was fun...at the end.

“You forced a kiss on me and then complained that I don’t pay enough attention to you.”

He turned a bright orange color, removing his cigarette and covering his face.

“i...i see…”

“But it’s okay, Stretch,” you reassured him. “Because I’ll never leave you guys. And we’re okay now.”

“...truly?” he seemed skeptical.

“Truly.” You stood on your tiptoes and landed a kiss on his cheekbone. “Now c’mon, jelly skelly, let’s go home.”

Chapter End Notes

Stretch is always good for angst. And G! Ever the prince charming.

REDemption

Chapter Summary

> You discover some interesting things about Red

Chapter Notes

> I had a lot of ideas, but this one just wrote itself. I adore Red, and he adores y/n, so this worked great.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was around midnight, and you were studying for finals. You couldn't believe how fast this semester was going, and that summer was almost here. Sans had been helping you up until a few minutes ago, when he'd finally retired to the bedroom.

The house was so quiet, almost eerily so. Edge always went to bed early, along with Papyrus and Blue, and Stretch had been surprisingly absent today, you assumed because of the new season of his favorite show coming out on Netflix.

And Red...well, you didn't really know where Red was. He'd gone out drinking with some monster pals earlier that night, but had said he'd be home by now. You checked the time on your phone again, worried. Maybe you should text him.

You opened your messages and shot him a text.

You: Hey, Red, just checking in with you. You said you'd be home by now so I'm a little worried.

Ding.

RedFlag: hey, kitten, you don't need to worry about me but...maybe i could use a ride.

You: You can't teleport?

RedFlag: not...not right now, no. i'm outside grillby's. hurry, huh?

Strange. Maybe he was too drunk to teleport?

In any case, you packed up your study materials into a neat pile on the kitchen table before you left, and grabbed your leather jacket from the closet.

Time to go get Red's drunk ass.

When you arrived at Grillby's, Red was suspiciously absent. You hurried, so where was he?

"Hey, Grillby!" You said, flagging the bartender down. He meandered down to your end.

"Good evening, Y/n, it's been a while."

"Yeah, we haven't been coming much. Well, except one of us. Have you seen Red?"

Grillby thought for a moment. "He was here a couple of hours ago, with some friends. He was arguing with some of Muffet's thugs. But...I haven't seen him since."

Thugs? Oh no…

"Thanks, Grillby, I'm sure I'll find him." You said hastily, rushing out the doors. You checked the nearby alleys, and sure enough…

"Oh, God, Red, are you alright?" You said, kneeling down next to him as he leaned against the wall. He was covered in cuts and bruises (as much as a skeleton can bruise) with marrow staining his white t-shirt. "Hey, say something!"

"hey, my ex-wife still misses me…" He said, snickering and lolling his head back to look at you. "but...but her aim is gettin' better."

"Red!" You sighed in relief, steadying his skull with your hands. "Oh, Red...what did you do?"

"picked a fight...lost...the usual. you'd think i'd stop doin' that shit because i only have 1 hp, but it really doesn't hinder it at all, just makes me more competitive."

1 hp, jeez! He could turn to dust any second at this rate. Okay, calm down, and think…

"wastin' precious seconds here, kitten, just put me in the car."

"R-Right!" You reached over, collecting him gently in your arms. He was surprisingly light, but he *was* just a skeleton. He sighed and buried his face in your neck, hanging one arm limply over your shoulder. He seemed so much smaller than usual, curled up in your arms like a small child. You carried him over to the car slowly, afraid of hurting him further.

"maybe g had the right idea," Red mumbled into your ear. "you really are an angel."

You laid him gently against his pillows. You had somehow managed to get all the way up to his room without making any noise. At some point from the car to here, he had passed out, and was holding onto you with a vice grip. You tried to uncurl his finger bones from your shirt, but to no avail. You peeked up at him to see him grinning, one eye cracked open.

"Red, you need to let go of me."

"don't wanna."

You sigh, placing a hand on his cheek. He leaned right into it, his whole body relaxing, and you slipped from his grip and stepped back. He whined in protest, like a puppy left in it's crate.

"dirty trick, kitten…" He said, upset. He rolled over, facing away from you. "...just go, then."

What a baby.

You swiftly made your way up to your bathroom and began to search through your medicine cabinet. Ah! The first aid kit. You weren't sure what skeletons needed when it came to caring for wounds, but it couldn't be much different than usual.

When you came back into his room, he looked up at you like you had three heads. Had he expected you to just leave him here like this?

"kitten...what are you doin'?"

"What's it look like, Red? Take off your jacket and shirt so I can see those cuts better."

He obeyed. You were surprised to see a big red heart beating inside his ribcage, glowing like the light of day.

"...my soul," he explained, catching your stare. He seemed embarrassed about it. It was beautiful, but you didn't say anything.

As you looked through the first aid kit, you could feel his eyes on you. You dabbed the peroxide on a cotton ball and leaned in, turning his face with your free hand so you could see the cut across his cheekbone. He shirked away from the sting of the peroxide, but became still after the initial shock wore off.

"why're you being so nice to trash like me?" Red asked, glowing crimson as you gently rubbed the bandage on his cheek. "An...an' i'm not just talkin' about right now, i mean always."

"You're not trash."

"and cows don't go moo."

"Just let me help, okay?"

He shut up, leaning back onto his pillows as you leaned in to see better. He gingerly caught your wrist, pulling it past him to pull you close.

"c'mon, kitten. we both know i ain't worth the trouble. so why do ya do it?"

His eyes were sad, a sadness you recognized from Sans and Stretch's eyes as well. What kind of torture do these three put themselves through?

"Because you've got something I need, Red." You said bluntly. You realized as his red glow enveloped his face that you were probably too vague.

"i...i...stop teasin', kitten." He said, trying to turn away. You turned his face back to you to meet his eyes.

"I mean, you're family. All of you. And I take care of my family."

“o-oh…” He reached up to obscure his blush with his hand, failing miserably.

He was moving way too much to work on his face right now. You turned your attention to the cuts on his ribs, which were more beat up than his face. But the second you ran your hand across his ribs to find the cuts, he shuddered and moaned. You stopped, startled, and he pushed you away. He grabbed a pillow, placing it between you and him.

“g...geez, kitten, give a guy some warning.” He said, hiding his face behind the pillow.

Oh...oh!... *OH!* He seemed to see the lightbulb go on in your head.

“So that’s a sexual thing? Is it just you, or all skeletons?”

“sh...shut up, you just...ugh...all skeletons…” He mumbled into the pillow. Maybe it was because he was injured, but he was acting a lot shyer than usual. You just *had* to play with him.

“Look, I need to do the ribs. Suck it up.” You stated matter-of-factly, grabbing the pillow away from him. He dodged your first attempt, and your second.

Finally, you swung a leg over him so you were straddling him. Nowhere to run. He tried to escape back into his pillows.

“P...please, kitten, d-don’t…” Uhm, stuttering Red? Nervous Red? Begging you ‘please’? So hot…

“No, you could die from these wounds, Red. Now shut up and let me help.”

You leaned down to feel for cuts on his ribs again. He gripped the sheets, still trying to get away from you by sinking into the bed. He tried to remain stone-faced, but as you slid your hands over his sternum, he mewled, almost like a kitten, collapsing into the pillows.

Focus, y/n, he could die. You tenderly bandaged a large cut on the sternum, every touch making him pant and squirm. You were merciful, so you gave him a break after that.

You looked up at him, and he didn’t meet your eyes, trying to mask his heavy breathing.

“f...fuck,” he cursed. You felt yourself blushing. “too bad i had to almost die to get you to touch me like that, heh.”

He must be feeling better if he could joke like that.

“Brace yourself,” you warned.

“w-wait, stop, i can’t take any more,” he backpedaled, placing a hand on your shoulder to push you back.

Hmmm.

Maybe you could get some payback for that time he teased you when he figured out your secret.

“Aw, but Red, I’m not done making you squirm yet. You and I are gonna have so much fun together...isn’t that right?”

He glared at you, knowing exactly what you meant.

“hey, fuck off, i could die here.”

“But you won’t.” You pointed out. “After all, you have a pretty capable nurse here with you.”

“a sick, twisted…” his eyelights travelled down your body. “...sexy, demented nurse, that’s only interested in giving me a heart attack.”

“I’m willing to restrain the patient,” you teased.

It was like you flicked a switch.

“oh, so we’re serious, eh, kitten? you’re really gonna try to step up to me with torture? alright. go ahead and restrain me.” A wicked smile etched itself across his face as he settled back into the pillows, holding his arms out. “there’s cuffs under the bed, *nurse.* ”

Fine, if he was going to rise to your challenge then you would...also rise...to his...counter-challenge. Or whatever. You swung yourself down from the bed. There were, indeed, cuffs for his hands underneath the bed.

“Kinky little shit,” you muttered as you pulled them out.

“you’re one to talk, kitten...i mean, *nurse* .” You popped back up, expertly strapping him in. He moaned. “oh- *ho* , kitten, you’ve done this before.”

“Nurse.” You reminded, as you tightened the straps.

“Oh, yeah, real nurse-like.” He rattled the chains on one arm to prove his point.

You sighed, hopping back on top of him to hold his legs down. “Just hold still while I bandage you, dumbass.”

You touched his ribs again, but this time agonizingly light, and slow.

“s-stars, kitten, s-stop that…” He squeaked, his breath heavy. The chains rattled as he tried to reach you, tried to push you off.

“What, can’t stop me?”

“ohhh i could stop you,” he breathed. “but why, when i know this is doin’ it for ya? *freak.* ”

You pressed your thumb into a cut.

“augh! stop!”

“But why, when I know this is doin’ it for you?” You repeated his words back to him, rolling bandages around his cracked rib.

He shivered, collapsing into the pillows. You brushed across his ribs gently once more for good measure, and a deep sigh escaped him.

“There, all done. That wasn’t so bad, was it, Red?”

“d-done? are ya...are ya sure?” He said meekly, cheeks stained crimson. “i-i think there’s some more issues underneath my pants.”

“Har-de-har.”

“aw c’mon, kitten, you can’t leave me like this.”

“Watch me!” You hopped down off of him and the bed, heading for the door. Suddenly you felt a tug in your chest and you were thrown back, coming to a stop floating over him. His left eye glowed crimson, and the magic that encircled you and his hand was the same.

“ **i said, you ain’t leavin’, *nurse.*** ”

“Hey, th-that’s a neat trick,” You said, unable to suppress the worry in your voice.

The cuffs undid themselves, and a wicked grin crossed his face. “no trick, kitten, just good ol-fashioned magic. absolute and unavoidable.”

“Y’know, you’re a pretty swell guy for not using this on me sooner. I’m actually impressed. See, this is why you’re the red rose on my bracelet, you gentleman, you!”

“shut up.” He whispered darkly, using his magic to flip you and pin you on the bed. The cuffs came alive and captured your wrists. *Oh, sweet jelly donuts.* “if you wake the others, you’ll be in trouble, too.”

“Listen, I’m not how you think I am...”

“oh, yeah, i just *imagined* your pleasured face while you was torturing me just now.”

Eh, he kinda had you there.

“Listen, Red…”

“don’t worry, kitten, i’ll never tell. i like being the only one who knows your dirty little secret.” He leaned over you, hovering. “now...where to start?”

“You could untie me?”

“fat chance.”

“Worth a shot.”

“hmmm...maybe i’ll start slow.” he leaned down, red tongue lolling out of his mouth. You winced as he came near, and he chuckled. “and hot, right?”

He’d read your expression exactly. He forcefully turned your face to the side, licking you from your neck to your ear, making you shiver.

Fuck this. You weren’t just going to sit there and take it.

“So are we gonna fuck or what?” You asked bluntly. It had the desired effect, making him freeze up and stammer unintelligibly. “Or? You gonna do something, or just sit there like a pussy?”

“cripes, kitten, you’re mean when you’re cornered. what is the deal?”

“Either give the mistress what she wants or stop altogether.”

“oh, so it has a name? hmmm, mistress...i like the sound of tha...that...ugh…” He winced and leaned back, holding his ribs.

“You’re putting too much stress on yourself, Red.”

“i...i’m fine, shut up. Now, where were...we…” he swayed, his face flushing. He toppled over on top of you, groaning weakly. You swiftly slipped out of the restraints as his magic dissipated, catching him as he fell against your chest.

“I told you, you idiot.” You sighed, using your free hand to drag yourself up to lean against the headboard. You adjusted him so his head came to rest on your chest, pulling the blanket up over the both of you comfortably.

“s-sorry, kitten, guess i just didn’t have it in me tonight.” He sounded embarrassed. His arms came up to wrap around your waist, pulling himself closer to you.

“Shh...don’t be that way. I wouldn’t have let you hurt yourself anyway.”

“so if i was healthy, i’da gotten lucky?”

“I won’t say no, because that’s not what happened. So I don’t know.”

“ooh-hoo, kitten, you are such a bone-tease.”

You leaned down, placing a soft kiss on the top of his skull. You returned his embrace, drawing circles on the back of his skull lightly with your fingertips. “You need to rest, Red.”

He seemed to contemplate it in silence for a long moment, responding to your touch with a gentle blush. Finally, his whisper came faintly through the dark. “...kitten?”

“Yes, Red?”

“stay with me?”

“Somebody has to make sure you don’t die.”

“heh. guess so...i'm...i'm glad it's you.”

Chapter End Notes

Fluff...but, like, SEXY fluff.

Anniversary

Chapter Summary

You celebrate your friend-aversary with Sans

Chapter Notes

This chapter was so fun to write. Fluff, sexy, and plot all in one! I'm pretty proud lol

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"YES!" You yelled, kicking open the door of the house. "FINALS ARE FINALLY DONE! Hello, Summer!"

You closed the door behind you, and flounced into the living room to collapse on the couch, laying your head on Stretch's lap, as he was already occupying it. He picked up his book so you could lay back, giving you a smirk.

"i take it you're happy?"

"Very," you said with a sigh, settling yourself down, content with laying in his lap. Seeing that you weren't going to move, Stretch adjusted himself so he could read his book off to the side.

"you think you did good? on the tests?" he asked.

You held up your hand to make a "meh" sign. "It's physics. I did my best. Greek Mythology went well, though. I can't figure out why colin has been avoiding me, but it's the end of the semester, so I guess there's no point now."

"that *is* strange," Stretch agreed nonchalantly, taking a sip of his tea.

"so, kid," Sans popped up over the back of the couch, leaning over Stretch's shoulder to address you. "are we doin' the usual celebratory run tonight?"

"the usual what?" Stretch asked, giving Sans a funny look.

"Sans and I always celebrate when my semester's over. In fact, I think the first time I met Sans was when I was celebrating at Grillby's around this time of year last year."

"she was wearin' a lampshade. real classy."

"I was not!" You smacked him playfully as he chuckled at you. "I bet you don't even remember what I was really wearing."

“blue sneakers, black tank top, jeans. i remember because you spilled a drink on yourself and borrowed my sweatshirt, regardless of the fact that i was some stranger in a bar.”

“Wow, good memory.”

“you didn’t even ask, ya just swiped it off me.”

“undressing at the first meeting, my my.” Stretch said, poking at your face with his bony finger.

“I was very drunk.” You defended yourself, pushing his hand away. “I had just moved here, too, so I didn’t feel bad about making a fool of myself.”

“hey, kid, does this mean it’s kinda like our anniversary?”

You hadn’t thought of it that way, but he was right. About one year ago, you started going to Grillby’s to hang out with him, so that would mean it’s your, what, friendiversary?

“how nice you’ve been friends so long,” Stretch muttered, returning his eyelights to his book. He clearly doesn’t like reminders that Sans has known you way longer.

“so, whaddya say, kid? let’s go celebrate.”

“Alright,” You said cheerfully, sitting up. Stretch made an unhappy noise, but when you looked at him, he looked indifferent. You moved to your knees, facing Sans as he hung over the couch. “It’s a date!”

Sans backed up a bit, clumsily hiding a bright cerulean blush. “jeez, kid, it’s not a date, really...”

“I’ll go get ready. Why don’t you pick the place?” You said, sliding off the couch and heading for the stairs.

“sure, kid, see you in a few.” He watched you flounce up the stairs, still blushing. Stretch sighed in frustration, closing his book. “sorry, stretch, i wasn’t tryna ruin your moment here.”

“yeah, well, you did.” He said, getting up quickly. “have fun on your *date* ,” he seethed, and stalked off. Sans let out a sigh, and teleported away to get ready himself.

You regarded your reflection with approval. You figured comfy-cute was a good way to go, especially since you didn’t know where Sans would take you. You had initially been joking about the date thing, but as you got ready, you actually started treating it as such. Oops.

But whatever, you looked cute as fuck and who cares if it’s not a real date? You brushed your hands along the skirt to smooth the wrinkles. It was one of your favorites, a simple black wrap skirt. To dress it down you had decided to pair it with a white t-shirt and a jean jacket, opting for blue converse sneakers instead of heels.

You pondered whether you should wear some makeup, but decided that Sans would probably make fun of you for getting all “dolled up”. Finally, you donned your bracelet, smiling as you touched the blue infinity bead you’d picked for him.

There was a knock on the door.

“hey, kid, you ready?”

You respond by opening the door, and are shocked to see that he actually dressed up for the night. In fact, were those slacks he was wearing? And buttons on his shirt? He looked at you, surprised, taking in your outfit as you did his. He scratched his skull, shrinking into his shoulders as he blushed.

“wow, kid, you look real nice.”

“You, too!” You blurted out. “I...I mean, you look nice, too.”

“ah, jeez, paps made me wear it, that’s all.” He was fiddling with the top button of his shirt nervously.

You didn’t doubt it.

“Still,” you said, smiling at him and taking his hand. “It looks good on you.”

“get a room!” you heard Red call from down the stairs. You rolled your eyes.

“So….Grillby’s?” You inquired. He tightened his hand around yours.

“uh, actually, surprisingly, no.” He said. “i got a better idea. close your eyes.”

You obeyed. Of all the skeletons in your house, Sans was one of the only ones you trusted immediately. He pulled you close, placing his other hand on your back. You felt the weird jumping feeling that you get when they teleport, and suddenly the sound of a crowd surrounded you.

“so, can you guess where we are?”

“Uhm, someplace loud?”

He let you go, and you opened your eyes. You gasped when you saw you were standing outside a fair. A fair!

“A Fair! I’ve never been to one!” You gushed, gripping his sleeve.

“r-really?” He asked, surprised. You shook your head, and his grin grew bigger. He seemed proud of himself. “well, then, what’re we waitin’ for?”

He paid the man at the ticket counter, who seemed none too happy to sell tickets to a monster. His rudeness waned once he set eyes on you, though, and he happily handed the tickets to you. Ugh.

You pointedly grabbed Sans’ hand, and smiled at the guy’s face. Then you led him through the gate without a second thought.

“That is the biggest hot dog I think I’ve ever seen,” You said, watching Sans squirt ketchup on the aforementioned dog.

“you shoulda seen them in texas.” He joked. “ *hot dog,* those were some big weiners.”

You laughed, but man that was bad. He chuckled with you.

“so, you’ve seen the coasters. what do you want to do next?” He asked, taking a bite of his huge hot dog. You picked at your fries, contemplative.

“A house of mirrors, if they have one?”

“yeah, sure, i think i saw one back by the entrance.” He polished off his dog and swiped a fry, winking at you as you were too slow to smack his hand away. “whoops, sorry, kid, you gotta *fry* harder to beat my speed.”

“Well, you’re *poutine* me in a hard spot here, Sans,” you said, grinning back at him.

“savage,” he chuckled. This made you laugh. He hardly ever talked in modern slang, so when he did it was hilarious.

You pushed the rest of your fries at him, and he finished them off. You cleared your spots, thanked the people in the food cart, and walked off towards the House of Mirrors, sharing a few more food puns on the way. You noticed that he took your hand without even thinking about it, and you smiled, giving it a squeeze. He looked embarrassed, and chuckled a little.

“hey, i guess you could say i’m just *reflecting* your earlier sentiments.” He said, glancing down at your hands entwined. You had an idea. You pulled him to you and planted a huge kiss in between his eyesockets. He looked at you, shocked, and you dropped his hand, turning to run ahead.

“Hey, Sans, if you can find me in the house of mirrors, there’s more where that came from!” You said, winking at him. He shook his head, starting in after you.

“hey, kid, wait up!”

“Haha, nope!” You said, sticking your tongue out at him. “And no teleporting! That’s cheating!” You disappeared inside the house of mirrors.

You ran around for a minute, getting yourself good and lost so Sans would have trouble finding you, then you slowed down to take a breath. You could hear him calling you, and he sounded far away. You ran your hand along the mirrors gently, humming to yourself. A couple of times you saw Sans, and you ran, giggling.

Suddenly, you found yourself in a section that was darker than normal, You looked up and saw the culprit: A burnt-out light bulb. Weird, these were usually well-maintained. You turned to look at yourself in the mirror, straightening your jacket, patting your hair. You froze when you saw something behind you. But then it was gone.

“Sans?” You called out, turning around. All you saw was your own reflection. No, wait, it wasn’t your reflection. The being grinned at you, red eyes burning, and from inside the mirror, wrote in what looked like blood:

Found you

You scrambled backwards away from the sight and fell on your ass, looking back up, searching for the thing you saw again.

Nothing.

Suddenly a blood-curdling scream rang out, and it took you a second to realize it was coming from you. You felt a hand on your throat...your own. The reflection was back, but it wasn't in the mirror, it was hovering over you, leaning in to you.

" *You can't hide forever, sister.* "

"kid!" fingers pried your hands away from your throat.

"Daddy always finds his children," You croaked.

"kid! hey, hey, come back to me, kid, come back to me!"

"Sans..."

"yeah, kid, it's me! i'm here!"

You stared into the mirror, the reflection fading back into you, and you could see your form being held up by Sans. You turned, looking at him, his worried eyes trained on you.

"...Sans?" You whispered. Your hands reached up, clutching the collar of his shirt. He relaxed visibly.

"stars, kid, are you okay?" His hands were rubbing your back, pulling you closer. "you were screamin' like the devil. you even left a bruise on yourself."

"Sans…" You sobbed into his shirt. "I...I got lost and I had a panic attack."

"you get those often?"

"...not so much anymore. In dimly lit places sometimes." It wasn't a lie, the visions only happened in low light, and they'd been much less frequent since you've lived with the guys. His arms were comforting, wrapped around you protectively.

"geez, kid. do you wanna go home?"

You shook your head.

"I wanna stay with you. I don't care where we go."

He took you home. You silently teleported into his bedroom, and he turned the tv on, handing you the remote. You looked at him quizically.

"just because we're home doesn't mean our anniversary night has to end," he said, blushing. "we'll just...spend the rest of the night in."

You tossed the remote aside, throwing your arms around his neck and snuggling into his shirt.

"jeez, kid, what are you doin'?" He said, but his body responded in kind, returning the embrace. He rubbed your back in circles as you cried quietly. He might have felt a little awkward, but he didn't say it.

“was it just panic? or did...didja see somethin’?”

Nod.

He pulled away from you to look you in the face, instinctively reaching up to catch the tear forming in the corner of your eye and wipe it away. You realized he must have done this a lot with Papyrus when he was young. You sunk your head into his hand, letting him hold your face.

“I...haven’t told you a lot of things, Sans.”

“i get it, kid. you don’t have to explain. we all got secrets.”

You sighed with relief. You didn’t want to talk about it, for fear that the words would break the spell that you were living in. He rested his forehead against yours with a sigh.

“listen,” he said, bringing his other hand up to cup your face. “if you ever need me, and i mean ever, just say my name. if you say it like you mean it i’ll know, and i’ll come runnin’. whatever you’re running from, kid, i’ll make sure it never catches you.”

Oh Sans. He was so protective, and sweet. You felt better, even though you already knew you wouldn’t call him if they caught you.

Your phone chimed.

So did his.

He paused, giving you a perplexed expression. You shrugged, and you both checked your phones at the same time.

RedFlag: what’s this i hear about a date with sansy tonight, kitten?

RedFlag: and here i thought we really connected the other night

RedFlag: thought maybe i’d give you the 8====8 this time ;)

You had actually been worried he was mad, but now you rolled your eyes.

“Did Red message you, too?”

“ah, uh, no, it was stretch. no big deal, just boring business stuff.” Sans shrugged it off, but he looked frustrated as he tapped out a quick response, and then quite literally tossed his phone away. “a-anyway, i was thinkin’, kid…”

“Yeah?”

He pulled you back again, gently taking a strand of hair and bringing it to his face.

“you, uh...you said that if i caught you in the house of mirrors...then...well, i caught you, so…”

This was a very different feeling than before the text message, leaving you wondering what exactly Stretch had sent him.

“So you want your kiss, then?” you teased, putting a finger against his teeth. He glowed a bright blue in response. “Okay, then let’s play a game. You have seven minutes to make your moves on me, Sansy.”

He looked up at you, shocked. “What?”

You pulled out your phone, setting a timer. A smirk spread across your face. Unlike the others, Sans had probably never kissed anyone, and was probably going to be super awkward and adorable like he is with everything. “Just like seven minutes in heaven. You have seven minutes starting…” *beep* “...Now!”

You closed your eyes and waited.

And waited.

At first you could hear him stuttering at you, then…

“aw, jeez, kid...alright, what the hell. here goes.”

One hand found its way to the small of your back, and the other to your chin, tipping your face upward. As he pulled you in, you were impressed by his deft movements.

Then, gently at first...he kissed you…

On the cheek.

You opened your eyes as he pulled away, confused. He was glowing a deep blue, and his face looked strange.

“kid...do you really mean i can kiss ya? however i want?”

“Well, I certainly didn’t expect the cheek. Aren’t you wasting seconds? You only have five and a half minutes left. Unless you’re super confident you can have me swooning by then.”

“kid, i’ll have you swooning in *30 seconds* .”

And then it happened. He actually kissed you, holy shit, he really fucking did it.

You opened your mouth to shout in surprise, and his tongue took over expertly. When had you laid down on the bed? Well, you were definitely there now, relaxing into his pillows as you melted at his fingertips. You moaned against his mouth as he kissed you deeper, his body pressing against you, his hands finding yours and tangling them together, pinning you down gently. He stopped for a moment, and pulled away, much to your distaste, making you whine and pant.

He grinned down at you, reaching over for your phone. He showed you the timer.

“my bad, kid, guess it was more like 20 seconds?”

Boy, did he look proud of himself. You looked up at him, red faced and breathing heavy. “Well, don’t stop, you jerk!”

You grabbed the collar of his shirt and pulled him back down. He followed your movement eagerly, capturing your mouth again as he went. Though he was usually one for banter, he was surprisingly quiet, using more body language than anything. And it was saying that he wanted you, badly.

The alarm went off and you threw the phone across the room. He didn't skip a beat: he pulled away and lifted you off the pillows, peeling off your jean jacket, throwing it behind him. You unbuttoned his shirt, revealing his deep blue soul glowing gently in the darkness. His hands started to slip your tshirt up, but you stopped him.

"what's wrong, kid? second thoughts?" he mumbled into your ear, not masking his disappointment.

"N-no," you whispered breathlessly. "Just like to leave it on."

"whatever floats your boat."

His hand moved to your thigh as he leaned you back down onto the pillows, tracing his tongue gently across your clavicle. Fuck, that's hot.

"thanks, kid," he snickered.

"Oops, did I say that out loud?" You leaned your head back, one hand on the back of his skull as he travelled down your torso with his tongue. "But there is one thing…"

"you wanna know how it works with a skeleton?" he teased, moving the hand on your thigh upward, gently slipping it under your skirt. "well, i'm more of a learn-by-doing kinda guy. ready to learn?"

You were so ready. You opened your mouth to answer him…

When the door burst open, revealing Papyrus, holding a first aid kit over his head. You both froze, Sans withdrawing his touch like a snake bit him.

"I HEARD THAT THE HUMAN DOES NOT FEEL WELL! I SEE THAT YOU HAVE ALREADY THOUGHT TO CHECK HER TEMPERATURE, BROTHER!" Papyrus shouted, barrelling into the room. He examined your face for a second. "YES, YOU ARE VERY RED, MISS Y/N! I WILL GET YOU A GLASS OF WATER AT ONCE! SANS! BE SURE TO TAKE HER TEMPERATURE TWICE, SO WE KNOW FOR CERTAIN!"

"y-yeah, bro, will do…"

And then he was gone. You exchanged bewildered looks, and it was like a spell had broken.

"w-what're we doin', kid?" Sans stammered, scrambling off of you. "s-sorry, didn't mean to...i mean...that was…"

"I-it's okay, Sans, we were both just...caught up in the heat of the moment, and I was vulnerable and not thinking straight and…"

"a-and we're just tired, from all that's happened tonight, and there's no reason to sweat it, so…"

"Thank the stars for…"

"...for paps, yeah."

He awkwardly turned away, scratching his skull. He began doing up the buttons on his shirt as you pulled your jacket back on.

“you...you should probably go to your room before he gets back.”

“Y-yeah.”

You gathered your phone and left the room quietly, heading up the stairs. You didn’t notice the figures of some curious skeletons peeking around the corner as you left.

You closed the door of your room and leaned against it, sighing deeply.

Fuck. Another cold shower tonight, looks like

Chapter End Notes

If only Papyrus hadn't been there...

Blue Me Away

Chapter Summary

Some unorthodox guests come to stay.
You spend some quality time with a certain skeleton.
Blue uses his ticket.

Chapter Notes

Get ready!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Guests?” You asked, giving Stretch a weird look. You’d never had guests in the house before.

“yeah, they’re going to share the spare bedroom down here, by the garage. but…” he didn’t seem excited. “listen, no matter what they tell you, don’t ever be in their bedroom with them alone.”

Wow. Uh. That wasn’t ominous or anything.

“Are they more skelebros, like G and Green?”

“y-yeah, they’re just...really, though, don’t be caught alone with them behind closed doors. okay?”

“Okay, I’ll be careful.” Ha. You’ll probably do it on purpose to see what the fuss was about. Not like you can’t call Sans for help. “By the way, Stretch, have you seen Sans?”

He looked annoyed by the question, lighting a cigarette. “he’s in the workshop, i think he’s going to be working in there pretty regularly for a while. i’d suggest leaving him alone.”

It was actually kind of a relief. When you woke up this morning you’d been worried about what you would say when you saw him, but if he was going to make himself scarce for a while then that worked for you. You let out a sigh, releasing the tension in your shoulders.

“you seem relieved. did your date not go well?” Stretch asked, amused. He leaned over, resting his elbows on the table.

“Oh, uh, no, it was fine. I’m just...relieved to see him working so hard.”

“you, doll, are a terrible liar.” Stretch said, grinning at you knowingly.

“Har-de-har, stop using your lie detector powers on me.” You said, pushing his shoulder. He chuckled. At least he was back in a good mood. “Uhm, anyway, when are these guests supposed to arrive?”

“nice subject change, very subtle. tonight, probably just before dinner. prepare yourself, they’re...interesting.”

Interesting didn’t even begin to cover it. When you answered the door that night, you were met by two very, very, *very* scantily clad skeletons. The smaller one looked kind of like Sans, except he was wearing what you could only describe as streetwalker boots and a crop top that showed his ribs. The taller one kind of reminded you of Stretch but...well, you had no words for his outfit.

“ohhhh myyyyy,” the smaller one said, taking your hand. “what an adorable human. say, sugar, are you going to be here all night? i might need some company later.”

“Well, I live here, so…” you said, retracting your hand. He grinned at you, heart shaped eyelights travelling up and down your body.

“LIVE HERE? OUR COUSINS CALL *US* NAUGHTY, AND THEY HAVE A LIVE IN PLAYTHING.” The taller one purred, walking through the doorway to corner you by the coat rack. “BUT IF YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW A *REAL* SKELETON DOES IT, DO FEEL FREE TO KEEP COMPANY WITH US.”

“hey, are you two cruisin’ for a bruisin’? cause if not then you’d best step off kitten there.” Red interjected, gently pulling you aside by the arm.

The little one wasted no time, clearing the distance to cling to Red like a koala.

“hi, cherry, did you miss me?” he cooed, planting a huge kiss on his cheek. Red put a hand on his face, roughly forcing him off with disgust.

“ugh. not even if you were the only living thing left in the world, man.”

“YOU DON’T NEED TO PLAY COY WITH US, RED. WE KNOW HOW YOU LIKE IT.” The taller one whispered, stroking Red’s shoulder as he strutted past. The little one winked at you, hopping off of Red and following his brother down the hall.

“ugh. i feel violated.” Red said, wiping at his face furiously. He turned to you. “you okay, kitten?”

You nodded, and he smiled at you, tiredness showing in his eyes. It was going to be a long few days for everyone.

The two were formally introduced at dinner as Pink (the little one, who winked at you as he was introduced) and BJ (the tall one. Red cringed as he said the name, so you knew it was an innuendo like you thought).

Sans was absent from dinner, and you started to worry that he wouldn’t be able to help if you needed him. Maybe you would suck it up and bring him some food.

You set a plate of dinner on a tray, added a bottle of ketchup, and a glass of water.

“oooohhhh are you gonna serve it up to a certain skellie who’s still in bed?”

You jumped, whirling around to face Pink, who was smiling at you. It reminded you of a hungry shark eyeing chum. You imagined that if he was human, he would probably look very silly.

“O-oh, no, he’s in the workshop. Totally, totally platonic.” Wow. Convincing. Almost as if you *hadn’t* come one pair of pants away from fucking him last night.

“it always is with sans, isn’t it, sugar?” he said, leaning on the counter next to you. “but don’t you fantasize, even a little, about him ripping all your clothes off and treating you so very, very badly?”

His hand was travelling up your side.

“W-well--”

“you know, i’ve been told we look alike, maybe i could help you fulfill a fantasy tonight…”

“I-I...uhm…”

“hey, pink, aren’t you late to come creepily watch me bathe or somethin’?” Red to the rescue again! Pink was gone from your side, and you could practically see the hearts flying around him as he gripped Red’s shirt.

“oohh, cherry, you always know exactly what to say to make me tingle. i’ll go get the camera so i can...add to my collection?”

Woah.

Pink released the surly skeleton, skipping past him, humming “sexy can i” as he went.

Red released a sigh, burying his face in his hands. He peeked up at you.

“Th-thanks, Red.”

“when these idiots are gone i’m gonna need at least two more of those good deed tickets. fuck’s sake…” he turned and trudged away. You had a feeling he’d be keeping Pink off your back.

You returned your attention to the tray, but it was gone.

“LOOKING FOR THIS?” You looked up to see BJ holding the tray up. He was wearing a comically sexy apron.

“Yeah, I was going to take it to Sans.”

BJ set the tray on the counter again. “YOU’D BETTER LET ME DO THAT, SWEETNESS. SANS DOESN’T LIKE NOSY HUMANS NEAR HIS WORKSHOP.”

Shit. You were trying to use it as an excuse to get out of there.

“I, HOWEVER, HAPPEN TO ENJOY IT WHEN HUMANS ARE NOSING AROUND IN MY BUSINESS. WANNA MAKE SOME SECRETS, SWEETNESS?” He asked, his index finger bone lifting your chin so he could look you in the eyes. The hearts in his eyelights almost made you laugh.

“I think I’m fine, actually.” You said, pushing his finger down off your face.

“ARE YOU SURE?” He purred, leaning closer so he could whisper into your ear. “I COULD MAKE YOU SCREAM, MAKE YOU SQUIRM, MAYBE TIE YOU UP...OH, YES, YOU’D LIKE THAT, WOULDN’T YOU? A LITTLE ROPE? A LITTLE BRUISING?”

“H-how did you--’

“I’M LUST INCARNATE, I KNOW ALL YOUR FILTHY KINKS.” He backed off of you, slowly reaching over and grabbing the tray. “IF YOU WANT BDSM DONE RIGHT, COME BY MY ROOM AFTER THE OTHERS GO TO BED.”

Shit.

That was actually tempting.

The skeleton winked at you, turning to strut out the back door toward the workshop.

You began to worry too late that it all might have been an excuse for BJ to have a chance at Sans.

“This seat taken?” you asked, gesturing to the spot on the couch next to Stretch. He looked at you, smirked, and then adjusted himself and his book so you could spread out, leaning against him. Just like the other day. You even had your own book this time.

“what are we reading today?” He asked, tipping your book back with a finger so he could see.

“The Time Traveller’s Wife,” you answered. “It’s one of my favorite tragic love stories. I’ve read it more times than I can count.”

“sounds good. i’ll have to borrow it.”

“Yeah, I’ll lend it to you sometime.” You glanced at him. His eyes were hollow-looking and tired. Add to that that it was barely after dawn, and usually he wasn’t awake yet. “So, what kept you up all night this time?”

“would you believe it if i said i insulted the sandman’s wife?”

“Nope.”

“then i drank too much caffeine.”

“A sound theory.”

“not buying it?”

“You skipped tea last night specifically so you could sleep.”

“ah.”

“It’s alright, Stretch, we all have sleepless nights.” You smiled up at him sympathetically from over your book.

“including you.” He said pointedly.

“What? No, me and sleep were besties last night.”

“your eyes say differently.”

“Then we’re even again.”

He lowered his book, examining you. “next time you can’t sleep, tell me? we seem to be on the same not-sleep schedule and we could keep each other company.”

“You just wanna cuddle me, perv.”

“heh, caught me.” He moved his hand slightly so it was touching your hair, stroking it absentmindedly. It felt nice.

“I kinda don’t mind sleeplessness sometimes, because it’s the only time this house is so quiet. I think it’s almost…” you trailed off, hearing snoring. You peeked up at Stretch, book leaned against his chest. Yup, he was asleep. Well, you weren’t to be outdone.

The two of you snoozed on the couch for a few hours. You thought at one point you saw Sans in your sleepy state, even felt his fingers brush your face, but when you rubbed your eyes to try to wake up, he was gone. Must have been a dream.

At some point, you gingerly got up, careful not to wake Stretch, and made breakfast. When you were done, he was the first one at the table, smiling shyly at you.

Before you could say anything, BJ appeared behind him, running his hands down Stretch’s sweatshirt.

“HEY, SLUGGER, YOU LEFT SO EARLY LAST NIGHT I DIDN’T GET TO PLAY WITH YOU…I HAD TO GO PLAY WITH EDGE INSTEAD...”

Woah.

Stretch glared daggers at him.

“i did that on purpose, bj.”

“YOU’LL COME CRAWLING BACK. THEY ALWAYS DO.” BJ winked at you, and took a seat next to a very uncomfortable Stretch.

What is going on in this house?

The guys came down one at a time, starting with Blue, then ending with Red dragging himself down the stairs, looking sleepless and crazy with Pink clinging to him.

The house quickly filled with noise, but Sans was nowhere to be seen. When you looked out the window, you could see movement out in the workshop. Still working.

You were doing the laundry when Blue found you.

“MISS Y/N! I’VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU! I WAS WONDERING IF YOU WANTED TO PLAY SECRET AGENT WITH ME, BECAUSE PAPYRUS WENT TO TOWN BUT WE ALWAYS PLAY ON TUESDAYS!”

You smiled at his energy. “Okay, Blue, but I have to finish all this laundry first.”

“O-OH…” He looked crushed. Poor Blueberry.

“i’ll play with you, blue~” came the singsong voice of Pink. He was now holding Blue’s shoulders. These guys were really good at appearing out of nowhere. “i brought *lots* of great toys, and bj will play, too.”

Ok, nope, you drew the line at precious little Blueberry. Somebody had to protect this kid.

“Oh! You know what, Pink? I just remembered that I promised Blue I’d spend the day with him. We had a...movie marathon planned.”

“WE DID?”

“Yup! And if we wanna get through them all, we gotta go now!”

You grabbed Blue’s hand and practically ran out of the laundry room, dragging him behind you. By the time you reached your room and locked the door, you were out of breath. Blue must be in good shape, though, because he wasn’t breathing hard at all.

“MISS Y/N, IS THERE ANY PARTICULAR REASON I CAN’T GO DOWNSTAIRS AND PLAY WITH MY COUSINS?” He pouted. “THEY SAID THEY BROUGHT LOTS OF TOYS WITH THEM.”

“Have you ever played with those two before, Blue?”

The look on his face said it all. “O-OH YEAH, NO, I DON’T REALLY WANT TO PLAY WITH THEM THIS TIME.”

“Good, don’t let them force you into anything.” You took his hand and led him to sit on the bed. “Instead, you can stay up here and watch movies with me. How’s that sound?” As long as you were capable of staying up here, at least.

His face lit up, and he nodded vigorously. “CAN WE WATCH SOMETHING WITH LOTS OF PUZZLES?”

“Uhm, I dunno about puzzles, but I have some good mystery movies. Let’s start with those.”

You pulled a stack of movies for him to pick from. It took him a minute, but he finally decided and popped it into the dvd player. He sat on the end of the bed, waiting for it to load.

“What’re you doing?” You asked. “Come here, silly!”

You picked him up under the arms and pulled him to sit in your lap, bringing a blanket up over your shoulders to wrap around him.

He was surprisingly quiet, so you looked down at him. He was glowing a fierce cyan. Adorable.

“It’s best to cuddle while watching a movie, right?” You said, giving him a smile. He nodded, grinning back at you.

Blue was a quiet moviegoer, sitting enraptured by the tv. You received a few texts throughout the movie: Stretch thanking you for saving his brother, Red complaining that you didn’t save him. Red even attached a series of selfies of him hiding in different places in the house. Pink was grinning wickedly in the background of all of them. You responded with a selfie of you and Blue cuddled up, both shrugging. He didn’t respond to that.

“MISS Y/N, HOW MANY MOVIES AM I ALLOWED TO WATCH WITH YOU?” Blue asked nervously as the credits rolled.

“Oh, Blue, I said ‘marathon’, right? We could be here all day.”

He smiled shyly at you. Looks like that’s the answer he wanted.

“THEN...IF WE’RE GOING TO...C-CUDDLE...CAN I TAKE MY ARMOR OFF SO YOU’RE MORE COMFORTABLE?”

He shouldn’t have to ask, but you supposed he was just being polite. He got up and removed his chest and shoulder pieces. You were surprised at how much older he looked without it, wearing just his long sleeve black shirt, his scarf, and his pants. He walked over, still clutching the armor, and put the next movie in.

“You look older,” you said, making him flush bright blue again.

“W-WELL, I’M A FULL-GROWN SKELETON, MISS Y/N...I’M AS OLD AS PAPYRUS AND EDGE.”

Wow. You felt like a jerk. You really didn’t know that, you always assumed he was still a kid...oops. And wait, Edge, Papyrus, and Blue are all the same age?

“I just mean, it’s a change to see your armor off, that’s all. You look good.”

He mumbled a thank you from behind the armor in his hands. You patted the spot in front of you where he had been before.

“You comin’ back or what? We got a whole stack of movies to go through.”

He placed his armor on your desk and returned to the bed, taking his seat in front of you. However, when you offered the blanket, he seemed hesitant to settle down.

“Something wrong, Blue?”

“MISS Y/N, DO YOU THINK I’M HANDSOME?”

“That’s a strange question, out of the *blue.* ”

“I’M SERIOUS.”

Of course he was, all the boys were. He just rocked the cute factor more than the others. And he was a skeleton, so you didn't really know what features to look for other than gut instinct.

"You're very handsome," you said finally. It was true.

"DO YOU THINK YOU'D EVER BE ABLE TO LOOK AT ME THE WAY YOU LOOK AT MY BROTHER?"

Ah. So he was talking romantically?

"I...I don't know what you mean, Blue. I look at Stretch the same way I look at everyone."

"NO, YOU DON'T." He looked a little sad. "CAN I ASK A DIFFERENT QUESTION?"

"Uhm, sure, shoot."

"DO YOU LOVE MY BROTHER?"

Love? Stretch? Well, you love all the guys, but you don't think Blue meant it that way. Maybe he was worried that Stretch was going to spend more time with you than with him?

"I'm not going to take Stretch away from you, Blue."

"NO-! THAT'S-! UGH." He put his face in his hands, half in frustration and half in embarrassment.

"Well, then, I'm confused."

"OKAY, LET'S TRY THIS." Blue pulled his ticket out of his pocket and handed you the truth half. "YOU HAVE TO TELL THE WHOLE TRUTH NOW, RIGHT?" You nodded. He took a deep breath. "WOULD YOU EVER CONSIDER MARRYING AND SPENDING YOUR LIFE WITH ANY OF US? AND WHO?"

"That's two questions."

He looked at you, exasperated. He tapped his chin, trying to choose.

"OKAY, THEN WHO IN THIS HOUSE WOULD YOU CONSIDER MARRYING?" Damn, he was smarter than you thought because he found the way to combine them. You leaned back against the wall with a sigh. Why did it have to be such a hard question? You supposed in the long run you could marry anybody, depending on what happens between now and then, but Blue didn't want hypotheticals.

"So, you mean like if I had to pick somebody to marry tomorrow?"

"YEAH."

"Then, probably Red."

He looked shocked. You had surprised yourself with that answer.

"RED? REALLY?"

“Well, I feel like I know what I’m getting. He’s straightforward about his feelings. He’s the only one here who’s made it clear how he thinks of me.” And he’s a freak like you.

“OH.” He seemed contemplative, so you used the opportunity to pull him back into the blanket.

“C’mon, the movie’s ready.”

He accepted the movement, and cuddled into you. He was much easier to cuddle without the armor, so you were able to wrap him up completely, making him giggle and sigh.

He seemed distracted for most of the second movie, and at some point, he paused it.

“Something wrong, Blue?”

“SO Y/N...HONESTY IS IMPORTANT TO YOU? YOU PICKED RED BECAUSE HE’S HONEST?”

“Uhm, I guess so.”

Blue turned around to face you. He held out his hand with the dare half of his ticket.

“THEN I...I HONESTLY WANT YOU TO KISS ME.”

Shit. Honestly, this was just cute. You pushed his hand back.

“Blue, I--”

“NO! I’M USING MY DARE, SO YOU HAVE TO!” He shoved the dare ticket back towards you again. You hesitated, and then took it. He was right, that was the rule. He let you take it, and then blushed and looked off to the side. “A-AND I MEAN *REALLY* KISS ME...LIKE YOU’D KISS PAPY.”

“Blue, you have the wrong idea about your brother and I.”

“...NO, I DON’T. I’M NOT STUPID, AND I’M NOT BLIND.”

You weren’t sure what to say to that. He didn’t look like a little kid anymore. For the first time, you really saw the resemblance between Stretch and Blue. You cupped his face in your hands and tipped it up so he met your eyes.

“I’m not gonna kiss you like you’re Stretch.” He looked like you had slapped him. “Because you aren’t him. I’m going to kiss you like you’re Blue, because that’s who you are.”

He smiled meekly at you, clearly not knowing what to expect. You didn’t really know what to expect, either.

He adjusted himself so that he was kneeling, meeting your height, and nervously slipped a hand behind your neck, pulling you to him.

His kiss was gentle and hopeful, and unlike his brother’s needy kisses, he was more patient and slow. He was a little clumsy, and didn’t know what to do with his hands, so you took them, lacing your fingers with his and holding them to your chest. He seemed like he wanted control, but he was letting you lead.

You both were startled by a loud crashing noise near the door, making him jump back away from you. There was a tray on the floor, surrounded by spilled popcorn.

“Where did that come from?” you asked.

“I...I THINK I NEED TO GO TALK TO PAPY.” Blue said sadly, getting up to gather the popcorn and the tray. He swiped his armor off the desk, and you saw him hide a bottle of honey as he picked up the tray. So Stretch had been coming to join you?

“Y/N…” You looked up at the small skeleton, who smiled at you through his sadness, halfway out the door already. “THANKS FOR THE KISS. AND IT’S ALRIGHT IF YOU DON’T LIKE ME THAT WAY...I’LL JUST HAVE TO WORK HARDER TO IMPRESS YOU.”

As he left, you wondered where that left you. Jeez...you ran a hand through your hair, thinking about what might happen next.

These skeletons were going to be the death of you.

Chapter End Notes

So much to say, so much. Blue is a sweet cinnamon roll with a dark side, Pink and Red are entertaining to say the least, and BJ just always knows what's up.

Pink on a Mission

Chapter Summary

Pink does something crazy
Sans' side of the story

Chapter Notes

This one and the next are cray-cray, y'all

See the end of the chapter for more notes

What in the world were you doing here?

Your hand hovered in front of the door as you wondered why you'd let your feet take you here. After the mishap with Blue earlier that day, you found your mind wandering. You wanted to know more about everyone, and these guys seemed more talkative than the rest. You should turn around, probably, but for some reason, you went ahead and knocked.

The door swept open immediately, revealing a shirtless Pink, magenta soul glowing in his ribcage.

"oh, sugar, you came! i knew you couldn't resist us." He pulled you in by the collar of your shirt, closing the door behind you. He sat you in a chair and cupped your face with his hands, grinning. "don't worry, we've already soundproofed the room. you can scream all you want in here."

"AND WE'LL MAKE YOU SCREAM REAL GOOD," BJ said, appearing from seemingly nowhere behind you.

Shit.

This really wasn't good. Pink smiled and started to lean over you.

"W-wait, please! I'd be no fun, really!"

"I DOUBT THAT."

"No! Really! I don't even know how sex with a skeleton *works* !"

Pink stopped, and exchanged glances with his brother.

"you mean to tell me you're a virgin?" Pink asked, releasing your face and stepping back.

"No, that's not it," you said, face burning. "But I've only ever had human partners."

“soooo...a virgin.”

“HOW COMPLICATED.”

BJ came around to the front of you, slinging an arm around his brother and turning their backs on you. They seemed to think they were whispering now, but you could hear every word.

“WHAT DO WE DO? I DON’T USUALLY DO VIRGINS.”

“well, it’d be pretty messed up for one of us to have her before they do. she is *their* playmate and all.”

“SOOOO….”

“looks like we have no choice here.”

The brothers turned around, their demeanor a fake angelic one.

“so, sugar,” Pink started. “which of our cousins do you trust the most?”

What? What did that have to do with anything? But it was an easy answer.

“Uhm, Sans?” You said tentatively.

“aww, i woulda said cherry, but then again i mighta been jealous if you did.”

“STRETCH IS A REAL SLUGGER, TOO.”

“Oooookaaaaay….but why do you ask?”

Pink didn’t answer, instead turning to his huge upright suitcase, which you could see was a wardrobe full of many differently colored things. BJ just grinned at you, as if to say ‘you’ll see’.

“hmmmm...gotta be blue. has to be comfortable and classy. easy access. oh, oh! i know just the one!”

You felt hands on you, and squeaked, jumping up from the chair.

“GOT THE PHONE.” BJ said proudly, holding up your phone. Wait, was that what had just happened?

You turned to see Pink pull out a very short light blue dress. Wait, no, that was definitely lingerie.

“What is that for?”

“for you, of course.” he said, waving you off. “bro, get that shit started while i dress her.”

“Wait-!”

But you were too late. He pounced on you, and you struggled against him as he removed your clothes. He was deceptively strong, and had you stripped in seconds with his expertly trained hands.

“oh my,” he said, once you were wearing the dress. “i take it these were what you were covering up with that jacket all day?”

The scars. You had nearly forgotten. He smiled at you sympathetically, and rose to the wardrobe again, pulling out a light blue robe.

“here. this will cover those if you need it.”

You quickly pulled the robe on, your head spinning. You still didn’t understand what was going on.

“THERE,” BJ announced, tossing you back your phone. “THE BAIT IS SET. SHE NEEDS TO BE IN HER ROOM IN FIVE MINUTES.”

“easy peasy, bro, just gotta give her hair that sexy tousle.” Pink ran his fingers through your hair a few times and pinched your cheeks. You shirked away from his grip.

His hands found you again, and you felt like you were jumping. You looked around, and you were in your bedroom. You looked back at Pink, who was regarding you with a flushed face.

“ooohhh, sugar, you are gonna make him melt.”

“Wait, WHAT is going on?”

“isn’t it obvious, sugar?” he said with a mischievous smile.

There was a knock on your door.

“we’re getting you laid.”

Sans

---

i can’t explain what came over me. the kid was always a close friend, and yeah i knew i might have some feelings there but...well, i never thought i’d act on it. she’s too good for a chump like me. i already knew that.

and she teases. somethin’ fierce.

when we went out for our anniversary, she kept saying “date”, and holding my hand, and laughing at my bad jokes. she even kissed me and told me to catch her. but i still never thought...well, i’m getting ahead of myself.

after her episode, i planned on stayin’ in, cuddlin’, just being pals. but…

both our phones chimed. we checked them. she rolled her eyes, said red had texted her.

but mine…

Stretch: you remember my room is right next door, right?

Stretch: and for the record, when /i/ had her alone in a bedroom, she was moaning my name, not crying. too bad it's too late to save the "date".

Me: watch me

i responded that way without thinking. i was seein' red, or pink, or somethin'. i was mad. she ain't a piece of meat...but fuck, she looked really fuckin' good in that skirt. how dare stretch say somethin' like that about my skirt...i mean, friend.

i lost my mind. i played her game. i took clothes off, mine and hers. i wanted to be closer, never close enough…

when paps came in i...we both freaked out, came to our senses.

cold shower that night.

but the water didn't wash away the feeling of her skin. it didn't drown the sound of her moaning my name. it didn't scrub away the dirty feeling in my fingertips. i'm in too deep.

so...i ran away. i faked like i had a huge breakthrough on my project and i hid in the workshop. if i saw her now i...might not be able to stop myself from ravaging her.

i felt bad for leaving her to deal with pink and bj without me, but she had the others to protect her, and bj didn't even say much about her when he brought dinner.

i pretty much resigned myself to her not wanting to talk to me. after all, i'm the asshole who was taking advantage while she was vulnerable.

but then my phone chimed.

Beautiful: Hey Sans, I need you. Can you come to my room in, like, five minutes?

hey, i did tell her whenever. and...i can't run forever, i suppose. i popped by my room to wipe the grease off my face, then find myself in front of her door. i admit, i hesitated...then i braced myself, and i knocked.

You

"we're getting you laid," Pink said. You stared at him, dumbfounded. "now look alive, sugar, because your prince awaits."

He vanished. The door swung open on it's own, and you pulled your robe tight over your frame, turning to see Sans standing in the doorway. He cautiously stepped in and closed the door behind him. He wouldn't meet your eyes.

"so, uh, i'm here. what did you need me for?"

Is that what the phone thing was? Did they text him that you needed him?

"listen, if it's about the other night, i can explain myself."

"It's not...it's not about that."

"oh." he was blushing fiercely, and you felt your own cheeks getting hot. Maybe you should just do what Pink and BJ said. After all, it's not like you or Sans weren't up for it. Maybe it would remove some tension.

On the other hand...you weren't exactly ready to tie down to anybody, and you didn't really want to get too close. If you fell for him, and then had to leave...or if it didn't work out with him… but...Sans is capable of protecting you, cherishing you...it's easy to imagine living happily ever after with him.

"Actually, it is!" You blurted out. He looked at you, surprised. "But let me go first."

"oh, uhm, alright." He stuck his hands in his jacket pockets, trying to sink into the white fur on his hood.

You reached out and tugged on his sweater, moving him slowly towards you.

"Sans...the other night...it wasn't because I was vulnerable or hurt...it was because I wanted it. I just wanted you to know that because I don't want you to feel awkward around me. I really like you, a lot, and I...wouldn't be opposed to, uhm, that…maybe even...being happy together someday..."

You could almost hear Pink screeching somewhere. This was not the steamy love session he had planned for you.

"oh…" he squeaked, sinking deeper into his jacket and turning darker blue. "i...don't know what to say, kid. jeez."

Well, not exactly the reaction you were hoping for.

"look, kid, i...i just don't feel the same." Huh? "i can't imagine a life like that...i'm sorry."

If you had any doubts about getting attached, they were kind of just confirmed. Any mental image you might have entertained about being with him in the long run was shattered with his words.

You couldn't think of how to respond. The words got caught in your throat, and your eyes began to sting. Regardless, you held your head up. He wasn't looking at you at all.

"I see." You said, your voice wavering. "Well, uhm, I guess it was a silly idea anyway, we...we're just good friends, no need to complicate it."

"hey, kid, now that's not--"

“No, it’s fine.” You stalked past him and opened the door. “Well, that’s it, you can go now.”

“now wait,” he said, putting his hand on your arm. You pulled away from him. He looked defeated. “...okay. i...i’m sorry.”

He walked out without looking back at you, and you closed the door a little too hard behind him.

“well that didn’t go well,” Pink said from behind you. You weren’t even surprised to see him sitting on your desk. At least he had put his shirt and sweater back on. “shoulda been a cinch but...you had to mention feelings.”

“I’m not really in the mood to talk about it.” You said, frustrated. You turned and crawled into your bed. Pink hopped down, making his way over to the bed.

“need some company?” He asked. “i’m pretty good at cuddling, even if it doesn’t lead anywhere.”

You thought about it for a moment, and then pulled the blankets back so he could crawl in. He cuddled up to you quickly, draping himself over you lazily. He was right, he was good at cuddling.

“good night, sugar,” he purred, twirling your hair around his finger.

Chapter End Notes

Surprise! Pink is a sweetheart and Sans is a punk bitch

Boiling Point

Chapter Summary

Stretch and Red lose their minds
You panic

Chapter Notes

Strap in!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Pink was actually a gentleman. He had kept his word and cuddled you all night without even getting handsy. You were actually quite impressed.

When you woke up, he was already awake, just grinning down at you. He reminded you of Sans, which was comforting and painful at the same time.

“good morning, sugar. feel better yet?”

“I...I guess…”

“so that’s a no.”

“You’re very perceptive.”

“it’s a side effect of my seductive tendencies.”

You rose from the bed, absentmindedly heading for the door.

“where are you going?”

You looked back at him as he swung his legs to sit on the edge of the bed. “....to make breakfast?”

“oh, alright.”

You shrugged, opening the door and heading down the short flight of stairs to the second floor.

“hey, good morning, kitten….woah.”

You gave Red a strange look, as he gave you one back. What was his problem? You tightened the knot on your robe. Weirdo.

“Uhm, good morning, Red?” You said quizzically as you walked past.

As you made your way down the stairs, Red turned towards the stairs to your room, glaring at Pink, who was lounging against the wall, smiling knowingly.

“what’s that look for, cherry? worried i’m cheatin’ on ya?”

Halfway through making breakfast, you remembered that under your robe you were wearing lingerie. Luckily, it was pretty good at staying closed.

You served up the eggs and bacon family-style so they could serve themselves, and excused yourself to change. You chose a simple red tshirt and jeans combo, seeing as you didn’t have anywhere else to be today.

When you returned for breakfast, the atmosphere was tense. Red glared at his plate like it offended him, and didn’t say a word. Blue dropped a plate of food in front of Stretch with such force you thought it might break, and then Stretch pushed it away. Edge was acting normal, and Papyrus and Sans were absent.

When you entered the room, both Red and Stretch made an excuse and left, Stretch up to his room and Red to the backyard. You couldn’t help but feel a little snubbed.

“HUMAN!” Edge’s voice surprised you, mostly because he almost never addressed you directly.

“Y-yes, Edge?”

“MY BROTHER SEEMS DISTURBED. NORMALLY I DON’T CONCERN MYSELF WITH HIS FEELINGS BUT SEEING AS YOU ARE CLOSER TO HIM THAN I, DO YOU KNOW WHAT’S WRONG?”

“Surprisingly, no,” you said honestly. “When I saw him this morning, he seemed his usual self.”

“STRANGE.”

“Very.”

“I SUPPOSE I’LL JUST HAVE TO CHECK ON IT MYSELF, HE CAN’T SAY NO TO SOMEONE AS FEARSOME AS ME, DESPITE BEING SUCH A COWARD.”

“AT LEAST HE’S NOT A SELFISH JERK,” Blue mumbled, picking at his eggs.

“Blue?”

He sighed and pushed his plate away. “I’M NOT REALLY GETTING ALONG WITH PAPY RIGHT NOW. I NEED TO BE ALONE FOR A WHILE...THANKS FOR BREAKFAST, Y/N.”

You watched him trudge up the stairs, Edge hot on his heels, as Papyrus came down.

“WHERE IS EVERYONE GOING?”

“I have no idea,” you sighed.

You guys needed groceries, badly.

You shrugged your jacket on, wondering if you'd be lucky enough to finish the shopping before sundown. You had hoped someone would be available to go with you, but the only one not in a mood was Papyrus, and he felt like he had to stay and keep an eye on the others. Pink and BJ had left earlier in the day, after giving you their numbers, and you were kind of relieved because they would be super embarrassing in public.

You opened the door and started out, but just as you were unlocking the car you felt someone pulling on your arm.

"y/n, we need to talk." Stretch. You turned to face him, confused. He wanted to talk? Why did he sound so mad? Weren't you on good terms now?

"Uhm, okay, Stretch, what's up?" His hand was still on your arm, and he wasn't holding you gently.

"listen, play games if you want with me, but i draw the line when it comes to blue." His grip tightened, and you involuntarily winced.

"What are you talking about?" You said, trying to pull away.

"i mean, don't fuck with my brother. tease me, tease red, tease sans and edge, but if you ever even consider pulling a move like that on blue again…" he growled, pulling you closer to him. His eye was glowing a fierce orange, almost like fire. "i will personally deliver you to the mouth of hell."

"S-Stretch, you're hurting me!" You shoved him off of you, only to have him come back harder, pinning you against the car.

"and while we're at it, i'm tired of your attitude when it comes to us. we aren't your playthings, we're monsters," he leaned close. His fingers were digging into your arms and it was really starting to hurt. "**and we bite when we're cornered**."

"hey, woah, what the fuck is goin' on out here?" Red rushed over and pulled Stretch off of you. "what's *your* beef with kitten?"

"she's playing with us, and i'm tired of it," Stretch said, shaking Red off of his arm. "she's even playing with blue, she even kissed him."

"woah, woah, she kissed babyblue? when?"

"yesterday, why does it matter?"

"okay, kitten, you kissed blue and *then* spent the night with pink? and i'm pretty sure i saw sans drop by your room last night, too. just what's your endgame here? pit us against each other, fuck with our heads?"

"Wait, wait, this is all a huge misunderstanding, I never--"

"never what? never meant to do it? never wanted to hurt us?" Red advanced on you. You tried to get into the car, but it was still locked. You had dropped your keys when Stretch had initially

grabbed you. You started to panic, tears stinging your eyes. You felt Red's magic hold you up against the car, preventing you from moving.

"Oh God, oh God," you muttered, voices echoing in your head.

"you're just bad news," Stretch said, venom lacing his words. "another worthless human."

The world went white.

Worthless. He'd called you worthless?

You're so worthless. Even if you escape, nobody will ever want you. You'll never belong.

"hey, woah, let's not get carried away here, stretch." Red started to sound concerned, but his voice sounded far away.

Just stop trying to leave and stay with daddy. Only a few more cuts and I'll be done, that's all you need to do. Be a good girl and take it quietly, and in exchange you have a place to belong.

You felt the words in your soul, etched like a tattoo, rising through your body and coming out in a mumble they couldn't understand.

"woah, k-kitten, stop freakin' out, we ain't that mad."

"You're so worthless, worthless, I'll always find you, you'll never belong…" You mumbled. You felt the magic dispel and you fell to the ground, too weak to bring yourself even to your knees, drowning in the weight of the words.

"stretch, what the fuck, man?" Red's hands tried to move you, but you flinched violently, finding just enough energy to crawl away from him.

"i...i didn't...i'm sorry…"

"yeah, well, sorry ain't gonna fix whatever's happening!" Red sounded panicked as he tried to move you again, but you cried out in fear, wrenching yourself away and flattening against the car. His hands looked like knives, and they felt like they were slicing you open with every touch.

DADDY IS THE ONLY ONE WHO GIVES A SHIT ABOUT YOU. SIT STILL SO I CAN FINISH THIS.

"N...No...leave me alone...don't touch me…"

"kid…" Relief flooded through you at Sans' voice. He reached for you, stroking your face gently. Your father's voice faded away, and Sans' concerned face came into view. Your whole body was shaking.

"she's shaking like a leaf...what the hell did you two do?!" he asked them, accusingly, as he gathered your shaking body in his arms. You didn't hold him back, but you didn't push him away, either.

"it wasn't me, it was stretch!"

"i don't care who it was, don't you *fucking* touch her ***ever*** again, you hear?!"

They were silent as he swept you away, teleporting to your room and landing gently on the bed with you.

“I...it was...so wrong…” you muttered as you sunk into him.

“shhh...calm down...i know i ain’t your favorite person right now, but i’m here.”

“I didn’t mean to upset anyone.”

“i know, kid.”

“And I didn’t have sex with Pink. And Blue used his dare to kiss me.”

“jeez, i don’t understand but...it’ll be okay.” He rubbed your back as the shaking subsided. “...do you think you’ll be alright?”

You nod.

“i gotta go take care of stretch and red. you’re sure?”

You nod again. He carefully laid you on your bed, stroking your hair momentarily. Then he was gone.

You pulled out your phone immediately.

Your finger hovered over G’s name. You did tell them you’d never leave, but...you needed to get out of here, at least for a little while. You couldn’t stand to be in the same house as Stretch and Red right now.

You: I need you. Come get me.

Gwhiz: I’m there in a heartbeat, Angel.

Strong arms and the familiar smell of hot sauce embraced you, and you were gone.

Chapter End Notes

Count on G to come to your rescue like the prince he is.
Sans is always there for you anyways.
And what the hell, guys?
Stretch and Red cower in the corner

Lost and Found

Chapter Summary

The guys deal with your absence.
You deal with your own absence, too.

Chapter Notes

Thank you everyone for all your kind comments, you've all been so sweet and amazing! I am getting lots of great ideas from you guys.
I spent a while on this chapter because there was a lot to cover, so I hope you like it!
Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You didn’t even blink as the light from outside fell across your face, curtains drawn by none other than G.

“Look, Angel, I’m all for sleepin’ in but you haven’t left the bed since you got here five days ago. Not that I’m complainin’ about all the cuddles or nothin’, but you gotta get up sometime.” he rattled your tray of food on the desk. “And you gotta eat.”

He saw no response from you, and he sighed. He walked back over to the bed, crawling back in to wrap his arms around you.

“Sorry, G, I’m just not in the mood.” Getting up takes a lot of energy that you just didn’t have. You could hear your phone buzzing again, like it did every morning, noon, and night since you’d been here.

G snuggled into you, resting his head in the back of your neck with a sigh. “That’s alright, Angel, we’ll try again this afternoon.”

The vibration of the phone shook the bedside table, so you retrieved it. The usual slew of messages from everyone. Lots of “come home now” and “tell me where you are”. You only ever replied once, and that was to say “I’m safe. I’ll come back when I’m ready.”. They sure were persistant, continously texting you. None had tried to call yet...except one. Once.

You opened your voicemail and put it up to your ear. You’d listened many times already, at least three times a day.

“HELLO MISS Y/N! THIS IS PAPYRUS! I DON’T QUITE UNDERSTAND WHAT IS GOING ON, BUT I WOULD REALLY LIKE TO! PLEASE KNOW THAT I AM READY TO TALK SHOULD I BE NEEDED, AS I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, AM A VERY GOOD LISTENER! I

WANT TO HELP IN ANY WAY I CAN! SO PLEASE CALL WHEN YOU ARE READY TO PUT MY AMAZING LISTENING SKILLS TO THE TEST! WE CARE IMMENSELY ABOUT YOU, AND WE MISS YOU!”

You hit the button, and it played again.

“Are you going to call him today?”

You shook your head. You wanted to, but you felt kind of ashamed. You were essentially throwing a fit at this point, even though you had every reason to. Instead of being an adult, you were ignoring everything and sleeping away your life.

G propped himself up on the pillows with one hand, playing with your hair with the other.

“You could always just stay here with me forever.” He offered it every day. But… “But I know...you made a promise.”

The infinity charm winked at you from it’s spot on the bedside table.

Sans

---

i don’t think i’ve ever been angrier with myself than that night when i went up to the kid’s room to see what she needed.

she basically offered the life i always wanted, told me everything i wanted to hear, and yet…

“i just can’t imagine a life like that.”

what the hell is wrong with me?

it wasn’t a lie. i couldn’t imagine it, because she was way too good for me. i’m just a lazy chump. to imagine something like that would mean to imagine she’d actually be happy and, well...i couldn’t visualize it.

but i thought we’d get past it. i went searching for her the next evening to talk about it but i did not find a pretty scene.

red was right freaked out. it was just like in the house of mirrors, cold to the touch, mumbling, scared, shaking...i couldn’t help it, i saw crimson.

i left her alone to tear them a new one. even totaled the garden when arguing with stretch.

i left her alone when i should have known to stay. she left because i wasn’t with her, i wasn't around to protect her, like i'd promised.

i should have stayed.

Red

---

i think the look on her face will always haunt me. i never shoulda used my magic on her like that. she looked so hurt, so weak and unlike herself. so scared.

when they discovered she had left, i wasn't surprised. i wouldn't a stayed either.

sans gave me an earful, and so did edge, but it was nothing compared to the shouting match that ensued between sans and stretch. i think they argued for hours, or at least it felt like it. and when they were done, i heard him arguing with *blue* .

i texted her relentlessly.

i groveled. i begged. i would have said anything just to get her to talk to me.

Kitten: I'm safe where I am. I'll come home when I'm ready.

those 11 words hit me like a slap in the face. they taunted me.

i don't think i was ever sober while she was gone.

for nearly a week i tortured myself. finally i had had a lot to drink, again, and...i called her.

oh, kitten...please come back.

Blue and Stretch

"NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU WOULD HAVE JUST LISTENED TO WHAT I HAD TO SAY!"

"none of this would have happened if she wasn't a tease!"

"UGH! YOU ARE SO SELF-RIGHTEOUS! I TOLD YOU, *I* KISSED *HER.* MY IDEA, MY DARE TICKET, I REFUSED TO TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER. Y/N IS A PERSON, NOT A TOY THAT YOU CAN CLAIM FOR YOURSELF WITH A LABELMAKER, PAPY."

"i...i never tried to claim her!"

“YEAH? THEN WHY DIDN’T YOU LISTEN TO ME? WHY DIDN’T YOU LET IT GO? EVERYONE ELSE IN THIS HOUSE GETS IT, SO WHY ARE YOU THE ONLY ONE WHO GETS SO ANGRY WITH HER?”

“i’m not!”

“THEN WHY IS SHE GONE, PAPY?”

“i...i don’t know.”

“BULLSHIT.”

“w...watch your mouth.”

“DON’T CHANGE THE SUBJECT.”

“i don’t know!”

“RED SAID YOU SAID SOMETHING THAT SET HER OFF. WHAT DID YOU SAY?”

i paused. there hadn’t been silence in my room for over an hour, since we’d started arguing. i didn’t have an answer that would appease blue, so i stopped. he crossed his arms and glared up at me.

“WELL?”

“i...i didn’t say anything.”

“LIAR.”

i didn’t want to admit it out loud. how bad did it sound? i disguised my jealousy as concern for my brother and threatened my friend to the point of tears and panic?

“i said...i called her a worthless human.” i admitted. blue’s face fell.

“WOW. I COULD SEE THAT FROM EDGE, BUT NOT YOU.”

“.....i know.”

blue sighed, rubbing his skull. He seemed like he had more to say, but he just looked at me with pity.

“WE’LL GET HER BACK, BUT YOU’LL BE LUCKY IF SHE EVEN LOOKS AT YOU EVER AGAIN.”

i know, bro...i know.

i’m such a piece of shit.

You

It was about a week since you left now. The phone was ringing. It never rang, only pinged. You looked at the caller id: **RedFlag** .

Whatever possessed you to answer...you'll never know.

“hello? kitten? cripes, you actually answered. please, don’t hang up.”

You didn’t respond. He sounded drunk.

“listen, listen, i’m sorry, okay? i didn’t mean to scare you, alright? i just get so worked up when it comes to you, because...you know that, right? that i didn’t want to hurt you?”

Still no response.

“yeah...yeah, i wouldn’t talk to me either. look, please come back. please, i’m beggin’. i’ll get on my hands and knees if i have to. give me a chance to make it up to you.”

“I’ll think about it.”

You hung up. The phone buzzed with text messages from him immediately. You ignored them. You scrolled down the contacts. You dialed the number. You couldn’t resist it any longer.

“HELLO?”

“...Papyrus?”

“MISS Y/N! MY GOODNESS, ARE YOU ALRIGHT? WHERE ARE YOU? PLEASE LET ME COME TALK TO YOU, I’M SURE WE CAN WORK THIS OUT.”

“I’m sending someone to get you. Go wait in the garden. Don’t let anyone follow you.”

“O-OF COURSE! DON’T WORRY, Y/N, I’LL BE THERE SOON!”

G did what you asked without a second thought, and soon you heard Papyrus’ voice downstairs. You practically flew out of bed, but forgot that you hadn’t exerted that kind of energy in quite a few days and you ended up on the floor.

The door opened, and Papyrus’ gentle hands helped you up into a sitting position.

“GOODNESS, MISS Y/N! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?”

You looked at him blankly for a second, realizing you hadn’t thought of what to say yet. The concern in his eyes was so genuine that you couldn’t hold back.

You started crying.

You threw your arms around his neck, and he embraced you, always the best hugger. The tears flowed like a river, all the pent up depression and frustration that you had held onto for a week. He

whispered to you, patting your back gently. So understanding. So without judgement.

“IT’S ALRIGHT, MISS Y/N, WE ALL HAVE TO CRY SOMETIMES.” He said, pulling away momentarily to help you wipe your tears away. “YOU CAN CRY AS MUCH AS YOU NEED. IT’S GOOD FOR YOU!”

“Oh, Papyrus...is everyone mad at me?” you asked with a hiccup, rubbing the tears off your face.

“NOT MAD...WELL, EXCEPT EDGE, B-BUT HE’S ALWAYS MAD. THEY’RE ONLY WORRIED. I THINK MOST ARE MAD AT EACH OTHER. SANS AND STRETCH HAVEN’T TALKED SINCE THEY BLEW UP AT EACH OTHER AFTER YOU LEFT.”

“O-oh.” You didn’t really want to talk about the others. But you didn’t know what else to say.

“MISS Y/N, I AM HAPPY TO LISTEN TO WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY, THAT’S WHY YOU CALLED ME, RIGHT?”

He was smiling down at you sympathetically, like he always does.

“I...I didn’t want to hurt anyone, but everyone keeps kissing me, and the only one I’ve actually started it with was Sans, and G, and Stretch is so jealous and he threatened me even though Blue kissed me because he wanted to, not because I said to, and I only cuddled with Pink because he wanted to be nice after Sans was so mean to me and then Red thought something was up andthentheygangeduponmeandIwasreallyscaredand-and-and--!”

“WOWIE, SLOW DOWN! THAT’S A LOT TO TAKE IN.”

“S-sorry...is this my fault? Am I the crazy one?”

“I DON’T THINK SO BUT...I CAN ASK THE OTHERS AND TELL YOU WHAT THEY SAY? THEN MAYBE WE CAN START COMMUNICATING.”

“Oh, Papyrus, please?” He started to stand.

“ALRIGHT, LET’S HEAD HOME SO WE CAN--”

“No!” you grabbed his scarf to stop him. He looked at you, bewildered. You released him. “I-I mean, can’t you ask them first? And then I can know what to expect when I get home?”

“I DON’T REALLY GET IT, BUT IF IT MAKES YOU MORE COMFORTABLE WITH COMING HOME, THEN I’LL DO IT FOR YOU, MISS Y/N.”

Papyrus was the real Angel here.

Papyrus

“whaddya mean, bro? how could it be her fault?” SANS ASKED IN RESPONSE TO MY QUESTION.

“I DON’T KNOW, BUT I DON’T REALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT THE PROBLEM IS SO…”

“the problem is, stretch and red threatened and attacked her and gave her a panic attack. no matter how you slice it, that’s *their* fault.”

“I...I SEE.”

“why the sudden interest? before you wanted nothin’ to do with all the fightin’.”

“N-NO REASON! I JUST WANT TO HAVE MY FACTS STRAIGHT WHEN SHE COMES HOME. I’M GOING TO GO TALK TO THE OTHERS.”

I THINK I FOOLED HIM! I CAN’T LET ON THAT I KNOW WHERE Y/N IS.

THE NEXT PERSON I RAN INTO WAS EDGE.

“OF COURSE IT’S HER FAULT,” EDGE BELLOWED. “WEAK MONSTERS LIKE STRETCH AND RED SCARED HER AWAY? PATHETIC!”

I DON’T KNOW IF I AGREED WITH THAT ONE, SO I MOVED ON. I RAN INTO BLUE NEXT.

“PAPY’S JUST A JERK WHO’S JEALOUS, AND HE SHOULD HAVE HAD A NORMAL CONVERSATION WITH HER INSTEAD OF FREAKING OUT. I MAY BE YOUNGER, BUT HE’S STILL A BABYBONES SOMETIMES.”

I DIDN’T KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO THAT, SO I WENT TO TALK TO RED INSTEAD.

“how could any of it be kitten’s fault? it ain’t her fault we went in guns blazin’ with a half-cocked story. she even tried to tell us it was a misunderstanding, but we didn’t listen.” HE STARED INTENTLY AT HIS MUSTARD BOTTLE AND SIGHED. “look, no offense, cinnamon bun, but i got a date with this bottle that i just can’t cancel. i need to think for a while.”

WELL. THAT JUST LEFT STRETCH. I TRIED TO FIND HIM, BUT I WOUND UP IN THE GARDEN WITH NO SIGN OF--

“papyrus?”

“NYAAAAAARGH!” I MUST HAVE JUMPED TEN FEET WHEN STRETCH FOUND ME FIRST!

“i hear you’re asking everyone about what happened with y/n.”

“Y-YES! I WANT TO KNOW SO I CAN BE INFORMED WHEN SHE RETURNS.”

“y/n is treading in dangerous territory, like a bucket of chum among sharks. she’s beautiful, and smart, and naive, and she’s too trusting of monsters like us. like me.”

“STRETCH…”

“if she comes back, i’ll leave her alone. go ahead and tell her that for me, wouldja?”

“I DON’T HAVE ANY WAY TO--”

“i know you know where she is, papyrus. i may be a jerk, but i’m not stupid.” HE SIGHED AND RUBBED HIS HEAD. “well, maybe i am stupid. i let myself think that she was mine to have. that she could fall for me that easily. perhaps i was trying to be romantic about it, but i forgot that she’s a person like us, and she has her own feelings.”

“I...I DON’T THINK SHE BLAMES YOU.” I TRIED TO COMFORT HIM. HE LOOKED LIKE HE DIDN’T BELIEVE ME.

“thanks for trying, papyrus, but i know my place. everyone blames me, and they’re right to.”

You

“AND THAT’S WHAT THEY SAID.”

You listened intently to Papyrus’ story, leaning against the balcony and staring out at the sea together. You took a moment to digest it all. It seemed they didn’t blame you, except for Edge, but that was expected. It was kind of a relief, but at the same time you could tell they were suffering because of you.

“They’re in pain because of me.”

“THEY’RE HURTING BECAUSE OF THEIR OWN ACTIONS,” Papyrus said, placing a hand on your shoulder. “AND YOU ARE HURTING BECAUSE OF YOURS. WE MUST BE HONEST WITH OURSELVES AND TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR OUR FEELINGS.”

“Heh. You’re right, as always, Papyrus.”

“Y/N, YOU DO KNOW THAT STRETCH IS REALLY SORRY?”

“Yeah, I know.”

“THEN...WON’T YOU COME HOME WITH ME TODAY?”

“I don’t know, Papyrus…” you felt drained just thinking about going back. That episode of panic had left a mark on you, not to mention the actual physical bruises on your arms that were still fresh. And the things that Stretch had said weren’t forgivable with just an apology.

“CAN’T I AT LEAST TELL THEM THAT YOU’RE HERE, THEN?”

Now there’s an idea. If you got to spend a little individualized time with them here, then maybe you would be able to ease yourself back in.

“Maybe...maybe if I can have some one-on-one time with everyone, I can heal faster?”

“S-SO, SEND THEM TO YOU ONE BY ONE?”

“Yeah, if that makes sense.”

“ALRIGHT, BUT…”

“But?”

“WELL, YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT WE ALL TALKED, AND THEY DECIDED NOT TO BE UPSET ABOUT WHATEVER CHOICES YOU MAKE AND WHO YOU DO WHAT WITH. SANS SAID YOU'RE AN ADULT AND YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN CHOICES.”

“Well, that’s good.”

“YES, WELL...IT’S BASED IN THE IDEA THAT THEY WILL...HOW SHOULD I PUT THIS...GO ALL OUT?”

You stared at him, not certain he even knew what he was saying. Did he mean they were competing now? Like, competing for you?

“I...IT MAY JUST BE ONE SKELETON’S OPINION, MISS Y/N, BUT I THINK YOU’RE A SWELL LADY. A-AND I THINK THE OTHERS FEEL THE SAME. I THINK WE ALL WANT TO BE THE ONE YOU LOOK FORWARD TO COMING HOME TO SOMEDAY...EVEN ME.”

“Oh. Well...so that means you all will be…?”

“ATTEMPTING TO WOO YOU...YES.”

Oh, boy. Things just went from 0 to 100 real quick.

Chapter End Notes

PAPYRUS IS A SWEET CINNAMON BUN AND EVERYONE'S CONSCIENCE.
And G has been quite the gentleman.

Duet

Chapter Summary

Red visits to convince you to come home.
He surprises you in a lot of ways.

Chapter Notes

This one took a long time to write because I was worried I was making Red too much of a softie. So in the meantime I wrote some great headcanons and asks on my tumblr for the guys to get a feel for them again!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Papyrus stayed with you at the beach house for a few hours, and finally left around dark. You sighed and decided to get ready for bed, assuming the first one would be there in the morning and you'd want to be rested. You even told G you'd be fine on your own tonight, much to his dismay. You're pretty sure he wanted in on this win-your-hand deal, but if he had a plan he didn't say anything.

You had just settled into bed and opened your book when something pinned you to the bed with great force.

Scratch that, some *one.*

"kitten, i'm real sorry, please please forgive me!" Red sobbed into your chest, wrapping his arms around your waist. You were shocked by his appearance, but almost more shocked by his tears. This guy was an absolute mess. He continued blubbering apologies at you at top speed, and you honestly didn't understand half of it.

"Red…"

"--and i don't ever want to make you uncomfortable, i mean beyond the usual of course, and--"

"Red."

"--didn't want to hurt you or scare you, well maybe i wanted to scare youse a little--"

"Red!" You grabbed his face, and he finally stopped, looking up at you with big red tears staining his face. "I'm not mad at you."

"y...you're not?" he asked, wiping the tears off his cheeks. "bu...but i was awful to ya. i used my magic to hurt ya."

“But you are sweet, and you wanted to take care of me. And, you’ve apologized, like, a million times. And...I was never mad. I was hurt.”

“aw, kitten…” Ugh. You caught a whiff of whiskey on his breath. No wonder he was so blubbery, he was drunk off his ass. “i...you know i don’t wanna hurt you...except in the way you like it, heh.”

Now *that* sounded more like Red.

“...Are you here because I sent Papyrus back to send you guys one at a time?”

He sniffed. “yeah.”

“Well, that was faster than expected.”

“i didn’t really let ‘im finish before i called dibs on the first visit. ‘n i didn’t really wait around to argue about it.”

“And how drunk are you right now?”

“i’unno. i haven’t really been sober since you left so i lost track.”

Geez. This big baby was going to be the death of you one day.

“So I suppose that’s why you’re still clinging to me?”

He grinned at you. “nah, i’m still clingin’ to ya because you’re soft. ‘n then i can do this.” He shoved his face in your chest, proving his point.

You sighed and peeled him off of you. “I may not be mad, but we’re not back to normal. Just...go sleep it off and we’ll discuss it in the morning.”

Fuck, he looked like a puppy who was told he couldn’t have a treat. Wait, no, this is always how he tricks you to indulge him! Be strong, y/n!

Haha, nope. You can’t resist those sad eyes. Bad boys being vulnerable is *so* your weak point.

The look on your face was enough for him to know he’d won, and he smirked, scooting over to wrap himself around you again. It reminded you of the night you spent together when he was hurt.

“s’this from stretch?” Red asked, fingers lightly brushing the deep bruise on your arm.

“...Yeah.”

“i’munna kill ‘im.” He said, yawning. His eyes closed and he began to snore.

“I’m so sure, Killer.” You said, pulling the blanket up over his lazily draped form.

Red’s visit was sweet, surprisingly. He was back to his usual jokes when he woke up the next morning.

“hey, kitten, i don’t remember a thing from last night. please tell me i got some ass.” He said, grinning at you as he lay there.

“Gross.”

“and hot.”

He reached up to touch you, but hesitated, and pulled his hand back. Looks like he remembered parts of last night.

“look, i know you ain’t mad at me anymore, but...i still wanted to really say i’m sorry. i don’t want to see you like that ever again, made me feel like a right jerk.”

“Well, to be fair, the whole situation was bad, not just you.”

“heh. i guess…”

He looked away, seemingly embarrassed to meet your eyes. Since when was he so adorable? He reminded you of Blue for a second there.

After that, he got up, made you swear to wait right there, and disappeared. After about twenty five minutes, he reappeared, taking your hand and leading you out of bed to the balcony.

“ta-da, a proper apology, a la red.”

From the balcony you could see a picnic spread out on the beach, complete with an adorable picnic basket and checkered blanket.

“Wow, Red, that’s actually really sweet of you.”

“sooo i shouldn’t mention that i included flavored lube in the basket?”

You looked at him, horrified.

“heh. kidding.” You smacked him a little. “so put somethin’ nice on? i think we actually left some of your beach wear here in the closet, so feel free to use it. i’ll be waitin’ by the water, kitten.”

He tapped your head with his, and it took a second to realize he’d just kissed you, and then he was gone.

You obediently went to the wardrobe to see what was left behind. You picked a flowy floor length white dress with short sleeves and a sun hat. Looking down at yourself, you couldn’t help but think it suited G’s tastes more, since it made you look pretty angelic.

Oh, well. You made your way down to the beach, where Red was waiting patiently with a bottle of wine and lunch.

“Wine, so early?” you teased as you approached. “Are you trying to get me drunk?”

“wouldn’t dream of it, kitten. just a little mood juice to get us feeling talkative. we got a lot to cover.”

You took the seat that he indicated, right next to him, and took the glass he offered.

“Should I be worried about roofies?” You teased.

“if i was gonna violate ya, i woulda done it a long ass time ago and i wouldn’t knock you out first.”

“Sounds like you.”

“heh. you know me.”

“Red, you know we’re okay, right? You don’t have to do...all this. We just need time.”

Red leaned back on one arm, smiling at you. “hey, i’m hurt here. i can be nice just ‘cause sometimes. and...well...blue told me something interesting the other day and...i thought i’d stage the perfect setup so i could ask you about it.”

“Something interesting?” You asked, wracking your brain for what he might have said.

“yeah. he said he’d asked you a real important question, and that you gave a really surprising answer.”

“I don’t know what you mean.”

“he said you said you’d marry me, if you had to choose.”

You looked at him in shock, glad you hadn’t taken a sip of your wine yet.

He lay down on the blanket, looking up at you with a faint red glow on his cheekbones. “i get why, he told me it’s ‘cause i’m honest and you were forced to choose. doesn’t mean it didn’t make me feel good.” His grin faltered. “actually, i was feeling super guilty about what happened with you so it kinda made me feel worse.”

You didn’t know what to say, so you hastily started to drink more wine.

“you look real nice, by the way,” he said, refilling your glass. He looked sweet and shy, spread out on the blanket with crimson marking his face, obscured slightly by his hand. You were certain he was hiding his lustful gaze behind that hand, but he usually didn't bother covering it up.

How in the world was this the same guy? If it weren’t for the crimson blush and the crack in his skull you’d have definitely thought it was Sans in disguise.

“you trying to solve the riddle, there, kitten?”

“You’re certainly acting different.” You snorted, taking another sip of your wine.

“i’m a very sorry skeleton.”

You remembered that Papyrus had said they were all going to be trying to “woo” you now, and you grew suspicious.

“Are you only being so nice because you guys decided to start courting me or whatever?”

He laughed. “oh, yeah, that. to be honest i was pretty smashed when we had that conversation, but i believe the jist of it was just that we weren’t going to judge ya if you did anything, which honestly

probably shouldn't have been an issue to begin with. but don't worry, kitten, i'm still the same monster."

"Do you guys really all feel that way about me?"

"uh, well, i guess we feel the way we always did, but now we aren't treating you like a toy. does that make sense?"

"I guess so. Though I don't think I was being treated as a toy by anyone but Stretch."

He seemed shocked to hear you say that, because he shut up and sipped his wine. You sat in silence together for a while, and you found yourself surprisingly comfortable, almost as if you were really sitting quietly with Sans instead of Red.

What was he planning? It had to be a trick. Or maybe he just felt awkward now because of what had happened. He did say he was a very sorry skeleton.

You were starting to feel warm in your long dress, so you adjusted yourself, hiking the skirt up to sit high on your thighs while you kneeled. You sighed as the coastal breeze hit you. You weren't used to long skirts.

Red was surprisingly quiet, so you looked over to see him staring at you. When you looked at him, he turned crimson and looked away.

"geez, kitten, give a guy a heart attack hiking your skirt up like that." ha. It was actually pretty funny how shy he was.

"What, like this?" You teased, trying to get a reaction out of him by pulling it up a little higher. It worked. He stuttered and spilled wine on himself, sitting up to wipe at his shirt with a towel.

"y-you're playing with fire over here, kitten. i'm not exactly known for my restraint." He sounded confident, and his smile reminded you of a shark's, but he gave himself away with his blush.

"But you said if you were gonna violate me you would have done it a long time ago."

You had to laugh at his face. He looked so angry and embarrassed.

You weren't expecting him to close the distance and lay you down on the blanket. It happened so fast that you barely had time to blink.

"well nobody ever said i had to violate you without your consent…" he said, looking at you with hungry eyes. Ah, there's the Red you know. He wasn't holding you down, but he was over you, meaning you couldn't sit up. "whaddya say, kitten? wanna have some skele-fun?"

You just stared at him, having a hard time processing the sudden change in demeanor. He took your silence as a yes, trailing his fingers along your jaw, tipping your face up. His touch was softer than expected, but just the right amount of rough, and you couldn't help but shiver a little. You closed your eyes and leaned in, waiting.

"heh. gotcha." he whispered in your ear.

Suddenly his touch was gone, and you sat up, confused. He sat in his spot on the other side of the blanket, grinning at you while he sipped his wine.

“What…” Had you imagined all that? No. The shit-eating grin on Red’s face was too suspicious.

“just a little payback, kitten. besides, weren’t you the one saying we weren’t quite back to normal yet?” He winked at you, and you felt your face flush. How embarrassing. He’d gotten you just like you’d gotten him before!

You couldn’t help but smile, which seemed to throw him off.

“I guess I deserved that,” you said, laughing.

Red smirked, triumphant.

“i don’t understand. the count is clearly more powerful, why doesn’t agatha just go with him?”

“You need to watch the rest of the series. The Count had his chance to claim her at the cotillion, but instead he was wasting his time with Marybeth, so Agatha was instead wooed by Darrien.”

You were lazing about on the couch as the sun went down, legs across Red’s lap as he lounged on the other side. You had subjected him to the season finale of “Victorian Hearts”, and at first he wasn’t into it, but now he was debating it heatedly.

“a’ight, i see that, but this darrien dude is useless, he can’t even fight. if the count challenged him right now, he’d be dead.”

“So?”

“so agatha should choose the stronger mate, and the count is obviously him.”

You laughed and paused the show. “Red, strength isn’t the only factor in choosing a good mate.”

“yeah, right, and apples don’t grow on trees.”

“Red, I’m serious.”

“a’ight, look, kitten,” he turned to face you, a very serious look on his face. “listen, if we had a buncha lil’ babybones, wouldn’t you want me to be a big strong monster who could protect them all?”

You raised an eyebrow, and he seemed to realize what he’d just said. “So we have kids now?”

“n-no, ‘course not, i just meant, like, you and your partner...in the future...and stuff.” he sunk further and further into the yellow fluff of his jacket, deep crimson marking his face with embarrassment.

“Well, *if we* ever had kids, I’d be more concerned that you treat us well and that you were active in their lives,” you said, answering his previous question. Maybe you were teasing him just a little. “Darrien treats Agatha well and they love each other. Imagine if you were marrying the love of your life, and her stupid ex-boyfriend came crashing through the door. Would you just let him take her?”

“...i guess not.” He was giving you a strange look.

“Well, then, there you go.” You pressed play, and it moved into the ball scene after the wedding. It was a musical, so they were singing. Ah, you were a sucker for a happy ending.

“kitten…”

“Hmmm?”

He looked at you, and seemed to reconsider his words. Then he smiled his usual smile.

“nevermind. you’d just laugh anyway.”

“No, no, now you have to tell me,” You said, adjusting yourself to a sitting position.

“well, it’s hard to say...can’t i just show you?”

“Hmmm, it’s not dangerous, is it?”

“not if you do it right.”

“Okay, then, I’m waiting.”

“a’ight, close your eyes.” You obeyed. You had your suspicions about where this would go. You felt his body press onto you, leaning you back onto the couch, one hand on the small of your back. You were waiting for the kiss, but it never came. You tried to peek one eye open, but he covered it with his hand until you closed it again.

“d-don’t look, or i’ll lose my nerve.”

You close your eyes again. The suspense is killing you! He makes a noise like he’s clearing his throat. And then it happens.

“ *maybe i’m brainless, maybe i’m wise, but you’ve got me seein’ through different eyes…* ” Was he...singing? And not just singing, but really, really good singing, and a very romantic song from a musical. Wait, you weren’t listening. You made your brain shut up.

“ *just for this moment* ,” he crooned sweetly in your ear “ *as long as you’re mine, i’ll wake up my body and make up for lost time...they say there’s no future for us, as a pair, and though i may know...i don’t care…”*

“ *Just for this moment,”* You interjected quietly, singing along. “ *As long as you’re mine…”*

He stopped, so you opened your eyes to see him flushing a deep...pink? You’ve never seen him blush like that before.

“ *Come be how you want to,* ” you continued, encouraging him.

“*... a-and see how bright we shine…”*

“ *Borrow the moonlight, until it is through.”*

“and know i’ll be here, holding you.”

“As long as you’re mine…” You finish in unison, and you can’t help but feel like your voices make a sweet harmony, like bells .

“i...didn’t expect you to know that one...let alone sing.” He muttered. He was covering his face with one hand, still holding you with the other.

“I could say the same. You are full of surprises today.”

“heh. i guess so.” He moved his hand, and you could see the pink blush across his cheeks again. “so how about one more?”

He leaned down and kissed you, surprisingly gentle, yet firm. You opened your mouth in surprise, and he took the invitation to take your breath away.

You completely forgot why you were ever mad at him.

Chapter End Notes

Red makes my heart melt. Of course he knows showtunes, romantic little shit.
Song was "As Long as You're Mine" from Wicked, a great song for them I think haha

Tension

Chapter Summary

Stretch leaves you hanging.
You turn to G for comfort.

Chapter Notes

The decision to write this chapter was very sudden. I had planned something else but then I felt like I needed to do this. All praise the mighty inspiration gods.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The moment with Red was surreal, just like the whole day before that. He was so different today...oh nope, wait, he's trying to cop a feel. There's the Red you know.

He made a joke to weasel out of trouble, and then looked pretty down when he said his time was up and he had to go.

"i want you home soon, kitten...won't you go with me? tonight?"

You sighed, sitting up so you were sitting next to him instead of under him.

"I can't do that, Red. Stretch and I have unfinished business before I can go back."

"so if i send stretch next, you'll come home?"

"I guess that's how it works, yeah."

"done. gotta get you home before august, after all," he said with a grin. He winked at you, and then disappeared without an explanation.

What was so special about August?

Your phone pinged. Surprisingly, it was Sans.

SANSational: red says you want stretch next, then you'll come home. you mean it?

You: I mean it.

SANSational: so...are we cool? i mean...about before…

You: Yeah, we're cool. You're always there when I need you, Sans, I can't give that up over one little disagreement.

You: I like you too much for something like that to ruin our friendship. :)

SANSational: aw shucks kid...<3 ya too

He attached a picture of him grinning wide, a faint blush of blue across his face. Papyrus was in the background crying tears of joy. You couldn't help but smile. It felt good to patch things up with Sans. A few more pings, this time from Blue and Papyrus, who were expressing their enthusiasm that you would come back soon. You responded kindly to them, too.

Then you got something from Red. Maybe it was because of the steamy kiss he just gave you, or the romantic duet you you just sang, but you got a little frisky with your response.

RedFlag: can't find stretch right now, and it's late, but don't worry kitten i'll have him on his way tomorrow.

You: Thanks Red, you're the /breast/.

You attached a selfie of you laying on the couch at just the right angle to see down your shirt just slightly.

Red didn't answer for a long time, and you began to worry that you overstepped a boundary, but then-- *ping!*

RedFlag: oh, man, kitten, did i getcha that excited?

RedFlag: they don't call me the red devil for nothin'

Attached was a dark selfie of a shirtless Red, crimson soul and matching blush illuminating his body, collar and face. Woah. Hot.

You put your phone down. You really were playing with fire now. You decided that was enough texting for the night. You dragged yourself off the couch, planning on settling in for the night to wait for Stretch's arrival tomorrow.

You spent most of the night worrying about what the conversation would be like.

Then you spent the next day wondering when he would come.

And the next.

And the next.

You texted the others, but they all kept saying that they simply couldn't convince him to go. At first it didn't bother you. After all, it's not like you didn't understand not being ready to face someone.

But as the days went by, you grew increasingly more frustrated. Even the sun and the sand and G couldn't keep your mind off of it. You began to spend more time with Green in the library, trying to lose yourself in books or discussions, philosophy, astronomy...but even that grew to be too little of a distraction.

The others offered to visit, but you stubbornly refused, saying that you needed to see Stretch before you could see them.

Finally, on a clear night where the waves were calm, you found yourself on the shore, yelling at the sea about how Stretch was a jerk.

"Stressed out, Angel?"

You relaxed at the sound of G's voice. You'd been at the beach house for a little over a month now, and you had to admit it wasn't half bad with G around. You felt kind of bad, being so preoccupied with how the others were you had really been neglecting him.

"Yes, very." you huffed, crossing your arms. His strong arms wrapped around yours, bringing you close to embrace you from behind. His touch made you melt.

"I've been pretty patient, Angel, but howsabout we finally enjoy the time we're spending together here?" So he *had* noticed. "Look, Stretch will come when he does, and if not, is it really so bad to be stuck here with me?"

He nipped your neck with his teeth very lightly, making you giggle and shiver. You sighed, collapsing into his embrace.

"I got some top shelf bourbon back at the house. Stiff drink for your thoughts? My shoulders were practically made for cryin' on."

"You know what, G? That sounds great." You smiled at him, letting him lead you by the hand back towards the house.

You were not a drinker, but you were smart enough not to pretend you were. G was knocking back drinks like a professional while you still nursed your first glass. As the glass got lower, your lips got looser, and you told him everything you were feeling.

"At first I thought, you know, maybe he's embarrassed, but then the longer he refuses to come the more, like, insulting it is? You know what I mean?"

"I definitely do, Angel."

You sigh, taking one final sip from your glass. G courteously filled it back up, but with wine this time. Much better.

“I just...I just want to talk to him. I just know we can work this all out if he just, like, stops being a jerk for ten minutes? Like, really, me coming home is practically entirely in his hands and he doesn’t even care.”

“Angel…” G’s hand on yours stopped your chatter.

“...G?”

He leaned in close and kissed you, gentle and familiar. His passion for you felt the same as that first time, if not greater. You sighed against his mouth as all the tension left your body. He pulled away, earning a whine of discontent from you.

“I already know your answer, but you are always welcome to stay here with me.” He said softly, tucking a strand of hair behind your ear.

“You know I can’t do tha-”

He silenced you by pulling you in for another kiss. “I know, Angel,” he muttered against your lips. “But a guy can dream, right?”

He kissed you again, and again. Affectionate and sweet, then needy. He pulled you into his lap and suddenly pillows were at your back as he laid you gently on the bed. Had he teleported you? You could tell he was itching to touch you, but his hands stayed chastely on your hips. You pulled his arm up, inviting him, and he pressed himself into you, hands tracing every sensitive spot on your back and shoulders. You felt like electricity was coursing through your veins with each touch.

“G…” you mewed, as his hand traced from your ankle to slip under your skirt.

“Yes, Angel?” he teased, but he looked surprised when he spotted the look on your face.

“Can you show me? How it works with skeletons, I mean.” You could hardly believe the words that were coming out of your mouth, but you wanted to say it before you could blame it on the alcohol. Or maybe *so* you could blame it on the alcohol?

He flushed a deep canary yellow, startled. He smiled at you nervously. “Are you sure?”

You nodded. If anyone had had your affection from the beginning, it was G. And it was the perfect time and place, away from the nosy skeletons (some of which who were pissing you off). It was truly a moment for just you and him.

“I want it to be you,” you said. He chuckled, pulling you closer.

“Alright, Angel, no need for the hard sell, I’m already on board.” He leaned in for another kiss. You could feel the passion in his tongue, taste the hot sauce and bourbon. He undressed you so gently you didn’t realize you were being undressed.

You felt a finger run over a scar, and tensed up. He paused.

“Jeez, Angel. These are pretty bad. One of the guys do this to you? Was it Edge?” His voice was laced with anger.

“No! No, th-they’re much older than that.”

He seemed to relax a little, and he leaned down to give a skeleton kiss on the ones on your shoulder.

“Everyone’s got scars. They’re just as beautiful as you, even if they’re painful.” He said, his breath warm against your scars. You smiled nervously, flinching slightly as he touched them. Nobody had ever found them beautiful before. “I’m sorry, do they hurt?”

“Only emotionally,” you admit. “But...your touch actually feels nice.”

He nuzzled your neck, and sat up to remove his jacket, then his sweater. The soft yellow glow of his soul washed over you like sunshine.

You remembered your night with Red when he was hurt, and reached up to brush your fingers over his ribs.

“Ooohhh, Angel, seems like you already know your way around a skeleton. Who taught you that?” He said with a sigh, a soft yellow glow forming on his face.

“Lucky guess,” you lied.

“Heh. Liar. But that’s alright, I got plenty more to teach you.”

He leaned down again to kiss you, fiercely this time. The bourbon was beginning to go to your head, as if it hadn’t already. You rose to meet him, touching him, kissing him. His confident facade was betrayed by his desperate kisses, the groans and shivers as you touched him.

You felt relaxed for the first time in days. You got the impression that he felt the same way. The night was filled with passion, as you two met in the dark, illuminated only by the yellow glow of his soul.

You woke up to the feeling of someone running a hand over your scars. Surprisingly, you didn’t mind the touch. It was gentle, and loving.

Oh. That was G.

Memories from the night before came flooding back to you, making you blush furiously. You tensed up, pulling the sheets around your still-naked frame.

You heard a chuckle, and G’s arms found their way around you, pulling you close.

“Good morning, Angel. From that reaction, I’d say you remember everything. Am I a good teacher, or what?” He mumbled into the back of your neck. Good? Good didn’t even begin to describe it. Why are monsters way better at everything than humans?

You peeked over your shoulder at him. He was smirking at you confidently, sheets barely covering his hip bones. His soul glowed peacefully in his ribcage.

“It was very informative, that’s for sure,” You joked as you rolled over to face him. “I don’t know what I was expecting, but ‘huge magic dick’ wasn’t it. Not that I’m complaining.”

He adjusted so he could pull you to him, arms resting around your waist comfortably. “Well it’s not like we can just throw any old bone out there.”

He seemed to be hiding something behind his smile. He had been so responsive to every touch last night. You wondered when the last time he’d been shown that kind of affection was.

“Are you alright, G?”

“You’re still going to go, aren’t you?” He answered your question with another one, fingers gently touching your lips. “If Stretch comes, you’ll go with him.”

“It’s more tragic this way, isn’t it?” You said, repeating his words from last time and lightly tracing the cracks in his skull. He leaned into your hand with a knowing smile.

“Yeah. It is.”

He rolled over on top of you, leaning down for a sweet kiss, gentle and almost submissive. It was obvious what he wanted.

“You know, I was kinda drunk last night. I think I might need a refresher lesson?” You said, running a hand down his sternum.

“Heh. Read my mind, Angel. Let me hold you one last time before you go.”

The rest of the day was spent in awkward silence. You could hardly believe yourself, coming on so strong with G like that. Twice! And he saw your scars!

After you got up that morning (well, afternoon), you ran directly into Green outside the door, who stammered and made an excuse to leave. So he had figured it out pretty quickly.

You took a shower, and ate some breakfast, trying to ignore the feeling that you should just run back up the steps to G’s room and tell him you’d never leave.

You decided to pack what little you had in preparation for leaving. There was still no sign of Stretch, but...your frustration was gone. You supposed you had G to thank for that. Oh, God, you still can’t believe it. You covered your blushing face with your nightgown you were folding. Jeez, who *was* that girl? You couldn’t even blame Mistress. It was too soft, too sweet, too needy.

You sighed, packing the nightgown. There was a tension in your shoulders that even your rendezvous with G couldn’t cure. You wondered out loud to yourself if maybe Stretch was worried you hated him.

“well, you’d be right about that.”

You jumped and spun around. Stretch was there, avoiding eye contact and rubbing the back of his neck. He looked absolutely awful, as if he hadn’t slept in days.

“Stretch…” The tension that remained immediately dissipated upon seeing him. You started to tear up, even. You can finally go home and stop being so stubborn. Even if the idea of being with G was tempting, the relief at being able to leave...there were no words.

“y/n...i…” He couldn’t seem to get any words out, but it didn’t matter. ‘Sorry’ was written all over his face. You cleared the room, throwing your arms around him in a big hug. He obviously hadn’t expected it, because you knocked him straight into the wall. “wh...wha…”

“Stretch, you don’t have to say anything, I know.” You said, burying your face in his sweater. “I shouldn’t have been so stubborn, but...I just needed you to come here. I needed to know it mattered. And you came, so now I know.”

He hesitated, steadying himself against the wall. Then he wrapped his arms around you tight, and his knees gave out, sending you both to the floor. He held you like that for a long time, sobbing into your shoulder as you sobbed into his sweater like a couple of big babies who just missed having their friend around.

“i never...i n-never meant…”

“I know.”

“i was just jealous and--.”

“I know.”

“i...i’ll never…”

“I know, Stretch...I know.”

Chapter End Notes

So, yup, G gets her Monster V-Card. If you'd like a more detailed explanation of Monster Sex ed, there's a great story on it here!
Also, the sweetness of her reunion with Stretch surprised even me.

Heat of the Moment pt.1

Chapter Summary

The boys are acting VERY strange

Chapter Notes

Some of you already guessed this one. Well, here it is. Fluff and even nefarious smooching???

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stretch took you home that night, and you cried as everyone ambushed you with hugs, even Edge. It was over, and life could get back to normal now.

You never spoke of the incident again.

After a couple of days, Stretch began to relax around you when he saw that you really weren't holding it against him. Surprisingly, not a single person asked if you'd done anything with G, but then again, why would they?

On July 31st, Sans approached you with strange news.

"hey, kid, i've arranged for you to stay with some friends of ours for the next two weeks. They'll be here tonight, so you should pack."

You gave him a funny look.

"Woah, wait, I've only just gotten home, like, a week ago. I'd rather stay."

He looked exhausted. "listen, kid, i really insist that you go. alphys and undyne are real nice, and it'll be good for you to have some girl time. really."

He was being shady as hell.

"Uhm. Alright then, I guess I'll pack."

You did as you were told, but it seemed the fates were in your favor as Sans' friends called and said they had a two-day delay. Hopefully they would just forget about the whole thing.

Sans stressed out about it all night, calling everyone he knew. Why did he want to get rid of you so badly?

In the end, he just gave you a weary look, said "good luck, kid" and went to bed.

How strange.

When you woke up the next morning, something felt...off. Firstly, none of your early risers were up yet (those being Papyrus, Edge, and Blue)so the house was dark and quiet. Secondly, the vibe in the house was strange. Like somebody was having a competition. Even though nobody was awake.

You tried to shake off the feeling, but it persisted as you walked towards the stairs to head down to the kitchen. As soon as you stepped by Sans' door, you ran right smack into him.

"heh. hey, kid. sleep well?" he grinned at you like normal. No, happier than normal. Well at least the mood he was in last night was gone.

"Oh, uh, yeah, I slept fine. Are you okay?"

"yeah, i'm great, never better. hey, just forget about going to my friend's place, alright? i'd rather have you here."

He sounded strange, and his speech was surprisingly joke-free. You shrugged.

"I mean, I didn't really want to leave in the first place, so yeah."

"but just...don't leave my side. for the time being...please."

"Well, that's a strange request. I mean, you can hang with me if you like, but I'm not going to be doing anything interesting."

He claimed he didn't care, and you walked downstairs together. He sat himself at the counter, leaning forward on his hands, just watching you as you made your way around the kitchen to cook breakfast. It was kind of cute, to be honest.

You had just finished plating up the waffles when you felt somebody wrap their arms around your waist.

"Sans, if you wanted a hug, you could have just asked." You said with a laugh.

"s-sorry, it's just me," Stretch mumbled into your shoulder. "i just...wanted a hug."

You were a little surprised, but at least he was back to normal around you. You gently removed him and turned to smile a sweet smile.

"Well, you are also capable of using your words, Stretch."

"yeah, stretch, use your words." Sans mumbled from his spot at the counter. He sounded irritated, which was unusual for him.

"okay, i will. y/n, i would like to cuddle you. is that alright?"

"Ha, sure Stretch." You opened your arms in invitation, and he readily accepted your hug, squeezing you gently as he nuzzled you with his face. It was a pleasant hug. A very pleasant hug. In fact, you'd say it was the best hug you'd had in a while.

You suddenly felt a tug on your sleeve, so you broke away from the hug to see Blue pulling on your arm. You were surprised to see he had forgone the armor today, wearing just his black outfit and blue scarf instead. He looked almost panicked, like something had been keeping him up all night.

“M-MISS Y/N? SOMETHING BROKE...IN MY ROOM...AND I NEED YOU TO COME FIX IT.”

“Oh no, I’ll be sure to come by and help after breakfast. What broke?”

“NO!” He shouted suddenly, then flinched away from you. “I-I MEAN, NO, PLEASE, I NEED YOU TO COME NOW.”

“no, blue, that’s naughty.” Stretch said suddenly, squirting Blue with a squirt bottle. Blue hissed, and turned to glare a mean glare at his brother.

“YOU’RE ONE TO TALK, YOU’RE IN HERE CUDDLING HER!” Blue turned and stomped off towards the stairs.

“Blue!” You started to follow him, but Stretch stopped you.

“it’s alright, y/n, i’ll take care of it. there’s something i’ve been meaning to show him, but it’s never been more relevant.” He reluctantly released your hand, trailing his fingers across your palm as he exited. You hadn’t even realized he was holding it.

You turned to give Sans a bewildered look. “D...did you see that?”

“nope.”

“What do you mean ‘nope’? It happened right in front of you.”

“guess i got distracted.”

You sighed, pinching the bridge of your nose in frustration. Everyone was acting so weird.

Whatever. You shook it off and grabbed the tray. It was a breakfast-in-the living-room kind of day. You walked around the corner to the living room, only to be met with a wall that had sprung up out of nowhere. No, wait, that was just the doors to the living room. Strange, you’d never seen them closed before. Should you knock?

You decided to knock. You heard shuffling on the other side, and then Red’s voice. “d-don’t come in!”

“Uhm, okay?” You waited. More shuffling.

“okay, you can come in now!”

You obediently used your free hand to slide the doors open, and were met with quite possibly the cutest thing you had ever seen.

A huge pillow fort was in the middle of the floor, made of at least 150 pillows and blankets. Snuggled at the top lay Red, smiling sheepishly at you.

“Wow. That looks comfy.” You said honestly.

“heh. it...it is. care to join me? maybe watch a movie?”

“How could I not?” You put the tray of waffles down and scramble up to the top, where Red snuggles up to you affectionately, curling up in your lap like a cat.

You can’t stop yourself from rubbing his head, to which he responds with a contented purr as you flip through movies on Netflix. It’s actually the least weird thing to happen so far today.

Suddenly a pair of arms comes from behind to clamp you into a hug

“Stretch! Didn’t I tell you to ask?”

“I AM SORRY, HUMAN, I SIMPLY WANTED TO JOIN YOU AS YOU LOOKED SO COMFORTABLE. PLEASE DON’T BE MAD.”

You turned a bewildered eye on Edge, burying his face into your shirt as he hugged you from behind. Did he just apologize? Did he just...say please? And show concern for your emotions?

“hey, back off, boss, this is *my* nest. go make your own!” Red seethed, swatting at the younger skeleton’s hands.

“MINE ALWAYS TURN OUT LUMPY. YOURS ARE ALWAYS PERFECT!”

Did he just *compliment* Red?

Red sat up, pulling you to his chest protectively. He placed his slippered foot on Edge’s face, forcing him down the pillow pile. “kitten and i are tryin’ to have some quiet time, here, so buzz off!”

You stared at him, mouth agape. Red! Talking back to Edge! You slipped from his grip as the two began to grapple.

“What the hell is going on in this house,” you mumble to yourself as you slip quietly out of the room.

The rest of the day is full of more odd behavior.

Sans followed you pretty much all day, except for when he didn’t, and those times you would find him sleeping in strange places such as the laundry basket or the rose bushes. He was so intent on following you, you actually had to physically remove him from the bathroom at one point.

Every time you went to sit down, Stretch was there to cuddle you. He tried to cuddle you when doing other stuff for a while, but he became worried about tripping, so he switched to just suddenly arriving underneath you when you sat down. This was probably the least obstructive behavior so far.

Blue had never returned from his room when Stretch had taken him up there.

Edge was surprisingly docile, minding his manners all day, even using “please” and “thank you”, and asking for things rather than demanding them.

And Red...well, Red kept making pillow piles in just the right places to watch you do your thing. It was kind of adorable, but also super creepy. At one point, he was watching you from the living room, so you closed the doors. You heard weird noises, so you opened it again and he had ripped the stuffing out of a couch cushion and was looking up at you with a panicked face.

You were ready to escape to make dinner when you realized somebody was already in there, cooking. With horror, you realized it was Papyrus.

You rushed in to stop him, but you were stopped by a heavenly aroma. Was...was that Papyrus' cooking?

You found yourself by his side, peering into the pot curiously. You expected to see burning spaghetti, but it was beef stew.

"OH, HELLO, Y/N! DOESN'T IT SMELL GOOD?"

"Oh, uhm, yes," You said sheepishly, stepping back. You were kind of embarrassed to be caught.

"WELL, DON'T BE SHY, COME AND TASTE IT!" Papyrus put one hand on the small of your back, leading you gently back to the counter. He offered up a spoonful, and you tasted it. To your surprise, it was good. Like, really, really good.

The look on your face was confirmation enough for Papyrus.

"SEE? I KNEW IT WAS GOOD. I WAS HOPING TO MAKE DINNER TONIGHT SO THAT YOU COULD HAVE A BREAK, REST A LITTLE. ARE YOU FEELING WELL?"

"I'm fine, but it's still genuinely appreciated."

To your surprise, he used one finger to lift your chin to look up at him. He studied your face.

"FINE IS NOT GREAT, Y/N. WHAT'S WRONG?"

"It's just...well, everyone's acting super strange today, and it's thrown me off."

He smiled at you sympathetically. "WELL, THEN IT'S NOTHING A GREAT PAPYRUS HUG CAN'T FIX!"

You gladly accepted the hug, and he swept you into his arms, cuddling you gently. You sighed at his touch. It felt so nice. At least Papyrus was being normal.

At least, that was until you realized you were kissing him, ass up on the counter, with him leaning over you. When had this happened? You were too shocked to stop him, and you honestly weren't sure you wanted to.

Were you really doing this? Were you really making out with Papyrus? *This* cinnamon roll?!

But...conflicted as you were, this was an amazing kiss. His hands gripped your hips, and you found yourself wondering where he expected to go with this.

He pulled away, and you looked up at him, dazed and confused. He had a look like all the others, unfocused and raw. He blinked, and seemed to snap out of it a little, stepping back to help you down off the counter.

“I’M SORRY, Y/N. I...I WAS TOO FORWARD.”

“N...no! No, don’t be sorry. You know, I think you were right about me being not great, I think I’m going to go lie down for a while. T-tell me when dinner’s ready, huh?”

Your room was surprisingly and, to your relief, skeleton-free. The way they had been today, you weren’t sure you’d find it that way, but here it was, sanctuary. You slammed the door behind you, fanning your face.

Why were you so fucking horny?

You literally felt like you’d been reading smut or looking at dirty magazines all day. If you saw one more skeleton you...well, you didn’t know what you would do, but you’d be pretty naughty.

And why were they all acting so strange? Red had hinted that he wanted you there for August, and well, here’s August, but what the fuck does that mean?

You buried your face in your hands, the heat threatening to burn you. If you saw one more skeleton…

“heya, kitten.”

You screamed, but it was muffled by Red’s hand.

“woah, woah! no need to scream, it’s just me. l-listen, listen, i have something i need you to do, so listen.”

“Well, I guess I’m listening since you said it five times.”

He looked at you funny, the hungry look you saw in his eyes when you first met playing on his face. He pressed you against the door, leaning over you.

“look, kitten, i’m inclined to make this here space very comfortable for you, got it? when you come back, this is going to be the comfiest damn bed you ever laid your sexy body on.”

“Okay?”

“but first, first i need you to go to edge’s room, okay? listen, he’s real down, an-and i know you’re closer to him than me and…” He trailed off, apparently distracted by something. His eyes trailed up and down your body, pink glow mixing with red on his cheeks.

“Red?”

“hmm?”

“You were saying something.”

“no i wasn’t.”

“Yes, you were. About Edge?”

“nah, forget about edge, listen, i’m really feeling frisky, and i really wanna make you comfortable right now. get my drift?”

“No.”

“yeah, you get it. anyway, i was thinking pillows, pillows everywhere, and then i’d just lay you there and we won’t get up for two weeks, okay?”

“You are not making any sense.”

“sure i am, i make perfect sense.”

“You really aren’t.”

“stars-dammit woman, just get in the nest!”

When...when had he actually made the thing? He picked you up and laid you in the pillow pile, like this morning but a lot less innocent. As he crawled over you, you tried to think of an escape route.

“SANS!” You shouted, before you could think.

Red was ripped off of you in the blink of an eye, and sent flying down the stairs with a squeal. You could hear him cussing Sans out as he slammed the door behind him.

Sans turned to you with a grin, and you couldn’t help but feel like you’d just invited a shark to swim with you.

“see? i told you all you ever had to do was call me.”

He blinked across the room, hoisting you up in his arms. “listen, kid, i’d really like to spend some time with you tonight. i won’t do nothin’ bad, i just wanna hang out. whaddya say?”

You were shocked at how easily he swept you into his arms. Whatever clingy mood he’d been in this morning, it was multiplied by a thousand now that the sun had gone down.

“Sans, you’re making me uncomfortable,” you said hesitantly. It was only half-true. You trusted Sans a crazy amount, so there wasn’t much he could do to change that, but he was acting *so weird.*

You don’t know if he was just mindless or if he could see his first tactic didn’t work, but he proceeded to pull you into a kiss. You stiffened, confused. Your body wanted to react, and something...something made you want to do whatever he said.

So you kissed him back. It was the same strange, dazed feeling you felt when you’d kissed Papyrus.

Suddenly rough hands pulled you from Sans, and you could hear Edge snarling.

“WHAT HAPPENED TO OFF LIMITS, SANS?”

“what happened to minding our own and letting y/n make her choices?” Sans retorted, pulling your sleeve to bring you back to his chest.

“i vote for the let her make her own choices thing,” came Stretch’s cool voice as he wrapped you up from behind. “say, doll, wanna choose me, and my room tonight?”

“No no no no no nuh-uh,” Red said, stomping up the stairs. “kitten and i were gonna cuddle in my nest, because we all know *i’m* the best at those, so she’d be most comfortable with me!”

You don’t think he had cuddling on the brain.

“WAIT! WE ARE OVERLOOKING SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT!” Came Papyrus’ voice from somewhere to your left. “Y/N SHOULD HAVE A SAY.”

There was silence, and suddenly all five skeletons were staring at you, waiting for your answer.

“I...I couldn’t possibly choose…”

“THEN YOU’LL HAVE US ALL?” Edge offered.

“oh, yeah,” Red muttered.

“good idea.” Stretch mused.

“works for me,” Sans shrugged.

“I FIFTH THE NOTION.” Papyrus, why--!

“No, wait, guys, I don’t even know what’s going on!” You backed up towards the door, all five of them advancing on you. “Please, I--”

A strong hand lifted you up by the back of your shirt, pulling you through the doorway. You looked over in surprise to see Undyne, whom you recognized from Sans’ photos.

“YOU ALL SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES!” Undyne shouted. “This poor girl doesn’t even know what’s going on?!”

“Well, Undyne, hi, they said--”

“Sorry, sweetie, but you shouldn’t trust anything they say,” she said, marching off with you in tow.

“Wh-why not?”

She paused and looked down at you like you were an idiot.

“Because they’re in heat, stupid.”

Chapter End Notes

WELP now she's officially kissed them all. Except Green, Pink, and BJ. Sorry, guys.

My babies are so manipulative when they're in heat.

Heat of the Moment pt. 2

Chapter Summary

The guys bemoan their predicament.
You have the monster sex talk with Alphys and Undyne.

Chapter Notes

Thanks everybody for all the comments!
The heat chapter was really fun to write, but I really wanted to write it from the perspective of the guys. We even find out what happened to Blue!
I'm going to work on a separate story about what would have happened if Undyne hadn't rescued Reader. I've no ideas yet on when it's to be posted, but it will be explicit.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Springtime for Sans

---

jeez. i really tried so hard to get the girl out of the house before we all went into heat.

maybe... maybe i was already feelin' the heat...maybe i was being possesive, or maybe just hopeful, but i don't know why i didn't tell her what was goin' to happen. it would have been easy to tell her so she could defend herself, but…

i love to watch her get flustered, confused. she's cute that way.

ugh. she's cute every way. that's the heat talkin', but...maybe not. i followed her all day. she smelled so damn good, i almost reached out to touch her at least three times.

but no. someone has to have some self-control in this circus of a house. i contented myself to watching her, the way she moved around the kitchen, humming to herself some showtune, delicate curve of her collarbone peeking out from underneath her t-shirt…

i forced myself to take naps. whenever i got too hot looking at her, i ran off to nap it off. or take a cold shower.

i dreamed of sex, animalistic and raw. in my dreams, we did everything i wanted to do, i ravaged her for hours. in the shower, i, eh, relieved myself to the thought of those dreams. stars, what i wouldn't do to have her in my bed again, looking at me like that, saying my name, asking me to teach her…i imagined her fingers brushing my ribs, blue lingerie, the feeling of her...it was so vivid, like an alternate timeline i couldn't quite remember.

i need...i need another nap.

Blue Balls

---

i followed my brother up the stairs after reluctantly releasing y/n. poor blue, heat always hit his small body with great force, leaving him almost animalistic. we had always managed before because there hadn't been a female to bond with, but this time...well, if i left him unchecked, it could be a disaster. i didn't want to find a confused y/n covered in light blue semen.

"LEAVE ME ALONE, PAPY!" he huffed at me, trying to slam the door in my face. i teleported inside effortlessly and grabbed him by the shoulder.

"blue, i think it's time i showed you something."

"I DON'T NEED A HYPOCRITE TO SHOW ME ANYTHING." he growled, his voice low and feral.

"trust me, you'll like this." hand firmly on his shoulder, i steered him around to sit in front of his computer. he looked at me incredulously as he sat. boy, he would be singing another tune in a minute.

he eyed me as i opened his browser. i went into the settings and turned off safe search.

"...WHAT IS THAT?"

"it's something i did to your computer before i gave it to you. now i'm undoing it."

"YOU DIDN'T TELL ME YOU DID ANYTHING TO IT!" he said, feeling betrayed.

"just watch, heh?"

i went to his search bar and thought for a moment. then i typed in 'sailor girls'. he leaned towards the screen curiously. i hit images.

hundreds of sexy sailor photos filled the screen, and his eyesockets widened. he squirmed in his chair.

"WH...WHAT IS THIS?"

"it's called porn. i'll let you look all you want if you stay in this room. it doesn't go out there, okay?"

he looked up at me, cyan glow resting on his face. he tugged at his clothes.

“UH...UHM...PAPY?”

“yeah, bro?”

“I...I’D LIKE TO BE ALONE, NOW.”

done. i exited the room and i heard him click the lock on the door. ugh, i felt gross. this was almost as bad as having to give him the talk the first time he went into heat.

i looked around warily, then slipped into my room. who says blue is the only one who gets to look at that stuff?

On the Edge

THE HEAT IN MY BONES WAS UNBEARABLE WHEN I WOKE UP. I WAS DRENCHED IN SWEAT, KICKING OFF MY BLANKETS. I FELT THE HEAT FROM MY SOUL, BURNING ME FROM THE INSIDE. I NEEDED TO BE TOUCHED. I NEEDED RELEASE.

I THOUGHT ABOUT CALLING MUFFET, LIKE RED HAD FOOLISHLY SUGGESTED THE NIGHT BEFORE, BUT NO.

NO, I KNEW MUFFET WASN’T WHAT I NEEDED.

I, LIKE THE OTHERS, HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO WISH I COULD BE IN THE ARMS OF THE HUMAN GIRL.

BUT I FELT TIMID. I COULDN’T...I COULDN’T TAKE HER, LIKE I NORMALLY WOULD IF I FELT SO INCLINED. I STAMMERED AND APOLOGIZED IN HER PRESENCE, THE HEAT IN MY BONES RISING AS WE SPOKE. I HAD MY ARMS AROUND HER FOR A MINUTE BUT...MY IMBECILE OF A BROTHER RUINS EVERYTHING.

I WAS DESPERATE TO BE HELD BY HER, THE DARK DEPRESSION OF HEAT PULLING ME DOWN. SHE WAS LIKE A LIGHT, PULLING MY SHAKING SOUL UP TO HER. I TRIED TO SLEEP, BUT THE DREAMS...THE DREAMS MADE IT WORSE, ROCKING ME TO MY CORE.

I TRIED NOT TO THINK TOO HARD OF THE IMPLICATIONS OF MY FEELINGS.

NOT LIKE I WANTED TO BOND WITH A FILTHY HUMAN, AFTER ALL.

Red Handed

---

i am always embarrassed by my behavior during heat. it’s sissy behavior, submissive even. it betrays my well-rehearsed facade of being a badass.

i nest.

anything soft, oohhh it gets my gears goin'. soft pillows, soft blankets, soft touches. attention. whispers. i wanted to nest, to gather all the soft things into a soft mountain that i could lay y/n sweetly on, and give her the most gentle love she'd ever experienced.

oh, sorry, got off topic there.

edge can't nest. he's no good at it. comfort is not his thing. relaxing, also not his thing. his thing is pain, torture, suffering. so when he's in heat, it all bottles up and turns inward, making him depressed. honestly i've hired one or more monster ladies to, uh, relieve the pain before.

i tried to do that this time, but he said he didn't want 'em. he had his eyes on kitten, just like the rest of us. can't say i blame him. her skin is so soft, and she's gentle, how she traces circles on my skull when i need them...so soft…

sorry! sorry. off topic again.

anyway, i had intended to ask her to go take care of edge. it would've been easy, he's so sensitive that all she'd have to do was run a hand down his spine.

but...when i leaned in to ask her, i pressed against her...she was so soft...i totally forgot what i was saying. i wanted to lay her down, cuddle, **get dirty.** gently.

eh, i guess i deserved to be flung down the stairs. i was being a bit rapey.

next year this time, though.

she'll be mine then.

Papyrus Suave

I HATE HEAT.

IT'S UNCOMFORTABLE AND...I'M SO HOT THAT I MAKE STEAM WHEN I TAKE A COLD SHOWER.

AND IT GIVES ME FEELINGS THAT I DON'T NORMALLY HAVE. FEELINGS LIKE...WANTING TO RUN MY HANDS THROUGH Y/N'S HAIR. WANTING TO LAY HER DOWN ON MY BED.

WANTING TO KISS HER ON THE KITCHEN COUNTER.

I WAS EVEN SHOCKED AT MYSELF WHEN I DID IT. BUT SHE WASN'T MAD. IN FACT, SHE LEANED INTO ME, AND I FELT A HUGE RUSH OF...SOMETHING...THAT MADE MY HEAD HURT AND THE ROOM SPIN. MY SOUL ACHED.

THEN SHE PULLED AWAY AND RAN OFF.

I...I WANTED HER.

I COULDN'T DENY THAT MY BASE INSTINCT WAS GOING TO TAKE OVER.

I ONLY WISH I COULD HAVE HAD MORE TIME.

Monster Sex Ed

"So they go into heat, like dogs?" you asked, sipping the tea that Alphys had made for you. This whole debacle had been incredibly confusing. G hadn't mentioned anything about heat when he gave you the nitty gritty about skeledicks.

"Yes. And no." Undyne said, stretching back in her chair across the table. "They go into heat, but it's not like dogs. Some monsters it's only every couple of years. But for really strong monsters, like the ones you're living with, it's 3 to 4 times a year instead. For two weeks they're sniveling disgusting animals. You're lucky we got to you on the first day. If we'd left you there after day four you'd probably be dead."

"Three to four times a year?? That seems like a pretty big thing to omit from the housing agreement." You said in disbelief.

"Well, m-maybe they were hoping you'd be b-bonded by now." Alphys stuttered, the topic making her blush.

"Bonded? What, like dating?"

"Nah, bonding is higher level than that. Think marriage, but with your souls." Undyne smiled happily at Alphys, giving her a gentle nudge and laughing as her blush deepened.

"Oh." You stared down at your tea, wondering if that was what Blue had meant when he asked who you would marry. And you had said Red, oh goodness…

"So…" you started, not quite sure how to word your question. "So bonding is important? Is that why they go into heat?"

"Bonding isn't just important, it's life or death. The longer a monster is without a bonded partner, the more it starts to eat away at their souls. They can fill the void with just sex, and hold off the soul rupture, but a monster isn't ever quite complete until they're fully bonded."

"So, they could die if they go...unsexed...through heat?"

"It's a possibility."

You rubbed the back of your neck, your face burning as your thoughts raced.

"I can't help but feel like I might have just helped them out if they'd explained it to me. If they just needed...release...I probably could have done that for them. I mean, I don't want them to *die* ."

Besides, the state they were all in, it probably would have only taken a few well-placed back rubs to get the job done.

Undyne laughed, short and clear. “Ha! I like this girl. It’s alright, sweetie, they’ll probably be fine this time.”

Probably? This time? Ugh. It didn’t sound promising. In any case, it all made sense now, so you felt relieved.

You pushed away the thought of heading back to the house. They would probably kill you if you went back right now. They’d been blowing up your phone since you’d left.

Boy, you sure had a lot of pictures you were afraid to look at.

Chapter End Notes

Back to the regularly scheduled program next chapter! Fluff awaits!

Double-Edged Sword

Chapter Summary

Returning after the guy's heat is over, you end up spending some time with Edge, who is not acting like himself.
Red learns some things he wasn't meant to know.

Chapter Notes

This chapter wasn't supposed to happen, but I had the brilliant idea of it and thus here it is.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You turned the key in the lock, trying to unlock it quietly. The two weeks were up, and the guys were *supposed* to be out of heat by now, but...you didn't want to take any chances.

Well, no skeletons in the hallway.

You clicked the door shut behind you. You heard footsteps.

"M-MISS Y/N! PLEASE LET ME APOLOGIZE FOR MY BEHAVIOR THE OTHER WEEK!" Papyrus shrieked, grabbing you up in his arms for a big hug.

"P-Papyrus, it's o--"

"REALLY, REALLY, I AM SO VERY SORRY! NOT ONLY DID I KISS YOU WITHOUT YOUR CONSENT, BUT I MADE YOU FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE AND EVEN AGREED TO--" he gasped and lowered his voice. "--A GANG...NYEHHH…"

He couldn't say the word, and placed you back on your feet, bowing deeply. His face was glowing bright orange, and even while bowing he was twiddling his fingers nervously.

"Papyrus, it's okay," you said, grasping his shoulders to lift him up.

"A...ARE YOU SURE?"

"Yes, I'm sure," you cooed, patting his cheek affectionately. "You weren't yourself, you didn't have any control over your instincts."

He teared up, thanking you profusely for your forgiveness. You gave him another hug, and sent him on his way.

You ran into everyone on the way up the stairs, one at a time. Stretch caught you first, grinning as he thanked you for willingly cuddling him. Red gave you a steely glare and muttered something

about pillows, barely greeting you. Sans looked guilty as hell, and apologized for not telling you about heat. Just like with Papyrus, you assured him it was no big deal. You were fine, after all.

That just leaves...You glanced over to Blue's door. You rapped on the door twice.

"Blue? Hey, Blue, I'm home!"

You heard crashing noises, a squeak from the smallest skeleton, and the door opened.

Blue darted out, shutting the door quickly behind him. He looked pale, for a skeleton, and he was visibly shaking.

"H-HI Y/N! I'M HAPPY TO SEE YOU!"

"Happy to see you, too, Blue. Oh, hold up, you got something on your face." You moved to wipe away the light blue smear, but he smacked your hand away, covering the spot, mortified.

"S-SORRY! I...I NEED TO CLEAN UP. PLEASE LET ME CLEAN MY ROOM ON MY OWN FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS."

And with that, he raced off past you to the bathroom. Weird behavior, but you didn't want to pry.

"hey."

You jumped, and turned to see Red, looking just as grumpy as before.

"Oh, hey, Red."

"go check on edge, wouldja? he won't come out of his room and he won't respond to me. he'd kill me if i went in."

What, and he wouldn't kill you? "Okay, I'll do that right after I get changed."

He didn't answer you, just stomped off to his room. He was certainly in a mood.

You shrugged it off, and retired to your room to change.

You knocked on Edge's door, but he didn't answer. You knocked again. Still no answer. You didn't have time for this, you need to sign up for Fall classes today.

"Edge, it's me, I'm coming in!" You pushed the door open and closed it behind you.

The room was dark, curtains drawn and lights turned out. You thought at first that he wasn't there, but some movement in the dark in the direction of the bed told you otherwise. It was then that you noticed a faint glow of orange. He must be shirtless, and that was his soul light.

"LEAVE ME ALONE." He said quietly, rustling the blankets a little as he pulled them up to obscure the light. He sounded so melancholy, you'd never heard him that way before.

"Edge, are you alright?" You asked quietly, putting your hands out to feel in front of you as you moved closer.

“JUST GO. I WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE.”

Your hands found purchase on soft silk sheets and a springy mattress. You took a seat on the bed, wondering whether you should try to turn him to you.

“We both know that’s not true. You love attention.” You finally reached out, touching his shoulder gently.

He shirked away from your touch. “I SAID LEAVE ME, HUMAN! CAN’T YOU UNDERSTAND ENGLISH?”

“I can understand it pretty well, actually. Enough to tell me that you don’t mean what you say.” You gingerly place your hand on him again, turning him toward you. He was warm to the touch.

Without further delay, you leaned over and put your hand on his forehead. He tried to protest, but it came out as a weak growl. He was warm, but not feverish.

“Are you alright, Edge? You don’t feel sick, but you’re not yourself.”

“I…”

“And don’t lie to me, Sugar Daddy, I always know when you’re lying!” You said firmly. An orange glow lit up his face at the pet name.

“I...I AM NOT ALRIGHT.” He confessed. “I FEEL VERY BAD.”

“Is this because of heat being over? Undyne said monsters sometimes get sick afterwards.”

“Y...YES, AND NO. I AM NOT SICK PHYSICALLY.”

Oh. Oh! He was feeling bad as in, actual feelings? Like, as in, sadness? You felt your heart whine. You hated seeing any of the guys like this, but you expected it the least from Edge.

You adjusted yourself, laying down next to him and pulling him into your chest.

“Alright! The doctor prescribes a minimum of ten minutes cuddles time, to be taken as needed!” You said, rubbing the back of his skull. To your surprise, he accepted the hug needily, wrapping his huge arms around you and pulling you close. He didn’t even try to protest. He melted at your touch, burying his face in your bosom.

“I DON’T NEED YOUR PITY, HUMAN,” he muttered against your breast. What a liar. You proved your unspoken point by running a gentle hand up his neck and watching him relax in your arms with a sigh.

“It’s not pity, it’s compassion. You know, love? Companionship? Sympathy?”

“USELESS THINGS FOR A SKELETON OF MY GRADE.”

“Yeah, yeah, just shut up and cuddle.”

He did.

You don't know how long you spent cuddling the fearsome skeleton, but it must have been a long while. He seemed bothered still after a long while of silence, so you thought you'd try again. Before you could speak, he surprised you by speaking first.

"DO YOU THINK ONE SUCH AS I WILL EVER HAVE TRUE COMPANIONSHIP?"

So he *did* realize how much of a douchecanoe he normally was? You pondered the question for a moment, wondering if he was talking about bonding.

"I'm sure you will, Edge. There are plenty of souls out there that would love to meet yours."

"WHAT ABOUT YOU? DOES YOUR SOUL WANT TO MEET MINE?"

Shoot. You walked right into that one. You'd better think fast.

"I thought the great and fearsome Edge didn't need things like companionship?"

"OF COURSE I DON'T. BUT BIOLOGICALLY SPEAKING...AND WANTING IT IS A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT STORY."

He pushed you back, and you both were lit up by the soft orange glow of his soul. It looked more worn than G or Red's were, like it had scars. You wondered what exactly he had gone through in his life.

You reached out without thinking, sticking your fingers through his ribs to softly caress the injured soul.

He gasped, tossing you back with great force as he used his arms to cover his soul, shaking and swearing in a breathless voice.

"S-sorry!" You stammered as you used the bed as leverage to stand . "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you, it just looked so lonely a-and I--"

You started to back away, but he caught your wrist, holding you firmly. You flinched, waiting for him to hit you.

It never came. Instead, he looked up at you, his cheeks stained with his orange glow.

"DO...DO YOU WANT TO HAVE A CLOSER LOOK?" He asked quietly. You stared at him, mouth agape, for a good minute before you realized he was talking about his soul.

"O-oh! Oh, uhm...sure. Yeah, I'd like that."

He motioned for you to sit, so you took back your seat on the bed. He released your wrist, bringing both hands to his chest. He pulled them out slowly, and from his sternum emerged a cracked orange heart, glowing faintly as it floated just above his palms. You'd never seen one take form before.

"It's beautiful," you whispered, reaching out again. He flinched, pulling it away.

"YOU MUST BE CAREFUL...WITH A NAKED SOUL." He said, bringing it back to the middle. "IT IS THE CULMINATION OF MY BEING, MY LIFE, AND EVERYTHING I'VE EVER KNOWN OR DONE. ONE WRONG MOVE AND I'M DEAD. DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?"

You shook your head sheepishly.

“IT MEANS...I TRUST YOU.” He moved his hands so that his soul came to rest in front of you. You looked at him, and with his silent prodding, cupped your hands underneath it.

It was warm, and it felt like living fire. You found it hard to believe that Edge was letting you hold it, but then again, he seemed emotionally compromised right now.

You felt happiness swell in your chest. He trusted you, he really trusted you, this big hulking lug that didn't trust his breakfast, and it made you feel amazing.

“HOW ARE YOU DOING THAT?” He asked sharply, bringing you out of your reverie. You blinked, and looked back at him.

He had his hand on his chest, a nervous smile on his face with a deep orange blush. You looked back at his soul, and saw that a small bit of the crack in the middle had closed up.

“I...I don’t know, I was just thinking about how happy I was to know that you trust me.”

“DO IT AGAIN.”

“I can’t just summon happiness.”

“DO IT AGAIN...PLEASE? I’LL TELL YOU YOU’RE PRETTY, FOR A HUMAN. DOES THAT MAKE YOU HAPPY?”

You chuckled at the earnest look on his face, and he sighed, another small piece of the crack healing.

“Is this normal?” You asked, concerned you might actually be harming him.

“I...I DON’T KNOW. I’VE NEVER LET ANYONE TOUCH MY SOUL BEFORE. I’VE NEVER EVEN SHOWN RED.”

“So, what happens if I...” You reached out.

“NO, DON’T--NYEEEHHH…” He moaned as you caressed his soul, startling you. He sounded...pleasured. A large part of the crack healed.

“...Woah.”

“O-OKAY, VERY FUNNY, NOW GIVE IT BACK.” He barked, but you moved away from his grasp.

“No, no, I think I can completely heal this crack!” You gently grasped the soul with both hands, and he collapsed on the bed, making whimpering noises. You ignored him, using your thumb to smooth over the crack gingerly. Every stroke earned you a squeak from the massive skeleton, who doubled over and gripped the sheets.

A few more touches, and the crack was gone! You didn’t notice Edge looming over you, sweat dripping from his skull.

You held the soul out to inspect it. Some other scars, but none looked recent enough for your little trick to work.

Edge's arms came around from behind, snaking in underneath yours and reclaiming his soul from your hands.

"THAT WAS A VERY NAUGHTY THING YOU JUST DID, BABY." His voice was barely a growl as he pulled you to him with the hand not holding his soul. You felt your heart jump into your throat as he handled you roughly. Had you turned him back to his violent self by fixing that crack? He replaced his soul in his ribcage.

He ran his now free hand up your thigh, over your stomach and stopped at your breast.

"MY TURN. LET'S LET DADDY HAVE A LOOK AT THAT SOUL, HMM?"

"N-no!" You shouted, pushing his hand away. You tried to struggle out of his grip, but to no avail. He held you fast, and he was much stronger than you.

He placed his hand on your breast again, and you took a deep breath, about to call for Sans.

The sound was muffled, however, by Edge's hand clamped over your mouth.

"LET'S NOT RUIN THE FUN BY CALLING FOR YOUR BODYGUARD JUST YET." He removed his hand, and you kept quiet.

Seeing you were now docile, he once again pulled you into his lap. You struggled a little, but he clamped your arms down behind your back, holding them with his ribcage. He then brought his hands to your breast, and pulled.

You felt a tug, but nothing happened. He scoffed from behind you, and pulled again. Nothing.

"NYEEEEH! WHY CAN'T I SEE IT? THERE'S NO WAY YOU'RE STRONG ENOUGH TO…" He trailed off, a connection being made in his mind.

He grabbed you again, this time roughly forcing your shirt off over your head before you had time to react.

His hand fell on the scars on your back, noticing the pattern for the first time.

"SOMEONE LOCKED YOUR SOUL AWAY?" He whispered, making you shiver as he traced the scars. "BUT WHY? HOW CRUEL..."

You didn't answer, and your despondent stare made him uncomfortable.

"DID YOU KNOW?"

"I had my suspicions, but then again I've never had the chance to try and pull it out."

"DO...DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS?"

You shook your head. Surprisingly, he pulled you close, wrapping his arms around you in a sorrowful hug. It was awkward, and he didn't seem to know how to hold you nicely, but the sentiment was there.

“I’M SORRY, HUMAN. AS LONG AS YOUR SOUL IS LOCKED AWAY LIKE THIS, YOU’LL NEVER BE ABLE TO BOND WITH ANYONE.”

The truth of your situation finally dawned on you. A true connection could never be made. That’s why you were always running. That’s why it was so easy to leave every time.

“WHAT AN AWFUL FATE,” he whispered sympathetically into your hair.

“Careful, Edge, you almost sound compassionate.” You mused, trying to lighten the mood. He was freaking you out a little.

“I WAS WRONG. SOMETIMES COMPASSION IS...ALRIGHT.”

Your heart pounded. No. No, there was no way that your soul was completely locked away. Every other place you’d been, it was so easy to leave.

“But with you guys,” you choked out, not realizing you were speaking aloud. “I feel a connection. My soul wants me here, *I* want me here. It can’t be locked away for good, not the way I feel about this house.”

“WELL...THERE MIGHT BE A SOLUTION, BUT...IT’S PAINFUL.”

You whirled around to face him, stars in your eyes. You grasped his shoulders.

“You can fix it? Really?”

“WELL...NOT ME. BUT...MY BROTHER...HE CAN. PERHAPS. IT’S NOT CERTAIN. AND LIKE I SAID, IT WOULD HURT.”

Your face fell, and he noticed. He grabbed your legs, moving you so that you were straddling him so he could pull you close again.

“YOU AREN’T READY?”

“I don’t want anyone else to know about them...yet. Or about my soul being locked.”

His hand ran over your scars again, roughly, but still surprisingly gentle for Edge.

He was obviously uncomfortable with compassion, because he didn’t know what to say next. You closed your eyes, wondering if his touch would linger on your back. Because it was always covered, it never got touched, and was sensitive. You flinched from his touch a few times, but he continued to trace the scars. Tears started to prick your eyes as you thought about your soul locked away in your chest. As you thought about how you’d never truly be able to bond with anyone. You thought of all the guys in the house trying to win your favor, not knowing that even if you did return their affection, you’d never be able to give them the bond they need to survive. You’d never be able to truly be with *any* of them.

You surprised Edge with the first sob. It was short, strained, and painful, making your chest and shoulders jump. His hand flew away from your back, as if he had been bitten. You looked at each other, bewildered at the noise that just escaped you. He reached up hesitantly, to catch a tear as it fell, and you broke down, sobbing into his hand. He grew rigid, but didn’t move away from you or scoff.

Finally, he brought his other hand to the small of your back, embracing you again. You shrunk into him, crying into his collarbone. He pulled a silken sheet up to cover your bare back, and consequently your scars.

“JUST...TELL ME WHAT YOU NEED. I...ISN’T THAT WHAT SUGAR DADDIES ARE FOR?” He muttered into your hair.

Compassion wasn’t his strong suit, but it didn’t mean he was bad at it.

Red

---

i probably shouldn’t have been spying, but then my morals have always been outta whack. and i was worried. about my brother, and about her.

my foul mood didn’t make me blind to my brother’s ailment. i knew he was hurtin’, as he always did after heat. so i sent kitten in, thinkin’ at the very least he’d get a kick outta verbally abusin’ her.

i did not expect the rest. i’d never seen him so needy, so affectionate. it made me angry, knowin’ he would be so cuddly with her when he never paid me a lick of attention in his life.

but the part that really had me grindin’ my jaw was when he pulled his soul out. he never even did that for me! and then, all innocent-like, she stroked it and held it, giving him pleasure i couldn’t even imagine. i was seein’ black, i was gonna kill them, i...had to set aside my jealousy. what she was doin’, well, it was workin’. his soul was healing, right before my eyes (well, as best as i could see through the closet door) and the crack closed.

was she a miracle worker?

he grabbed her, forced her to submit. i probably would have intervened but...i’ll admit, i enjoy watching, and i wanted desperately to see what her soul looked like. what color? was it as beautiful as i imagined?

but nothing happened. i flinched as he ripped her shirt off, and bit back a gasp as i saw them for the first time.

scars. big ones. heavy, jagged mars on her perfect skin, all across her back and shoulders. i had no idea. but edge didn’t look surprised. he musta known already...that explained his choice of swimsuit for her.

“SOMEONE LOCKED YOUR SOUL AWAY?” he said, and i understood what the scars were. a sealing pattern. somebody had cut her body enough times to disrupt her soul with pain, and then seized that chance to pin the weakened soul to her body with one last cut. it was the cruelest thing i could imagine, and as edge pointed out to her delicately, she wasn’t capable of bonding with anyone.

edge offered to have me fix it. she said no. smart girl. to unpin her soul from her body...i could kill her, break her soul. i can’t say i wouldn’t do it if she begged me to, but i don’t want to.

“oh, kitten…” i muttered to myself under my breath, as she started to cry.

i don’t think i’ll be spying on anyone again for a while.

You

When you woke up, you were very confused. This wasn’t your room. This wasn’t your bed. Where was your shirt?

When your eyes fell on Edge sleeping next to you, your mind raced for a few minutes before you finally remembered what had happened. You sighed in relief. That would have been a strange story to tell.

You settled back into the pillow, not quite ready to head back to your room. You had successfully cheered up Edge, but...well, you weren’t so chipper yourself anymore. Edge had actually tried to comfort you, and had done a fairly decent job at it since you’d fallen asleep on his chest.

But...it didn’t heal the pain in your chest, the feeling of knowing that you weren’t capable of true love and bonding.

You leaned over and placed a gentle kiss on Edge’s cheekbone.

“Thanks for trying, Sugar Daddy.” You whispered. You slipped out of the bed, grabbed your shirt and got dressed. You were actually surprised that Edge had somewhat behaved himself. He hadn’t even tried to grope you. But then, Red was the lech and Edge was more the torturer.

And why torture someone when they’re already torturing themselves?

You slipped out of the room quietly, letting the door latch behind you.

“you were in there a while.” You jumped at Red’s voice, spinning to meet his eyes as he regarded you with interest. “so...is he okay now?”

“Y...yes, he was a little down so I just sat with him until he felt better.”

“for five hours?”

Five hours?? Jeez, you knew it had been longer than you thought, but you didn’t think it was that long!

“Yeah. But he’s okay now.”

“are *you* okay?” he asked, eyeing you incredulously.

“Y...yes. I’m fine.”

“y’know, kitten, you are a *terrible* liar. the feelings in your soul are written all over your face...and yet i can’t read your aura. like something’s blocking me from seeing it.” he backed you up against Edge’s door, leaning one hand on the door next to your head. The other hand gripped your chin, and

a pink flush crossed his cheeks. You felt yourself blush at the contact, remembering the last time he touched you like this he'd been about to ravage you on his pillow nest. "i wonder why that is...maybe someday you'll let me take a closer look?"

He squeezed your chin for a moment, and then released you, backing away. He stuck his hands in his pockets, grinning his usual grin. His eyes were sad. His bad mood seemed gone, at least. He chuckled at your blush as he meandered backwards towards his room.

"don't look at me like that, kitten. it makes me want to make you mine."

Chapter End Notes

I am pretty proud of this chapter, I think it's been a long time since Edge got some love and fluff and angst.
I also felt it was time to somewhat address the scars, and for someone else to figure some things out, and hopefully this doesn't jumpstart things too much lol

To Be Loved

Chapter Summary

Surprise tagalongs to your classes.
Mystery date?
The guys show you how much they love you.

Chapter Notes

This turned out fluffier than intended, but I like it lol. I almost wrote smut. Sorry not sorry.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You packed your school bag, though you didn't have much to pack. You hadn't had a chance to buy your books for this semester yet, so it was just a binder and pens. You'll admit that you're happy to get away from the house and go to school--you loved the guys, but your mood has been pretty negative ever since Edge told you your soul was locked. The guys knew something was up, but they didn't know what, so you had been plagued by stupid questions and stalker skeletons for the last week.

You looked down at yourself. You should probably change. And do something with your hair. You looked over to your vanity where the mirror was covered with a towel. You hadn't looked at yourself in a mirror since the House of Mirrors incident, save for one time during your night with G, before you went to sleep, and that's because...well, that was the last time.

You turned to choose your first day outfit, and when you had made your selection, you actually had to laugh at yourself a little.

"Maybe something black and red next time, huh?" you said, mocking Red's voice as you pulled your skirt into place over your hips. The red fabric fell down to your mid-thigh, a little shorter than you usually wore, but hey, you felt good about it. You buttoned your blouse, then a black and red pinstriped vest. You probably looked a bit like a mob boss' wife.

You were about to leave, but...you turned toward the mirror. With a steady hand you pulled the towel off.

You were relieved to see your reflection was normal, but also shocked to see that you looked great. Like, really great. You would think all that time sleepless or worrying this summer would affect you, but you actually looked healthier than ever. You remember Undyne saying something about how monster food and monster...erm...fluids...would have benefits for humans. Monster food you'd had but...jeez, did that one time with G really make that big of a difference?

Or maybe you were just expecting to look like a hag. Either way, you smiled at yourself, and headed out the door of your room.

“hey, kid, headin’ to school?” Sans drawled, leaning against the doorjamb of his room nonchalantly. You wondered how long he had been nonchalantly leaning there and waiting for you.

“Yep, gotta get there early and claim the stereotypical window seat at the back of the classroom.”

He chuckled. “okay. i’ll be out in a few minutes to walk ya.”

“no need, sansy, kitten’s got me.” came Red’s voice as he clicked his bedroom door closed behind him. You noticed that he was wearing a backpack slung low across his back.

“an’ why do you think you getta walk her?”

“cause we got classes together. right, kitten?” he said with a smirk, holding up a school schedule. He winked at you. “you look bangin’ by the way. toldja red and black would look better than orange.”

Your jaw dropped, and Sans’ brow furrowed, his grin faltering. Since when did Red have an interest in Astronomy? Or school for that matter? Sans seemed not to trust the notion, and seemed like he was going to veto it, when Stretch exited his room down the hall, startling everyone.

“what’s all the ruckus? we all gathering to walk to school together?” He smirked at you, shouldering a bag. Red’s grin faltered, and their eyes met. They seemed to be arguing with their eyes, and then they both grinned up at you and Sans as if nothing had ever happened.

“woah, woah,” Sans said, putting a hand up. “neither of you are going to school with y/n, you’re just not.”

“sorry, sans, i’ve already paid for tuition,” Stretch said with a shrug.

“yep, same here,” Red said, grinning at Sans while he hooked his arm through yours and pulled you towards the stairs. “don’t worry, we’ll make sure and take lots of notes!”

You gave Sans an exasperated look as Red dragged you behind him down the stairs, Stretch not far behind.

So much for getting away from the guys.

You listened raptly to the professor as they gave the complete list of deadlines and tests for the semester. You would need this list later to remind yourself to study. You tried to focus, but Red kept throwing paper airplanes at you from the back of the class, and Stretch kept texting you. They hadn’t expected assigned seating by names, so they were in the S section, whereas you were in the front. Apparently this displeased them, because they weren’t leaving you alone.

You peeked at your phone quickly.

Honey: why would they assign seats?

Honey: isn't this college

Honey: kids this age can drink themselves half to death but they can't pick their own seats?

Honey: kids these days

You rolled your eyes and put the phone down. You wouldn't justify his bad classroom etiquette by responding. Speaking of bad classroom etiquette, a paper airplane hit you in the back of the head as if on queue. You turned to give Red a steely glare, and he grinned at you, motioning for you to open it. You couldn't help but giggle as you could see the others in his area had scooted their chairs away from him, and he had taken the opportunity to spread out as wide as possible.

You turned back to the paper, trying to open it quietly.

It was a crudely drawn picture of Red doing an ollie on a skateboard. You turned to him, confused. Blushing, he motioned for you to turn it over.

You did.

On the other side was a sketchy, yet well drawn depiction of your time together at the beach house, when he had been singing to you. You even recognized his chicken scratch as "As Long As You're Mine" lyrics. You couldn't help but blush, and quickly slid the picture behind the clear cover of your binder.

Your phone buzzed silently. You looked at it.

Honey: all these kids back here don't even know the difference between the milky way and the andromedus galaxies. r u sure this is astronomy 205?

Attached was a picture of him facepalming, the kid next to him visible in the background with two pencils stuck up his nostrils. You brought your hand to your mouth to stifle a giggle, and decided a text back wouldn't hurt.

You: Astronomy 205 it is. Trust fund boy there probably paid his way through the other 3 prereqs.

Honey: heh. probably had a hard time /pencil/ing this class in in between his country club and tennis lessons

"Alright, now I'd like you to break into groups of four to go over the syllabus, write down any questions you may have, and drop them in this box. I will answer the most frequent questions at the end of class." The professor announced.

You began to slide your chair out to go join the boys, but before you could move, they had already blinked to your side.

“jeez, snooze fest, eh?” Red said, leaning over the table to grin at you, gold tooth glinting under the low-watt school lighting.

“i’m sure it’ll be more interesting when they actually start talking about space,” Stretch pointed out.

“If you’re both so bored, then take it out on each other, not *me* ,” you scolded teasingly, poking them both in the sides. “I’m actually trying to learn here.”

“Uhm, excuse me?”

All three of you looked up at the voice, surprised. A tall young man with tan skin and green eyes stood there, backpack hanging off one shoulder. He ran a hand through his dark hair. Holy shit, this guy looked like an egyptian model.

“Professor said groups of four, and it looks like you’re the only group of three left. Unless this seat is taken?”

“No, it--”

“yeah, it’s taken by me,” Red practically hissed, throwing his feet up on the chair. “so buzz off.”

“Red!” You smacked him lightly on the arm, and he reluctantly moved his feet. You motioned to the newcomer to sit. “Sorry, he doesn’t like strangers. Please, join us. I’m y/n, this grumpy gills is Red, and the napping guy is Stretch.”

“mmmmhmm wha? m’not napping.” Stretch said, snapping his head up. He spotted the guy and leaned back in his chair, watching as he sat.

“I’m Hasani. It’s nice to meet you.” His accent was subtle, but unmistakable. Yup, egyptian. “I just moved here from California. Where I was living we didn’t have...is it rude to say monsters?”

“well that’s what we are, right?” Red scoffed impatiently.

“Sorry, I just don’t want to offend.”

“too late.”

You swatted Red under the table and he looked at you with a grimace. You gave him a pointed look as if to say “Be nice.” He growled and leaned back in his chair.

“Sorry, I really didn’t mean to offend.”

“Just ignore him, he’s cranky.” You pulled your syllabus from your binder and placed it on the table, ready to go over it. Hasani’s humor was dry and his jokes always made you laugh, and he had plenty of them. The guys both sat silently, watching him. Red gave him the usual grumpy glare, but Stretch’s face was surprisingly blank. They didn’t really contribute to the group, so in the end it was just you and Hasani hashing out questions for the professor. He took the questions up to put them in the box, and Stretch immediately leaned in.

“i don’t like him.” he said pointedly. “he seems dangerous.”

“yeah, gotta side with stretch here.” Red agreed, looking annoyed.

“Hush, he’s just a college student. Besides, you guys will protect me if I ever need it, so what do I have to worry about?” You said, and you knew that was what they wanted to hear.

When Hasani came back, the glares continued, but Stretch’s hand on your knee under the table showed you that he took your words to heart.

“Take a look at those in your group right now, because these people will be your partners for all projects this semester. You’d best get to know each other,” the Professor said, before drawing questions from the box.

Sigh. This would be a long semester.

You shut your astronomy book with a huff.

“Who has a quiz for the first week of school?” You pouted, scribbling something in your notes. Next class there would be a quiz on what you should know from previous classes, so you were studying at home with Red and Stretch.

Well, you say with them, but they weren’t studying. They were kinda just lounging around you as you lay on your stomach in the living room.

You glared at them.

“Aren’t you guys going to study?”

“eh, i got a phd in astrophysics, so i’m alright,” Stretch said lazily from his spot on the couch. He was also laying on his not-stomach, feet and head resting on the rests, hands propping up his head so he could watch you.

“me too.” Red said, yawning from the chair.

You stared at them, waiting for them to laugh or say ‘just kidding’ like they always did.

They didn’t.

“You’re joking.”

They shook their heads. You gave them an exasperated look.

“Then why are you in my class??”

“refresher courses are necessary for any scientist if they want to keep up with the latest theories,” Stretch said matter-of-factly. So, they were literally there to mess with you all day. You groaned and dropped your head down on your books.

“what’s wrong, kitten? can’t focus in class with me there?”

“I can’t focus anywhere you are if you keep throwing paper airplanes at my head.” You said, hand running over the drawing that was still slipped into your binder cover. He just grinned at you.

“you love me, you just can’t admit it.”

You stuck your tongue out at him, earning a chuckle from Stretch.

“How did a coupla lazybones like you end up with a phd anyway?”

“two, actually.” Stretch drawled with a smirk. “quantum physics.”

“not much else to do in the underground. you’d be surprised what a lazy skeleton can get up to when they’re bored.” Red pushed off the chair and plopped down cross-legged in front of you, pulling the book from your hands. He glanced at the sticky notes in the margin. “hey, you’re really good at this. these calculations are flawless.”

“Duh,” you said, pulling the book back. “It’s my major.”

“you gotta brain on ya. so why you sittin’ around with a buncha shmucks like us?” he asked, leaning over so he was laying down, supporting his head with one arm.

“Because I needed a place to stay and Edge paid my student loans.” You said flatly. He made a face, and you smiled. “...and ‘cause you all are so very handsome and suave, of course.”

“heh, you ain't so bad yourself, doll…” Stretch chuckled, sinking his head down on his arms.

“ditto, kitten,” Red said, flushing a light pink glow.

Stretch and Red had long since abandoned your study session. You were wondering yourself if you should call it a day, as it was 3:00 in the afternoon and you were getting frustrated without someone there to read the questions out loud to you.

Just as you were about to give up, your phone buzzed.

UNKNOWN NUMBER: Hey, y/n, this is Hasani. Sorry it’s taken me so long to get my number back to you. I was wondering if you’d like to meet for coffee and study for the test tomorrow?

UNKNOWN NUMBER: You can bring Stretch and Red, but I don’t think they like me very much, so they might not want to come.

A study date with a cute egyptian boy? And a chance to take a break from all the skele-shenanigans? Count you in! You quickly added his number and replied.

You: Hey yeah, I was just thinking I needed a study buddy. The guys are all studied out, so it’d just be me.

HOTsani: Okay, how about the coffee shop on fifth with the giant chicken statue? I heard they make a great mocha.

You: Sure thing, be down there in about 20. C u then!

You gathered your materials, checked that you weren't dressed too embarrassingly, and headed for the door.

"goin' somewhere, kid?" You jumped as Sans called to you from the foot of the stairs.

"Shit! Sans, you scared me." You sighed.

"heh. i'm only a little sorry."

"But yeah, I actually have a study date."

He stepped off the bottom step and clear over to you, looking at you concernedly. "are you...are ya sure? you remember what happened last time. do i need to go with you?""

"Sans, I'll be fine. We'll be in a public place, I have my phone, and…" you leaned up to place a kiss on his cheekbone. "...you said I could call your name from anywhere and you'd come running if I need you. Right?"

"heh." He flushed a dark blue as he patted the spot where you kissed him. He took your hand and gave it a gentle, reassuring squeeze. "not even the hounds o' hell could keep me from you if you needed me. still, be safe, okay?"

"I will be. Thanks, Sans, I'll be home by nine!" You squeezed his hand right back, and then let go, taking off out the front door.

You underestimated how hot this guy was.

Without Red and Stretch there as distractions, you couldn't help but notice that Hasani was incredibly attractive. His green eyes were starkly contrasted by his tan skin and dark hair, making him look like something a "perfect unobtainable human male physique" generator would pop out. His accent, while slight, was hypnotic. You supposed you just had a thing for accents, which would explain why you had such a weakness for all the guys with their brooklyn timbre, even if three of them tried to pretend they didn't have it.

Hasani was also incredibly polite, and paid for your mocha before you could even pull your wallet out. You were pretty sure that if you'd ever date another human again, this kid would be the top of your list.

The problem was, he was so handsome you couldn't hear a word he said, and you honestly learned nothing throughout the whole study session other than the fact that he had dimples.

"Y/n?"

"Hmmm? Oh, sorry, what was the question?"

"I asked if you think you're prepared for the test?"

No. “Yes! You were really helpful. The guys at home already have their degrees so they weren’t willing to study with me.”

“So you live with those two?” He asked, sliding his binder into his bookbag.

“Well, I live with six of them, actually. Three sets of brothers, all each other’s cousins, I think. I was friends with just one at first, but when I needed a place to stay he offered, and I ended up with five extra.”

“Are you seeing any of them?” He asked, leaning forward to rest his elbows on the table.

“Well, I see all of them, duh.” He gave you a strange look. “I see them all the time? Especially at mealtimes when they all gather like chickens?”

He chuckled. “Eh, no, that’s not what I meant.”

Oh? Oh!

“I’ll be frank, y/n. I didn’t come to join your group because you were the only group left. I came to join you because I simply had to learn your name. The way those two acted around you...I thought one might be your boyfriend, and so I was unsure. That’s why I didn’t say anything before.”

“Oh.” You said smartly, your face burning as you tried to brush off the embarrassment of the mix-up. “Oh, uhm, no, none of them are my boyfriend, but…”

“I see, so you are in love with one?”

“No, no, that’s not it...it...it’s complicated, and the guys are really protective of me, and…”

“But you do not wish for one of them to be your boyfriend?”

You closed your mouth, mostly because you had no idea what you wanted, so you couldn’t answer that?

“Allow me to rephrase. Would you like to go on a date with me? A real date, one that costs more than $7.” His green eyes crinkled as he smiled at you, gorgeous even when exasperated.

“Oh, jeez, I...I don’t know, Hasani, I just met you, and...and I kinda have trust issues with strangers…”

He sighed and pushed out his chair, tossing his bag over his shoulder.

“Tell you what. You can think on it, and let me know if you want to take my offer. If you decide you love one of them, I’ll understand. If not...consider me. Until next time, y/n.”

He picked up your hand gently and placed a soft kiss on the back, his lips lingering as he smirked at your surprise. He winked at you, released your hand, and left the cafe.

You were left thinking that you’d probably just gotten yourself in a lot of trouble.

“Blue, do you think I’m pretty?”

Blue looked up from his puzzle, shocked by your question. You had been watching him work on his puzzle for a good amount of time, resting your head on the table while he calibrated and shifted things. You’d been thinking about Hasani, and all the guys, and what all these people could possibly see in a girl like you.

“WH...WHAT? OF COURSE YOU’RE PRETTY, Y/N! D...DON’T YOU KNOW WE ALL THINK THAT BY NOW?” He stammered, turning a brilliant shade of cyan.

“Well, I know you guys all *think* I’m pretty, but I mean objectively. Do you think I’d earn a double take if you didn’t know me, if you just saw me on the street one time?”

“I WOULD DEFINITELY LOOK TWICE AT YOU!” He said with tenacity, a sparkle of his determination to please you in his eyes.

“i’d look three times, hell i’d probably stare as long as you’d let me the first time.” Stretch mused as he pulled you into his lap. “what’s all this nonsense? you’ve never seemed to worry about this before.”

“It’s nothing, just can’t see what all the fuss is about with me, I guess.” You relaxed into his embrace, allowing him to play with your hair. His touch was calming, like having your hair brushed by your grandmother when you were young.

“the fuss is that you’re beautiful, and smart, and hilarious.”

“YEAH Y/N. YOU’RE AMAZING!”

“Th...thanks, guys.”

“I HEAR COMPLIMENTS! ARE WE GIVING COMPLIMENTS?” Papyrus sang, sticking his head into the living room.

“yeah, what’s up in here?” Came Sans’ voice from his side.

“Y/N DOESN’T FEEL PRETTY TODAY! SHE SAYS WE FUSS OVER HER FOR NOTHING!” Blue said, eyes wide as dinner plates.

"Blue, that's not--" Suddenly you were across the room, being held up by Red in a mock-ballroom dancing pose.

“aw, kitten, i’m crushed. don’t i make ya feel beautiful every day?”

“you make her feel preyed upon, you asshole.”

“PAPY! WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE!”

You smiled wistfully up at Red, who caught your stare and grinned back.

“see? that’s the kitten i know. so beautiful.”

“MISS Y/N,” Papyrus said, removing your hand from Red’s grasp and twirling you away so that he was actually dancing with you. “YOU ARE NOT ONLY GORGEOUS, YOU ARE RADIANT!

YOUR SMILE LIGHTS UP THE ROOM, AND YOUR MERE PRESENCE MAKES US FEEL LIKE OUR HEARTS ARE SINGING!”

“jeez, paps, save some compliments for the rest of us,” Sans said, catching you as Papyrus released you in a spin. He looked down at you in his arms, and a blue glow spread across his cheekbones. That was enough confirmation from him.

“YOU ALL ARE SO DAMNED NOISY! HOW’S A SKELETON SUPPOSED TO GET ANY REST AROUND HERE?” Edge roared, bursting through the living room doors. He surveyed the scene. “WHAT IN THE WORLD IS GOING ON DOWN HERE?”

“kitten here isn’t feelin’ pretty, so we’re puttin’ a stop to that by complimentin’ the shit outta her.”

Everyone’s eyelights turned to Edge expectantly, so you looked up at him as well. He crossed his arms and looked away.

“SHE IS DECENT, FOR A HUMAN. SHE’D LOOK BETTER IF SHE WORE THE CLOTHES I BOUGHT HER.”

Sans squeezed your arm and leaned in so only you could hear him.

“you’re beautiful, and one of a kind. i don’t wanna see you frown, maybe you can *mustard* up a smile for me?”

You giggled at his pun, and the room visibly relaxed. They all began talking at once, shouting compliments, except for Sans, who simply kept his steady grip on your shoulders from behind. You felt like you could cry, they were all so amazing and you couldn’t believe you were here.

Later that night, you made your decision and texted Hasani.

You: I’ve thought about your offer, and I’m going to have to decline. Despite not knowing where I stand romantically, these guys mean a lot to me and I really love them all in different ways. I can’t risk my friendships with them for anything right now. I’m really sorry.

You hit send.

You never regretted it once.

Chapter End Notes

The guys are the best! Sorry, Hasani, but you'd probably die.

A Strange Affliction

Chapter Summary

Something strange happens, prompting the guys into a contest to see who you think is the sexiest.

Chapter Notes

I've had this idea for a while. I don't know yet how long their affliction will affect them.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You woke up to the sound of somebody pounding on your door and calling your name. It sounded like Sans. You rolled over blearily and looked at the clock. 7am. Earlier than you'd like to be up on a Saturday.

You groaned as the pounding continued.

"kid! hey, kid, wake up!"

"Ugh, what is it Sans?" you shouted, not moving an inch from your bed.

"somethin's happened, and i need you to know that everything is going to be okay, so i needed to prepare you to see some strange stuff, okay? but...but don't be surprised?"

What? What was he talking about?

"heya, kitten, lovely mornin', don't you think?"

You groaned at the sound of Red's voice behind you. Ever since you started going to classes together, he'd felt like he had more freedom when it came to your room. You turned to tell him off.

"Red, I've told you before, you need to stay out of my--"

You stopped mid-sentence. There was someone in your room alright, but it wasn't Red. It was a shirtless red-headed young man, lounging lazily across your desk chair. A golden tooth glinted in the light as he grinned at you. You prepared to scream, but his hand was over your mouth in a blink.

"woah, kitten, i didn't think i looked that bad. c'mon, you know i look pretty good, right?"

Your jaw dropped. That was definitely Red's voice. And looking into the grinning man's red eyes, you knew the truth.

You slapped his hand away. You took a deep breath, accepting that this grinning ginger in front of you was, indeed, Red. And, for some reason, he was shirtless? You noted that he had what looked like a crystal heart in the middle of his chest.

“Sans! Explanation? Please?” You called hoarsely through the door.

“oh, for the love of... *red!* ”

A familiar blue sweatshirt whizzed past you, and Red was yanked away from you, chuckling. You sighed. Normality at last.

Or at least it would be, if the being *wearing* the sweater had been the skeleton you’d expected. Instead, it was a dark-haired young man with tan skin and blue eyes, sporting a scowl as he clotheslined Red.

“i toldja to wait until i explained to the kid. were you trying to give her a heart attack?...where’s your shirt?”

“no shirt, no problem?” Red shrugged, crimson eyes sparkling at his own joke. “c’mon, sansy, this was way too good of an opportunity to waste.”

Sans sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose(an adorable button nose, you might add).

He caught your stare and a blue blush spread lightly across his cheeks. At least that stayed the same.

“heh. surprise, i guess?”

Sans explained to you as you walked with them down the stairs that something had gone wrong with an experiment in his workshop, which resulted in an alteration of their bodies. Namely, that they were temporarily human. Well, human-ish. They still had magic, their souls were still visible in their chests, and they retained their monster LV and power.

“s’only temporary, we’ll be back to normal in a few days. or weeks. i don’t really have a timetable yet, heh.” Sans made a face as his hand ran over thick brown hair instead of a skull. “is hair always so hot?”

“When it’s as thick as yours is.”

“MISS Y/N! ISN’T IT GLORIOUS? THE GREAT PAPYRUS FINALLY HAS LOCKS AS LUSCIOUS AS MY BODY! AND BICEPS!”

Papyrus excitedly rushed over to you as you hit the bottom of the stairs. Well, you could only assume it was Papyrus, because that was what he told you. He was the same height, and matched his brother in coloring, with dark brown hair and tanned skin. His eyes were a brilliant amber as he smirked victoriously, flexing his new muscles for you. His body armor must not fit anymore, because he was instead wearing a pair of black sweats and a cut-off shirt that said “cool dude”. You giggled.

He flushed orange, giving you a huge smile. He had dimples. Of course he did.

“You look great, Papyrus.”

“TH...THANK YOU!”

“Y/N, WHAT ABOUT ME? HOW DO I LOOK?”

You turned in the direction of Blue’s voice to see a babyfaced blonde. He was smiling up at you with expectation shining out of his crystal blue eyes. Seems his battlebody didn’t fit anymore either, and he was wearing just his black underarmour outfit.

“Oh, Blue, aren’t you just the cutest?” You said, tousling his curly blonde locks. A huge smile broke out on his face and he flushed a neon cyan. A familiar orange sweater appeared behind him, attached to a taller blonde with amber eyes, smirking down at you as he pushed his newfound hair out of his eyes.

“well if he’s the cutest, i must be the sexiest thing you’ve ever seen, right?”

You had to admit, he was very attractive. He had just the right amount of stubble combined with the cigarette hanging from his lips.

You took his cigarette. “No smoking in the house, ‘sexy’.”

“nyeh heh,” he chuckled, leaning against the door frame.

“hey, kitten, a little help?” came Red’s downtrodden voice. You turned to see him half-wearing his red turtleneck, unable to get it past his auburn locks and ears. With a giggle, you helped him pop his head through, and he gave you a sheepish grin, crimson eyes glinting. “heh. thanks. might need your help getting it off again later, though...heh.”

He winked at you as he flew away, flung by somebody’s gravity magic, but you didn’t really know whose.

A thought occurred to you. You began counting.

“Hey, where’s Edge?”

“oh, he’s, uh...well he’s less than happy with his transformation, so he’s locked himself in his room.” Red said from his new spot across the room. “but don’t worry, he’ll get over it.”

“I’ve gotta see this!” Despite Red’s warnings, you took off up the stairs towards Edge’s room.

You rapped on the door.

“GO AWAY.”

“C’mon, Edge, lemme see!”

“NO!”

You lean up against the door. “Please?”

“NO.”

“Pretty please...sugar daddy?”

Silence.

Finally the door swings open to reveal a tall man with a mop of red curls. He was covered in freckles, blushing madly, with three scars running over his eye.

He was adorable.

Oh my god, he was so fucking adorable. The freckles, the red hair...Edge was the cutest ginger you'd ever seen!

He saw the look on your face and scowled. There, that was more like him.

"THERE, YOU'VE SEEN IT. MY MAGNIFICENT PERFECTION HAS BECOME A FARCE, I HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY, HUMAN!" He hissed, attempting to slam the door. You quickly stopped him.

"W-wait, haha, wait, Edge, for real. You look fine!"

He grimaced, allowing you to pull him reluctantly out of his room. He dragged his feet down the stairs after you. This was going to be an interesting few days...or weeks.

All the guys had gathered for breakfast, which was unusual to say the least. They all ate and laughed and talked about weird stuff that happened with their human bodies. Red directed more than one lewd comment at you, winking as he mentioned a "strange phenomena" in his pants.

He even slapped your ass as you walked by, making you whack the back of his head. He chuckled at your response, rubbing his auburn locks where you hit him. He was certainly cheerful.

Edge was still uncomfortable with his transformation, but he softened at your compliment of his freckles, and his usual terrifying smirk found it's way to his face. They all joked around the table with each other until the bomb dropped.

"so, kitten, tell the truth."

You turned in surprise at being addressed. Red was grinning at you, and the others looked at you expectantly.

"who do you think looks the best like this?" he finished, leaning back while sliding his truth ticket towards you.

"Well, I--"

"and no cop-out answers, i want a definitive answer, who is the sexiest human skeleton at this table?"

You took your seat, examining the expectant faces in front of you. With a sigh, you accepted the ticket.

"I can't really say, I'd have to think on it. Besides, sexiness isn't just in the looks, it also resides in words and body language."

“alright,” Red said, scooting his chair out. He stuck his hands in his pockets. “by dinner tonight, you need to tell us your truth. until then, we’ll all use our best moves to convince you to pick us. you ready, boys?”

They all agreed that that sounded fair and cleared out of the room before you could protest.

“This is going to be a strange day,” you muttered.

“Y/N, CAN YOU BRUSH MY HAIR? I CAN’T FIGURE IT OUT…” Blue said, making the cutest little pouty lip. You knew he’d be good at those. You chuckled, taking the brush and gesturing for him to sit in front of you on the couch. He happily bounced up into your lap, and you ran your fingers through his hair a couple times to get the big tangles.

“Your hair is so soft, Blue. I wish my hair was this soft,” you mused, running the brush over his curls gently. It was easy, so you suspected that he actually did know how to brush it and had only done this so you would touch it.

“BUT YOUR HAIR IS SUPER SOFT, TOO Y/N! UHM...SPEAKING OF WHICH…” He turned to you, cyan blush forming lightly across his cheeks. “CAN...CAN I TOUCH YOUR HAIR? I WANT TO SEE HOW IT FEELS ON HUMAN HANDS.”

You nod, and he turns around. You let him run his fingers through your hair, earning a sigh from both of you.

“HUMANS FEEL THINGS REALLY DIFFERENTLY,” he noted.

“R...really?”

“YEAH, EVERYTHING’S AMPLIFIED. I’M SURPRISED YOU CAN FUNCTION WITH SO MUCH STIMULUS.”

He dropped his hands, embarrassed by his sudden observation. You chuckled. This must be his attempt at “putting on the moves” like Red had said.

“Well, I suppose you get used to it, no? Besides, I’d probably say the same about being a skeleton.”

“MWEH HEH...MAYBE.” He was blushing really hard as he hopped off the couch. “I...I GOTTA GO?”

It sounded like a question? He took off, leaving you confusedly holding a hairbrush.

“maybe put that to use on mine?” Came Stretch’s voice, appearing on the floor in front of you. He looked up at you, amber eyes smiling. You chuckled, and began brushing through his blonde curls.

“What’s up with you guys and hair?”

“we will only have it for a while...i’d like to enjoy the sensation of you touching it. i’d like to remember it.”

You couldn’t help but smile at that. He closed his eyes and leaned back as you abandoned the hairbrush to gently caress his locks. He let a little smile play on his lips while you pet him. You sat together in comfortable silence for a few minutes.

“...doll?”

“Hmm?”

“thank you.”

“For brushing your hair?”

“no,” he pulled away, turning to train his golden eyes on you. “for forgiving me. for letting us get back to normal like this, after everything.” he chuckled, running his own hand through his hair. “that is, if you consider this normal.”

“About as normal as anything else in this house.”

You felt a weird floating feeling, and suddenly he was under you on the couch, smirking at you. Classic Stretch move. 10/10 smooth as hell.

“If you want cuddles, you can just ask.”

“i want a lot of things, but it’d be considered rude to ask for those.” he teased. He brought his hand up to tuck your loose hair behind your ear, letting his palm linger on your face. “blue was right, you know. about every touch being amplified. the feeling of your hair, your skin. it’s almost overwhelming. And these--”

He tapped your lips with two fingers, bringing his other hand to his own lips.

“--these are somethin’ else. so sensitive. i’m dying to know what it feels like to kiss you with them.”

His hand brushed your cheek, thumb gently caressing your bottom lip.

“...grant me the sensation?” He said quietly. He brought you down to him, and your lips met. He sighed at the contact, a soft feeling, a tingle. You felt it, too, and you melted into his arms, parting your lips slightly so his experienced tongue could come play.

After a long moment, he released your lips, studying your face, as if trying to figure out a puzzle.

“No,” you teased, despite having already kissed him. He smirked at you, dimples marking his cheeks.

“heh. too little, too late, doll.”

“Then you’ll stop?”

“not on your life.” he pulled you back down, his hand snaking around to tangle in your hair as he kissed you again. His other hand held your lower back firmly, pressing you into him as a small moan escaped his throat and reverberated against your mouth.

You knew he wanted more, but you weren’t ready for that.

“Stretch,” you said breathlessly, pulling away just slightly. His lips tried to follow, but your hand on his shoulder stopped him. He looked up at you guiltily.

“pushin’ my luck?” He said sheepishly, a blonde curl falling in his face defiantly. You smiled at him, he kissed you gently again, and then released you.

He watched you get up with the usual grin.

“one day you’ll beg me not to stop,” he said with a wink.

You rolled your eyes and headed into the kitchen to make lunch.

“what’s cookin’, good-lookin’?” came Red’s gruff voice from over your shoulder. You jumped, tossing the head of broccoli you were holding into the air. He caught it behind him without taking his eyes off of you, and offered it back like it was a bouquet of flowers.

“Jeez, Red, do you always have to sneak up on me?” you said, snatching back the broccoli and placing it on the cutting board. You went for the knife again, but he put his hand down to stop you. Taking your hand, he effortlessly twirled you around, pulling you to him by your waist.

“i wouldn’t sneak up so often if i never left your sight.” he teased, leaning you against the counter and bringing his face inches from your neck. His hot breath ghosted over your neck, the tip of his nose gently nudging your ear. The spikes on his collar pressed into your chest. “say the word, kitten, i’ll be your faithful pet.”

“Red…” The moan in your voice surprised him, and he pulled back, wide-eyed. The surprise didn’t last long, and was almost instantly replaced with a wicked grin.

He leaned in again and placed a soft kiss on your neck.

His hands twisted, grabbing up the fabric of your shirt as he kissed your neck again, his fangs grazing lightly over your skin. You whimpered at the contact, as his fangs dipped down again, just a little harder. Biting was a huge weakness of yours, and Red chuckled, knowing that he’d just learned something useful.

“now, let’s not get so excited just yet,” he said, pulling back and brushing his red hair out of his face. You inadvertently followed the couple of steps back that he took, and the invitation had been made.

Without further adieu, Red took your chin roughly in his hand, and his lips were on yours. He moaned against your lips quietly, begging you to touch him, to kiss him harder.

“just for this moment,” he muttered against your mouth, his tongue flicking in and out as he enjoyed the sensation. You weren’t sure he knew he was talking at this point. “as long as you’re mine…”

He stopped himself, releasing you from a kiss you had very much not wanted to release. He chuckled at your face.

“how’s that for the sexiest?” He said with a grin.

He disappeared.

After lunch, you decided the garden was looking a little haggard. Papyrus had been helping you weed it, but he wasn't used to have skin and had suffered a couple too many thorn pricks, so you had made the executive decision to bench him. When you were finished with the patch you were working on, you turned to him.

"Alright, let's see them."

He obediently spread his hands out so you could inspect them. You picked a couple thorns out, but overall, they were alright. He smiled at you sheepishly as you inspected them.

"I'M NOT MUCH USE IN THIS BODY, I'M AFRAID."

"It's just a few thorn pricks, Papyrus, you'll be fine in an hour. You are still plenty useful, cutie!" You reached up and tousled his brown curls, making him laugh.

"STILL, I WISH I COULD HAVE HELPED MORE." He said, taking your hands and holding them gently in front of him.

"You're okay, really. It wasn't that much work."

"STILL, IT WON'T DO FOR A GREAT MONSTER SUCH AS I TO LET A LADY DO ALL THE WORK." He kissed your hands, surprising you. His lips were soft as they pressed against the back of your hand, and an orange blush spread on his face.

You felt your face get hot. Was this him trying to seduce you, like Red had said? Poor guy was never so forward.

You leaned in and kissed his forehead gently. Sometimes cute and sweet was sexy, too.

"Uhm. Edge?"

"YES?"

"You've kinda been standing in front of the doorway there for, like, five minutes. Is there any particular reason you don't want me to go into the next room?"

The tall man peered down at you as if you were a huge nuisance.

"DO YOU NOT FEEL THE URGE TO KISS ME YET?"

"Not really?" You didn't know what he was expecting. Did he think his mere presence was enough to get you hot.

He scoffed, rolling his crimson eyes.

"VERY WELL, I SUPPOSE I SHALL HAVE TO DO ALL THE WORK, THEN."

He advanced on you, making you take a step back. He grabbed your wrist and your shoulder, pinning you against a wall as he leaned in, a mischievous glint in his eye.

"DADDY WANTS TO PLAY."

You flushed a deep crimson, almost like Red, as he bent down, picking you up and throwing you over his shoulder. He tossed you roughly on the couch, and you tried not to freak out because *holy shit this was so hot* .

He was on you in an instant, pointed teeth shining in the mid-afternoon light as he dragged a finger down the front of your shirt, popping the buttons off with little to no effort. It was as if he was opening an envelope.

You struggled to get up, but one of his hands tangled in your hair and pulled you back down sharply. You gasped in pain and pleasure. He noted this, and tugged on your hair again, this time eliciting an impatient whine.

“DOES THE HUMAN LIKE THAT?” He hissed, pinning your hand to the armrest as you tried to pull him closer. You glared up at him defiantly. He chuckled, a deep laugh that tickled your spine, and he bent down and forcefully kissed you, pulling your hair to make you move towards him. You shuddered as his incisors nipped your lip, and you tasted blood in your mouth. Holy shit, holy shit, this was so hot.

He withdrew. “WHOOPS, LOOKS LIKE I PLAYED TOO HARD. I FORGET HOW FRAGILE HUMANS ARE.” His fingers grabbed your chin, turning your face roughly to examine the small cut on your lip. “THAT’S A SHAME.”

He slapped your face a little, and stood up. Without explanation, he smirked triumphantly at you and exited the room.

You sat up on the couch, confused. Your hair was all tangled and your shirt was open, and you felt the strong urge to take a cold shower.

Okay, 11/10, Edge was definitely winning.

By dinner, you were visibly shaking. All of your encounters had left you confused, but the clear winner was obviously Edge. He really played to your interests, however accidental.

“so, who wins?” Red said, pushing his empty plate away. He’d at least waited and let you eat before he did this. “everyone did their moves, so who’s the sexiest human skeleton?”

“A-actually, Sans never did anything,” you said, trying to buy yourself some time.

Everyone turned to Sans, who was leaning back in his chair nonchalantly.

“what? maybe i’m just lazy.”

“BROTHER, IT ISN’T FAIR UNLESS EVERYONE TRIES!” Papyrus said, lifting his brother out of his seat and thrusting him toward you.

“hey, paps, it’s cool, she ain’t gonna pick me anyway,” he said, trying to wiggle out of his brother’s grip.

“nah, the cinnamon bun is right. you gotta do something, that was the terms.”

He sighed, running a hand through his dark hair, looking sheepishly at you. “heh. guess we got no choice?”

He took your hand and led you into the kitchen, out of earshot but within sight lines of everyone. You had to wonder what he could possibly do in front of everyone.

“so, i’m trying to be sexy? i guess?” You nod, and a cerulean glow forms on his cheeks. “ah, jeez, i’m no good at this stuff.”

He pulled you close, one hand on your lower back, the other coming up to hold your face so you’d look at him.

“S-Sans--”

“do you know what i’d do, if you were mine?” You froze at his words, looking up at him confused. “i’d hold you close, i’d touch every inch of your body gently, i’d make it feel like you can’t live without me.”

He backed you up against the island counter, his usual grin playing on his lips.

“if you were mine, i’d treat you nicely, i’d do what you asked, i’d take care of ya. you’d never wonder how i feel because i’d tell ya. you’d brag to your friends about me, you’d show me off at events, you’d feel like a princess every single day.” This seemed pretty tame, compared to Edge. But the glint in his eye…

His hand moved along your jawline, grasping your chin delicately.

“but at night...at night i’d make you scream, nah, i’d make you squeal. you’d beg me to stop, beg me not to stop, beg me for another round. you’d be so filled with ecstasy that you can’t remember what happened. i wouldn’t leave a centimeter of your body untouched, not your neck, or your back, or your legs. they’d all have my teeth marks, and everybody’d know you were mine,” he whispered, leaning in, his lips dangerously close. You thought he might kiss you, but he moved past you and whispered in your ear. “because you’d scream my name over and over as i marked my property.”

Holy shit. That took a turn so fast. Your heart hammered in your ribcage as he released your chin and backed off of you. The glint in his eye was gone, and he was back to his normal dorky grin.

Your knees were weak as he chuckled, blushing a furious shade of royal blue now that he had switched back to his normal self.

“heh. toldja i was no good at this.” He looked you over, his grin staying constant. “you ok, kid?”

“Sans won,” you called into the dining room. “Holy shit, Sans won.”

Chapter End Notes

Sans is no joke, man. I needed a fan for Edge, but now I just need a walk-in freezer.
Your comments give me life!
Also, JSYK, if anybody draws me fanart (especially draw your squad shit that shit is the nuts)
I will reward you with smut and stuff so pleeeeeeaaaaase! I HAVE A MIGHTY NEED!

Green-Eyed Monster

Chapter Summary

The guys' new appearance garners unexpected attention.

Chapter Notes

Here's a spot-on picture of human Sans and Papyrus by askundertalesans on Tumblr
And here's Stretch and Blue by Adzze on DeviantART. They're in the middle, and it's perfect, but the others are so cute <3
I'm not able to find ginger FellBros): If you look at the FellBros on Adzze's picture, and turn the hair red and add freckles, that's it.

AND HEY IF YOU WANT SMUT THEN CHECK OUT MY NEW FANFIC HERE!
This takes place in the middle of SSiYC, when the boys are in heat. It's what happens if Undyne doesn't come to your rescue. First chapter is Red-heavy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Red and Stretch were in a surprisingly good mood the next morning, considering they'd lost their contest. They were eager to get to school, for once, and practically dragged you out the door.

It was about halfway through your lecture when you realized they hadn't even been bugging you at all. When you peeked back to look at them, you realized why they were so chipper.

Red was leaned over his desk, having a conversation with a blonde girl in the row in front of him. You couldn't hear what they were saying, but she was giggling as he ran a hand through his auburn locks.

Stretch seemed to be writing notes, but you quickly realized they were notes to the girl next to him, who scribbled back and passed it again, red-faced.

You turned your eyes back on the teacher, but you couldn't focus on the lesson anymore. It bothered you, but it shouldn't. It's not like they were your boyfriends, but these girls had been avoiding them until they showed up looking human, so you couldn't help but feel a little angry at the situation.

Something hit you in the back of the head. A note? You looked behind you. Both boys were still focusing their attention on their respective girls. Confused, you looked around, catching Hasani's eye two seats behind you. He pointed to the note. Ah, mystery solved.

They're sure popular today.

You scribbled back a dismissive answer, and the kid in between you dutifully delivered it. You received a text in response.

HOTsani: That sounded half-hearted

You: They can do what they want, they're adults

HOTsani: still bothers you tho

You: ok Mr. Mind reader you can stop now

HOTsani: nope lol

You texted him most of class, until it was time to break into groups. He was by your side quickly, but for once the guys lingered. You looked over at them. Red was still chatting up the blonde chick, and Stretch's seatmate had brought two friends over. Now that they weren't whispering, you could hear the conversation. You turned back to your paper, but couldn't stop yourself from listening in.

"We didn't think you were interested in talking to anyone, Stretch!"

"Yeah, we kinda assumed you were dating that girl in your group, since you're always hang around her."

"eh, no, it's nothing official. she's our roommate." The girls tittered at this, and the blonde that Red was talking to began laughing hysterically at some joke he'd told. Her laugh irritated you. It sounded like nails on a chalkboard.

"Soooo, you're single?"

"for now."

Ugh. He sounded like he was really flirting. Didn't he realize these girls wouldn't look twice if they didn't look human?

"So, Stretch, we're taking a little trip out to Widow's Peak tonight to do our stargazing maps. Would you be interested in joining us? You should bring Red, too."

Your pencil snapped in your hand. Widow's Peak? AKA Makeout Point?

"Yeah, I'm sure you're planning on doing lots of homework there," you snorted, only loud enough for Hasani to hear. You didn't see Stretch's amber eyes flick in your direction, and you didn't count on his monster hearing.

"eh, I'll have to get back to you on that, ladies, i need to get to work with my group. hey, red, let's go."

Red bid goodbye to his blonde companion with a wink, making you roll your eyes as he called her sweetheart. Then he meandered down to you with Stretch. Before they could sit, you scooted your books to Hasani's side of the desk, and plopped down next to him, vacating your chair so they could sit together. You opened your binder as they sat, exchanging strange looks, and started talking to Hasani as if you'd been discussing Astronomy this whole time.

"So this is what we'll need to look for if we're going to do it without a telescope, because it's the brightest star in the cluster. Once we find that, it's a piece of cake."

"Oh, I see, thanks for explaining that, I was really confused." Hasani said, without missing a beat. Sweet sidekick to the rescue.

"what're we talkin' about, kitten?" Red said, leaning over the desk to try and slide your binder over to him. You pulled it away, shutting it with a snap and making him jump a little.

"Well, we were planning a stargazing run tonight. Since you two were already headed to Widow's Peak with that other group tonight, then we figured we'd go, too. You know, work on our 'star maps'." You stood, and Hasani stood hastily with you. "Lemme know how that stargazing trip goes."

"hey, doll, wait a second--" Stretch tried to reach out to you, but you hooked Hasani's arm and pulled him off towards the door.

"C'mon, Hasani, let's go see if the library has any books we'll need for our trip tonight."

Stretch sighed, turning his outstretched arm back on himself to run a hand nervously through his hair.

"i think we pissed her off," Red observed.

"you think?"

After confirming with Hasani, you had gotten a little out of hand with prepping for your stargazing trip. You were wearing galaxy leggings and a blue tunic top, which made you look pretty cute, if you do say so yourself. A star headband had worked it's way into your hair, and you'd even fluffed your curls and put on lipgloss and mascara.

You stared at yourself in the mirror. Why were you so dressed up? It wasn't a date (and you both knew that) and it's not like you needed to be cute to stargaze. You pushed down the obvious feeling that this wasn't for you or for Hasani, but more for Stretch and Red.

You heard a knock on the door.

"hey, kid, some dude's here for you. name of hasani?"

"Yes! He's my astrology partner, we're working on our star maps tonight. I'll be down in a few!"

"okay. can i come in?"

"Yyyyup."

The door swung upon, and Sans stepped in, surveying your outfit. His blue eyes narrowed as he analyzed your look.

“you look pretty cute for homework. and red says you’re going to makeout point.”

“It’s called widow’s Peak, and it’s okay, Sans, I’m not into this guy. Besides, Red and Stretch are going, too.” Not with you, but going nonetheless.

He rubbed his head, hand getting caught in his dark curls. He looked worried. “a’ight, kid, if you say so. remember, just call me if you need me?”

You ruffled his hair as you passed him, placing a quick kiss on his cheek.

“Always.”

They actually came, with the girls.

You didn’t think they’d do it, but then again, they probably hadn’t thought you’d really be here with Hasani, either. Widow’s Peak doubled as a party space, and so somehow it had turned into a huge “Star Map Party” for all your classmates, with a bonfire and everything. Somebody had brought a keg, and it wasn’t even dark enough to stargaze yet, so you were just sitting on the hood of Hasani’s car, glaring across the bonfire at the girls who were paying A LOT of attention to Red and Stretch.

“Does it upset you?” Hasani asked, coming over and offering you a drink. You accepted it, but didn’t drink right away.

“Does what upset me?” You feigned ignorance.

“You know what I’m speaking of.” His accent was thicker in some phrases than others, you noticed.

You sighed, taking a small sip of the beer. Ugh. You hate beer. “No, what makes you think that?”

“Because if looks could kill, those two would be dead as fuck.” He said, hopping up next to you on the hood of the car. “It bothers you, because you love them, right? That’s what you said, that you loved them all.”

“It bothers me because those girls only care about what’s on the outside. As soon as this human body thing goes away, they’re going to go back to avoiding them.” You said, the cup crinkling in your hand. “But I...I’ve always liked them for who they are, not because of their new skin.”

“Do you not think they already know that?”

You looked up at him in surprise. His green eyes reflected the bonfire’s light as he smiled wisely at you.

“If...If they already know that, then why are they over there, with them?”

“Men are stupid,” Hasani said frankly, putting his head in his hand and turning his gaze to the bonfire. “I don’t pretend to know their motivations, but I can understand the sentiment.”

He was cryptic, almost more than the guys themselves. You sighed and downed the cup, hopping off the car hood.

“I’m getting more, care to join me?”

He declined, as his was still full, so you wandered over to the table by yourself. You could hear the gaggle of girls around the two monsters giggling as Red regaled them with what you were certain was a made-up tale of heroism. Stretch was contradicting his story, and everyone was having a laugh about it.

Your hand lingered on a cup of beer, and then you sighed, taking it and drinking the whole thing.

“Woah, study-girl likes to party!” Someone said to the left of you. “Do it again!”

Why not? You downed another cup, and the boys sitting at the picnic tables cheered and whooped. You giggled as one of them whistled at you.

“hey, take it slow, doll.” Stretch’s smooth voice came from your right, placing a hand over the next cup you’d picked up. You stopped, frozen. The boys sitting nearby boo’ed him for stopping you. The boo’ing cut short, so you supposed he must have given them a pretty scary glare.

You composed yourself and pulled the cup away from him. You didn't meet his eyes. “Fine. I’ll go slow. Don’t you have a fan club to entertain?”

With that, you turned on your heel, ignoring him calling your name, and returned to Hasani’s car.

You sighed, placing the drink on the hood while you pulled your bag out of the car. The alcohol made it hard to focus, but at least you could get some work done. Hasani helped you spread the map across the hood, and between talking about the stars, he listened to you complain about the guys. He was a good listener, and he had a lot of wise words when you needed them, but you still could hear the girls laughing at Red's jokes behind you, so it did nothing to lift your mood.

“I’m going to head down the hill for the restroom, will you be okay by yourself?” Hasani asked after a while.

“Yeah, I’ll be fine. See ya.” He took off down the hill, and you leaned over the hood with a sigh, dragging your pencil lightly across to mark the edges of the Milky Way.

“Hey, you’re Y/N, right?” You looked up as a girl leaned on the hood next to you. You recognized her as the girl who was passing notes with Stretch yesterday. She had the blonde girl Red had been talking to with her as well.

“Yeah, why do you care?” You said, with a little more venom than intended. She wasn’t fazed.

“Well, I’m Sophia, and this is Eris. We were wondering if you could help us out a little bit?”

“Help how?” You said, returning your attention to your map. “If it’s about astronomy, everything’s in the textbook.”

Sophia laughed, a snarky, rich girl laugh that made your eye twitch. “Aha! No, it’s not about school. It’s about your roommates.”

Your hand stopped, and the pencil lead splintered as you pressed hard. “What about them?”

“Well, you know them better than us, and we were just wondering if you could give us pointers as to what they look for in a girl, if you know?”

You were pretty sure you saw red, but you sighed and stood, facing the two of them with a big plastic smile. You knew just what to say. “Sure I can. Stretch loves it when you try to make him jealous, it drives him wild. The harder to get, the better. And Red really hates attention, so pay as little to him as possible and he’ll be putty in your hands. Remember, not a lick of attention.”

The girls giggled and thanked you, and you turned to watch the meltdown. Sophia immediately went past Stretch, turning to make out with one of the guys at the table. When she turned to look back at him, Stretch was glaring at her, hands in his sweatshirt. Red was trying to get Eris’ attention, but after the first three attempts, he rolled his eyes and turned away. The girls looked at you confused, and you motioned for them to keep trying.

“Well, that’s a little petty, don’t you think?” Hasani said, reappearing next to you.

“They deserve it, the guys are too good for them anyway.” You scoffed, crossing your arms. Maybe it was petty, but so were they.

“hasani, can we talk to y/n alone for a minute?” You turned a steely glare on Stretch, who had just appeared beside you with Red. Hasani excused himself to walk over to the drink table, leaving you alone.

“What, your cheering section not doin’ it for you?” You said, keeping your arms folded across your chest.

“look, kitten, we know you told those girls to do stuff we hate, so cut the act. you’re jealous.” Red said, his crimson eyes boring a hole in you.

“I’m not jealous, I’m angry. Those girls don’t even like you. They’re just going to go back to being assholes when you guys aren’t human-looking anymore.”

“doll, believe me when i say i know jealousy. i *am* the green-eyed monster, so don’t think i don’t see it in you.” Stretch said, a gentle hand laying on your shoulder. He was being pretty understanding. You’d assumed he would do it on purpose when given the chance, but instead of teasing you, he was genuinely trying to comfort you. You let your arms fall as you felt the shame come over you.

“I...I guess I *have* been pretty petty.” You admitted, not looking him in the eyes. “I just...I’ve always...I’ve always treated you like people. You didn’t have to look human before I lo...before I cared about you guys. They’re just in it for the big doe eyes and curly hair. It sucks. I feel like I’m losing you guys to a bunch of shallow bitches.”

Red took the spot on your right, his fingers lacing with yours comfortingly. “we know they don’t care about us, kitten. we’d never intentionally do anything to drive you away from us, so we’re sorry we did. you know how clingy i am, heh.”

Stretch’s hand found it’s way to your hair, and he nuzzled your face sweetly as he pulled you in for a hug. “we’re not goin’ anywhere, doll.”

Stretch and Red moved your things, and lifted you up onto the hood, where they joined you, one on either side. As they laid you down to look at the stars, they each kissed one of your cheeks at the

same time. You felt relief flare up inside your heart as they settled down next to you.

You took Red’s hand in your right, and Stretch’s in your left, and the glow from their red and orange blushing made you sigh. You were really silly to think they really cared about those girls.

“....I’m sorry I was a jealous idiot.”

“heh, no worse than us, kitten.”

Chapter End Notes

Red and Stretch are such sweeties. Stretch knows what it's like to be jealous lol.
Hasani is such a good guy.

Jet Pack Blues

Chapter Summary

Boys are back to normal, and it's Halloween time!
An ache in your soul makes Blue worry for your safety

Chapter Notes

OKAY FIRST CHECK OUT THIS AMAZING FANART BY OPTIMA_CHAMA ((fan art link moved to the notes at the end of the latest chapter)) (Cutest draw your squad ever)
OKAY NOW CHECK OUT OPTIMA'S AMAZING FANFIC HERE
OKAY
NOW CHECK OUT MY ROOMMATE'S AMAZING FANFIC HERE

I LOVE YOU ALL SO MUCH

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After a few days, things finally went back to normal. Sans seemed to fix whatever the problem was, so after you got a photo op with their human forms, he turned them all back to normal.

Now the house was back to it’s usual rut, with word of Halloween floating around the house. Turned out they love Halloween, just like you, and you were excited for the chance to celebrate with them.

As you walked through the door of the SPIRIT Halloween store, you sighed, your gaggle of skeletons chattering behind you. They all took off to different parts pretty immediately, with only Sans sticking close to your side. It still made you a little hot to stand close to him after the things he’d said to you in the kitchen that day, but you tried to control yourself. After all, he either didn't realize how hot he'd made you, or he had the best poker face you'd ever seen.

“d’ya know whatcha wanna dress up as, kid?” Sans asked, bringing you out of your memories. He looked kind of uncomfortable, but you supposed that was because there were naked skeletons hanging from the ceiling.

“Yep, I’m gonna be Snow White,” you said with a smirk as he followed you over to the Disney section. “I’m going to make mine, but it’s good to have ideas.”

“snow white, huh? why’s that?”

“Because I’m a girl living with six men and cleaning their house?” You teased, and he turned a bright blue.

“oh, heh, i guess that makes sense.”

“What about you?”

He looked surprised. “uh, i got a shirt that says ‘this is my costume’. i wear it every year, heh.”

“No!” You swatted him, and he chuckled, “No, you have to wear a real costume in my house.”

“uh, who’s house is it again?”

You stuck your tongue out at him. “Go look for a costume!”

He shrugged, winking at you, and disappeared. You turned your attention back to the variety of Snow White outfits hanging on the wall. You couldn’t decide whether you wanted to do an accurate costume or a sexy one, so it was good to look at all the different ones.

Suddenly your vision was obscured by a very skimpy Harley Quinn dress.

“whattya think, kitten?” Red said from behind the dress.

“I think you’d look pretty silly in that.”

“no no, it’s for you.” Of course it was.

“Sorry, Red, I’ve got my heart set on Snow White this year.” You said, pushing the dress out of the way. He didn’t stop grinning at you.

“snow white? well who’s your prince charming?”

G, you thought. But you didn’t say that.

“Well, I can’t tell you that, but he is a real *bone* head.” You said playfully, knocking him on the skull. He chuckled, turning a little pink.

“well, i better go find a good costume i suppose.” He said, disappearing with a wink.

You felt a weird tug in your chest and winced, hand over your heart. Ugh. It had been happening all morning, but you couldn’t figure out why. You could only tell that it felt familiar.

You felt a tap on your back and turned to see Stretch, carting Blue under his arm, who was laden down with about six different costumes.

“are you alright, doll?”

“Y-yeah, just some acid reflux. I’ll be fine.”

He looked at you incredulously, but before he could refute you, Blue started flailing under his arm.

“Y/N! Y/N! I NEED YOUR HELP! I CAN’T DECIDE WHICH COSTUME! SHOULD I BE A COWBOY? OR A DOCTOR? OR A SUPERHERO? WELL, I’M ALREADY A SUPERHERO BUT I COULD BE ONE FROM A MOVIE!”

You chuckled and leaned down so your face was level with his under Stretch’s arm. “I’m afraid I’m not much help, I think you’d be cute in any of those, Blue.”

He grinned up at you, cyan glow on his cheekbones. “W-WELL WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE, Y/N?”

“I’m going to be Snow White, on account of me keeping house for you guys!” You said, booping him gently on the nosebone. He giggled.

“THEN I KNOW WHAT I’M GONNA BE! PAPY, TAKE ME BACK TO THE COSTUMES!”

Stretch shot you another worried glance, but obediently took Blue away. You felt the twinge in your chest again, but you took a shaky deep breath and tried to ignore it. Instead, you turned your attention to the accesories, trying to decide which pieces to buy and which to make.

The pain bothered you off and on throughout the day, but you did your best to ignore it and power through. You helped the guys decorate the house, and you tried to figure out what their costumes were but they wouldn’t say.

After you finished putting fake cobwebs in the living room, Red approached you with a huge pile of scary movies.

“feel like a good jump, kitten? you can always hang onto me if you get too scared.”

Turned out the guys were the scaredy cats. You ended up on the floor in a pile of bones, everyone leaning into you as the cheesy effects made them quiver.

Edge was the only one who stayed rigid, sitting confidently on the couch, but one time you peeked behind you, and the terrified look on his face indicated that he just locks up when he’s scared. Red sat to your right, arm leaned back behind you. He tried not to, but he jumped at every jumpscare.

Blue was on your lap, leaning against your breast and chattering his bones whenever the bad guy was on screen. Stretch was next to you on the left, occupying one hand to “comfort you”, and he flinched whenever somebody screamed.

Papyrus had occupied the space directly behind you, at Edge’s feet. His arms were wrapped around your shoulders and he spent most of the movies with his head buried in your shoulder. Sans was at tour feet, leaning against Blue, and you could feel him shake a little whenever they showed blood.

Your twinge didn’t bother you throughout the movie marathon, save for the time you took a bathroom break. You felt relaxed to be there with all the guys, like things were finally settling down into a comfortable routine. With all the recent excitement that lingered from summer, and the guys’ strange transformation before, it was nice to get back into the usual routine.

During the next movie, you received a text from Sans at your feet.

SANSational: how ya doin back there, kid?

SANSational: anyone leaning too heavy or anything?

You: Nope. Surprisingly comfortable in my pile of bones.

SANSational: heh. that’s good.

You: I missed this.

SANSational: me too, kid. i'm glad you're here.

He attached a selfie so you could see everyone surrounding you in your cuddle pile. You felt his hand on your shin, giving you a reassuring squeeze. You smiled.

You really did belong here.

Blue snored quietly on your bed, having been too scared to be alone after the movie. You had put in *Snow White and the Seven Dwarves* to soothe his mind, and also for inspiration as you sewed your dress.

The sewing machine hummed quietly as you stitched, silky yellow fabric sliding under your hands. You were happy for the combined noise of the machine and Blue's tiny snores. You weren't sure how you would have felt in the silence.

You knew what the twinge in your chest was. It was the same eerie twinge that had caused you to pack up and get out of the previous towns you'd occupied. It was the twinge of something being wrong.

It was the feeling of you getting attached.

Your soul being tethered to your body didn't mean attachment wasn't possible. Obviously you had been attached to the guys since the day you moved in, but it wasn't the kind of attachment that caused the pain. Knowing now that your soul was, in fact, locked in your chest, you knew the pain was a result of it straining against it's binds.

You paused your stitching, glancing at the framed photos you kept littered on your desk. Some of your grandmother, but most of the boys. At the beach, with G and Green. Pink and BJ's shameless selfies. First day of school picture with Red and Stretch.

You wondered if pure love and happiness could free your soul, or if the pain would kill you first. Your hands bunched the fabric as you clenched your fists. There was no way you could leave these guys, so it's not like you can pack up and move on like before. And where would you even go?

"Y/N?"

You jumped slightly at Blue's voice, and turned a big smile to him. He sat up on your bed, rubbing the sleep from his eyesockets.

"Yes, Blue?"

"YOU LOOKED REALLY UPSET FOR A SECOND THERE. IS EVERYTHING ALRIGHT?" He asked. His eyesockets were surprisingly expressive, as usual, and he looked like a really sad puppy.

"Yeah, I just stitched part of my skirt wrong and now I have to do it again. No worries, it's an easy fix." You felt kinda bad lying to him.

“I DON’T THINK IT WAS THE KIND OF UPSET YOU GET FROM MESSING UP. IT LOOKED LIKE THE KIND OF UPSET YOU GET WHEN SOMETHING IS HURTING YOU EMOTIONALLY.”

Damn perceptive skeletons. Blue swung himself off his bed and cleared the room, his arms wrapping around your shoulders gently to hug you. Without his battlebody, he was soft, his plush undershirt feeling cool beneath your cheek.

“Blue…”

“WHY DO YOU STILL HIDE THINGS FROM US, Y/N? WHY DON’T YOU TELL US ABOUT YOUR PAIN?” His voice was soft, and quivered a little. He gently stroked your hair, nuzzling his face into the top of your head. “PAPY SAYS YOUR SOUL IS IN TURMOIL RIGHT NOW, BUT EVERY TIME HE ASKS ABOUT IT YOU DISMISS HIM. WE JUST WANT TO HELP YOU.”

So Stretch could see your soul was hurting? He was too observant for his own good. You wrap your arms around Blue’s waist gently, relaxing your head on his chest.

“I know, Blue...there’s just some things I’d like to keep to myself for now. Can you promise to understand?”

“NOT IF IT’S GOING TO PUT YOU IN DANGER,” He said firmly, his grip tightening slightly. “SORRY, Y/N, I CAN’T PROMISE.”

“Yeah, I suppose that was too much to ask of you.” You sighed into his shirt. Blue was too good for this world. He’d never promise something vague like that.

“Y/N...C...CAN I ASK SOMETHING PERSONAL OF YOU?” You leaned your head back slightly to see his face glowing a bright blue.

“Like what?”

“CAN...CAN I SEE YOUR SOUL?” He felt you go stiff in his arms.

“No,” you say quietly. “I can’t do that.”

“I MEAN, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIX THE PROBLEM, I-IF YOU JUST LET ME LOOK AT IT I COULD AT LEAST DIAGNOSE THE CAU--”

“No, Blue!” You pushed him away, but his hands held fast to your shoulders. You felt the twinge in your chest as his grip tightened. His voice became more persistant.

“THEN LET ME GET STRETCH? OR SANS? OR SOMEONE YOU’LL LET LOO--”

“Blue, you don’t understa--”

“--PLEASE Y/N JUST LET ME--”

“**I can’t!**” You cried, doubling over as the pain slammed in your chest. Your hands flew to your breast. You felt like you were unable to breathe as Blue’s hands frantically pulled you up.

“Y/N? Y/N!” Blue pleaded. You coughed, feeling the pressure building. He wrapped his arms around you, and placed a hand on your back. “I’M SORRY, Y/N, I KNOW YOU DIDN’T CONSENT BUT I HAVE NO CHOICE!”

He tugged on your soul, and you gasped as it slammed you upright. He stuttered, confused, and tried again. The tug opened your airway and the pain stopped instantly, leaving you gasping into his shoulder. His hand hesitated, as the realization sunk in.

“WHEN YOU SAID YOU CAN’T…” His hand rubbed your back gently and apologetically. His voice wavered and broke, betraying the tears pooling in his eyesockets.

“I...ack...meant that I *can't* .” You wheezed, hands tangled in his shirt. You thought he might hug you tight, but instead he leaned down to embrace you gently, as if you might break.

“...HOW AWFUL. SOMEBODY DID THAT TO YOU?” You just nodded, no longer in the mood to lie. You could feel his tears on your hair, hear them in his voice. “Y/N...I’M SORRY. I’M SORRY I PUSHED YOU. THE PAIN, JUST NOW...THAT WAS MY FAULT.”

His fault? No, it was just some stupid recurring pain...wasn’t it? “How could it be your fault, Blue?” You whispered soothingly, your body still shaking slightly.

“SOULS REACT TO THE FEELINGS OF LOVED ONES. I WAS UPSET WITH YOU, ANGRY EVEN, AND YOUR SOUL TRIED TO REACH ME, BUT IT COULDN’T. THAT’S WHY IT HURT YOU.” He sobbed, hand still rubbing your back gently. “IF I HADN’T PUSHED IT, IT WOULDN’T HAVE HURT.”

“Blue, it’s okay. I’m fine now, see?” You gently pushed him back so he could look at you. He wiped his tears and smiled sadly at you. He could at least see you were indeed alright now. “It’s alright, really.”

“BUT...IF YOU’RE HAVING THIS PAIN...IT’LL KEEP HAPPENING IF YOU DON’T DO SOMETHING.” He grasped your chin gently with one hand so you could look up at him. “PLEASE, LET PAPY TRY TO FIX IT. I CAN’T STAND TO SEE YOU HURT.”

“I can’t, Blue. I can’t risk it. If something goes wrong here…” You swallowed around the lump in your throat.

“PAPY’S GENTLE, NOTHING WILL GO WRONG, PLEASE…”

“Blue, if anything happens, I’ll have to leave you. All of you.” He froze at your statement. You took his hand off your chin and held it to your lips. “And I just can’t do that. Can you promise to understand? Can you promise not to say anything until I’m ready?”

He looked like he might cry again, and he was shaking a little. When he spoke, he sounded like it was the hardest words he’d ever had to speak. “WELL I...I CAN’T LOSE YOU. I WON’T SAY ANYTHING. I PROMISE.”

“Thank you,” you whispered into his hand.

“UHM...IF YOU WON’T LET PAPY FIX IT…” He said, cyan glow forming on his cheekbones. “THEN...AT LEAST LET ME STAY WITH YOU TONIGHT? M...MAYBE WE CAN WATCH MORE MOVIES TOGETHER?”

He was worried about you, for good reason. You smiled and stood, scooping the small skeleton up in your arms and heading towards the bed.

“Of course, Blue, I would never say no to that.”

Chapter End Notes

I'M GONNA DIE I LOVE YOU GUYS
Blue is so sweet, and poor Reader):
This was a short one, mostly because it was supposed to be longer but it got too long so I'm splitting it into two

Twist the Knife

Chapter Summary

It's Halloween, and a surprise guest stirs up trouble.

Chapter Notes

Take a look at the adorable fanart made by sniijen (fanart link moved to the notes at the end of the latest chapter) Ahhhh cute Blue using his ticket!
This was, again, supposed to be longer, but I decided it was a serious plot twist starter and so now it's going to stretch over a few chapters.
I'm working on a new fanfiction that I haven't posted yet as well, so I might update this one slower for a while?
I have some big plans for this one, so stay tuned!
Get ready (:

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next few days passed without problems, and your twinges waned. Everyone's moods were high, so maybe that was why you weren't feeling the pain. You reflected often on what Blue had said, and as a result you'd become increasingly docile and apologetic. It was out of character, but the guys didn't seem to notice too much because there wasn't much conflict. Blue checked in with you often, and intervened on your behalf when the others got too heated. You expected that Edge caught on as well, because he'd stopped baiting you into arguments and was leaving you alone for a while.

Halloween came quickly, and before you knew it, you were setting up snacks and drinks for a small party. From what you understood, you were expecting quite a few people.

"Alphys, Undyne, Toriel, Asgore, Frisk, Asriel…" You ticked off the guest list in your mind. You'd only met them all a handful of times, when you were staying with Undyne and Alphys during the guys' heat, so you were struggling to remember faces. You muttered the names to yourself again. "And I told the guys I was inviting Hasani."

You placed the bowl of chips you were holding on the table and stepped back to survey the setup.

Perfect. Time to get changed.

As you descended the stairs, Red took your hand to help you off the last step. You were annoyed to find he wasn't wearing a costume, and neither was Edge.

“all hail the beautiful princess,” Red said, planting a skelekiss on your hand before releasing it. Something was off about his smile.

“YES Y/N, YOU REALLY LOOK LOVELY!” You snapped your attention on Edge, who, for one, had never called you by your name before, and for another, was acting strangely polite and complimentative.

“Oooookaaaay, you both ate your weird-io’s this morning.” You said. You shrugged it off. “And where are your costumes?”

“we’re wearin’ ‘em, obviously,”

“YES! THE ILLUSION IS UNCANNY, IS IT NOT MISS Y/N?”

It clicked.

Sans grinned at you, popping his fake golden tooth off. “think he’ll be angry?”

“Only if he figures out you stole his jacket,” You said with a laugh. You tried not to look too hard at Sans. Even though you saw the outfit every day on Red, something about a collar around *Sans’* neck made you feel really hot. “Oh my God, you guys, I really thought you were them.”

Papyrus beamed down at you, straightening his scarf and black shirt. “THANK YOU! IT WAS MY BRILLIANT IDEA!”

“Well, it’s spot-on.”

“c’mon, kitten, I’m way more handsome than that.”

You turned to look back up the stairs, and had to admit you nearly drooled.

Red and Edge were standing on the landing, dressed in very nice red and black pinstriped suits, black fedoras, etc. Mob bosses. Red grinned at you, his real golden tooth shining in the light as he leaned back against his spiked bat. Edge smirked at you as he adjusted a huge pair of brass knuckles.

“I have to admit, that’s a very fitting choice,” you agreed as he passed you.

“i woulda preferred to be prince charming, but you never expressly asked me, gorgeous,” Red said, winking at you. The change of pet name made you blush. Red flipped your skirt while you were distracted, chuckling at your angry shriek as you pulled it back down. “cute outfit, kitten.”

“YES, HI HO INDEED,” Edge snickered, but the clementine glow on his cheekbones told a different story. You slapped his arm for his comment and he smirked at you.

They walked past to help finish the decorations, Edge using his height to re-string the cobwebs while Red looked on, casting you lewd glances every now and then. He certainly wasn’t subtle tonight. Halloween must get him hot.

You were adding the rainbow sherbet to the witch’s brew punch when you felt a tap on your shoulder.

“excuse me, miss, but i’m afraid i’m going to have to take you in for questioning.”

You turned around to see Stretch in a full policeman's uniform, gloves, hat, tie and….handcuffs...and all. Oh, sweet stars, he had handcuffs. What you wouldn't give to have him slap those on you and...woah, hey, Mistress, it's been a while. The look on your face must have been satisfying, because he smirked seductively, backing you up against a nearby wall. You put your hands up playfully.

"Oh, no, officer! What are my charges?" You said, putting on your best innocent voice.

"you stand accused of being the fairest of them all. i'm afraid i'm going to have to do a search to be sure you don't have any poison apples on hand." You giggled, putting your hands behind your head as he moved closer, gloved hands trailing against your sides. His touch was so gentle you couldn't help but sharply inhale as he went. "anything you say or do can and will be held against you, so feel free to say 'my body'." He growled. Woah. You probably should have expected that turn of events. He chuckled at your face, tapping your nose with a gloved finger, and backed off unexpectedly. At first you were confused, but then you saw the smallest skeleton pulling him back by the belt.

"MY TURN! MY TURN!" Blue chirped, and Stretch stepped aside. Blue gave a deep bow, and you could clearly see that he had chosen to dress as Prince Charming to your Snow White. He was positively adorable, all decked out in traditional wear with a little blue cape.

You giggled and curtsied back. "My prince!"

He blushed a cerulean glow, and beamed up at you shyly.

"imagine my frustration when he pulled that costume out. can't believe i didn't think of that," Stretch drawled, leaning against the snack table.

"aw, man, i woulda just done it if i'da thought she'd think it was cute," Red grumbled, too low for you to hear from across the room.

Blue reached out and grabbed your hands, an excited smile on his face. You giggled, letting him pull you into a little dance, and you started singing "Someday My Prince Will Come", making him stutter and turn a brilliant shade of baby blue.

Little did you know, the night was going to get interesting.

As you stopped dancing with Blue, erupting into a giggle fit, there was suddenly a soothing hand on your shoulder, a svelte, familiar voice, and the smell of hot sauce.

Sans

---

sweet holy stars she looked so good in that dress. it took all my energy to act normal. i kept feelin' her eyes on me, but every time i looked she looked away. i found myself wishing more than once that she was the one wearin' the collar.

and...i admit it. i saw her panties when red flipped her skirt up. the shock was the only thing that kept me from pounding him into the ground. that, and the fact that...well, i enjoyed the view. yes, i'm a creep, i know.

blue's a smarter kid than we give him credit for. his prince charming costume was a great idea, and definitely won brownie points with her.

unfortunately for him, them brownie points didn't mean anything once *he* showed up.

"why did we even invite him?" stretch was feelin' the burn next to me. his voice seethed as we watched y/n's face light up, her body language practically screaming "yes" as she threw her arms around him like he was her real prince charming. even though he was dressed as a devil.

"Didja miss me, Angel?" g cooed at her, and she practically melted at his touch. i felt my teeth grinding, and i musta looked something terrible with the look i was givin' them because paps put a hand on my shoulder and squeezed. i sighed, calmed myself down.

i watched her as she talked to him. tried to get a reading. for some reason, her aura was always restrained, and except for extreme emotions it was hard to tell what she was thinking. well, extreme emotions she did currently have, so i took the opportunity to creep on her aura. everyone's colors were different, but in the year and three months i'd known her i'd learned how to read them.

blue for happiness. that one took a long time to learn because she hardly ever had true happiness, at least until she moved in here(i take a lot of credit there). different shades meant different things, like light blue when she was dancing with Blue was playfulness, teal for anticipation, but...the blue around her was a very specific sans-the-skeleton brand of blue. the blue of my sweatshirt. i'd never seen that before.

usually purples meant curiosity. amethyst for childlike wonder(usually when she's watching magic being done), eggplant for insatiable need to learn something scientific. there was a strange magenta i'd also never seen mixing in with her cool blue.

but it was the pink that threw me off. last time i saw that pink, it was after our steamy night of almost-something. she turned that pink whenever she saw me for three days. she hadn't seen g in two months, and that pink was crawlin' all over her. stretch must have been lookin' too, because he mentioned it quietly.

"never seen that combination before. embarrassed, curious, and ecstasy." he sounded as off-put as i felt. "wonder how he managed to elicit *that* response."

we both looked at each other as it dawned on us. she'd spent over a month in the care of g, and none of us had ever thought to ask the question. if we knew g at all there was no way it didn't happen. i felt resentment well in my chest, slithering around my soul.

"nah. there's no way." i said, trying to remain cheerful.

"yeah, you're right, no way." stretch didn't sound convinced, and by the daggers in red's eyes you could tell he was in the same boat. i twitched as i heard the confirmation i didn't want as i accidentally zeroed in on his whispers.

"I've missed you, Angel, since that night I've thought of nothing but you, and how gorgeous you look in my silk sheets."

"G!! What if somebody hears you!" she hissed, fuschia flushing and swallowing her aura as she slapped his hand away.

“Nobody’s gonna hear, Angel.” he chuckled. wrong. i heard. and judging from the murder in red’s eyesockets and the stiffness of stretch’s shoulders, so did they.

i don’t remember the particulars, but i just remember deciding that she was to be mine, and mine only. the feeling of the possessive monster i was rose in my chest. i gritted my teeth to keep from whisking her upstairs to ravage her, mark her as mine with my teeth and my soul, to pin her down and--

“BROTHER, YOU NEED TO CALM DOWN.” paps’ voice was soothing in my ear. i realized i was losing my cool, magic welled around my tightly clenched fists. luckily she didn’t notice. unluckily, it was because she was too busy looking at g.

i glanced at the others. stretch had turned away to comfort a dejected blue, and red was arguing playfully with edge. despite their distractions, their auras were dark with conflicted emotions.

i tried to let it go. after all, the girl was an adult, and we did all say we weren’t going to judge her or treat her like a toy. but...i wasn’t really seein’ her as a toy.

we all exchanged glances, and in that moment we made a silent agreement of both cooperation and war.

one of us was gonna be the reason she glowed pink tomorrow, and all of us were gonna keep g away from her.

Seeing G was unexpected, and left you feeling giddy. You were so excited to spend some time with him. He was dressed as a very fetching devil, with little devil horns, a deep red vest and pants, and a black button-up shirt, top few buttons undone.

The first moment you thought the guys had their backs turned, you were hiding in the closet with the devil himself.

“Oh, Angel, we’re at your house now. If ya wanted to get me alone, wouldn’t your bedroom work?”

“Shut up, G,” you said, curling your hands around his vest fabric and pulling him close for a kiss, which he readily accepted. He hummed against you happily, his hands tracing lightly over the bodice of your dress.

“Cute outfit,” he muttered, and it sounded more sincere than when Red had said it. “Wish I’da known, I’da been your Prince Charmin’. But...looks like somebody already had that idea.”

He tipped your face upwards, leaning down to give your neck a playful nip. You whined and pulled him closer.

“Sorry, Angel, but it ain’t the time or place. There’s kids at this party, y’know?”

With a sigh you released him. You really wished you had a reason to run back to the beach house more often. Living in this house of constant sexual tension was killing you.

“I wish we had more time together.” You pouted. You reached for his face but he gently laced his fingers around your wrists and lowered them away from him.

“Careful what you wish for, Angel, I’m not all I’m cracked up to be. Besides, if you need entertainment, just look at the way the guys are lookin’ at ya tonight. Think I’m the only skeleton that wants to steal away to the closet with ya?”

Why was he being like that? He’d never pushed you away before. And it wasn’t like you didn’t notice the guys, you weren’t stupid. You knew how they felt, and they knew how you felt. Well, *you* weren’t sure you knew how you felt, but...you see the guys every day. You only see G every now and then. You withdrew your hands to your breast, giving him a stubborn glare.

“But I wanna steal away with you.”

His expression faltered, and you thought you saw a glimpse of sadness behind his eyes. But it was gone in a flash, replaced by a nervous smile and a yellow glow, like a lantern.

“Ah, Angel, how’m I supposed to say no to you?” He chuckled, and you smirked triumphantly as he swooped down to kiss your smile again. He kept his hand on the small of your back, and as he kissed you tenderly, you felt the twinge in your soul go off.

Uh-oh.

G noticed your squeak as the pain hit, and even though it subsided immediately, he still pulled away. He studied your face, and decided not to say anything. Instead his hands gripped your shoulders and turned you around firmly.

“G-G!” you squealed quietly. “I thought this was neither the time nor the place?!”

“Relax, Angel. I just have a present for you.” He pulled you close, and suddenly his hands dangled a necklace in front of you, swooping in to fasten it around your neck. A necklace with silver wings on it, with a small yellow pearl charm. He pulled you in even closer, his voice smooth as silk in your ear. “I thought of you when I saw it. I just had to see it on ya.”

One of his hands came around to finger the wings.

“It’s beautiful,” you whispered, tears threatening to spill over as you realized how deep his feelings really went.

“Yeah, you are.”

You whirled around to face him, clutching his vest.

“G, I--”

The door suddenly swung open, and you were met by a positively abashed Green, who stared at you as if you had three heads. In his hand was his black overcoat.

“O-oh, eh, ehm, p-pardon terribly, brother, I...I didn’t--” He stammered, probably worried that he’d interrupted something lewd.

“S’okay bro, Angel was just helping me hang my coat.” G said dismissively, grasping your hand and pulling you from the coat closet past him. He dismissed himself to the bathroom, leaving you to stand with Green in awkward silence.

You shifted uncomfortably, feeling Green's grassy blush directed at you. He was dressed as a scientist, or perhaps a doctor, with a white lab coat hanging over his tall frame, atop his usual black turtleneck sweater. Suddenly, he made a noise as if clearing his throat, and caught your full attention.

"Hello, my dear. It's lovely to see you." He said, his voice surprisingly stable for his easily embarrassed nature. "I am happy to see you are doing well."

His polite manner had always had a relaxing effect on you, and you sighed and released the tension in your shoulders. "Likewise, my friend."

He was about to say something else, but suddenly you heard Red calling to you from the snack table. And yes, it was real Red, not Sans. You excused yourself politely, a little upset that you aren't able to spend more time with your less frequent guests, and made your way over to the table where was leaning against the wall with a glass in his hand. You were surprised to see the living room full of life, and Frisk and Asriel running around in Thing 1&2 costumes. You hadn't realized they'd made it.

"witch's brew?" Red asked, holding the glass out. You took it from him, suspicious. When you tasted it, your suspicion was confirmed.

"Did you just spike mine, or the whole cauldron?"

"red always goes big, kitten." You groaned and gave him a pointed look. "don't worry, i'm keepin' the kids away."

"Stop ruining my party, ya lugnut," you giggled. He chuckled as you went to smack him, but the second you touched him the grin turned into a grimace and he looked like you'd just electrocuted him. He took half a step back so his back was against the wall, eyeing you incredulously. It made you uncomfortable. "Woah, hey, sorry, didn't mean to upset you. Just playing."

His eyes were looking you over, and a sense of understanding came over him as his eyes landed on your new necklace. You saw a hint of...sadness? Jealousy? Anger? You didn't see it long enough to know what it was.

"...did g give you that?" he asked, the rumble of his voice low.

"Y-yeah, just a little gift." You stuttered.

"take it off."

Uhm, what?

"Uh, no, I think I like it, so it'll stay." You said, crossing your arms. Even for jealousy, it was petty.

"i'm serious, kitten. take it off right now."

"No!" you felt your face heat up with anger. What happened to letting you do your thing? Not treating you like a toy? He looked like you'd slapped him in the face with that response.

"**fine.**" His fists clenched, and a strangled grunt escaped him as he stalked past you, avoiding touching you. You bit your lip as his anger triggered a painful twinge.

“Red, wait--! Ugh...the hell is his problem?”

After about an hour of unsuccessful attempts to brighten Red’s mood, you decided to step into the garden. G hadn’t been avoiding you, per se, more like he was watching you move about, almost like a shark watches their prey. Either way, you were tired of being confused by the actions of those two, and as you stepped outside, you sighed. The garden was so beautiful, in full bloom despite it being mid-autumn. Probably something to do with monster magic.

“i have you surrounded, put your hands up!”

You giggled at Stretch’s voice from behind you. You were down to play some more cops and robbers, sure. You whirled around, pointing a finger gun at him. “You’ll never catch me alive!”

“sorry, lady, but you’re on my most wanted list, i’m gonna have to use any force necessary,” he chuckled, reaching over to push your wrists out of the way to pull you close.

Or at least he would have pulled you close, but the second his hands touched your wrist, he recoiled with a soft hiss, surprising both of you.

“jeez, doll, if you didn’t want me to touch you, you could have just said so…” The hurt in his voice was evident.

“But I did...I mean, I didn’t do anything. Are you okay?”

He looked at you with an expression you didn’t recognize. His eyes fell on the necklace.

“that...that’s new.”

“Uhm, yeah, G gave it to me.” Weird, they were all so fixated on that necklace.

“and you...accepted it?”

“Well, yeah?”

Stretch straightened himself, and you realized for the first time how *TALL* he was. He was always slouching, but right now he towered over you. His eyes were dark and his face solemn. You don't think you'd ever seen him so serious.

“you shouldn’t wear that.”

“What the...why the hell not? I don’t think it’s any of your business, Stretch.”

“you shouldn’t wear that. not in this house.” he growled. You took a step back, his anger pulling at your soul, making you wince. You were afraid of his tone, and you didn’t respond. When you peeked up to look at him, he was gone.

Your fingers flew up to the necklace. What was the big deal?

Sans came out the back door not one minute after Stretch went in.

“hey, kid, red and stretch are right pissed off, what’s the…” His voice trailed as his eyes landed on your necklace. Please…Not you, too. “where’d you get that?”

Something in your bones screamed at you to lie, but you couldn't. "G gave it to me."

Sans' face went through a flurry of emotions: anger, defeat, more anger, frustration...finally it settled into an uncomfortable grimace.

"that sneaky son of a bitch." It was so quiet you weren't sure you'd heard him right. You'd never heard him talk like that, but it seemed fitting as he was dressed as Red. "did he explain why? or did he just give it to ya?"

"It's just a neckla--"

"**answer the question**."

You felt your soul twisting and whining in your chest, a little harder than the last few times.

"He just said he saw it and thought of me."

Sans clicked his teeth and sighed angrily, but you could also hear a hint of relief.

"that asshole must have a deathwish."

"Okay, dude, you have GOT to tell me what's going on." You reached to grip his arm, but he shirked your touch.

"g's basically issued a challenge, one all of us are willing to accept. that ain't no yellow pearl, kid, that's a drop of his magic crystallized. a magical way of saying 'dibs', basically." Sans looked positively terrifying, eyesockets dark and furrowed into a frown. "he *marked* you, like an animal."

Realization hit you. The magic in the necklace was physically shocking the others to stay away from you. On one hand, you were flattered G liked you so much but...suddenly you realized all that talk in the closet had just been him testing you, to see if you'd pick him over the others. And now the others were so mad because…

They thought you did.

Sans was gone from your side, retreating back into the house like a raging storm. Oh, my stars, you had to stop them, this was all a misunderstanding….!

But you were stopped by the searing pain in your chest, making your limbs vibrate unpleasantly as your breath became labored. Oh...Oh no...If just Blue being angry with you had hurt that bad, then…

You were grateful when unconsciousness found you swiftly.

Inside, Sans stormed across the living room. The look in his eye caught the attention of the very pissed off Red and Stretch, who blinked to his side as he descended on G.

"tori, asgore, get the kids outta here," Sans hissed. Much to Frisk and Asriel's dismay, they gathered them up and were out the door without question.

Hasani sunk into the couch, hoping nobody would realize he was still there.

“Hey, guys, what’s with the daggers? Angel tell you something weird?” G said, leaning lackadaisically against the wall. The smirk on his face told them he knew exactly why they were here.

Sans reached up and snatched his collar, pulling him down to eye level.

In a flash, Green and Papyrus had pulled their brothers apart, desperate to stop the fight before it happened. G held his hands up innocently, so Green released him, but Sans growled and strained against Papyrus’ grip. While Blue intervened before Stretch could do anything, Edge stayed right where he was, content to watch as Red launched himself at G, fists flying.

G dodged his blows easily, bringing his palm down hard on the back of his skull and sending him crashing into the ground hard.

“BROTHER, PLEASE, WHAT IS HAPPENING?”

“ *this fucker just marked y/n* .” Sans growled through gritted teeth. Papyrus dropped him, shocked. Edge's amused look dropped off his face, replaced with a grimace.

“M-MARKED? AND SHE ACCEPTED?”

G dodged easily as Stretch threw bones from every direction, having wiggled free from Blue’s grasp with an orange glare in his eye.

“as angry as i am at y/n, you knew the score, g! if you want to throw down a challenge, i will ***fuck you up happily***.” The snarl that escaped Stretch was feral, gravity magic throwing Blue off of him. He tried to jump at G, but was caught by the tie by Edge.

He choked, and everyone went silent. Edge never interrupted a fight, especially one he had a horse in.

“YOU ARE ANGRY WITH Y/N? AND RED? SANS?” He hissed, eyes scowling right along with his mouth, glancing at the three in turn with an incriminating look in his eye.

Blue jumped up, realization hitting him. Desperation making his voice crack, he shuddered as he asked the most important question that had slipped their minds.

“O-OH NO! WHERE’S Y/N?”

“kid!”

“kitten!”

“Y/N!”

Sans skidded on his knees to a stop next to you, followed closely by the others. He pulled you up from the ground, his soul whining and shuddering as he felt the lifelessness in your body. Sweat beaded on his skull as panic set in. No. No no no nononono…..

“beautiful, you needta wake up, please!” he pleaded, hand caressing your face, pushing hair away from your features. Red’s hands gripped your skirt, panic similar to his counterpart’s evident in his eyes.

“k...kitten?” His voice quivered, entire body shaking. He could hear the strangled cries of his family’s souls, trying to call to yours to no avail.

“I...I’ll call 911!” Hasani said, running back into the house. Papyrus held Blue as Stretch knelt down, afraid to touch you should you turn to dust. He’d never been so scared, not since he lost Blue in the previous timelines. Edge wrung his bony hands in worry.

“HER...HER SOUL, IT’S--” Blue started, before Edge cut him off, finishing the shocking news.

“IT’S LOCKED AWAY INSIDE!”

“r-right!” Red remembered. His hands pushed Sans’ out of the way, undoing the lace on your bodice. Sans shoved him back, pulling you closer to him protectively.

“red, what the hell are you doing?”

“a soul separation, asshole, what do you think?!”

Chapter End Notes

So much to say here!
Firstly, I love all their costumes, I think they all worked out nicely. It doesn't mention it, but Toriel and Asgore were both dressed up as the Cat in the Hat.
Second, G makes his move! Kinda underhanded, but he probably thought it would just be funny. He didn't expect the tragedy that happened, he thought he'd just duke it out and beat all the guys.
Poor Y/N, they are still treating her like an item to be had. But she isn't really totally innocent either.
Next Chapter will start off strange and at first you'll think it's wrong, but when it comes along just go with it!

Genocide

Chapter Summary

Visions plague your unconscious mind. Your family haunts you.

Chapter Notes

This one starts very left-field. Almost as if it's not a continuation of the last one.
But worry not! It shall be explained!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Blue was the obvious first choice. So sweet, and trusting. You had invited him to join you in your room for movie night, and he'd been so excited, only to fall asleep in your arms only halfway through. *The Princess Bride* played in the background quietly as you observed his sleeping form.

He lay stretched across your lap, snoring lightly. You could see his soul glowing dimly underneath his white t-shirt. Sweet little Blueberry.

You adjusted his scarf. He looked like a little angel. Your resolve was...shaky.

Stars, you loved this kid. Every moment you'd spent together was worth it, from playing games and doing puzzles all the way to his kiss and his worry about your soul.

You pulled up his shirt, hesitating. He started to stir, but settled down when you rubbed his skull in small circles, whispering to him. He sighed contentedly. Tears threatened your ducts, waiting for your emotion to spill over. You closed your eyes as you reached into his ribcage, crushing the blue light easily in your hand.

Dust.

You felt awful, but you couldn't stop. Five more to go.

You dusted yourself off and hung his scarf from your vanity. At least he didn't suffer. No, he died content, in your arms, dreaming and loved.

"Papyrus?"

"HMM? OH! MISS Y/N, HOW ARE YOU THIS MORNING? SANS AND I ARE GOING TO TOWN, WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME ALONG?"

"No, I have some stuff to do here, but...I was wondering if you'd let me borrow your scarf while you're out? I've got a surprise for later, and I'll need it for that."

“OH, I LOVE SURPRISES! HERE YOU GO, THEN!”

He happily handed you his scarf, noting that it was his favorite so please take care of it. He seemed so excited whenever he talked to you, his genuine cheer at your presence making you sweat a little.

“And Papyrus?” You said, catching his arm before he went.

“YES? IS THERE SOMETHING ELSE YOU NEED?”

“Just drive safe,” you said, leaning up to kiss him on the cheekbone. “And remember that I love you?”

“OH, GOLLY, MISS Y/N…” He turned bright orange. Adorable... “I LOVE YOU, TOO.”

“woah, what’s up with the love fest?” Sans asked, coming up from behind you.

“O-OH! MISS Y/N WAS JUST WISHING THAT WE WOULD DRIVE SAFELY!”

“hey, that’s sweet kid. but we’re only going to town. we’ll be back in a few hours.”

“Okay, Sans, I’ll see you then.” You swooped down to plant a kiss on his cheek, too. While he still loved you.

You waved to them from the window as they drove away. You hoped they would be far from here when they found out you cut the brakes.

You zipped the boots on slowly. They really were a work of art, one of the finer pieces Edge had bought you. You sat in his chair, in his room, waiting for him to return. The tightness in your chest was only rivaled by the tight miniskirt you were sporting. You slung one leg over the other, your skirt riding up just barely. Perfect, you thought as you leaned back. And impeccably timed.

Edge opened his door, closing it behind him and dropping his shopping bags with a loud thud.

“Hey, Sugar Daddy,” you called gently, making him jump. He turned toward you, ready to fight, but when he saw it was just you, he straightened himself.

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY ROOM, HUMAN? AND WHY ARE YOU DRESSED SO...APPEALING?”

“I just thought that maybe...you wanted to play today?” From behind your back, you produced a whip, brandishing it seductively. He burned a bright orange as he grinned wickedly.

“WHAT’S THE GAME, THEN?” He asked, moving closer. He reminded you of a jungle cat, ready to pounce. You stood slowly, pulling on his scarf to lower him to the ground so you were standing over him.

“It’s called kill or be killed.” you said, placing your boot on his chest and pushing him back, laying him down on the ground.

“INTRIGUING,” He grinned, grasping your foot. With a swift pull, your feet fell out from under you and you landed on your back. Edge sat up straight, and used your leg to drag you into his lap.

“I’M AFRAID THAT YOU’LL NOT FIND A BEING ALIVE WHO IS BETTER AT THIS GAME THAN I, HUMAN.”

“Oh, I hope so,” you said, pulling him close by the front of his black shirt. “It’d be no fun otherwise.”

You planted a kiss on his teeth, which he accepted hungrily, forcing his tentacle-like orange tongue past your lips. He growled and whined as you slipped one hand down to caress his ribs. Suddenly, with a mischevious glint in your eye, you broke the kiss, grasping him by the collar of his shirt and his bottom rib. You twisted, throwing him with all your might to the ground. You heard a cracking noise as his skull hit the floor, but he wasn't close to finished. He chuckled as he collected himself off the ground, and then reached up and grabbed you by the throat, slamming you against the wall as he stood swiftly.

“DO YOU STILL WANT TO PLAY?” He hissed, running a finger down your cheek. He popped the top button of your shirt off.

“Ooh, Daddy, do it harder,” you gasped, coughing, as he strangled you. He dropped you, surprised, but collected himself quickly upon realizing you liked it rough.

“S-SO! YOU STILL WANT MORE?”

He grabbed you by the front of the shirt, slamming you against his dresser, hooking an arm under you to put you on top of it.

“NOW BE A GOOD HUMAN AND SCREAM FOR DADDY,” He said, digging his fingers into your hips, as he leaned in.

Hmmm, maybe you should play a little longer than you planned. You smiled at him and shook your head, refusing to scream.

“Nope, you gotta work for that.” You placed your boot on his chest once more, slowly pushing him away from you. Your skirt hiked up, and you used the distraction to throw the lamp at him.

He blocked it, setting it down on the bedside table. He swung his fist at you, but you ducked and he broke the mirror.

“Bad luck, Bone Daddy.”

“HOLD STILL SO I CAN PUNISH YOU FOR THAT AWFUL PUN!”

“No!”

He grabbed you under the armpits, lifting you off the dresser, and threw you like a ragdoll onto the bed. He followed swiftly, grabbing your wrists and using his large stature to pin you down. His hot breath on your neck made you shiver.

“YOU’RE VERY DEFIANT TODAY, HUMAN. DO I NEED TO REMIND YOU OF YOUR PLACE?”

You giggled and kissed his nose bone. This was clearly not the reaction he was expecting, and he hesitated. You used the hesitation to bring your leg up, rolling him off of you over your shoulder until you landed on top of him with a *thud* on the floor.

He shouted as your weight landed on him.

“What’s wrong, Edgy? Is Sugar Baby getting too fussy?”

At this point, it dawned on him that this wasn’t just a game. His eyelights became pinpricks.

“WE AREN’T PLAYING, ARE WE?”

“Afraid not, Daddy.”

The knife slipped from inside your boot into your hand, sliding easily between his ribs. There was an orange flash, and you felt him go limp. His grip on the front of your shirt loosened.

“I KNEW I COULDN’T TRUST HUMANS.”

As the dust settled, leaving you clutching his scarf, you sighed.

“Sorry, Sugar Daddy. There are some things money can’t buy.”

You forced your way through the door as soon as Red opened it, gripping him roughly by the jacket.

“hey kitten, what’s--ah!”

You tossed him on the bed, shutting the door behind you.

“Don’t talk, you’ll just ruin it.” You said, unbuttoning your shirt. the look of confusion on his face turned into giddy excitement.

“w-woah, are you for real, right now, kitten?” He said, shrinking back into his pillows as you advanced on him, crawling over him on the bed. You put a finger over his teeth, shushing him softly. You needed to kiss him soon before it wore off.

You leaned in, and he excitedly met your lips. Looks like someone was catching up with the rest of the class. He moaned and shivered as you kissed him, surprisingly submissive. Suddenly, his hands were tangled in your hair, and he yanked you back and threw you down, switching so that he was on top.

“did you think i wouldn’t notice the taste of wolfsbane, kitten?” He whispered in your ear. You glared up at him.

“Just be a good boy and take your medicine, Red,” You cooed wickedly, pulling him down to kiss you again. He’d already swallowed the lethal dose, so you’d already won. Again, he pulled away.

“how long do you think i have, then?” he said, running a hand over your bare chest, pink blush spreading over his cheeks at seeing you undone underneath him.

“I’d say ten minutes.”

“long enough. don’t worry, kitten, i’ll leave you something to remember me by.” He leaned down, kissing you hungrily. His tongue felt like fire. He dragged the tips of his fingers across your chest, drawing blood as he moaned against your mouth. You hitched your leg up to allow him to lean in

closer, his body weight crushing you gently. His tongue was slick, and tasted like cherries and mustard. You couldn't help but arch your back as his fingers trailed from you neck to your navel. He stopped to breathe. “and what about edge? and the others?”

“Do you have the time to ask?” He looked at you, expectantly. “Some are already there. The others will join you soon.”

“ah, kitten, you’re the devil…” He suddenly coughed, glowing red blood spattering across your chest. He looked at the blood as if it had personally insulted him with it's presence.

“Hmm...maybe it was more like five minutes.” You gently rolled back over on top of him, laying his skull on the pillows. “So should I treat you nice, or do you want it rough?”

“i...i got a better idea, kitten.” He holds out his hand, shaking, the dare half of his ticket practically winking at you. You frowned. This was unprecedented.

“I suppose you want the antidote.”

“no...no, you wouldn’t give it to me anyway. i...i just want you to tell me what i wanna hear. c’mon, kitten, you know what it is.”

His face was contorted with pain, his breathing labored, and yet he still looked at you softly, as if you hadn't just murdered his family and poisoned him. His eyes still said he loved you. You closed his hand over the ticket, leaning your cheek against his closed fist. “I love you, Red.”

“more than the others?”

“More than anything.” He sighed, sinking into the pillows, crimson eyes looking up at you.

“liar.” he scoffed, but smiled.

“It’s true, Red. I really do.” You really did love him.

He sighed. “nah. you were always too good for me anyway...kitten…”

He closed his eyes with a sigh, and you leaned down to kiss him on the forehead. He turned to dust underneath your touch, leaving his collar hanging off your fingers.

“Don’t worry, Red. I’ll always be your Kitten.” You said, silent tears running down your cheeks as you clasped the collar around your neck.

“hey, doll!” you heard Stretch’s voice outside the door. You had just finished cleaning off Red's blood, good timing. You pulled Blue’s scarf from the vanity and stuffed it down your shirt..

“Come in,” you called sweetly. He obliged without hesitation.

“hey, have you seen blue? last i heard he was having a sleepover with you last night.”

“Yeah, but he was gone before I woke up. I thought he was with you?” You hoped Stretch wouldn’t work his lie detector skills on you right now. Lucky for you, he was distracted by your short skirt. You sat on the bed and smiled up at him. “But...maybe before you go looking for him...we could have our own sleepover?”

“hmmm. i dunno...what’s in it for me?” he drawled, stepping close, leaning over you with a smirk.

“Whatever you want, Stretch…” you said, slipping your hands behind his neck and pulling him down on top of you.

“ooh, tempting.” he ran his hand up your thigh, slipping it under your skirt. You leaned up to kiss him, and he let you. He relaxed, and the sigh that escaped him was downright lewd. But it still didn’t feel quite right.

“Wait, Stretch. I wanna tie you down.”

“it’s a little early for marriage, doll.”

“No, I mean to the bed.”

He looked surprised. “that sounds like something red would say.”

You pouted at him. “Well maybe I’ll go play with Red, then.”

“playing with fire sweetheart. are you trying to make me jealous?” he chuckled, and kissed your neck. You hummed, leaning your head so he could get to it easier.

“If it will get you to treat me real rough.”

“i see...you’re very naughty today.” His voice was low, a bass note that made you breathless. He was suddenly gone from your neck, pulling his sweater and tank top off over his head effortlessly.

He let you up, and laid down in your place. You teased across his ribs as you strapped him in.

“mmm...you’ve done this before.”

“Only to myself, at night when I think of you,” you teased, running one finger down another rib, causing him to shiver. “...Your soul is so beautiful.”

“eh, it’s just an orange light. but thanks.”

“...You shouldn’t have let me tie you up, Stretch.” you sighed. He looked at you, confused. “I was hoping you’d catch me in my lie and end this.”

You pulled Blue’s scarf from your breast, leaning down to tie it around his neck.

“doll...why do you have that?” He didn’t seem to want to believe. You didn’t answer, your hands expertly tying the noose with the scarf. Suddenly you were frozen. His voice was more serious this time. “doll... **why do you have that?** ”

You shook off his magic and leaned down, pulling the scarf to bring his face to yours. Tears glistened in your eyes.

“...I’m so sorry, Stretch.”

“no, doll...i’m sorry.”

You shrieked in pain as you felt a bone embed itself in your back. Dammit! He didn't hit you with enough force to kill you.

"Do it, Stretch. Please."

"it's not your fault, is it?" he asked, your blood dripping down your sides and onto his ribs. Perceptive, as always. "you're not in control."

"Please end this, before I do."

"i'm sorry, y/n. i can't do that." He closed his eyes and laid his head back. The bone disappeared. "i'm comin', sans."

You pulled on the scarf, closing your eyes and trying not to hear the deafening *crack* .

You sobbed, holding nothing but dust.

You could hear Sans' screams like they came from your own soul. You'd guess two to three blocks away. You'd guess he wasn't able to save Papyrus.

You'd guess he was headed straight for you.

You finished your lipstick, looking in the mirror. Red eyes looked back at you. You tightened the scarves on your arm: Blue, Edge, Papyrus. Stretch's sweater was tied around your waist, and Red's collar hung from your neck. You hoped it was enough to make him kill you quickly.

You could hear him calling for the others, and you could hear him realize they weren't there. You could hear him call you over and over, his voice growing increasingly frantic.

You stood, facing the door. It slammed open, revealing a frantic Sans.

"kid, kid, somethin's happened, somethin' bad and...and…" He went from frantic to shock, seeing your outfit. Covered in the relics of his family, covered in blood.

"Sans." You said sadly. It was more of a statement than anything.

"kid...what did you do?" His face fell as realization sunk in. You reached into your boot and drew your knife.

"What we both knew I'd do eventually."

His eye burned blue flames, and his grin turned into a grimace.

"C'mon, Sans, time to make good on that promise you made me. That I'd not just be homeless…"

"...you'd be lifeless." he finished. He straightened himself. The complex emotions that crossed his face were unreadable for the most part, but you did understand one. Betrayal.

The impact came quicker than expected, though it wasn't something you shouldn't have been able to dodge. Good thing you didn't want to. Bones pierced your body, holding you still as a dragon-like skull made your skin burn. Sans looked crazed as he commanded the attack, but at some point

he realized you weren't dodging. He stopped his attack, and you fell to your knees, coughing up blood.

"ain't you even gonna fight back, you dirty family killer?" His voice was a deep bass note, plucking at your soul.

You just smiled at him, blood spilling from your lips. "Thank you, Sans. I'm...I'm finally free."

"...kid?"

"I always knew you'd be the one to save...me…" You felt the numbness subside to searing pain, and you collapsed. Sans' hands were on you in an instant, pulling your limp body close and cradling you.

"kid...kid, wait! i...i was too hasty, d-don't leave me here all alone! don't…" He spotted your red eyes, and something in his face told you he recognized it. "...you...you aren't in control...are you?"

His face contorted as he realized his mistake. His eyes assessed the damage in seconds, and panic set in, his hands patting your body frantically all over, trying to heal you, trying to apply pressure. The hold over you was weakening, and your eyes faded to normal. You needed to tell him.

"I love you, Sans. It was always you, from the beginning, and now."

"kid, quit talkin' like you ain't gonna make it!" He cried, pushing your bloody hair out of your face, trying to scrub the blood off your cheeks. "you're gonna pull through, o-or we'll get frisk to reset, and we'll end up back here but safer, i'll know how to save you!"

"You can't change this outcome, Sans. Even if they don't, I will always have to leave. A worthless girl like me…" you coughed, splashing blood on his sweatshirt. "...was never meant to be happy."

He pulled you to him, leaning his face down to kiss you, tears making his kiss taste like salt. It was the last time. You felt consciousness fading...it was too soon, just a few more minutes with him, please...

...so this was what it was like to die for your sins.

"please, beautiful...don't go." he sobbed into your neck. "don't leave me here alone."

When you woke suddenly, everything was dark. So dark, so cold, so wrong...Sans' voice echoed in your head. Where were you? Why--

Your train of thought stopped at the sight of your "Sister" sitting on a bench, head leaning on her hand, giving you a toothy grin. Her red eyes made fear well up in your stomach.

You used the term "sister" loosely. Chara was one of your father's creations, a pawn. She was what happened when he experimented with removing shame and remorse from a person's soul. She had always been a good little soldier, even following Father's orders to go to the Underground and try to murder everyone. She was one of the reasons you'd felt the need to escape. It was because of you that she even existed, it was because of you that innocent people had suffered.

' *Well, finally,'* Chara cackled. ' *Did you like what you saw? That's what you're going to do when you wake up. Daddy said it, so it must be so. You know it, I know it. Without free reign of your soul,*

you'll never be free.'

"No, I'm not like you!"

The evil grin she had was terrifying and much too wide for her face. ' *But sis, you ARE me. Or rather, I am you. Part of you. You'll never be rid of me.* '

'hey, kid…'

You grasped your head. Sans' voice still echoed in your mind.

'hey, beautiful...don't leave me…'

' *You know those boneheads are trying to fix the universes, right? To each get back to their own? You've seen the light coming from the workshop. You know that's what they're doing.* '

"Sh...shut up...."

' *How do you think they'll feel when they find out your very existence is the last piece of the puzzle? The reason they can't go home to their own worlds? Do you think they'll forgive you?'*

"SHUT. UP."

' *Or...do you think they'll gut you like a fish, pull the plug on the little science experiment that is your life?* ' Your unresponsiveness made her smirk triumphantly. ' *And so you should kill them before they kill you. Or I'll do it.* '

Sans...

'Yeah, yeah, that's right, beautiful, it's me."

You groaned in pain. It didn't sound the same as the echo...was that really him? Chara's smirk was gone. She tsked, standing.

' *Whatever. You can't run forever, and he can't protect you. You'll do it eventually.* '

The black swallowed Chara, and you were alone. Sans' voice was calling, and it made you sigh. Where...where was he?

"S...ans…"

Chapter End Notes

I actually wrote these pieces a long-ass time ago, because I had the idea for Red's death and had to write the others.
Finally, they're relevant!
This is some of my favorite angst. Allllll the angst.
AND PLOT!
Not only plot, but PLOT TWIST!

A Soul Untouched

Chapter Summary

The guys attempt to save your soul.
Sans realizes something about himself.

Chapter Notes

You guys are way too awesome. Over 800 comments? 100 bookmarks? Over 550 kudos???
This makes me so happy....like, really, though.
I love you guys!
All of your comments make me so happy!
This chapter is dedicated to sniijen! They drew me that adorable fanart and asked for classic snas/reader stuff and I just so happened to be planning it anyway, uwehehe ;3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“a soul separation, asshole, what do you think?!”

Stunned silence passed between the two, until Stretch broke it.

“that’s way too dangerous! her soul is unstable, and it’s not getting any better with our current emotional state!”

“Move, I’ll do it,” G said, pushing past them.

“i think you’ve done enough, bub,” Red growled, leaning over you protectively to block him.

“none of us can manage the fluctuations of her soul right now, not on our own,” Sans said. He looked down at your face, like a marble statue of a sleeping goddess. Flashes of the many timelines he’d seen....flashes of him holding you like this before, watching you slip away from his hands...he tried to push them down, like he always did those memories. They didn’t matter. That was that timeline, not this one, and dammit he wasn’t going to lose you. He wished he could remember more, so he knew what to do. “but...maybe…”

“maybe we can work together!” Stretch finished, and suddenly his hands were on you, undoing your bodice further. “if we each place our hands on her sternum for the procedure, we can manage her fluctuations, as well as our own! sans’ connection is the strongest…” he sounded almost reluctant to admit that, but Sans ignored it. “...so if we lend him our power, we can avoid any unneccesary pain, and lessen the chance of anyone bonding without permission.”

“So wait, why does she need such a risky procedure?” G interjected, worry flashing across his face as he gathered her hand in his. “Don’t tell me someone really chained her soul up.”

The silence was his only answer as Sans' fingers made quick work of the rest of your bodice. He lay a hand across your sternum, trying to ignore the embarrassment and the urge to peek at your exposed flesh. Thankfully, Papyrus leaned down and adjusted you so that you were at least decent.

He closed his eyes, blocking the noise of the others, trying to listen for a sound from your soul. His soul thrummed and whined, calling out. Trying to elicit a response. Trying to express its attachment.

He could only see darkness. His little blue light pulsed in a sea of black, and then…

A small pink light feebly called out. He must have said something, because immediately three more magics joined his side: red, orange, and yellow. They pushed him along, guiding him. He refused to break concentration, ignoring the convulsions of your body as he scraped his magic against your prison.

And there it was. Just a small light, with no shape, so he almost didn't believe he'd found it. Pink and white light flickered feebly from it, and his soul rocked against his own body, making him cry out and double over the pile of hands on your chest. His soul pulsed again, screaming, the sound deafening and immobilizing him. But he could see you in his mind's eye, smiling and beautiful. He could see you through Red's magic, confident and teasing. He could see you through Stretch's soul, alluring and honest. And G's passion rang out like a bell, an image of a coy smile, desperation...and the feeling of your kiss, something he knew well because he could never wash it off his teeth, could never erase the feeling of your skin against him.

His feelings for you made his soul shudder, and yours did the same. A spark of something rose in his soul, happy to see yours react. The walls behind your soul were huge, and your soul struggled weakly to get away, trying to reach him.

He needed it to take form so he could pry it away from the walls.

'hey, kid,' his soul hummed. A tinkling, like a bell, responded.

But no words. Maybe if he took form, then you would? He molded his soul into a blue version of him, pure magic, pure feeling. It was as if he was there in the flesh.

'hey…' he tried again. "hey, beautiful…"

A shudder, a sigh. Your soul turned calm blue, Sans blue. It flashed only for a moment, but it had recognized him.

'yeah, yeah, that's right, beautiful, it's me.' He stepped closer, hands reaching for you. 'answer me, take form for me. i wanna help you."

'S...ans...S...ans…'

He nearly leapt for joy at the sound of your voice. He couldn't control the excitement in his voice. 'yes! sans! i'm here, so come out!'

The light flashed, and suddenly you knelt before him, looking frightened, hair and skin glowing like an ethereal being.

‘Sans…’

You reached for him, but something rattled. Chains. On your feet, your hands, around your neck. You dropped your hand in defeat. He reached for you instead, but you recoiled.

‘c’mon, beautiful, let me undo those chains for you. then we can go free, together.’

‘Sans…’ you whimpered, curling back into yourself against the wall. ‘You shouldn’t have come here.’

Despite the harsh words, he could feel your soul radiating warmth at the sight of him, humming loudly with happiness. You weren't scared of him, you were scared of rejection, scared of death. The emotions rolled off of you so strongly he was reeling, not used to the raw energy of your soul. He cautiously approached, kneeling in front of you. You didn’t shirk away this time, so his fingers brushed your hair.

Outside, his real body shuddered violently at the contact, and a low growl escaped his body. Papyrus’ hands tightened around his shoulders.

When he touched your hair, he caught a glimpse. A dark lab, illuminated only by the glow of the light over the operating table. A crying child, staring at the motionless body of another child. A scalpel, a man, an eerie grin, cables, wires, flashing li--

You shrieked and fell away from his hand, breaking him from his vision. The cuffs clanked as you shook, and despite the previous horrific sights, he reached for you again without hesitation.

Gentle, easy, his arms slipped around you, the contact feeling like touching fizzy water. You both sighed, relieved another vision didn’t come.

When he realized you were going to let him hold you, he pulled you close. He was touching your soul, with his soul. If it weren’t life or death, if you weren’t chained to this wall...he wondered if you might bond.

‘Sans…’ You sobbed. ‘I didn’t choose him over you.’

‘hey, hey, none of that matters, even if ya did...i just want you to come back with me.’

‘I’ll never be able to make you happy, Sans. I’m stuck here. I can’t even bond. I haven’t told you anything, and now I’m...I’m paying the price for my secrets.’

‘we all got skeletons in our closet, beautiful.’ He whispered, burying his face in your hair. The smell of your soul is intoxicating. He’d always wondered why he couldn’t smell you, but seeing the chains, it all became clear. But nothing was stopping him now. The smell of the ocean, salt water and the feeling of sunshine…he wanted to smell this smell for the rest of his life. A chain rattled as you gripped him tighter. Right, he was here for a reason. He rubbed your back gently, his soul tingling against yours as he reached down to grab the chain attsched to your left hand.

‘this might hurt, so hold on tight.’

You obediently grasped his shoulders as he sent a concentrated blast to one of the chains. You shrieked, burying your face in his shoulder, and he was back to holding you, his hand in your hair, his face in the crook of your neck, whispering calming words.

‘you gotta fight the pain, beautiful. your soul isn’t as strong as your body, so fight harder.’

You nodded in understanding, relaxing into his embrace as he stroked your soul gently again. You tried to focus on the soft, sweet tingle, the hum emanating from his soul.

Cr-ACK!

‘Augh! S...Sans…’ You whimpered into his shoulder.

‘it’s alright, you’re doing great.’

You felt Stretch’s hand on your back, but he wasn’t there.

SnAP!

Another shriek, and you felt Red gripping your thigh supportively. But he wasn’t there, either.

‘just one more, beautiful, and then the one on your neck.’

The sickening clank from this one made you feel lightheaded, and you felt Sans rubbing your ankle gingerly. Well, rubbing your soul. You felt G’s hands massaging your shoulders, whispering to you to stay strong. But...he wasn’t there.

‘....i can’t do this one,’ Sans mumbled as he pulled you away to inspect the chain around your neck. ‘it’s not just tethered physically. it’s your soul doing this part.’

‘Wha...What does that mean?’

‘It...it means only something that would really make your soul sing can break this.’ He said, running a tingly magic finger across your neck, following your chain. Your soul hummed loudly at the contact, almost whining, as you strained against the chain to keep his fingers on you.

He knew what to do immediately, and before you knew it, he was kissing you, soul to soul, and the humming in your hearts synchronized. In this world, there were no bones or skin, just feelings. As he kissed you, you felt the hands of all the ones you loved resting on your soul again, and it whined loudly, breaking into song as you were filled with a feeling of adoration.

The song was the sweetest tune you'd ever heard, but you couldn't place the notes. It was automatic, like a duet in a musical where everyone knows the lyrics. Sans' soul had a deep voice, vibrating gently as he sang along. The harmony was ecstasy, the closest thing to peace you had ever felt.

There was a loud noise like breaking glass, and a feeling you had never felt before welled up, before everything faded to black…

Sans snapped back into his body, panting. It took him a moment to realize he had indeed actually kissed you, judging from the distance between your face and his. He immediately held his breath, waiting. He didn’t look at anyone else. Finally, with a shudder, you began to breathe, and so did everyone else there. Sans sighed, touching his forehead to yours. He did it, he really saved you this time...he couldn’t stop his soul from doing backflips, he was ecstatic, he was...the magic crackled in his joints, the adrenaline-like rush making him tremble slightly.

“IT’S SO BEAUTIFUL!” gasped Blue, and Sans snapped his head up.

Your soul floated calmly next to his face, a silver sheen to it. The chrome coloring was something he'd never seen before, but it wasn't the only thing strange. Despite the overall silver look, several different colors swirled around nervously inside your soul. Blue was right, it *was* beautiful. Everyone was staring at it in awe. It's beauty was only compounded by the fact that it was free for the first time.

He extended a trembling hand, grasping the soul gently. The deep sigh that escaped you made him blush. He brought it down, slowly, slowly...it melted back into your chest, and the warmth returned to your cheeks.

He brushed his fingers across your newly-pink cheeks, enamored by your beauty even further than ever, the flashes of your memories burning away in the back of his mind. He'd have to know...you'd have to tell him everything after all this. But...right now...right now you were a little sleeping angel compared to his large bones.

There was...no more room to deny it. He couldn't ignore the hum in his soul, trying to sing the song it had sung with you back there.

Sans the Skeleton was absolutely, 100%, head-over-heels in love with you.

Chapter End Notes

The end of this was bit very satisfying for me. I'm an old-fashioned girl who likes classic Snas.
The emotion behind all the guys as they try to help in any way they can is amazing.
They all love y/n so much and it makes me happy!

Starting Over

Chapter Summary

Your healing soul takes time to sort through some stuff, leaving you in the dark

Chapter Notes

I swear I had this idea before RaccoonSinQueen posted her amnesia chapter!
In any case, this is kind of a transition chapter. Unfortunately for the boys, reader ain't ready to sing just yet.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Part Two: Forget-Me-Nots

The energy in the skeleton house was so palpable that you could probably cut it with a knife. Your released soul was like a drug, intoxicating and rich. They had all gotten so used to turning their radars waaaaaay up to read you, that now they were unable to turn it down. Your soul drowned everything else, every thought, every movement, every need, ignored in favor of the hum of your little silver heart.

And that was with you asleep.

You'd been pretty comatose for the last two weeks. You hadn't woken since the procedure, as if the feeling of your own soul was too difficult for your body to shoulder just yet. Green and G stayed, so that Green could monitor your health as you slept and so G could soothe his anxiety over you not waking up.

There had been occasional spats around the house. Everyone got on Blue and Edge's case for not revealing this dire situation sooner, and then when Red confessed he knew, too, it all went downhill from there. Everyone was also mad at G for being the catalyst, and he'd been forced to take back his mark. Well, he didn't really need to be told, he was already beating himself up plenty at the thought of being responsible for your almost-death.

They all tried to take turns sitting with you, but no one could stand to sit so close to you for very long with the hum of your soul, except for Sans.

He never left your side, if he could help it. He helped Green in any way he could, read to you, held your hand. He wanted to be there when you woke, he wasn't going to miss a second.

And he didn't.

After exactly two weeks of hibernation in your soul, as the pulses keeping your friends at bay began to fade, your eyelids fluttered open.

The first thing you noticed was the wooden ceiling. An attic of some kind? These were your bedsheets, and it felt like your bed, and looking around you could see your things everywhere but...you didn't recognize this room.

The second thing you noticed was how *fucking amazing* you felt. Like, did you sleep forever? Did you drink a million youth potions or something? You'd never felt so fresh, so light, and happy tears threatened your eyes for no reason.

You felt a weight on your hand and glanced over. Was that...Sans? From Grillby's? What was he doing here? Was he drunk again? You felt confusion rising in your chest, a wealth of strong emotions for Sans that you didn't remember having before. Your face got hot, and you felt breathless.

He shifted slightly in his sleep, and with a groan, he opened his eyesockets. He sleepily looked up, but when he saw you...you'd never seen him look so ecstatic.

"thank the stars, you're awake…" He whispered, relief flooding his features, bringing your hand to his face. It was an incredibly intimate movement, and you withdrew your hand nervously. He looked surprised.

"Uh, so, what's going on?" You asked, wondering if you'd been kidnapped in your sleep. Suddenly, a much taller skeleton wearing a black turtleneck swept into the room, glancing through a stack of papers.

"Sans, I've been studying the reports, and it seems there's a slight chance of--oh! You're awake!" He said, startled. He smiled and adjusted a pair of glasses, which made you wonder how he kept them on in the first place.

"...Yes." You said smartly. You didn't know what else to say. Who was this guy? "Is this Papyrus?"

You pointed at the tall skeleton. Sans was always talking about his tall brother, so this must be him.

"Ah, ehm, no, my name is Green. I'm his...cousin."

Sans looked at you funny. "you...ya don't remember green?"

"Ohmigosh, have we met before?" You said, embarrassment heating your face. You hated when you did that. "I'm really sorry, I'm so bad with faces!"

Green leaned over to Sans and whispered something, and Sans' face grew solemn, almost scared. He looked at you with a nervous grin.

"hey, uh, kid...what's the last thing you remember?"

Hmmm. “Well, I remember all my stuff in my car. I remember going to Grillby’s, and complaining to you about my old roommates...but besides that, I can’t remember too much about last night. Did I get that drunk?”

Sans looked like he was about to be sick.

“kid...that was eight months ago.”

Oh.

Oh…

“As I suspected, she is suffering from acute memory loss due to the trauma of the soul separation.” Green said with a sigh, scribbling on a piece of paper. “I will see what I can do, but for now we just have to wait and see if her memory comes back.”

Wait.

“and do what in the meantime? pretend the whole thing didn’t happen?”

What?

“Well I doubt she’ll be able to tell you much in her current state.”

“Woah. Wait. What the hell is happening? Eight months ago? You have got to be smoking something good if you think I believe that.”

Sans scratched his mandible, seemingly thinking of how to explain. He went for the blunt approach. “yeah. eight months. you’ve been living with me, my brother, and my cousins since then. this is your room.”

You stared at him, dumbfounded.

“Wow. Okay. Uh, start from the beginning?”

Your room was fucking full of skeletons. Eight of them. You’d never seen so many skeletons in your life.

Green was explaining what happened to your memories, but other than “some shit went down and you can’t remember anything” you had no idea what was going on. Apparently they had performed some kind of emergency procedure and unlocked your soul, which explained the heavy emotions and the feeling of floating. But nothing else made sense. All you knew was that all of these skeletons were looking at you like you were the most important person in the world.

Particularly the one whose gaze you’d been avoiding. God, he was fucking hot. Black sweatshirt, a collar. He and his tall brother looked like something out of the BDSM calendar you kept hidden under your bed. And he’d been staring at you the whole time, unblinking.

“Can I help you...sir?” You said finally, trying to control your blush as you looked him in his crimson eyes. He looked like a kicked puppy.

“c’mon, kitten, you hafta remember me.”

“No, sorry, I think I’d remember if I had met someone like you before.”

He let out a whine, collapsing at the end of your bed, defeated. “but...kitten…”

What a strange nickname. But it struck a chord in you, and sounded familiar coming from him, and your expression softened. Despite your mind not remembering, your soul seemed to, because it skipped a little.

He noticed.

“see? see? you remember me, dontcha? you remember red?” He put a hand on your leg.

You groaned, putting a hand to your head. You remembered...some stuff. The nickname kitten, a hand on your throat, red magic, a soft moan...his hand on your thigh.

You looked up at him, trying to piece together what you remembered. He looked eager for you to say something, his sharp teeth in an excited grin. “Did we, uhmm...did we have sex?”

Shock crossed his face, and everyone glared daggers at him. A throaty chuckle from across the room caught your attention, and you turned to see a tall skeleton with a leather jacket leaning against the wardrobe.

“Ah, no, that was me, Angel.” Leather Jacket said. Your eyes grew wide as the others groaned and grumbled, only confirming his statement.

“O-oh…” You covered your blush with two hands. How embarrassing, and right in front of everyone! You had to admit, he did look the part, but you still can’t imagine what you were thinking.

“anyway,” Sans huffed angrily. “we’ll do our best not to get frustrated with your lack of memory but...some crazy stuff went down before so forgive us if we’re a little testy.”

“Oh...uhm, of course. I suppose I’ll have to get to know you guys all over again...sorry.”

“IT’S NOT YOUR FAULT!” Squeaked a little skeleton with a blue scarf. “SO IT’S OKAY!”

“Oh my goodness, aren’t you cute?” You cooed, scooping the little guy up into your lap. “And what’s your name? Are you somebody’s son?”

A couple people chuckled, and the little skeleton flushed a cyan color, looking distraught.

“MY NAME’S BLUE AND I’M STRETCH’S BROTHER...AND I’M THE SAME AGE AS PAPYRUS AND EDGE, YOU KNOW.”

Oops. You felt kinda bad about that. Wait, deja vu...you remembered holding him in your lap like this as he...kissed you? Boy, you sure were a slut in this house.

“Oh, I’m...I’m sorry Blue. It must be hard for you to hear that from someone you were very close to before.” He nodded, and a smile stretched across his face as he realized what you might have remembered.

Suddenly you felt very tired. Green noticed immediately. “You should probably rest, y/n. Your body is not used to the freedom of your soul, and it’s wearing down your energy levels.”

You nodded, yawning, and Blue hopped off the bed. Spiky Collar Guy growled in protest as Taller Edgy Guy pulled him off your legs.

“WELL I EXPECT YOU WON’T SLEEP TOO LONG, BECAUSE I’M STARVING. MAKE DINNER WHEN YOU WAKE, HUMAN.” The Taller Edgy Guy snorted. Something about him made you feel he was probably a lot squishier than he seemed.

“rest easy, kid,” Sans said, patting your hand. You wondered what had happened between you two for these feelings to arise. Or maybe it was just because your soul was released?

They all shuffled out one by one, except for Papyrus. You remembered his name because he was exactly how Sans described him. He stayed in his spot by the desk, wringing his gloved hands.

“Papyrus? Is something wrong?”

“I….I JUST…” He sighed, approaching your bed. He leaned over, pulling you into a hug. It was a gentle hug, and you hummed, relaxing in his arms. You got the feeling that Papyrus was someone you could really talk to. “I’M JUST GLAD YOU'RE ALRIGHT.”

“Thanks, Papyrus,” You smiled, returning the embrace, and he sighed happily.

When he pulled away, he held you by the shoulders, studying your face. “MISS Y/N. YOU CANNOT HIDE SUCH THINGS AS YOUR LOCKED SOUL FROM US. YOU COULD HAVE DIED. PLEASE, YOU CAN ALWAYS CONFIDE IN ME, ESPECIALLY IF IT IS IMPORTANT.”

You got the impression they all felt this way. Thank the powers that be for this precious cinnamon roll, who was honest enough to say it.

“Honesty from now on. Cross my heart.” You didn’t know what possessed you to answer that way, but maybe...maybe with your soul unlocked, you could be honest with somebody without fear. They all seemed to trust you so explicitly. And care about you. And worry for you. And love you.

“Y/N, ARE YOU ALRIGHT?”

You realized you were crying.

“Y-yeah,” you said, as his gloved hand came up to wipe a tear away. “Just...really happy.”

Chapter End Notes

A healing soul is an annoying soul. I look forward to her trying to remember stuff lol.

Once Upon a Dream

Chapter Summary

Your soul is going haywire with new emotions, and your dreams are making things in this house very difficult.

Chapter Notes

WARNING: Light smuttiness ahead! I changed it to mature for a reason, yo!
And if you like classic Snas, you might enjoy my new fic here!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next few days were a whirlwind of information. Everyone was eager to spend time with you, trying to trigger your memory. You remembered little things every now and then, but for the most part it was just frustrating to think about what you didn't remember.

Green and Leather Jacket (who you learned was named G) apparently didn't live in the house, and once you'd received a clean bill of health from the tallest skellie, they had left to go home. G had been pretty excited to kiss you goodbye, but the kiss was interrupted before it started by Sans pulling you aside for something.

You also received frequent visits from the Queen herself, as well as her two rugrats, as she was very adept at soul healing and was helping you to learn the ins and outs of your soul.

Things that would be easy for most people were difficult for you, to say the least. You couldn't control your emotions, and found yourself either raging or crying pretty frequently, the fluctuations of your newly released soul sending thick waves of feelings over you. You'd nearly drowned Blue in your tears watching Disney movies, and you'd almost broken Red's arm for slapping your ass.

But the worst…

The worst part was that you were fucking *horny* . ALL THE TIME. Your soul was begging to be touched, whining loudly in protest at the constant cold showers you needed to cool your steaming body. You couldn't help it, and having sexy badasses all over the house *made it so much worse.*

Edge seemed to realize this, and he kept fucking with you, telling you to call him "sugar daddy" and that he'd love to break out his tools and play with you. Red always looked like he wanted to join in, but was conflicted. A few times he'd tried to tell you you'd definitely fucked before, but the comments from the others made you think that was unlikely. Other times, he'd been downright sweet and gentle, telling you stories about the times you'd spent together.

Stretch seemed to enjoy spending quiet times with you. You always rose early, and sometimes he was there, looking as if he hadn't slept. He sat with you, reading in the early morning light. You couldn't help but think there was a lot more to that skeleton than you were seeing.

Papyrus and Blue were little angels, reminding you of important things you'd forgotten, including everyone's favorites and least favorites when it came to food. They were like an encyclopedia.

And Sans...every morning he checked in to see if you had remembered anything, and every time you said no, you couldn't help but feel your heart squeeze at the forlorn look on his face. You asked him just to tell you what it was he was hoping you'd remember, but he just kept saying that he can't explain it, that it was more of a feeling. You got the impression that something important had happened between you two, but you couldn't figure out what.

Every time he left your side you felt more sexually frustrated as well. That was...new.

Passionate, fiery kisses assaulted you, the taste of cherries and the smell of honey overwhelming your senses. Such a strange combination, but it didn't feel wrong. In fact, it felt so right.

Hands traveled down your body, clothing disappeared, voices whispered in your ear sweet notions. You moaned, heart thumping in your chest as Red and Stretch drowned you in sensations beyond comprehension. You couldn't help but scream their names as they touched you, treated you, teased you…

You woke up with a start, flying out of your bed and slamming on the cold floor, knocking the wind out of you. Or maybe it had already been knocked out of you. You could feel the heat in your body from the steamy dream, and struggled to your feet, shaking, still feeling the sensation of their hands on you. You touched a shaking hand to your lips, the taste of cherries lingering.

It was such a real dream, but here you were, fully dressed with no skeletons in sight. You get the feeling that it's not the first time you'd had a steamy dream of one of the skeletons, but...why them? Why Stretch and Red together? Even without your memories, you could tell that was a strange combination.

Oh fuck. Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck. You were really hot and bothered from this. Part of you really wanted it to happen, but you shook yourself. No, that would be ridiculous. And they'd probably never agree. Not that that was the issue. You sighed. You were sexually frustrated now.

Ugh. Time for a cold shower. You looked at the clock. Oops, guess you have to make dinner first. Stupid sexy nap dream.

You brushed your hands over your clothes and took a deep breath, trying to calm your frustrated body.

You swept out of the room and down the stairs.

"making meatloaf?"

You shrieked and dropped the pan in your hands, startled by Stretch's voice over your shoulder. He caught it with a swift motion before it could break on the floor.

"woah! careful, there, doll." He handed it back to you, and you immediately walked over to the oven, not looking at him.

"Th-thanks, Stretch."

Why did it have to be Stretch who came in while you were there? You felt so embarrassed, and your face was probably beet red. His hands had moved so expertly in your dream, and you couldn't help but think of it, especially since it stood out as one of the only memories you had involving him. You didn't see him looking at you with a watchful eye, studying you, taking a drag from his cigarette contemplatively. He smirked as it clicked in his brain.

"why so jumpy?" He asked quietly, placing his cigarette firmly between his teeth and coming up behind you as you closed the oven. He placed his hands on your shoulders and pulled you to his chest so he could whisper in your ear. "did something strange happen?"

His touch felt like fire, and you shrugged him off.

"N-no, just had a weird dream, and it left me a little tightly wound." You weren't lying, so hopefully he couldn't sense your true feelings right now.

"oh, yeah? what kind of dream might you have had?" he teased, tugging on your shirt to turn you around. He backed you up against the counter, leaning over you as he pressed against you. "what kind of dream would make you blush so fiercely, and avoid my eyes? hmmm?"

"I-it was an embarrassing dream, s-so…" You put your hand on his chest, trying to push him back. He stayed put.

"y'know, doll, you don't have to be afraid. you don't have to deny yourself." He rumbled as he removed his cigarette, leaning past you over the counter to stub it out in the ash tray behind you. His hand gripped your waist, and you could smell the honey and smoke rolling off his tongue as he spoke. "you never know, your dreams could come true."

His now free hand found it's way into your hair, and he was so close to kissing you. You wanted to protest, but you were still so hot from your dream...your arms wound around him, as if they had a mind of their own, and pulled him closer, reveling in the moan that escaped him as you pressed your body against him.

"wow, doll, i didn't think my cheesy lines were *that* good," he teased, his tongue flicking against your mouth, asking permission silently. You could almost remember...this feeling...like you'd done this before...

"PAPYYYYYYY WHERE ARE YOUUUUUU."

You both froze, looking at each other in surprise. After a moment, Stretch reluctantly released you, his confidence turning into self-consciousness.

"sorry, doll, duty calls." he shrugged, orange marking his cheeks as he sheepishly turned around to answer his brother's cries.

Great. Now you were twice as hot with nothing to show for it.

“oohh, that looked steamy.”

You jumped and noticed Red sitting at the counter, grinning at you. Why were these skeletons so sneaky?

“should i be worried you’ll fall for another, kitten?” he was suddenly at your side, tipping your chin up to look at him. You felt your face get hot as you remembered his moans from your dream, the way he whispered in your ear. You hardly knew this guy!

You turned away from him nervously.

“what, no sarcastic remark? no quippy one-liner? no ‘well that would require me to be dating you’ or nothin’?” He asked playfully, nudging you with his shoulder. “c’mon, take a poke, you know i would, heh.”

You flushed furiously at his double entendre, and tried to put some distance between you. The lightbulb went off in his skull.

“aw, what, are you hot at the sight of me? did you dream up somethin’ real good and you can’t get me outta your head?” he said, catching your wrist as you turned to go. Suddenly you were on the couch in the living room, with him on top of you. He could teleport?! Your heart raced and you stuttered a little, which made him chuckle. His deep laugh brought back pieces of the dream, hot pieces, making your spine tingle. Was the dream a memory? Or was it something else you were remembering? A song? Someone singing softly on top of you…a sweet moment, a sweet kiss...this couldn’t be a memory about *this* guy. “stretch was right about how sometimes dreams come true, you know. i can make one come true for ya, if you like. whaddya say, kitten? you wanna purr for me?”

“RED! STOP TORTURING THE HUMAN! THAT’S MY JOB.” He flinched at the sound of his brother’s voice as Edge lifted him off of you by the scruff on his jacket. He turned and tossed the smaller skeleton over his shoulder. “BESIDES, YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO SKIP OUT ON TRAINING LIKE THIS. YOU KNOW I HAVE TO DO TWICE AS LONG SESSIONS NOW THAT YOU’VE DECIDED TO GO TO THAT STUPID HUMAN COLLEGE.”

“welp, as they say, kitten, duty calls.” he said with a shrug as Edge carted him off and out of the room.

Maybe you’d just go to bed early today.

You felt like your body was on fire anyplace he touched, and his hands seemed to be everywhere. He was surprisingly dominant, forcing you down, face in the pillows, having you call him master, touching you so lightly or so roughly without warning. Blue was a monster, and he acted like it, ravaging you as you lay panting his name.

You stared at the ceiling upon waking, confused, and then dumbfounded. Red and Stretch you understood. But...Blue? Really? You looked at the clock, your body still shaking. 7am. Time to get up.

You put a hand on your face, feeling how hot you were. That wasn't even...like, would Blue really be like that? Where did you get that idea?

You tried to get up, breathing heavily as you held yourself steady by the nightstand. Your knees felt weak.

You hobbled quickly to the shower.

You hoped this wouldn't be a regular thing.

"Y/N! Y/N!"

You tried to speed up and pretend you didn't hear Blue chirping at you, but he caught your arm before you could escape into the backyard. His hand gripped you tight, pulling you back towards him.

"O-oh, Blue, I...I didn't see you there."

He was unfazed.

"Y/N, I WAS WONDERING IF YOU WOULD COME WATCH A MOVIE WITH ME IN THE LIVING ROOM? I PICKED SOME MOVIES THAT MIGHT JOG YOUR MEMORY!"

"I would love to, but I have to do some stargazing for my astronomy homework, gotta catch up to everything I've forgotten, heh..."

He gave you a strange look.

"UHM, Y/N?"

"Hmm?"

"IT'S MIDDAY."

Shit. Your perfect excuse was not well thought out.

"You...you're right."

He beamed up at you. "SO LET'S WATCH A MOVIE!"

You had no choice, partly because you were out of lame excuses, and partly because he then grabbed you by the arm and started to pull you into the room. He sat you on the couch, making you squeak as he pushed down on your shoulders. He either didn't notice the look on your face, or he didn't know what it meant, because he ignored your flustered self as he set up the movie.

You looked for an escape route, but there wasn't one. You vaguely remembered that Blue had always been faster than you, and there was only one door.

Suddenly you felt weight, and Blue was climbing into your lap. You leaned back, trying to get away, but he took it as an invitation to get comfortable.

He leaned back with you, and his skull came to rest on your chest.

“CALL ME MASTER!” He chirped excitedly, making you jump. Wh..what? Had he really said that?? You felt heat rising in your cheeks. You didn’t know for sure, but you had really thought this little guy was a lot more innocent...

“Wh...wh...what? I--”

“THE NAME OF THE MOVIE? IT’S CALLED ‘CALL ME MASTER’, AND IT’S ABOUT A GUY WHO SUDDENLY HAS TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF HIS GRANDFATHER’S DEATH WITH THE HELP OF HIS BUTLER! WE WATCHED IT THE DAY YOU RESCUED ME FROM PINK!”

“O-oh.”

He turned around in your lap to look at you, concern showing on his face. “Y/N, ARE YOU ALRIGHT? YOU’RE BEING WEIRD. AND YOU’RE REALLY SUPER HOT, DO YOU HAVE A FEVER?”

He was gone in a flash, and before you knew it he was back, wielding a thermometer and forcing you back into the couch. He straddled you as you struggled, forcing you down with one steady hand on your shoulder. He looked confused that you were struggling, concerned that you might be sick, and determined to get your temperature.

“Y/N, YOU SHOULD SUBMIT, OR THIS WILL BE HARDER FOR BOTH OF US! J-JUST LET ME TAKE YOUR TEMPERATURE!”

“N-no! Blue, you don’t under--” You were cut off by the thermometer finding it’s way past your lips, and you stopped struggling so it wouldn’t choke you. Blue’s forceful hand ended up slamming you against the couch now that there was no resistance.

“S-SORRY Y/N! JUST...JUST BE GOOD, THIS WILL ONLY TAKE A MINUTE!” Funny, he’d said the same thing in your dream last night, except that had NOT only taken a minute.

“what’s all the commotion in here?” Came Stretch’s drawl from the doorway. When he caught sight of the scene, he was taken aback. Blue was still straddling you, using both hands now to hold you down. The look Blue had mistaken for sickness was obvious to Stretch as the same look you’d been giving him yesterday.

“Y/N FEELS REALLY HOT, BUT SHE WOULDN’T LET ME TAKE HER TEMPERATURE! I DID IT, THOUGH!” He said, proud of himself. Stretch cleared the room, gripping Blue by the back of his scarf and lifting him off of you. “H-HEY, WHAT?”

“blue, you’re misreading the...look, y/n is capable of taking her own temperature, right? so let’s get off her.”

“AWWW I WANTED TO PLAY NURSE.” The cyan glow on his cheeks was enough to prove to you that he had actually enjoyed forcing you down like that.

“there’s plenty of ways y/n can nurse herself back to health.” Stretch said, turning and giving you a smirk. “like maybe a cold shower?”

“OH, YEAH, Y/N YOU SHOULD…” Blue trailed off as realization grew on his face along with a bright blue blush. He looked at his brother, and then you, shock apparent in his wide eye sockets.

“O...OH! OHHHHHH!”

Stretch chuckled and removed both him and the smaller skeleton.

You could hear him asking Stretch a lot of questions as they went up the stairs.

Gentle hands, gentle words. An encouraging voice as he softly undressed you, giving you compliment after compliment as if you were some kind of treasure. You were surprised by how forward and unflinching Papyrus was as he laid you down, kissing your naked skin.

“MISS Y/N? MISS Y/N, ARE YOU ALRIGHT?”

Gentle hands shook you awake and you shrieked as you woke, slapping Papyrus’ hand away as you shot up off the table.

Papyrus looked surprised at your sudden movement, and then hurt that you had slapped him away. His puppy-dog look was on-point, making your stomach twist with guilt as you thought of the steamy dream he’d just been featured in.

“I...I AM SORRY, MISS Y/N, BUT YOU HAD FALLEN ASLEEP IN FRONT OF YOUR FOOD, AND I WAS WORRIED YOU MIGHT BE HURT. YOU ARE BEET RED, DO YOU HAVE A FEVER?”

“No! No, I...I’m fine, Papyrus,” you said unconvincingly as you shirked away from his next attempt to touch you. “Just been studying really late at night, so I think I’m just tired.”

“YOU CANNOT BURN THE CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS, MY DEAR. IT’S NOT GOOD FOR YOU. YOU ARE GOING TO WORRY YOURSELF SICK!”

He placed a gentle hand on your shoulder, meaning it as a sweet, caring gesture, but inadvertently sending a shock down your spine.

You jumped up from your seat, stammering an excuse, and took off before he could stop you.

This was so...confusing...

He pulled your hair taut, forcing you to arch your back as his sharp fingers dragged over the scars on your back. He was gentler than expected, but that didn’t mean he wasn’t rough, making you cry out. Edge offered no comfort, but that didn’t go for the one underneath you, his hands rubbing the sore spots his brother left, deep voice rumbling against your collarbone, whispering your name as you screamed his.

You jolted awake, the feeling of water hitting your face surprising you. Dazed, you remembered that you’d tried to stay up all night, only to fall asleep in the shower. Ironically, at least you were already taking a cold shower. You groaned and turned the water off. It’s not like it was doing you any good, anyway.

Every time you've slept for the last week you've dreamed dreams like these. You rubbed your collarbone, still feeling Red's hot breath lingering there. For some reason, he's the only one you've dreamed about twice. You'd thought perhaps you'll just go through them all, and then be done, but Red's second appearance brought doubt to that theory.

You toweled off slowly, wondering if you should even bother to get up today. Maybe you should fake being sick and stay in your room.

No such luck. The second you were dressed, someone started hammering on the door.

"HUMAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE? BREAKFAST IS USUALLY SERVED OVER AN HOUR AGO, AND I AM NOT A PATIENT MONSTER!!"

Edge's voice made your breath hitch as he shouted at you through the door. You distinctly remember the verbal abuse from your dream.

"what's wrong, kitten? you look tired."

You whirled around and knocked several things off your desk, shocked to see Red suddenly spread out on your bed.

"woah, jumpy. don't tell me you had another dream about me?"

Your eyes flicked to the door, but Edge was still shouting profanities on the other side. No escape.

"I...I don't feel well today, I just want to be left alone."

"heh. not in this house. we're all too busy trying to jog your memories…" He chuckled, his baritone voice reverberating in your chest, making you flush. "seems not even in your dreams will we leave you alone."

"Get out of my room, Red."

"make me."

"she doesn't have to." Sans appeared suddenly, dragging Red out of your bed by his collar. "you guys are so noisy, even i woke up. imagine my surprise to find all the noise is you two harassing her?"

He used his magic to open the door and tossed Red out, catching a surprised Edge in the face. He shrieked as his brother hit him full force, knocking him down the stairs. Sans slammed the door behind them, but you could still hear them arguing through the closed door.

"whaddya know, you didn't even have to call for me, i just came." he said, grinning. "i guess i'm just a mind reader."

He studied your face, flushed and bewildered as it was. Suddenly you were floating, as he used his magic to deposit you on the bed and pull the covers up to your neck. At least you could always count on Sans.

"you don't look so good, kid. lemme handle the house today, you just take it *sneezy* . if you need me, just let me know."

You grabbed his sweater as he turned to leave, and he looked back at you, unsurprised.

“yes?”

“I...need you.”

He looked away, seemingly contemplating it, then shrugged. “alright, kid. guess the house can handle itself.”

He motioned at you to scoot, and you did. He plopped down next to you and let you lay your head on his chest.

You were probably playing with fire a little. After all, you weren’t even actually sick, and the longer he stuck around you, the more likely it was that he would realize what was really going on. But Sans was the only one you felt comfortable around right now. After all, he was the only one you hadn’t had a steamy dream about yet, and he’s the only one who you remember from before all this, so he was the only one you could probably control yourself with.

“your heartbeat is outta control. you need some medicine or somethin’?”

“N...No, I just need rest.”

He shrugged, and the remote flew into his hand. He turned on the tv and made a few jokes about Netflix and Chill. You agreed to binge-watch a series you both liked, and after a while, you felt yourself relax and fall asleep peacefully.

You had never expected this from him. If he talked, it came out in a growl while he pinned you down, sinking his fangs into you, roughly running his fingers across your back until you bled. He muttered that everyone would know you were his, his grin widening as he saw the pleasure on your face while he marked you, possessive and unforgiving. He wasn’t abusive, but he was relentless, mumbling softly into your ear as he acted almost animalistic. He wouldn’t let you finish until he said so.

“woah, kid, you alright?” At first you thought it was part of the dream, but his growl had been replaced by his usual timber, the pain from his marks began to fade, and suddenly you were awake, panting in his arms, unbelieving of the vision you just saw of Sans in your dream.

When you realized you were laying on him, you shot up off of him, getting caught in the blankets and accidentally falling way more on top of him.

“h-hey, calm down, you’re gonna hurt yourself!”

His hands gripped your face, cold bones cooling the now-permanent flush on contact. You relaxed immediately, his touch relieving some of the fire inside of you. Your soul hummed and whined.

“did you have a bad dream or somethin’?” He asked, but the tone of his voice indicated that he knew exactly what kind of dream you’d had.

“N...no...a good one.” You said without thinking.

His suspicions confirmed, his face enflamed with cold blue light as he realized the implications.

“...oh.” He said smartly.

You made an executive decision.

You swooped down and kissed him fiercely, making him squeak in surprise as you pressed down on him.

“hey, kid, let’s not be too hasty here,” he muttered against your lips, unsure hands pressing against you, pushing you off a bit.

“I’m not being hasty. My soul is on fire, it feels like it’s going to rip out of my chest. My emotions are...they’re so strong. My *need* is so strong.”

You pushed back on him, and he met your kiss feverishly, his tongue forcing your lips to part and taking your breath away. A dark room...a black skirt...you’d been here before...with a flash, he was on top of you, his bony hands entwined with yours, pinning you down.

“i’m serious, kid, you needta think about this. you still don’t have your memories, and...if you do this, i will not be merciful. i’m possessive, and jealous, and...i might hurt you.”

“Then hurt me,” you pleaded, trying to kiss him again. He pulled his face away.

“do you really want this? do you really want *me* ? you trust me this much? even without any memory of what’s transpired between us these last eight months?” His eyelights were trained on your face, looking for any trace of doubt.

“I trust you more than I’ve ever trusted anyone in my life, Sans,” you said quietly. The honesty rang out in your soul, making you wish he’d just shut up and kiss you already.

“well...if you say so, beautiful.” The change of nickname made you smile, and he grinned to match you, swooping down to catch you in another fiery kiss. You remembered this passion, from a night...you didn’t know when. His fangs nipped at your lips, and his fingers dug into you as he pushed his body against yours. He moaned and sighed, making you squirm as his deep voice tickled your spine. His hands made quick work of your shirt, in fact, you’re pretty sure he just teleported it off of you. You didn’t think twice until you felt his hand running up your back.

He stopped, hand hitting a scar. You held your breath, but he pulled his hand away.

“so...that’s how they did it. how they locked your soul away.” He was talking in a hushed whisper now, sending a tingle up your spine. He seemed to be remembering something, thinking of a time you couldn’t remember yourself. “...we shouldn’t do this.”

“What?”

“it’s true that i want you…” his eyes travelled over your naked chest, cerulean glow marking his cheeks. He pulled a sheet over you. “you have no idea how much. but without your memories…”

“But I want this anyway, just the way I--” He placed a skeletal finger over your mouth.

“listen, will ya?” He looked so sincere, you had to be quiet. “eight months you’re missin’. eight months of gettin’ to know each other...eight months of learnin’ what there is to learn...you don’t

even know me right now. without those moments, without all that...it doesn't mean anything. and...and i can't do that anymore."

"Sans, you've always been important to me…"

He sighed, a hint of frustration passing over his face. He leaned down so his forehead was touching yours.

"it's not...i...look, i just can't, okay? i can't sit here and pretend that moment between our souls meant nothing. until you at least remember that…" He trailed off, his hand gripping the sheets. You could tell this was all incredibly difficult for him.

"...I get it." you said finally, and he looked up at you, relief evident on his face. He withdrew, sliding off of you and the bed, and leaned down to place a sweet skelekiss on your forehead.

"...thanks, kid."

"...Sans?"

"yeah?"

"I think we're way past 'kid' by now."

"heh. right as always, beautiful."

Chapter End Notes

If anyone's reading my smut fic (Six Skeletons in Heat) then they'll recognize that Red/Edge scene ;)
I have had this chapter written and set aside for a while, and when the amnesia thing happened I was like "YES THIS IS IT" and I changed some stuff and threw it in there.
I love this chapter.

Music to Remember Me By

Chapter Summary

Strange visitors arrive.
You remember something important.

Chapter Notes

I will probably start updating on Sunday/Wednesdays or something like that.
I love writing this, but I have to make it regular or it will eat my life lol.
Check out my tumblr for amazing fanart and headcanons! You guys are way too good to me!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

For the next few days you tried desperately to remember something, anything...but in the end, Thanksgiving came around with only small clips of memories. The guys were beginning to become impatient, and you were getting increasingly frustrated by the lack of understanding yourself.

You tried to meditate every day, to get in touch with your soul, but short of pulling it out to inspect it you'd had no luck.

Hmmm. Pulling it out…

You sought help.

"pull it out? now?" Sans looked at you, surprised. "that's a pretty private thing. you sure?"

"You guys keep saying this all happened when you freed my soul. Maybe it's not my mind that needs to remember."

He seemed to consider it. "well...i got some family comin' in for thanksgivin', though, and they aren't the most savory types...i wouldn't feel comfortable doin' such a delicate thing while they're here."

"Oh, someone's coming? Have I met them?"

"nah, not even before the memory loss. they're new to you."

Hmmm. Well at least you had that. It would be nice to be around people who don't expect you to know them yet.

"and, uh, just holler if you need me? these guys ain't like us. they used to live with us but we kicked 'em out when we found some poor human girl kidnapped and tied up in their room."

“Oh, uh, alright.”

Kidnapped? Jeez, who were these guys?

“WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT HUMAN?!”

You , you thought. “Uhm…”

The squat skeleton in front of you reminded you of Edge, but whinier. He wore a black battlebody with a purple bandana, and his grimace looked as if carved in stone. In his hand he held a leash, but from where you stood by the open front door, you couldn’t quite see the other end.

“SANS! WHY IS THERE A HUMAN IN YOUR HOUSEHOLD? HAVE YOU GONE MAD?” He shouted past you, marching straight in without invitation. The leash tugged, and you were expecting a large dog, but…

“heh, sorry.” You looked up in shock as the skeleton who bumped into you addressed you. Taller than even Edge, he was wearing a leather jacket thrown over a purple shirt, and red jeans with a skull belt buckle, but the kicker was the collar and leash around his neck, and the way he hummed when the smaller one pulled it. “m’lord, you should be much nicer to the pretty little thing.”

“MWEEEEHHH YOU DON’T TELL MEEEE!”

A sharp tug pulled the tall monster away, flashing a smile with a sharp gold tooth as he went. He made you feel a little uncomfortable under his predatory gaze, but...hot damn, a collar and leash? That height? The leather jacket…!

He could kidnap you and tie you up any day.

Horny new-soul thoughts aside, you quickly closed the door and followed the sound of fussing in the living room.

“A HUMAN? FOR A ROOMMATE? PREPOSTEROUS...THAT I DON’T HAVE ONE, TOO!” The smaller skeleton stomped his boots, and turned to point at you as you appeared in the doorway. “YOU! HUMAN! WOULD YOU NOT BE MORE COMFORTABLE ROOMING IN MY LAVISH MANSION?!”

You pointed at yourself dumbly, unsure if he was really talking to you. “What, me?”

“YES, YOU! COME LIVE WITH US AND HAVE ALL THE LUXURIES YOU WISH!”

“hey, black, let’s not fuck with kitten, a’ight?” Red said, leaning back against the couch, eyeing him. “she’s had a big procedure and lost her memories, so she’s kinda in the ether right now. don’t make it worse.”

“NO MEMORIES? WHY, EVEN BETTER! THEN YOU HAVE NO TIES HERE AND CAN LEAVE FREELY!”

“I’d really rather not, though,” you said, taking a step back. You bumped into something, and looked behind you. The other one was standing there, a freshly lit cigarette hanging from his teeth as he looked down at you silently.

“y/n, this is blackberry, or black.” Sans said from his spot by the door, gesturing to the small one. “and that one’s mutt.”

“Mutt?” You said, unable to take your eyes off of his strange smile. He removed the cigarette, blowing a small puff of sweet-smelling smoke at you.

“woof.” he said, smirking.

Your face must have turned bright red, because Red made a coughing noise to catch your attention. You turned away from the stranger, who chuckled behind you.

“anyway, sweetheart,” Sans’ hand was on your shoulder, steering you away from Mutt. “we’re taking black to town, red and paps and i, and edge and stretch and blue are doing the grocery shopping since you still don’t feel comfortable going out…”

You did some quick math. “But that means…”

“heh. just you and me, pet.” Mutt said, leaning against the doorway. Sans glared at him. “don’t worry, majesty, i’ll be a good dog.”

“seriously, sweetheart. just shout, i’ll know. Okay?”

Mutt’s eyesockets drilled holes in the back of your head from his spot on the couch while you did the best you could to ignore him from your spot on the floor. You had pulled your earbuds out and were fumbling to detangle them, thinking maybe music could be an escape.

You finally succeeded and popped them in your ears with relief, plugging them into the headphone jack on your phone. You unlocked your phone to open one of your youtube playlists.

A skeletal hand plucked the phone from your grip, and an arm wrapped around your waist and pulled you in. You looked up at Mutt, who took one of your earbuds and wedged it into where his ears would have been if he had any. The way he had pulled you into his lap was so fluid, like Stretch does, but the look in his eyes was more like Red. He didn’t say anything, just scrolled through your playlists for a minute.

“you have good taste in music.” he said finally, selecting an alternative rock station and handing it back to you. He continued to sit there, chin resting on your head as his arms lazily wound around you into your lap. It never occured to him that you were a stranger and that he should probably ask, but for some reason you didn't mind. “m’lord made me leave my headphones at home, else i’d be wearing them all the time. he said it’d be rude to our hosts.”

You couldn’t really imagine Black giving a shit about the host’s feelings.

“I take it you like music?”

“understatement of the century, pet.” He shifted to look at you slightly. “what’s your favorite kind?”

“Anything with a great bassline has my vote. Like older Green Day music if I’m feeling wild, or Basshunter if I wanna zone.”

His chuckle rumbled against your back.

“What, nobody said you had to agree,” you sniffed, crossing your arms.

“no, those are good choices. you like bass guitar?”

“Yeah, but I can’t play worth a damn.”

He was silent for a while after that, so you closed your eyes and listened to the music, humming quietly to the parts you knew. He seemed to enjoy silence, reveling in the music behind you. His hand tapped out the bassline to every song. It was a long time before anyone spoke again, both of you listening intently and getting lost in the music.

“wanna see something cool?”

You were almost startled by his presence, even though he was basically wrapped around you like seaweed on sushi.

“S-something cool?” You wondered what that could mean, and judging from the skull belt buckle digging into your back as he leaned forward, it might be naughty.

Suddenly he disappeared, leaving your left earbud swinging. The surprise lack of something to lean against sent you tumbling to the ground with a shriek. You lay there a moment, confused as you looked around but didn’t see him. All at once, he was back, standing in the middle of the living room with one foot on the coffee table.

The most badass bass guitar was slung across his torso. It looked like a polished skull and bones, four thick black strings running up the length. He chuckled at your shock as you rolled over to get a better look. Between his knuckles he was flipping a thick bass pick.

“You play?” you asked, sitting up. Perhaps you had a weakness for musicians...a huge weakness.

“more than play, i’m in a band.”

“A band!” You gasped, practical stars in your eyes.

“you live with these guys and nobody ever told you that stretch, edge and i have a band?”

Your eyes widened. Stretch? And Edge? You had to wonder if they ever *had* told you that, because your memory was still missing. “Memory loss, so I’m not sure?”

“stretch does lead guitar and vocals. edge does drums.” Somehow that fit together perfectly, and the the image of the three of them together and Edge twirling a pair of drumsticks...well, it was certainly pleasing. Mutt smirked at you, catching his pick in his palm and bringing his hands to a playing position. Seeing your face light up, he laid down a powerful chord, then started playing.

He was good. Like, really good. His hands moved so fast, and he made his bass chords progress so fast it sounded like rhythm guitar. The tensile strength required to play bass like this…!

You realized what he was playing.

“ *Do you have the time,* ” you started to sing, closing your eyes to focus on the bass. “ *to listen to me whine? About nothing and everything all aaaat once!* ”

Green Day. Just like you'd said before. But your singing surprised him, and he stopped. Your eyes flew open and you shut your mouth, embarrassed at the look of wonder on his face. He put the pick in his teeth, adjusting the bass strap around his shoulders.

"you're good at that." he said around the pick, his golden fang shining in the sunshine pouring in through the window. "singing."

You felt your face get warm. As far as you knew, you'd never sung out loud in front of anyone, let alone a stranger you'd just met. To your dismay, he made the guitar disappear in a purple swirl, pick tucked in the strings. It came to your attention that you were kneeling in front of him with red cheeks while he stood, smirking down at you. Something in his eyes said he liked that. You tried to stand, but stood too quickly and your legs wobbled, and you put out your hand to catch yourself. Instead you caught his leash that was still hanging from his collar, and he caught your full weight as you yanked on it.

"Oh! My gosh, I'm so sorry!" You said when you regained your balance, rushing upward to fuss over him and make sure you hadn't hurt him. To your surprise, he grabbed your hand, putting the leash back in it. He looked up at you with a purple glow dusting his cheeks and a seductive smile.

"only thing you need to be sorry about is that you didn't pull harder, pet." His voice was smooth like honey, and it sent a chill down your spine. This guy was...wow.

"STOP FLIRTING WITH OUR HUMAN, YOU WHELP!"

The leash was pulled from your hands as Edge ripped Mutt away from you by his hood, a bag of groceries dangling from his other clenched fist. His face was plastered with annoyance as he dragged Mutt effortlessly back, dropping him on the ground. Mutt let himself fall, smirking as he stretched out on the floor.

"why? she liked it."

"are you alright, doll?" Stretch's hand squeezed your shoulder as he appeared behind you. You couldn't see what the fuss was about, since he'd been perfectly nice. You chose to ignore his question in favor of asking him one, whirling around to face him.

"Stretch! Why didn't you tell me you were in a band?" You asked, gripping the front of his sweatshirt, unable to hide your grin.

"eh...you mean the one with edge and mutt?" You nodded, and he flushed orange a little, bringing one hand up to rub his skull. "i...i guess with all that's been going on i forgot?"

"Boo! No forgetting cool stuff from now on!" You said, sticking your tongue out at him. You turned around to look at Edge. "You, too! You guys totally owe me a show for not telling me sooner."

Their faces were pretty shocked, and you couldn't figure out why. Had you said something offensive? Or was pre-memory loss you just a stick in the mud?

"EH…"

"i suppose we're gonna have a jam sesh, then, eh guys?" Mutt said, smiling up at you as he laid back on his hands.

The others hesitantly agreed.

Stretch could hardly take his eyes off you while he played. They started with instrumentals, and the swell of emotions from your soul was staggering. Music! Of course! How had he not seen it earlier? Music is literally the window to the soul. If he could just find the perfect song to remind you of him…

But before he could think of one, Mutt started in on a familiar chord progression. He went along with it, knowing what the song was, and Edge did, too. As he began to sing, your eyes widened in surprise at the sound of his voice. And the emotions...the intoxicating force of your emotions at his singing justified the lyrics.

"why don't you have some dirty hot sex with me," Stretch sang with a laugh in his voice. " *it's not like i'm asking you to give it up for free!"*

Blue's appalled face from next to you on the couch was more than hilarious to him. Stretch even snuck a wink to his little brother as he used his gravity magic to pull you to your feet. The little yelp you made was adorable. He beckoned, and you flew over to him.

Crap. Shit. This was so hot to you. You must be beet red as he stood mere inches from you, singing more-than-suggestive lyrics in a voice like warm honey.

" *we can start right now, baby get on your knees!"* Your knees hit the floor in front of him, and you saw orange magic sparkling around his hand as he played his guitar. You suppressed the idea of actually ripping his shorts off, because you were still horny from those dreams you'd been having, and instead leaned back, looking up at his smirking face. He winked at you. " *don't make me beg again, girl, i just said please."*

By the stars that was the dirtiest wink you'd ever received. You had never been a church person but your thoughts right now definitely put you in the "sinner" category.

You felt hands grab your arms, and Blue yanked you back, making his brother laugh and turn away as he continued playing the song.

"HOW CRUDE," Blue grumbled to you as you settled back on the couch, red-faced and hot to the touch.

Why did you think you could handle this? Mutt's eyes were practically burning you as he played, and you tried to distract yourself by looking straight ahead, but there was Edge, tearing up the drums with a stoic look of concentration on his face. When he caught your eye, he did a drumstick twirl in one hand and winked.

Dead.

That's it, bury me alive, I can't take this anymore.

You jumped up. "Blue! Dance with me!"

Blue hopped off the couch, catching your hands excitedly. You could aaaaaalmost remember this, dancing with him. But not quite.

Looking at Blue's adorable smile made it easier to fend off the sexy thoughts of the sexy skeletons in front of you, playing their sexy instruments with their sexy hands sexy...sex..sexy...no! Blue! Dancing with Blue! You laughed as he offered to dip you, but he actually managed quite well despite being much shorter than you. He definitely had some strength in those bones.

Suddenly the bass squealed as Mutt dragged his hand haphazardly across the strings, cursing under his breath. The other two stopped, and the door to the garage burst open to reveal Black, with Red, Sans, and Papyrus not far behind him.

"TRASHBAG! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE THAT INFERNAL INSTRUMENT AT HOME!"

"but m'lord, the lady wanted music." Mutt replied, gesturing towards you as Black yanked him down by the collar. He grunted as he followed the tug. "i-i thought i could show her a good time, and it might convince her to come with us?"

Black considered his words, tapping his mandible as he yanked on the leash again. "YES, JUST AS I PLANNED! GOOD BOY, PAPY."

He patted Mutt's head condescendingly, and Mutt practically purred at the praise. He was a very different person around his brother, you noted.

You ended up back on the couch, sitting between Red and Sans, with Blue on the floor between your legs. Papyrus and Black remained standing, Papyrus watching with childlike wonder, and Black simply looking bored. As they played more music, you closed your eyes and tried to listen to the rhythms as they resonated with your soul. It was a whole new experience, music like you'd never heard before. Your hands fluttered to your face, reveling in the sensation of music passing through your soul as they struck up some classic rock hits.

Purple...orange...darker orange...hmmm...those colors mixed with the music. Souls? Or maybe feelings? Whatever they were, they thrummed with the rhythm of the music as you swayed slightly, Stretch's voice harmonizing with the chords as he sang. It reminded you of something, but not the real music, the music in your soul. It was...familiar…

"hey, kitten, you okay? hey, talk to me!"

"the music probably resonated with her soul and overwhelmed her. poor doll…"

Your eyes fluttered open. There was no more music, and you were...on the floor? No, in someone's arms. You stared up into crimson eyelights as Red leaned over you, concerned. You could tell the others were there, but the only one in your field of vision was Red. You blinked, and the look in your eyes must have been a relief, because he sighed deeply. You felt his hands tighten on your shoulder and waist.

"jeez, kitten, give a guy a heart attack." *hiking your skirt up like that.*

"But I'm not...wearing a skirt?"

He looked at you, confused. "i didn't say you were?"

Your turn to be confused. "You just did, though. You said 'jeez, kitten, give a guy a heart attack hiking your skirt up like that', I heard you."

“yeah, well, i said that to ya one time but it wasn’t just now, it was like two months ago.”

You groaned, holding your head.

A beach...blanket...wine...the first time you saw him blush pink...watching soap operas…

The song. What song was it? Had he sung to you? Or was it the radio?

“Oh...Red...I…” *I remember your kiss.* “I just...remembered something. I think?”

“YOU REMEMBERED SOMETHING? THAT’S GREAT NEWS! OH, MISS Y/N I’M SO HAPPY FOR YOU!!”

Papyrus snatched you out of Red’s arms, bringing you in for a back-breakingly tight hug. You squeaked a little, trying desperately to hang onto the memory as it faded. “Oh...oh no, there it goes…”

“NYEH?! I’M SO SORRY, DID I MAKE YOU FORGET??” Papyrus pulled away, sorrowful eyes looking deep into yours. You glanced at Red, who was frozen where you’d left him.

You remembered the kiss. That’s all. His eyes met yours.

“I didn’t forget it all…”

The pink flush on his cheekbones indicated he knew exactly what you had remembered.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so, this was all over the place. New Skellibae! Stretch smexyiness! Red memories! Reader is going to have a really hard time with all of this!
And no, this is not the last of the SwapFell bros, they will be around for a few more chapters ;)
The song Stretch is singing is called "Give It Up" by Pepper, and it's on the playlist someone made for the skelebros band!

Mistress Kitten

Chapter Summary

A look into Red's past
Mutt and Black try to "help" and get more than they bargained for.

Chapter Notes

Sorry about the delay in this update, I must have started twelve different ideas before I figured this one out!
And yes, the chapter title is my username lol. But it's relevant!
Trigger warning: light date rape implications, light violence. Nothing worse than usual.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So, when there’s one of these...what did you call them?”

“resets.”

“Resets. When one of those happens, it all starts over and I don’t remember you?”

i looked over the figure in front of me, trying to memorize every detail. i couldn’t say everything i wanted to say...i could only repeat the words i’d said that last time i’d seen her.

i wanted to cry and scream. i wanted to beg her not to leave me. at the time, i had been so careful not to tell her what had happened in the last timeline, just that there was one. i hadn't wanted to give her...ideas.

i only ever had this dream after something significant happened with y/n. the one in the mashup timeline. i have no idea why.

she scooted into me, pressing her naked body to mine. the touch set me on fire. i kicked myself once again for not makin’ love to her that night.

“well you’ll remember me a little. your soul will remember mine, but you won’t know why.” yes, yes, wrap your arms around her...i sighed as i held her close, hands running through her hair. she had the same face as kitten, which i suppose is the reason i was drawn to her. but...stars, my love never died for her, my raven-haired enchantress. This dream...i had it less and less now, so i had to hold onto it…

“Does you telling me this mean a reset is coming?”

“mmm...unfortunately.” i could feel it in my bones. the kid had gotten to the king but something was wrong. “but i got a good feeling about the next one. i feel we’ll be able to break out and have that happy ending, y’know?”

“Well, I hope you use a better pickup line this time, Honeymustard.” she snorted into my collarbone. her breath felt good against my bones. “I don’t know if I’ll fall for that cheesy ‘rearrange the alphabet’ thing again.”

“heh. but you always do, kitten.”

she shifted slightly to turn her face to me. i tried desperately to memorize her features, to burn the feeling of her skin into my fingertips. “How many times? How many times have you had to love me and lose me, Sans?”

“let’s leave it at a lot.” too many. sometimes she died in my arms. sometimes she left me. sometimes...one time i was left sobbing over her broken body, unable to follow her even though i wanted nothing more...because i wasn't as brave. never had been.

resets offered a renewed hope.

this time had been so perfect. i met her quickly, eagerly, every line in the right place, and she fell for me so fast. we’d never gotten this far. i’d never been here, holding her, about to tell her how much i really loved her.

i can save her this time, i thought.

she yawned and snuggled back into the crook of my neck. “Well, then, what’s one more?”

the soft snoring came quickly, and i cursed himself for not saying it.

“see you in the new timeline, kitten.” i said those words, but i was screaming at myself. *she won’t be there! wake her up and tell her how you feel! you don’t get another chance!*

Red woke up on the couch in a nervous sweat. He hardly ever had that dream anymore. He groaned, bringing his hands to his sockets. He never saw her again. When the reset happened, she wasn’t there. He’d waited for days. He ignored the kid, his brother, everything...and then the timelines broke and he had ended up here. If he could just get home, maybe she would…

But she probably wouldn’t.

But...he could hear you humming in the kitchen. The old kitten was gone, as was the case when timelines and resets are involved. But you...you were here. He could almost hear her voice telling him to move on. Was this it? Was this him admitting to himself that he lo--

“Red?”

He jumped a foot off the couch at your voice, and when he looked up, there you were. With that face.

“what’s up, kitten?” He plastered a grin on his skull and leaned leisurely back on the couch arm.

“Just checking on you.”

“oohh, am i gonna get a happy ending?”

“Gross!” You swatted him, and he chuckled. Felt like old times, and it made him happy.

“and hot.” Your confused expression struck a nerve, and his grin faltered. Of course you didn’t remember that. “...sorry. that’s an inside joke you probably don’t remember…”

“Are you okay? You looked like you were having a nightmare.” You asked, trying to change the subject since you could see it was distressing him. You leaned over with a towel and mopped the sweat off his forehead. He froze, watching you intently. How could a monster like him ever deserve the kindness you always showed him?

“sorta. but i’m alright.”

You doubted that. He looked absolutely awful, like he’d seen the depths of his darkest fears. He probably didn’t know how bad he looked, though. You had come in because you’d noticed he was awake, and you wanted to talk about your memory...from what little you can recall, the emotion was so strong, and it had been bugging you since you’d remembered.

“i think i’m clean, kitten,” he chuckled, taking your wrist gently. “do you have a reason for checking on a wor...on a useless sack of bones like me?”

“I wanted to talk about my memory. About...us.”

His eyesockets widened and he turned a pale pink. It was cute, the way he blushed. You could barely remember the light of that blush, but it was so familiar…

“i’d love to, kitten, but i gotta go do…” He trailed off, rubbing the back of his skull. Maybe he couldn’t think of an excuse? “actually, wait here, i got somethin’ for ya. just..wait. okay?”

“Oooookay…”

He skittered off, and you obediently sat on the couch, waiting for him to return. He was so strange. You wished you had all your memories, because life would be a lot easier if you knew what you knew about these guys. Red was especially hard to read, as if he was trying to decide if he should be naughty or nice.

After a few minutes, he returned, holding a Best Buy bag. He tossed it to you gently, and you looked at him, curious. He gave you an impatient motion, as if to say ‘well, open it.’

Inside was an iPod, a set of headphones, and a speaker. Wha...this was expensive stuff! First these guys had bought you a phone, then a wardrobe as you had learned, and now an iPod??

You looked up at him with genuine confusion, not understanding. Why did you deserve this?

“i noticed the music helped with your memories, and that you only have your phone and those beat-up earbuds to listen with...i put some songs on there that i hoped might jog your memory of me…” He was glowing pink again. “i really can’t stand you not knowing about us, so hurry up and remember, okay?”

You threw your arms around his neck, surprising him and making his knees buckle a little. It was such an amazing gesture, and so sweet! “Thank you! This is so thoughtful!”

You pulled back and planted a fat kiss in between his eye sockets, and now he was burning bright fuschia. “n...no, it’s entirely selfish, don’t get the wrong idea. i just want you back to normal so i can continue harassin’ ya. i’m not a good guy.”

“Shut up, of course you are!” You suddenly realized how close you were to kissing him for real, his hands planted firmly on your waist, yours wrapped around his neck. His hold, and the bright pink glow...it was all so familiar, and you felt the heat rising in your cheeks. Was it just your soul making you horny? Or was this feeling something he elicited in you?

Your sudden silence had brought his crimson eyelights to rest on your eyes, and he seemed to be holding his breath, waiting to see if something would happen.

You couldn’t stop yourself from remembering the kiss, his hand on your thigh, soft moans...the only memories you had of him.

You began to lean in, and he started to meet you…

“RED!! I NEED YOU IMMEDIATELY! WHERE ARE YOU, YOU USELESS CREATURE??”

The shock of his brother’s voice ringing through the house harshly made him bonk his teeth against you as he flinched, making you squeak and pull away, the sting of the contact pulsing in your nose.

“uh...duty calls?” He shrugged, reluctantly releasing your waist and taking a step back. You probably looked like a traffic light right now, and without another word, he turned on his heel and practically sprinted away from you.

You sighed, plopping back down on the couch.

“OHHHH, SO CLOSE.”

You jumped and shrieked at Black’s voice next to you. He was leaning on the couch, looking at you with a smug look. Mutt stood behind him silently.

“What?”

“SO CLOSE. TO KISSING THE CHERRY. DO YOU LOVE HIM? ARE YOU INVOLVED? OH, WAIT, YOU DON’T KNOW.” He snickered, covering his laugh half-heartedly with a purple gloved hand. “THAT’S TOO BAD. YOUR MEMORIES WOULD BE REALLY USEFUL, WOULDN’T THEY?”

Your eyes flicked up to Mutt, looking for some sign that you could relax. You trusted him, but not Black as much.

He gave you a little wink, so you released the tension in your shoulders. “Yes, I’d really like to remember everything. It would make everything a lot less confusing, and I can tell it really hurts the others when I can’t remember them.”

“WELL, LUCKY YOU, THEN. I HAVE SOMETHING THAT MIGHT HELP.” He snapped his fingers, and Mutt produced a strange-shaped bottle filled with purple liquid, placing it in Black’s waiting hand. “THIS POTION IS MEANT TO BRING YOUR SOUL’S DEFENSES DOWN, RELEASE INHIBITIONS. USUALLY IT IS USED IN BATTLE TO WEAKEN THE ENEMY,

BUT FOR YOU IT MIGHT RELEASE THE MEMORIES YOU HAVE LOCKED AWAY, SINCE IT IS YOUR SOUL'S DISTRESS THAT IS THE CAUSE."

He handed you the bottle, and you hesitantly took it, glancing at Mutt again. He looked calm.

"Isn't this like, monster stuff? Will it hurt me?"

"PROBABLY NOT."

You snorted. "Probably?"

Mutt took a seat on the couch next to you, snaking an arm around your shoulder. "don't worry, pet, i'll be there if anything goes wrong."

The smile on Black's face was upsetting. He looked like he was about to see something amazing. Still, you were pretty desperate at this point, and it's not like you didn't trust Mutt to take care of you. You popped the top off, waited for a firm nod from the tall skeleton, and downed the bottle.

It tasted weird, and it tingled on the way down, like fingers of magic were gripping you. Mutt's hand was on your back as you coughed.

"Oh, jeez, it's awful."

"I DIDN'T SAY IT WOULD BE PLEASANT."

You looked up at him, but he was blurry. In fact, your whole body felt like it was shaking as you collapsed into Mutt's arms. You looked up at him, panicked, only to see him smiling down at you.

"don't worry, pet, we'll take care of ya. promise."

When you woke up, you felt weird.

You weren't in your own bed, but rather the downstairs guest room. Either Mutt or Black's bed, there were two. Judging by the smell of barbeque sauce, it was Mutt's bed. At least you were still wearing clothes. You weren't tied down or anything, so you sat up slowly, looking around.

"good morning, sleeping beauty." Mutt chuckled from a chair next to the bed, cigarette hanging from his teeth. You looked at him accusingly.

"You drugged me."

"we did exactly what we said we would. released your inhibitions. how do you feel?"

Good question. You felt a little tingly, but other than that... "I don't feel any different."

"really?" He leaned forward, a puff of smoke coming from his mouth as he put his cigarette out in the ashtray on the night stand. "what if i…"

Suddenly he was on you, kissing you hard. Normally you would push him off, embarrassed, but…

You moaned against his teeth, hands finding his leash and pulling hard. He grunted, and followed the pull so he was crawling on top of you, pressing down with his ribcage. You caught a flash of

purple as his tongue pushed past your lips, swirling inside your mouth and leaving you panting when he pulled back.

Your hand twisted the leash around itself, pulling taut. He seemed surprised and let out another grunt. The look in his eyes was positively lewd.

“You don’t get to stop until you’re begging for mercy,” You hissed, and then you gasped in surprise at your own words. He chuckled at your face.

“so you’re a freak when you have no inhibitions, eh, pet?”

Oh no. Please, it couldn’t be true. You seemed to have very little control over your own voice now, and your hand moved of its own accord, yanking his leash hard and sending him crashing down on top of you. Your voice was practically a purr, and despite your fears, it felt good to let her loose.

“Call me Mistress.”

Sans peeked into the kitchen. You weren’t there.

Backyard? Not there either.

Bedroom? Nope.

Red was the last one to have seen you, and he said he left you in the living room, but you weren’t there, either. He tapped his mandible, trying to figure out where else you could be. He hadn’t seen you in a couple of hours, and it wasn’t like you to leave your phone in your room and take off without telling anybody. Maybe Hasani? But you didn’t really know him right now...Colin? It was a possibility...

Suddenly the doors to the living room slammed shut, and he turned around quickly to see Mutt, shirtless and out of breath. A purple blush dominated his face, and his bones looked as if he’d been mauled by dogs. He was trembling, and as his eyes landed on Sans, he quickly moved to hide behind him.

“i’m not here!”

“what the…? mutt, what’re you doing?”

“shut up! she’ll find me!”

“you mean the kid?”

He nodded, and then he heard you calling for Mutt from the other side of the doors.

“Mutt, these doors are never closed, do you think I’m stupid? I wasn’t done playing with you yet, let’s go back to bed…”

Sans’ eye socket twitched, and he turned to Mutt's shaking form.

“what did you do? you tryin’ to make a move on her?”

“me?! that girl is an animal!” He gripped him by the shoulders. “sans, because we are friends, i must insist you *run* .”

He blinked away, and the doors to the living room flew open. He turned back to the door. You looked around the room with interest, a riding crop dangling from your hand. When you didn’t see Mutt, your face was crossed with disappointment, but then you saw him. A bizarre smile etched its way onto your face.

Well, he found you.

“Oh, Sans...fancy meeting you here.” You said, bringing the riding crop up to rest on your shoulder. You made a mock-pouty face. “Have you seen Mutt? We were playing, and it was just getting good, and then he suddenly ran off.”

“woah, uh, calm down there, sweetheart. just...put the crop down.” He was sweating, and he knew it. He tried to imagine what had caused this behavior, but you were simply too different to read.

You seemed to consider his words, and then you dropped the crop. He sighed in relief. Maybe he could talk to you now.

Or maybe not. You crossed the room in three long strides and seized him by the hood, pulling him in for a long, hard kiss, taking him off guard and making him lose balance. You both toppled to the floor, and you squealed with glee as he fell on top of you. He scrambled backward, using your distraction to remove himself from your grip. You tried to come after him, but you felt a tug in your chest as he used his magic to hold you in place.

“You wanna hold me down, Sansy? I didn’t know you had it in you.” Your voice was practically a growl, and he felt a cerulean blush forming on his skull. It would be...so easy to let you go and let you do what you will. It would be so gratifying...but...you weren’t yourself.

“i think you need a time out, sweetheart.” He summoned some bones, trapping you in a little cage. He needed to find Mutt and ask him what was going on.

When he released the blue magic, you whined as you pressed against the bones that held you captive. You watched him scurry out of the room.

You sighed, pressing your forehead against one of the bones. Yeah, you were a little more open now, and mistress was LOVING it. But you hadn’t really had any memories come back yet. You saw glimmers when you’d kissed Sans...strong arms around you, a dark room, Papyrus bursting in with a first aid kit.

“woah. what the hell?”

Your heart leaped. If anyone would play with you...you turned quickly, giving Red a big pouty face.

“Reeeeeddd...Sans put me in here and he won’t let me out.” He came closer, inspecting the bones. When he was within reach, you reached out and brushed your fingers over his jacket. “Help me out?”

“well, duh, this is no way to leave you.” He waved his hand and Sans’ magic dispelled. He helped you up, and as he turned to look back towards where Sans had gone, his eyes landed on the riding crop. “so, uh, why’d he put you in there?”

“Not important.” You tugged on his sleeve, pulling him toward the couch. He sat down, eyeing you suspiciously as you sat next to him, leaning over.

“what’re you doin’? you’re actin’ strange.” He leaned away from you a little, crimson staining his cheeks as your hand slid up his chest.

“Red, have you ever been in love?”

Love? He looked at you like you were crazy. He didn’t know what to say, so he just told the truth. “...yeah, once.”

“What did it feel like?” Your fingers were tracing small circles on his sternum, and his breath hitched as you moved closer, swinging one leg over his. He gathered your fingers in his hand, pushing you off just a little.

“kinda like a weird tingle in my chest, i guess. she made me forget about everything else, made me wanna be a good guy.”

“Where is she now?”

“...gone.” You were looking at him weird. He’d never seen that look on your face except...except for that one time. You’d called it ‘mistress’. “you ain’t yourself.”

“Observant. It’s just that I like being close to you, Honeymustard…”

He froze. Nobody called him that...nobody except...he looked at you, searching your face for something he couldn’t find.

“where’d you get that nickname?” He pushed you off gently, and you cocked your head to the side a little. “nobody’s called me that in a long time. nobody should know it.”

“Except Kitten?” You asked innocently. You put your free hand up as if it was a paw. “Well, meow.”

If this was a joke, it wasn’t funny. You must have heard him say it in his sleep, and now you were messing with him. “listen, ‘mistress’, you better go back to normal and stop fucking with me before i get angry.”

“You gonna punish me? Throw me down on the pillows? Make me scream?” You asked, reaching out again. He grabbed your hand.

“i’m fucking serious, you bitch. keep this up and i won’t forgive you.”

Shock riddled his body as your hand made contact with his cheekbone. He looked at you, eyes wide, at your pleased face. His reaction suited your tastes, it seemed. He let out a growl, seizing both of your hands and pinning you hard on the couch. He loomed over you, snarling.

“what’s your fucking problem? huh? you wanna hear deep, dark secrets and special feelings, and then you try to use it against me? i ain’t a *plaything* , you filthy human!” You didn’t even flinch at the slur, instead smirking under his grasp. “you’re fuckin’ sick if you’re enjoyin’ this.”

“Not sick. Just confirming something. You really do love her, don’t you, Honeymustard?”

“stop fuckin’ callin’ me that, you have no right!” he pulled you up, and then slammed you against the couch again. You shuddered violently.

“One little thing is off about her and you’re up in arms. Pathetic. I would venture to say that you love her more than the *real* kitten.”

“what the fuck are you on about?” His brain was in full panic mode, his fingers digging into your wrists as he held you steadfastly to the couch. For a second, he saw a glimmer of someone else in your eyes, and then you started to tear up.

“Oops, thought I had more time but it looks like she’s waking up. See you in the new timeline?” His eyes widened. How had you known to say that? How did you know about resets at all? Before he could ask, you suddenly went limp underneath him.

“...kitten?” he called hopefully, releasing your wrists. Shit, what did he do? You weren’t breathing...

“Mmm...Red?” You opened your eyes, gazing up at him in confusion. When you registered that he was on top of you, you freaked out and pushed him off. “Jeez, Red, gross!”

He opened his mouth to respond but--

“And I swear to the stars above, if you say ‘and hot’ I will fucking end you.” You sat up, smoothing out your clothes, and his wide-eyed stare bored into your skull.

“you remember that joke?”

“Duh, you say it every time?” He shut his mouth, and you could almost see the gears in his head turning. “So what’s your excuse for assaulting me in my sleep? I thought you were starting to be kinda sweet after the beach house.”

“in your sleep? kitten, we was just talkin’ not more than two minutes ago. you don’t remember th...wait, you remember the beach house?” What was that look? Realization?

It clicked. For both of you. You remembered! You remembered everything!

“Red! Oh my gosh!” Your hands fluttered to your face, wide-eyed.

“you remember?” Red asked, hands flying up to your arms. Whatever anger he had held a moment ago was gone, the joy of your memory superseding it. “you remember everything?”

“Well…” You looked away, wracking your brain for memories… “Not...not everything.”

“whaddya mean?” His confused look mixed with worry as you sighed.

“I...only remember you, Red.”

Chapter End Notes

I realize these last few chapters have been Red-heavy, but I promise we'll get to the other skellies soon.

And yay! Some memory returns! And did y'all catch Red avoiding her trigger word?
How will the others react to her only remembering Red?
How will Sans punish the SF brothers for their misdeeds?
Who knows!
Remember that I take asks, requests, prompts, and headcanon requests on my tumblr!

Thanksgiving Begins

Chapter Summary

Thanksgiving!
You and Red celebrate your memories, Stretch is jealous as usual, and Thanksgiving at Toriel's holds an unexpected surprise.

Chapter Notes

A little fluff and slight angst, then plot twist, then???
Buckle up kids this is gonna get wild

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The two of you stared at each other for a long moment. Everything. Everything about Red just...popped back into existence in your mind. The time he tied you up and choked you, when he saved you from Colin's roommate, when he accused you of toying with him, the first time he glowed pink, singing soft love songs together...his anger when you wore G's mark...his hand on your thigh...no, his soul touching yours, gently, supportively. It was all there. Tears began to flow from your eyes as the emotions waved over you.

Suddenly Red's arms were around you, holding you in a bone crushing embrace, holding you as if it was the first and the last time he would be able to hold you.

You tried to move back to look at him. "Red--"

"don't!" He clutched you closer. "don't...don't move."

From the sound of his voice, he was crying, too. Your fingers sunk into the fabric of his sweater, and you buried your face in the fluff of his hood. The tears would probably leave it soaked, but who cares? Neither of you, not right now.

You don't know how long you sat there like that. It felt like an eternity, just letting his soul speak to yours, not a single word said out loud but everything was clear: Happy. Relieved. Excited. Worried. Relaxed, finally relaxed...and passion. The same passion you'd felt from his soul when he'd help free yours.

Finally, far too soon, his grip lessened, and he drew away from you. His sockets were glowing red from his tears.

"Wow." You said smartly. You had no idea how else to describe what you just felt. He snorted.

“it’s called soul resonation. it happens when you’re close to someone, and usually it’s so gradual that you don’t notice.” He sniffed, rubbing at his sockets. His hand found it's way into your hair, running it over his fingers with a gleam in his eye, as if he'd wanted to do this for so long. “but your soul was locked away until recently, and your memories until just now, so any kinda resonation we mighta had just...happened all at once. it’s similar to the idea that you eventually ‘get to know’ your close friends’ habits, likes, and dislikes and stuff.”

“Jeez, Red, your pHd is showing.” He sounded very smart right now, very off-character. But not bad. In fact it was...cute. Hot even.

“don’t make fun’a me.” He squeezed your nose between his middle and index fingers teasingly. You giggled and swatted his hand away. Fuck, it felt so good to be back to normal with Red. To remember.

He looked at you, and his gaze seemed different than before. “so you remember everything...but what about the conversation we just had?”

“About soul resonation?”

He shook his skull, rubbing the back of his neck. “no, before that. before you remembered.”

You tried to remember, but you couldn’t think of what he was talking about.

“The last thing I remember was drinking some weird potion Black and Mutt gave me, and talking to Mutt...then it’s hazy.” You watched his expression carefully as he searched your eyes for a lie. “Why? What was it about?”

His unreadable expression turned into a grin and he threw a throw pillow at you. You let it hit you in the chest and fell back, laughing. “aw, it was nothin’, just you professin’ your undyin’ love for me. ya know, the usual.”

“As if!” You launched the pillow back and it hit him square in the face. He chuckled as he let it fall. The look in his eye caught you off guard. You’d never seen such a soft expression on his face, and it didn’t waver when he locked eyes with you, like normal. The hum in your soul...why hadn’t you heard it before? It felt like maybe it had been drowned by other noise, but right now it rang clear as he moved forward, one skeletal hand gingerly taking the back of your neck as he leaned in.

You sighed as he kissed you, and it was as if a huge weight had dropped from your shoulders. He didn’t go too far, staying in the “chaste” category as he leaned over you. You could feel his ribs through his shirt, pressing against your chest. He murmured something against your lips, but you didn’t quite catch it. It sounded suspiciously sappy.

“Mmm, what was that?”

He pulled away, observing your flushed face and curious look. “ah...nothin’. i’m just glad you’re you.”

“Liar,” you giggled, flicking his sternum. He brought his hand up and made a fake offended face.

“why, kitten, i’m hurt. you know me, i ain’t a liar, ya gotta have brains to lie!” His grin stretched across his face, and it was the first time you’d seen him so happy since the beach house. You gave him a playful shove.

“There’s that doofy grin. Haven’t seen that in a while.”

“could say the same,” he said, pinching your cheek.

“ahem.”

You both jumped at the noise, and turned toward the door, where Stretch was standing, Mutt's leash in hand. Mutt was cowering behind him, and Sans was right on their heels dragging Black by the bandana.

You exchanged guilty looks as he slid off of you. Seems you both forgot there were other people in the house.

“i see she’s back to normal,” Sans said, depositing Black on the floor. “i found the problem.”

“I TOLD YOU, THE POTION WAS MEANT TO BRING DOWN HER WALLS AND POSSIBLY RESTORE HER MEMORIES!” Black spat, and gestured to his brother. “LOOK AT MY BROTHER! DO YOU THINK HE DID THIS ON PURPOSE?”

Mutt was very clearly traumatized, and when he saw you, he ducked behind Stretch’s shoulder. When he caught your confused and docile stare, he hesitantly straightened himself.

“i think you got more than you bargained for, doesn’t mean you didn’t do it on purpose.” Sans said, nudging Black with his foot. “now apologize.”

“WHY SHOULD I? CLEARLY IT WORKED, AND SHE REGAINED SOME MEMORY. SHE SHOULD BE *THANKING* ME.”

All eyes were suddenly on you. Sans and Stretch looked at you expectantly, and Black and Mutt watched with interest.

“Uhm, yeah, I did actually get some memory back.” You said, running a hand through your hair. You could still feel Red's fingers from a minute ago, as if it was his hand. “So, yeah, thank you guys.”

Red kicked you from his position across the couch. “don’t thank the date rapists, kitten.”

You swatted his foot away.

“so how much do you remember?” Stretch’s voice came from beside you, startling you as he touched your shoulder gently. You looked up at him, his eyes full of hope. You placed a hand on top of his and smiled at him a little.

“Just Red. Sorry, Stretch. I didn’t remember anything else.”

The disappointment was evident in his face, and he sighed, withdrawing his hand so he could scratch his mandible. “eh, it’s a start i suppose.”

He said that, but the look he was giving Red was positively murderous, and Red just grinned smugly back at him. He snatched your wrist and pulled you over into his lap, snuggling into your shoulder.

“yeah, kitten remembered me first, ‘cause she loves me the most.”

“Red, stop it,” you said, pushing him off as he chuckled at Stretch’s obvious displeasure.

“or maybe you don’t mean anything to her so you’re easier to remember.” Stretch growled, glaring at Red.

“nice try, slim, but you can’t ruin my mood.” It was true, his grin wasn’t faltering in the least. He knocked a gentle kiss against your cheek before standing. “can’t bring me down today, ‘cause kitten remembers me, and that’s all i need. gotta problem with that? you wanna go?”

“as a matter of fact--”

“stop squabbling,” Sans snapped at them, placing a hand on your shoulder to draw your attention. “how do you feel? are ya dizzy at all?”

You shook your head. No dizziness or anything. He grasped your chin gently and inspected your expression, but you didn’t know what he was looking for. Finally he grinned a little and released you. He drew his hands back to his sweatshirt pockets, looking relaxed.

“stretch is right, it’s a start. hopefully this means the rest will come back soon.” His eyes darted to Mutt and Black, who were inching slightly towards the door. “and you two…”

Black flinched, but when he turned around he had a confident look on his face. “NO NEED TO THANK US, REALLY.”

“i didn’t have thanks in mind.”

You have no idea what Sans did to Black and Mutt, but when they returned from outside and sought you out in the kitchen, they apologized profusely. Mutt seemed genuine, but Black was grinding his jaw as if it was physically painful for him to admit fault.

When you turned to place your hand on Mutt's shoulder to tell him it was alright, he flinched away from your touch. You wondered exactly what you had done to him to make him shirk you like that. They both slunk away rather quickly, leaving you alone to do preparations for Thanksgiving tomorrow.

You wished Red would come keep you company, but Edge had insisted that he needed to be training, and so that’s where he was. No, the only one helping you was…

“Aren’t you supposed to be helping me?”

Stretch opened one eye, smirking over at you as he strummed his guitar lazily, sprawled over the island counter like pancakes on a griddle. “i’m helping. i’m providing quality musical entertainment.”

“But I already have music. And I need to put the turkey there, bonehead.” The bluetooth stereo Red gave you was pumping out a beat, one of the songs he had selected for you. Stretch and his guitar were clashing with the music.

He sighed, and the guitar disappeared. He stuck his hands in his front pocket and floated leisurely off the counter, showing no signs of landing or helping. Well, at least he was easier to move this way. You set the brining pot down on the counter, turkey and all, and pushed Stretch to the side. He

bobbed away quietly, eyes closed. When you turned around, he was floating upside down in front of you, face inches from yours.

“what’s your favorite song, doll?”

“It’s a little piece called ‘get off your lazy tailbone and help before I stuff you like I stuffed the turkey’. Have you heard it?” You pushed him aside again, striding over to the sink to work on the vegetables. He laughed out loud, surprising you with his full laugh. “Oh, so you do go ‘nyeh’ like the other tall ones.”

“heh, that’s embarrassing,” he said sheepishly, touching down next to you to lean against the sink while you washed the potatoes.

“No, it’s cute.” You flicked water at him and he mock-blocked you, chuckling.

“cute, huh? well, then nyeh, i say. nyeeehhh.” You hid your laugh behind the pot of vegetables as you carried it over to the slow cooker. “c’mon, doll, *asparagus’* some laughter?”

“Oh my gosh, that was so bad,” you said flicking water at him again. “Try to think of a joke that’s not so *corny* next time.”

“i’m sure a better joke will *turnip* somehow.” His eyes wandered over to the iPod and speaker. “so where’d you get these?”

“Red gave them to me. Said if music helped, then he wanted to help any way he could. He even put a playlist that was supposed to remind me of him on there. Turned out that I didn’t need it, but it’s still a sweet gesture…” You trailed off, eyes flicking to the clock on the stove. He should be home by now…

“you really care about him, don’t you?” Stretch said, leaning farther over the counter towards you. You pulled out a knife and started cubing potatoes for the slow cooker. “you have...strong feelings for him?”

“Yeah, I do. I get the feeling that there was too much noise before, so I didn’t really know.”

“noise?”

You paused in your cubing to think of the right words. “Like, it feels like all my feelings before were a huge mess of shouting. Like maybe I feel really strongly for all of you, so much so that it feels as if I don’t feel for any of you. Does that make sense?”

“not really, but i get the jist.”

The two of you grew quiet, and for a minute all you could hear was the *chop chop* of the knife hitting the cutting board. After a moment of silence, you felt his hand on your shoulder, and he removed the knife from your hand.

“Stretch, what...”

He slid one arm around your shoulders, pressing your back against his ribcage, and weaved the fingers of his free hand with yours. “...i’m jealous, you know.”

Jealous? Jealous of what?

“i’m jealous of red, how he gets to have you like this, to be the only object of your affections for however much time it takes for you to remember more.” He was whispering in your ear now, hot breath tickling as he spoke. “i’m jealous of sans, for knowing you before, having an established relationship with you. i’m even jealous of the potatoes because they get to be touched by you. i’ve...been holding back so much, because i don’t want to scare you. but i’m not a patient monster, i never have been.”

It almost sounded like a confession, and almost like a threat. His hand released yours in favor of tracing the scar on your forehead, one you were told came from a concussion shortly after moving in. His touch sparked something in you...it was familiar, and the scent of honey and smoke on his sweatshirt...

“...Stretch...I can’t force myself to remember.” You sighed, leaning into his touch. You wished you could. The pain in his voice was so strong, his need for you to remember evident in every syllable. You didn’t want to hurt him any longer, but…

He sighed heavily behind you, dropping his arms to grip the sleeves of your shirt. His head dipped, resting on your shoulder.

“...i know. i’m sorry.”

The words hung in the air as his weight disappeared from behind you. You whirled around, but he was already gone. With a sigh, you ran a finger over the scar.

If only you knew what you didn’t know…

Stretch stared out his bedroom window, pressing his skull to the glass. Stupid. He’d almost confessed how much he loved you. How irresponsible, you already had enough on your mind. He didn’t need to make you feel worse by pointing out all that you’ve yet to remember when you should be celebrating what you already do.

He watched you bounce out the door to the mailbox, pulling the letters out and sorting them while you stood. He wanted to hold you, make you put the letters down and kiss you until you remembered everything.

Red appeared next to you, sweeping you into a hug. He scoffed as he could hear you giggling from where he sat. What did he do? How did Red get you to remember him? He wouldn’t say anything about the conversation, just that it was private. He was enjoying it, having you all to himself. But...Stretch couldn’t blame him. He’d kill for that.

Edge stormed up behind Red, lifting him by the hood and peeling him off of you. The obscenities that followed made Stretch chuckle. The look that Edge gave you...Stretch had to remember he wasn’t the only one affected. Everyone wanted you to remember.

He let out one last sigh, collecting himself as he stood to get ready to leave. Everyone was meeting at Toriel’s to spend the night for Thanksgiving, and he couldn’t hold everyone up.

“Careful with the turkey! And the mashed potatoes! And--”

“sweetheart, they get the jist.” Sans’ strong arm pulled you away from the sight of the skeletons swarming the two cars outside the huge house that belonged to Toriel and Asgore. He patted your arm gently, then pulled you towards the door and inside, leaving the others to bring the rest inside.

“Y/n! Y/n! You’re here!” Asriel squealed as he ran up to you, clinging to your skirt. Frisk was not far behind, clamping down on one leg. You remembered them from Toriel’s frequent visits when your soul had been freed.

“Well, if it isn’t my two favorite rugrats. Where’s mom?”

Frisk tugged your dress so they could sign to you. **She’s in the kitchen still!**

Thank god you still remembered sign language.

“Oh, okay.”

“hey, kids, why don’t you go let ‘er know we’re here?”

The kids skittered off, laughing. You felt someone bump into you from behind as they went.

“oops, sorry, kitten.” Red had a comical amount of items in his arms, as if trying to show off his strength. “just, you know, doin’ the heavy liftin’ so i couldn’t see where i was goin’.”

“red, we can see your magic.”

“meh, party pooper.” Red grinned anyway, rushing past you with a wink. The others strolled in after him as your heart fluttered and your face turned red. It should be illegal for him to give you that look.

Sans’ grin looked forced when you returned your gaze to him, but he continued on as if nothing was wrong.

“there’s gonna be lots of new faces to you today. some you’ve met before...you know...but some you haven’t. and…” He trailed off, seeming to rethink his words. “nevermind, i’ll tell you later. not everyone’s here yet, but let’s meet the ones that are, huh?”

He took your hand, giving it a reassuring squeeze, and he waited for your signal. After a moment of quiet nervousness, you squeezed him back and you walked into the living room together.

Woah.

You had never seen so many skeletons in your life. You said that before, when they were gathered in your room, but now it was actually true. You couldn’t even count them!

“sugar!” A scantily clad skeleton with purple hearts for eyelights practically tackled you when you entered the room. One confused look at Sans and you were able to discern that you knew him. He leaned back, keeping his hands locked behind your neck as he cocked his head to the side. “oh, sugar, you are in big trouble! i haven’t heard a word from you in weeks!”

“y/n’s had a bit of a problem, she can’t remember anything,” Sans interjected. “sorry, pink, she doesn’t know who you are.”

The skeleton withdrew, a disappointed look on his face. He drew one hand up to his hip as he gazed at you thoughtfully. “wow, that sucks big time. i was looking forward to playing this time.”

If he had lips, he’d be pouting.

“Ah, Miss Y/N, glad I caught you in time!” Pink looked a little dejected as Green came into view, stealing your attention. Your heart leaped at a familiar face.

“Green! How are you? Wait, in time?”

Before you could inquire further, he had gently grasped your shoulder and steered you away from the crowd.

“Please, there is something I wished to discuss before my brother arrives.”

“He’s not already here?” You spared a glance back at the room. Nope, no G. Huh. Green stopped you in the entryway, releasing your shoulder.

“No, he is coming separately.” Green rubbed his skull and pulled on his turtleneck. What was so hard to say? “Listen, I--”

“Angel, fancy meeting you here,” G’s voice purred in your ear, making you jump slightly. You gazed up at him, deep red marking your cheeks. You couldn’t remember the details, but your body did, and just his voice was enough to make you shiver. Green sighed audibly and backed away into the other room, whispering an apology. An apology?

“G, I didn’t expect to see you he…”

Your voice trailed off as you noticed his hand was occupied by something. No, not something...

Someone.

A tall redhead with green eyes gazed around the room, tugging on G’s hand to get his attention.

“Wow, babe, this place is way bigger than you said it’d be.”

Chapter End Notes

Sweet fluff with Red
Angsty fluff with Stretch
G WATER YOU DOING????

Green With Envy

Chapter Summary

The guys confront G
Green apologizes for not telling you sooner, and says some surprising things.

Chapter Notes

I'm glad to see the hate is directed at G instead of the girl, that's how it should be! Lol.
The general consensus is that G is a douchenozzle, but let's just wait and see.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Her name was Sierra, or as G called her, ‘babydoll’. Not that you cared. Not that you...didn’t care. And yes, as he sheepishly told you when he’d caught your shocked face, she was his girlfriend.

A girlfriend!

Just six days ago he’d been begging you for a goodbye kiss!

Not...that you cared. Or so you tried to convince yourself as you skittered off to lock yourself in the bathroom. You didn’t have your memories, so you had no idea why this hurt so much, but *fuck* . You sat on the closed toilet, hands at your face. The tears flowed even around your hands as you cursed silently. Jealousy, anger, frustration, sadness...lots of sadness. You were practically drowning in your feelings. Suddenly you realized with a choked sob...

This is what a broken heart feels like.

“dude. not fucking cool.” Sans’ eyes bored into G’s head as he watched Sierra sweep off to one of the guest rooms to deposit her things. Every skeleton in the room was glaring at him, even the ones who didn’t know you. Everyone knew a party foul when they saw one. Green slipped out of the room unnoticed. “how long?”

“What do you mean?” G said, his signature smirk on his face.

“you know exactly what he means, you piece of--” Stretch’s fury was cut off by Edge yanking him behind him, stalking straight over to G and picking him up by the front of his jacket.

“HE REFERS TO THE FILTHY HUMAN DANGLING FROM YOUR ARM TODAY, YOU DISGUSTING VERMIN. HOW LONG HAVE YOU HAD THIS FEMALE AT YOUR ACQUAINTANCE?” His voice was a growl that made even Sans step back slightly. Edge’s fingers tightened around the lapel of G’s jacket as he pulled him closer. “WELL?”

G gently removed Edge's fingers from his clothing, taking a cautionary step back. "I don't really think that's any of your--"

He slammed into the far wall, and Red was on top of him immediately. His knuckles connected with G's skull with a sickening *crack!* Before G could react, the smaller skeleton had wrapped his fingers around G's neck, threatening to break with a single twitch. Blue and Papyrus gasped behind him, and Stretch moved to try to block Blue's vision.

"when it involves kitten runnin' off with tears in her eyes, it's our fuckin' business!" he snarled, leaning over him. "so answer the question, **a'ight**?"

"I've known her for three months, okay?! Nothin' but small flings and the occasional booty call, until the other night when she confessed to me. I'm not gettin' anywhere with Angel, so I figured what the heck?" G kept his composure under Red's predatory gaze. "Satisfied?"

"three months? you had the nerve to mark kitten like that when you been foolin' around for *months?* " Red's fingers on his free hand began to twitch, red magic pooling around it. Sans' hand on his shoulder made him freeze, but it was the look in his eye that made him slowly release G and slink back to his brother's side.

Sans' eyelights were gone, sockets dark. As G stood, dusting himself off, he looked over at Sans with a haggard expression. "It's not like I cheated on her, we ain't together. Don't gimme that look."

"just because you aren't together, you think it doesn't hurt her?" Sans said. Everyone in the room held their breath so they could hear his quiet voice. "she doesn't even know why it hurts. she doesn't remember why she feels this way. i can't think of a crueler thing to do to someone."

"Babe, our bedroom is huge! Are you sure we can stay…" Sierra trailed off at the silent animosity plaguing the room. "Is everything okay?"

Sans' eyelights were back suddenly, and a breath of relief waved over the room. He grinned up at the girl. "just peachy. we were just catching up with your...boyfriend."

G and Sans stared at each other for a long moment, Sans' grin ever-so-slightly too wide, and G took the hint.

"C'mon, babydoll, why don't you show me that room? I need to get away from the noise."

As they walked away, the redhead bounced beside him, grasping his arm as she chattered happily. Red let out a disgruntled noise, crossing his arms.

"you shoulda just let me kill 'im."

Okay, you'd been in the bathroom for a long time. And you weren't sure anyone knew where you were, because you'd just taken off into the unfamiliar house until you found an empty space far from G, and if they did know you were certain Red would be banging down thw door by now.

Your eyes were stinging from the hot tears that were now dried on your face. You splashed some water on your cheeks, trying not to rub too much, and looked in the mirror.

Red eyes stared back at you, and for a moment you felt faint, but then you realized they were only red from crying. You sighed with relief. You didn't want to deal with the past on top of the present. You combed your fingers through your hair, trying to make yourself look a little less miserable. You failed. With a sigh, you turned to leave the room.

As you stepped out of the bathroom, you noticed something move out of the corner of your eye. Something big. Thinking it was one of your "siblings", you let out a shriek and threw your hands out, tripping over the hall rug.

Gentle hands caught you by the wrists, hands with holes in them. G?

"I'm very sorry, Miss Y/N, I didn't mean to frighten you, it's only me." Nope, not G. Green stepped into the light, kind features illuminated by the glow of the bathroom light. He pulled you to your feet and released you, stepping back a respectful distance, as always. He waved a hand, and the hall lights came on. "I wanted to make sure you were alright, and...to apologize."

"You didn't do anything wrong," you said with a sigh. Nope, all G, unfortunately.

"You're mistaken. I just wanted to say that I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner about my brother's...less than savory dating methods. I know you can't remember, but I knew about the girl at Halloween, when he marked you, and I couldn't get the words out. And this time, I knew he was bringing her, and I couldn't say it in time to spare you the awful shock." He rubbed the back of his neck, casting his gaze downward. "And so I must apologize."

Within seconds, you had your arms around his waist, surprising him though he stayed steady on his feet. It was a moment before the gentle giant hesitantly brought his arms around you, sighing as he wrapped them around your shoulders.

"Oh, Green, what do I do? I can't calm this ache in my soul, and I don't even know why it's there! It's so frustrating to have these feelings I don't understand!"

"Souls are a difficult burden to bear." He whispered, his thumb rubbing your shoulder softly. You allowed him to lead you to the floor, where he leaned against the wall so you could rest against him better. "I wish I could help relieve that burden. Is there...is there any way I can help?"

"This is good." You reassured him, burying your face in his sweater. He held you there for a moment, and then you could hear him mumbling something in a strange language. You pulled away and looked up at him. "What's that? I feel like I've heard it before."

He flushed a light green, almost like grass, and you bit back a laugh. He looked like a traffic light. "Sorry, I was repeating something in my father's native tongue. A sort of mantra he once taught me. It means 'the scars on your soul are like stars in the sky'. Er, roughly."

"The scars on your soul are like stars in the sky…" You repeated, adjusting so your back was to him as you laid your head against his sternum.

"Yes, my father taught it to me. I used to have episodes as a child, a result of too much magic in such a small body, and the mantra helped me calm myself and take control. It is meant to say that those things that hurt us make us unique, and will come together to form something beautiful, like the stars in the night sky." He laughed a little, the noise reverberating in his ribs and in your shoulders. "Well, we lived underground, so we had no stars to refer to. But it helped me nonetheless."

You're pretty sure this is the longest you've ever spoken with Green, even before the amnesia. He was incredibly intelligent, and polite. If you'd been cuddling Red or Stretch, or even Sans, not a single one of them would have kept their hands firmly on your upper arms. And the silence between you never felt awkward, but rather almost productive.

What had you ever seen in G, when his brother was like this?

"Ah, I'm flattered, b-but…" His hands gripped your shoulders in his nervousness.

"Oh, sorry! I have a habit of talking out loud. I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable." You could feel yourself blushing. Way to ruin the atmosphere.

But to your pleasant surprise, he relaxed again, and the pleasant silence returned. Even his silence was polite. He couldn't be more different than G.

"Green, why do you always talk so politely? G has a sort of brooklyn accent, but you talk in a very clean manner. How did that happen?"

If he was surprised by the question, it only showed in the few seconds' hesitance. "Well, I sometimes...speak like that as well. But it isn't very professional, and people don't take me seriously. So I adjusted my usual speech patterns."

Ah. So… "So you're embarrassed of your accent?"

"Ah, n-no, not really…"

The green glow from above you seemed to say otherwise. You felt the urge to play with him. Something in you knew that you'd never looked twice at him, probably preoccupied with the other seven skeletons you had feelings for, but seeing him here and now, flustered and intelligent, admitting to his weaknesses...you saw something you hadn't noticed.

A sweet man who needed to be tortured a little.

"Hey, you should do the accent!" You turned around in his lap, grasping at his sweater as you pouted a little. Jeez, had some of mistress stayed with you? "Pleeeease? I love accents! It would make me feel better!"

If you thought he was a traffic light before… "Oh, oh no, I don't think so, it's embarrassing, really."

"C'mon! This will be how you make it up to me for not speaking up about your playboy brother!"

His hand flew to his face, trying to obscure the deep green glow. He seemed to be actually considering it.

"O...okay, but don't laugh."

"Never!" Wow, you couldn't believe that worked. He must be a sucker, he fell for the oldest tricks in the book.

"I, uhm, I ain't used to talkin' like this...so if'm a little rusty, I'm sorry." Don't laugh. Oh, stars, don't fucking laugh. You clapped a hand to your mouth to stifle a snort. "S-See? It's dreadful."

“N-no! It sounded good!” You put your hands on his face to bring his gaze back to you. “Really, I mean it. It sounded good on you.”

Wow. You’d never been this close to him before, not that you could remember. He was handsome, like G, but his expression was so genuine and without bravado.

“Y...Y’think so?” He drawled, blushing furiously as he picked up the accent again. Swoon…!

“Can I...well, can I confess somethin’ to ya?” He looked like he was really forcing the accent now, and he was getting so bright his blush was hurting your eyes.

“Sure...you can stop the accent if it really bothers you.”

He sighed. You realized your hands were still on his face, and you moved as if to remove them, but you found his on top of them, keeping you in place.

“It will be much easier to talk in my usual tone. Miss Y/N, it has pained me to watch you go through all this with my brother. He’s brought so much pain to you, and I feel responsible somehow.”

“You did your best, Green, you couldn’t know he’d show up right at that moment.”

“No, it’s more than that.” He looked up at you with a soft smile, much shyer than any of the skeletons in your house. “I spent a lot of time taking care of you at the beach house, when you escaped a difficult situation with your housemates. And though you do not remember, we got to know each other fairly well.”

How well are we talking? You couldn’t recall anyone saying anything about your relationship with Green.

“I...don’t remember. I’m sorry.”

He chuckled a little. “I know you don’t, it’s okay. But I do. We cooked together, discussed the stars, you listened to me ramble about science and monster biology...I knew you preferred my brother and yet I allowed myself to be taken over by your intellect and cunning.”

Was this...a confession? Even with the guys at home, it had never seemed more than friendly competition, but Green’s words were deeper. “I don’t want to come between family…”

“No, it’s not your fault. You can’t help but be the way you are.” Green said, leaning a little into your hands. “And I...also can’t help but feel the way I do. I went to tell you how I felt, but...well, you were busy. I ran into you when you emerged from my brother’s room, half past noon, wearing one of his shirts.”

Oh.

Oh, geez.

“I’m sorry, I can’t even tell you if I knew or not…”

“I assure you, you didn’t. Please don’t feel guilty for how you felt about my brother, and it is my fault for not coming to you sooner.”

He said that, but you couldn’t help the guilt that creeped up inside you. The feeling of seeing someone you cared for with someone else wasn’t unfamiliar to you, obviously. You sighed as he released your hands. You’d had just about enough of skeletons being in love with you, quite frankly, but you couldn’t even be annoyed. He was so genuine, so sweet...it was certainly something you hadn’t been getting anywhere else (as slutty as that sounded?) and you weren’t sure when such consideration would be shown to you again, especially with that mess of skellies downstairs.

Here you had a chance, with most memory gone, to set aside whatever confusing feelings you had and look at someone with fresh eyes, like it was the first time. Here, alone in a maze of hallways in a huge house, where nobody but him had come looking for you.

“I’m sorry, I can’t even tell you if I feel the same. I can’t even tell you if I considered it.” You said, hands smoothing the wrinkles on his sweater. “But...I can tell you that as I am now, I find you incredibly intelligent, charming, and sweet. And I know it’s important for my memories to return, but…”

What were you saying?

“...but I also think they are giving me a blessing by being gone.”

“A blessing?” he asked, eyes trained on you, trying to read your face.

“The ability to see everything from a fresh perspective, and to set aside all those confusing feelings for everyone…” You trailed one hand up his sweater, grasping the back of his neck gently. He lit up like a christmas tree, fierce blush casting a green glow on you as you leaned close. “...and the ability to do this…”

Huh. Even his kiss was polite.

Chapter End Notes

Whaaaaaat? We're kissing Green?
How did that happen! Nuts! Crazy! Insane I tell you!
Tbh he's the first one to compliment her mind?
I told y'all Green fans to hang in there!

Guy Talk

Chapter Summary

> You chat with Sierra.
> You are faced with the realization that the guys still think it's a game.

Chapter Notes

> You guys have been so kind with your comments! Thank you so much for everything!
> *cough* nowgetonthatfanart *cough*
> Speaking of fanart, don't forget to check out my tumblr to see what people have made for me!
> Also, my roommate BlueKansasQueen has a new fanfiction out for Resevoir dogs here!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dinner was pizza, since Thanksgiving was tomorrow and nobody wanted to cook any more than necessary. Asriel and Frisk passed out early, the latter having crawled into Sans' lap and zipped his jacket over them, content to snooze whilst hanging from his chest. Finally, Toriel and Asgore relieved him of their children, carrying them gently up to bed.

That, plus the majority of the strange skeletons you hadn't met retiring early, and you had a room full of mostly familiar faces when you and Green came downstairs to the living room. Everybody was at the table except for a few, such as Sans snoozing on the couch, leaning against an unaffected Stretch while he read a book. Stretch gave you a smirk as he looked up, a silent confirmation that you were alright, and Sans cracked an eye open to watch you with interest. You observed with a twist in your stomach that G and Sierra were there, sitting on the other couch, but Green's steady hand on your shoulder was reassuring. G had a scuff mark on his skull and a surly look on his face, and Sierra looked oblivious to his bad mood, lost in a book with her feet on G's lap.

"MISS Y/N! I AM GLAD YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND, I WAS VERY WORRIED, BUT SANS SAID YOU SIMPLY NEEDED TIME, AND THAT YOU'D COME TO US." Papyrus warm gloves were around your hands pretty quickly upon entering, and Green stepped back, allowing your friend to fuss over you.

"I'm fine, Papyrus, really." You reached up to pat his cheekbone, giggling at his adorable orange blush. You wished you could remember him, since it was more than likely that you both were very good friends. "Thank you for worrying about me."

Hands clutched at the back of your shirt, and a skull rested on your shoulder. A familiar thrum in your soul meant you knew exactly who it was. "he ain't the only one, kitten."

"Aww, careful, Red, you're sounding almost like you care." You nuzzled his head with yours, eliciting a chuckle from the skeleton as he pulled back.

“almost, huh?” He swatted you gently in the shoulder, giving you his signature wink and grin as he walked back to the table he’d been sitting at with your other housemates. Again, you found yourself thinking it should be illegal for a skeleton to be that hot.

Papyrus kept a steady grip on one of your hands as he pulled you to the table. “WE ARE PLAYING A CARD GAME, WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN US?”

“I’m not really up for games, but I’ll watch.”

It didn’t really look like they were playing. Blue was holding his cards upside down, sweating slightly as he tried to figure out the game. His bravado, of course, had him claiming he was going to win. Mutt wasn’t even looking at his cards, but rather at his phone with a bored expression. Every round he threw a random card in, and surprisingly he usually won. Papyrus was the only one truly playing, and for all his effort he couldn’t win a single hand. Edge and Black had cards, but were whisper arguing about something very heatedly and not paying attention. And the blue and purple clad skeleton was sitting right next to you (though you couldn’t remember him being there when you sat, and you didn’t see him move). Pink, was that his name? Next to him was a skeleton wearing black and Pink. He introduced himself as BJ with a wink and a suggestive grin. Anyway, the two of them didn’t even have cards, but instead were focusing on you.

“it’s too bad you don’t remember me, sugar.” Pink cooed, running a bony finger down your forearm gently. “but i can certainly make new memories with you, if you like. ones you aren’t likely to forget?” It sounded like something Black would say, but his grin wasn’t so much predatory as it was lustful, hearts in his eyes as he mentioned making new memories with you. BJ leaned over the table with a sultry smirk.

Your eyes flicked to Green, who’d taken a cautionary seat in a chair near his brother with a book. Nobody once questioned anything that might’ve happened with him, but you supposed the bookworm wasn’t the type to elicit that sort of response. He felt your gaze on him and looked up, smiling slightly and waving a little before returning his eyes to his book, green as a leaf. You tried to ignore the way that G was looking at you right now, having picked up on his brother’s response. Not like he had any right to care.

“oohh my, sugar, might you have your eyes on yet another skeleton?” Pink purred quietly, so only you could hear. You jumped, turning red as you whirled to face him, proving his point. He chuckled, patting your knee under the table. “it’s alright, i won’t tell. but i’m sure it would drive g crazy, knowing his brother’s had his hands on you.”

He didn’t say anything after that, just clacked his hand to his teeth in a dramatic blow-kiss, winking at you, and then turned to discuss something with his brother.

Okay, now you needed a drink.

You excused yourself, remembering the bottle of wine Sans had brought for you that was probably in the kitchen by now. If there was a better time to crack it open then after heartbreak, rebellious brother-smooching, and insane porno skeletons, then you didn’t want to see that time.

You padded into the huge kitchen, and there it was, right on the counter. You rummaged for a corkscrew and popped it open, pouring a half a glass and leaning against the counter to drink it. You took a sip and sighed. Non-magic numbing tingle felt good.

“Can’t get better than a merlot.” Sierra leaned against the counter next to you, startling you. “My parents own a winery, and I’ve always thought their merlot was the best. May I?”

You passed the bottle to her wordlessly. This whole thing was probably as weird to her as it was you, so you couldn’t really be mad.

“You’re Angel, right?” She asked, bringing her glass to her lips.

“Ah, y/n, actually. Angel is just a nickname that G calls me. I can’t remember why.” This was more than awkward. It was just weird. You had no idea why your heart hurt at the sight of them together due to lack of memories, but sitting here with her didn’t hurt at all. After all, in the end she’s just a girl dating a friend you barely know?

“Ohhh okay, I thought that was a strange name.” she flicked her long red hair over her shoulder in annoyance. It must get in her face a lot. “He told me you used to have a thing, but that you don’t remember anything?”

“Yup. Retrograde amnesia. Green said it’s all to do with my soul, so eventually it’ll come back, but it’s a matter of waiting for the right triggers.” You were rambling. Anything to get away from the subject of G. She didn’t seem to mind. In fact, she was listening with rapt interest, and sympathy. Wow, it was nice to have a sympathetic ear for once.

“I’m sorry, it sounds difficult. All those guys in there, you don’t remember them at all?”

“Well, I remember Sans, because we were friends from before my memory lapse, and I remembered Red this afternoon actually.” You blushed. Had it really been just this afternoon? Longest day ever… “But other than that, it’s just foggy bits and pieces. And stuff that’s happened since then.”

She looked at you as if trying to discern something from your expression. “I saw your face when you saw me with G. Do you really not remember?”

You sighed. “My mind doesn’t, but my body and my soul do. I guess that’s the best way to explain it.”

“I’m...I’m sorry, that’s so not fair to you.”

“Nah, it’s fine. I’m getting used to it. It’s really not fair to you, though. I don’t want you to feel bad for being with G, it’s not like we were dating...I think.” You don’t think the boys would ever let you date someone in particular, honestly.

“If we’re being honest, he told me he was head over heels for someone when I confessed.” She said, sounding guilty. “And that you returned his affections once upon a time. But he also said you didn’t remember, and that if you did you wouldn’t want him anyway. Real Heartbreak Hotel about it. I thought it would be helpful almost if we got together, like help him get over you. He was pretty convinced you don’t have a future.”

“Oh…” You weren’t sure how to respond to that. You gave her a guilty look, knowing you were a thorn in her relationship. “That must be hard for you, though.”

“I knew what I was getting into, I just didn’t expect to run into you so soon, I guess. I...thought he’d be more over you by the next time he saw you. But again! None of this is your fault.” She

placed a hand on yours on the counter. “Hey, don’t feel bad about it.”

“Too late,” you snorted, finishing your glass and refilling. The two of you chatted for a few more minutes over the wine, and she thankfully changed the subject. She was actually really cool, and you were pleased she wasn’t making a huge deal out of this. You even exchanged numbers at one point, in which you both jokingly put each other in your phones as **Rival** . It felt good for somebody to treat you normally.

“hey, sweetheart--oh, sorry.” Sans had appeared in the doorway, his eyelights flicking from Sierra to you to the wine, and then back to you. “did i...interrupt?”

“You’re fine,” you said with a laugh. Topping off yours and Sierra’s glasses, you tossed the empty wine bottle in the bin. So much for taking it easy. You pushed off the counter and began to walk towards Sans. “Didja need something?”

He grinned at you, his face relaxing as you approached. You could feel your soul hum at the look of adoration in his eyes. He gently grasped your elbow, directing you to the living room.

“uh, yeah, i needja to stop a murder in progress.”

Oh, stars, what now?

“I DON’T KNOW IF I BELIEVE YOU, EDGE,” came Blue’s voice, a hint of disappointment.

“BELIEVE OR NOT, IT’S THE COLD HARD TRUTH.” Edge scoffed, crossing his huge arms and smirking smugly.

“i also doubt that, mostly because you’re a tsundere motherfucker.” Stretch drawled, leaning over his brother’s head.

“there’s no way you’ve kissed kitten that many times, boss, that’s a bold-faced--no, no, it’s cool, nevermind.” Red shrunk back into his seat at his brother’s icy glare, but then he saw you and his face lit up. “hey, look, here’s the proof. kitten! how many times have you kissed my brother? he says it’s at least fifteen, and we’re callin’ bullshit.”

“Uhm, I--”

“YOU IMBECILE, SHE DOESN’T REMEMBER!”

“o-oh, i forgot…” his grin widened. “because she remembers *me* , heh.”

You stuck your tongue out at him and his made a suggestive face, making you roll your eyes.

“So what’s the *real* number, Edge?” You asked, crossing your arms.

He turned a sunset orange under your stare and crossed his arms with a sigh. “...TWICE.”

“aww, how cute,” Red snickered, but he paled when his brother threw him another glare.

“I HIGHLY DOUBT YOU’VE DONE BETTER.”

Red chuckled, holding up three fingers in an "ok" sign. “read ‘em and weep, boss. three glorious makeout sessions with kitten...and one *sexy* nurse situation.”

He winked at you, and everyone turned to see you blushing madly in confirmation. “R-Red!”

“BUT I’VE ONLY KISSED MISS Y/N ONCE!” Blue whined, dropping his head into his hands. Ah, so you weren’t wrong with that memory you had gained when you first woke up. “I GOTTA STEP UP MY GAME…”

“IT’S OKAY, BLUE, I ALSO HAVE ONLY KISSED HER ONCE. WE SHALL BOTH HAVE TO TRY HARDER!” Papyrus said, reaching over to pat Blue’s shoulder.

“what about you, stretch? you look pretty annoyed over there, don’t tell me i gotcha beat?” Red’s grin was in shit-eating territory now.

“unfortunately, yes. i’m with edge, two times.” It looked almost painful to admit.

“eight months with her, and the most you guys have to show for it is three?” Mutt snorted. “i’ve known her three days and i already have one steamy session with her.” He glanced over to you, winking. Well, he wasn’t scared of you anymore. “imagine what would happen if i stick around.”

Your face was burning. How embarrassing! They weren’t even thinking about it, just talking as if you’re some kind of game to win, and in front of G and Sierra...and Green…

You glanced over to where Sans had been, hoping he would call some sense to the group, but he was gone. He was at Mutt’s side, grimace on his skull as he knocked him on the head. You sighed. Of course Sans would be reasonable without you asking.

“you’re nothin’ special, mutt. you drugged her to get that kiss.” He growled. You tell him, Sans!

“in any case, since the only one who’s probably kissed her like i have is taken, then i guess that means i win.” Red said, leaning back in his chair triumphantly, giving a smug grin to G, who was still firmly on the couch, frowning. “hell, even if we counted every individual kiss in the makeout sessions, i’d probably still win.”

“oh, we’re counting every kiss, not just sessions?” Stretch said with a smirk. “then i’m probably somewhere around seven.”

“PAPY!”

“s’true.”

Red paled a little, leaning back forward. He looked legitimately upset. “woah. that’s...that’s a lot more than me.”

“you guys need to stop,” Sans said, slapping a hand to the table. You perked up as you realized he was going to stand up for you. The others looked at him, annoyed. “this is getting ridiculous, and quite frankly, it’s pathetic.”

“oh, yeah? and what’s your kill count with kitten, huh? i bet it’s zero, coward.” Red said, accusingly, frowning over at Sans. You rolled your eyes. Of course Sans wasn’t going to answer tha--

“for your information, *red* , if we’re counting individual kisses, *i’m* somewhere in the twenties. and…” He advanced on red, grabbing him by the front of the shirt. His eyelights disappeared as he lifted the collared skeleton to his eye level. “i coulda had her any time i wanted, shoulda seen the

way she begged me three days ago. but since i'm not a flaming *douchecanoe*, i had her put her shirt back on until she gets her memories back."

He released Red's shirt, a pleased look on his face as the skeleton grimaced at him, plopping back into his seat with a growl. He turned his smug look on you, but…

You were gaping at him, disbelieving. How could he just...say that? Right in front of you? That was a private moment, and you're sure the other ones were as well, and for him to just...his grin faltered, seeming to realize he fucked up. Your hands balled into fists, frustration taking hold of your body.

"You all should be ashamed of yourselves," Green said from behind you, hands laying supportively on your shoulders. You dropped your fists, relaxing at his touch. "Miss Y/N is not a trophy, or a game to be won. She is a living being, and she is clearly in distress at your insensitive words."

Don't cry. Don't...cry…

Too late. Hot tears stung your eyes as you turned to march past them towards the stairs.

"kitten, wait!" Red's hand catches your hand, but you shake him off, recoiling from his touch like he had bitten you.

"Green," you called, trying to keep your voice from shaking. "Could you please show me where my room is?"

"Yes, of course." Red stared up at you with wide sockets as Green placed a hand on your upper back, steering you away from him. Green spared him a pitying glance over his shoulder as he led you away.

"Well, congrats, you guys." G said, rising from his seat on the couch to wander over to Sierra, who stood frozen in the kitchen doorway. The frown on his face was compounded by the scowl in his eyes. "You actually managed to find a way to divert her anger from me. Hope you're satisfied."

The wine was making your head fuzzy. Had you overreacted? You remember a conversation with Red, something about not treating you like a toy anymore. Well, a trophy is just as bad. Their competition with each other has always been evident, but to just blatantly talk about you as if you weren't there, as if you were a prize to be won…

"Please do not let their words anger you, my dear." Green's voice was laced with concern as you came to a stop in front of what you assumed was your guest bedroom. "They are tactless, but they care about you."

"Funny way of showing it," you scoffed. You'd never felt more like a slut in your entire life. You turned, gripping his forearms and resting your face in his soft black sweater. You sighed, and after a moment, you bought your eyes up to meet his.

He seemed hesitant, but he leaned down and kissed you gently on the cheek. The feeling of his smooth, cold bones on your skin felt good. *Bite me* . He placed another kiss on your forehead, and then he was tipping your chin up, and it seemed as if he might kiss you. But he hesitated...and that didn't work for you. You gripped his sweater and pulled him down for a kiss, more passionate than before, catching him a little off guard. He placed his strong hands on your shoulders.

“My dear…” He muttered gently, a hint of worry lacing his words.

“If they’re going to count kisses, the winner should be someone who deserves it, someone who doesn’t see a point in the stupid competition,” you whispered back, standing on your tiptoes to slide your arms around his neck. He met you again, green heating his face and illuminating you both in the dark hallway. You gasped a little as his hands gripped you by the waist, and your own hand found the door handle, swinging the door open. You tugged suggestively at his sweater, but he didn’t budge, just chuckled nervously against your lips.

“I am not like them, my dear. I...I will not take advantage of your emotional state.” He drew away, and you whined a little. Another kiss to the forehead. “Get some rest, it is late. I will see you in the morning.”

And with that, his hands left you, and you stood in the hallway, alone and shocked.

What...just happened?

Chapter End Notes

Silly reader, Green is an exclusive type. I don't think you'll get him in bed so easy, not without much wining and dining and possibly a ring.

Sierra is great! Reader has a new girl friend!

And Sans...I'm disappointed in you. *Sans whines pitifully from the corner labelled "bad skellie" *

Target Acquired

Chapter Summary

Oh, great, yet another skeleton that wonxt leave you alone. When will it end?

Chapter Notes

Yaaaay new skellie!
I'm super excited for the introduction of this guy, he is so much fun to write and his creator has been so nice in working with me and allowing me to use him (:

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“how many ways can a guy say sorry before it sounds pathetic?” Red groaned, leaning his head back. He was firmly planted on the floor, with Mutt behind him on the couch, sprawled out lazily. His phone was in his hands, a wistful stare on his face as he reread the messages on the screen. Mutt tipped the phone back to look at his conversation.

me: c’mon kitten, come down for breakfast

kitten: I will. But I’m not going to talk to you.

me: i must’ve apologized a thousand times, can’t you see i’m sorry?

kitten: Sorry doesn’t cure how much of an asshole you are.

“try groveling more,” Mutt offered. “really turn on the waterworks. maybe even a crying selfie.”

“har de har, that’ll just make her mad ya idiot.”

“well then how about the puppy dog eyes?” he illustrated his point by enlarging his eyelights comically, making them waver as if about to cry. Then they snapped back to normal.

“no, it’s gotta be sincere.” He sighed heavily, tugging on his collar uncomfortably. “damn, we really fucked up this time, man.”

Hunter regarded his friends, staring up at them with interest from his spot in a sun ray on the floor. He always hung out with Red and Mutt because they were more like him, but their conversations were usually more vulgar and hilarious than the pitiful pissing and moaning about some human girl he was hearing right now.

Hunter hated humans. In his world, humans were prey, no--less than prey. Humans were a sport, and not a one of them worth saving. His bow alone had taken countless lives, all in the name of his God King Asgore. But this world's Asgore was a patient, kind man, with two kids and a peace treaty with humans. At first it had made him sick, but...this world's humans weren't so bad, he supposed. But ever since he got here yesterday, all he'd ever heard about was this one girl, you, and everyone wanted to talk about you. Y/n's so nice. Y/n's so pretty. Y/n's the best. Blah. Blah. Blah.

He adjusted his camo jacket as he rolled to face them.

"okay, be real with me. what's the hype around this chick? what, do her tits squirt beer or somethin'?" Hunter asked, giving a questioning look to his comrades, who ceased their conversation to stare at him.

"listen, buster, kitten is the sweetest drug you'll ever find on this star-forsaken rock. she's talented, she's smart, she's patient, she's forgiving…" Hunter rolled his eyes as Red listed all the sappy reasons he loved you. Not his style in the least. "...and ooohhh boy, is she *freaky* ."

"oh, the freakiest," Mutt sighed, purple flushing his cheekbones. Was he drooling?

"...a freak?" Hunter couldn't mask the hopeful excitement in his voice. He lifted his head to get a better look at their faces, see if they were lying. "like whaddya mean?"

"man, get this," Red chuckled, turning crimson as he leaned over. "she cuffed me to the bed and played nurse once, teased my ribs somethin' fierce. and then she just left me like that! and she had my brother's soul in her hands another time, and she made him gasp and moan like no tomorrow, and then she just gave it back to him like it was nothin'. and you shoulda seen mutt when she was done with 'im!"

"she was an animal. i thought i was gonna die." Mutt sighed, bringing his hands to rest on his sternum above his soul, which was glowing so fiercely that Hunter could see it through his shirt. "it was the most amazing thing i've ever experienced. nobody's ever been able to scare me off, especially before we even get dirty."

Hmm. This human didn't sound half bad. Kinda sounded nice, actually. "really? that good, huh?"

"oh, the best." Red sighed, his red blush fading into a soft pink. "makes me feel like no other."

"sounds like my type-a girl, heh." Hunter said, rolling over on what would be his stomach, eyeing his friends' reactions carefully. Red seemed annoyed, but Mutt was still lost in memory, tongue lolling out of his mouth as his face was enveloped in purple glow.

"yeah, well, good fuckin' luck. she's in a terrible mood, you won't be able to get even a smile outta her today." Red mumbled, looking back at his phone. Hunter grinned

"heh. watch me."

"My dear, are you sure you don't want me to help with those dishes?" Toriel asked, her sweet singsong voice soothing the anger with which you were scrubbing pans.

"No, I'm fine, Tori. You have enough on your hands making Thanksgiving dinner tonight."

Toriel patted your shoulder gently. “Then shall I send one of the boys to assist?”

“Please don’t,” you groaned. The only ones you’d forgiven were Papyrus and Blue, and only because you’d found them camped out outside your door in a pile of pajamas and bones, waiting for you to wake so they could beg your forgiveness. You got the feeling that even before the memory loss, you could never stay mad at those two. They were currently out braving the crowds, doing some last-minute shopping, so there was no hope of them coming to help.

“Well, I’m sure I can rummage up someone you *aren’t* mad at, dear.” And with that, her perceptive eye was gone. You sighed, letting your hands soak in the dishwater.

This was how Hunter found you, eyes closed, head down, taking a moment to yourself. Toriel had only just left the kitchen when he volunteered himself to help you, much to her relief.

He slipped into the kitchen silently, his hunting experience paying off as he was able to creep up on you without you hearing. His turquoise eyelights travelled you up and down. This was her? The one everyone was obsessing over? You looked like any other human to him. He cocked his head to the side. He supposed your ass was pretty sweet, and you dressed well. Your hair was shiny, and it looked really soft, as did your skin. He observed, and waited. The scope in his eye targeted your weak points, and he had to suppress the urge to mutter “target acquired”. Your scent was like a day on the beach, crisp and relaxing, but not intoxicating enough to explain their obsessions.

After a long moment of breathing control, you let out another sigh you’d been holding in. Man, if you met any more skeletons, you might--

You were wrenched out of your thoughts by two gloved hands slamming onto the counter on either side of you, one arm wrapped in leather and the other in snow camo.

“boo!” You shrieked at the hands and the voice, jumping and whirling around to find yourself face-to-face with a skeleton you’d never seen before. He chuckled, leaning forward and effectively trapping you against the sink. “heh, jumpy, ain’tcha? suppose that’s normal for a little human girl like you. what’s your name, doe eyes?”

You stared at him dumbly for a minute. His eyelights were turqouise, but besides that he resembled a taller version of Sans. He had a predatory look in his eye, but it wasn’t a sexual predatory look. It was the look of someone trained to kill. He looked you up and down as you stared at him, and you could feel yourself blushing fiercely. His little nickname was absolutely justified, seeing as you must look like a deer in the headlights.

“hello? you alive in there?” He moved back his leather wrapped arm to wave his hand in front of your face, bringing you back to earth. “i said what’s your name, doe?”

“Oh! Uh, m-my name’s y/n.”

“that’s a stupid name.” he said flatly.

“Oh...okay…” You felt your face burn. What a jerk!

“i’m gonna keep callin’ you doe.” He grinned wide. “you wanna have some fun, doe? get a little frisky? do it like they do on the discovery channel?”

You were stuttering, and weakly tried to push him off. He sighed and stepped back, putting his hands in his pockets. You could now see a plethora of hunting tools strapped to him, including a large bowie knife. His camo wasn't a sweatshirt after all, but more like a long overcoat thrown over a pair of black pants and black leather boots. The fluff on his hood was almost comical, but the scary look on his face stopped you from laughing. And, uh...he was fucking hot. Like an apocalyptic freedom fighter.

"those guys are full'a shit. you're just like any other stupid human." He looked disappointed, which was weird. What had he been expecting? "so what's the deal, then? do you taste like cake? why do all these guys go so crazy for ya?"

"Uhm, I'm sorry, I--"

"for that matter, what's *your* deal? you got a fetish for skeletons or somethin'? you jonesin' for a bonin' from some bones?"

"I don't--"

He laughed, a bark almost. It was a condescending laugh. "i don't know why red's so worked up about you. you're just one of those spook porn nuts, a regular skeleslut. i bet you're faking that memory loss so he'll pay more attention to y--"

The sickening *slap!* of skin meeting bone stopped his rant, and he sat there for a moment, cheek turned slightly from the force of your slap. You were actually surprised you'd done it, but you were just so angry. How dare he judge you! How dare he call you those things without letting you say a fucking word! You're a patient person, and for all the things you've been through, you've never lost your temper, but this was too much, coming from a complete stranger. It was as if all the tension from last night and now accumulated into that one slap, leaving your hand burning in pain.

You were expecting a murder face, but instead he brought his hand up, covering his mouth and nose area as he looked back. You could swear there were stars in his sockets for a second, but then they were normal, and a turquoise glow seeped out from behind his hand.

"what? you don't like the feeling of your sins crawling on your back, doe?" His voice was confident, but there was a small waver to it, like he was forcing his confidence.

"Don't act like you know me," you hissed. He didn't move. "Who the fuck do you think you are? You've never even met me, and yet you just waltz in here and start accusing me before I can even defend myself? Well, strange skeleton I've never met, for your information I am *not* faking the emotionally crippling and anxiety ridden memory loss, and I don't have a fetish for spook porn. I'm just a girl, who's been dragged through the mud enough times to be dirty *before* you came to trample on me, asshole!"

Wow. You were really unloading on him. And he hadn't even introduced himself yet. He stared at you as you continued to sling profanity at him, tears building in the corners of your eyes, and under his glove he started to smile. He sees it now. Your face was red and you looked so sweet, like he could reach out and taste you and get a cavity. He heard the hum of something familiar coming from your passionate words, and oh, man, if only he could take this conversation to the bedroom.

"--and for another...what are you doing?" You asked as he suddenly moved next to you, grabbing a towel and beginning to dry a pan.

“dishes,” he replied, smiling what he hoped came off as a confident grin. “that’s what i’m here for, right?”

You stared at him, and he could almost see the steam dissipating in the air around you. Your eyes met his, and he almost looked away. That look was too much.

“O...oh…” You dropped your shoulders, tension disappearing from your torso. “I...I guess so.”

You returned to the dishes, and he dried them. You worked together quietly for a few minutes, until he broke the silence.

“i didn’t really mean it when i said your name was stupid.”

“Oh, and the other 15 terrible things you said, right?” you snorted immediately, making him bite back a laugh at your puffed out cheeks.

“right. i...i’m sorry. for callin’ you a skeleslut and stuff.”

You looked up at him with a certain level of shock on your face. From the look of it, he guessed nobody had ever apologized to you before, at least not like that. Or maybe just not so quickly. Your anger wasn’t gone, either, giving you an absolutely devilish look.

“...i’m hunter.” He extended one hand, and you shook it gingerly. He let his gloved fingers linger on your palm, watching every tiny expression change. You were so hard to read, but your emotions were like unbridled horses, sending up colors of all kinds. He wanted to know what they all meant. He grinned at you seductively. “we should do dinner sometime, doe. get to know each other...better?”

You actually laughed, a short and bitter laugh. “Fucking bite me, asshole.”

His grin disappeared as he felt a turquoise flush light up his face.

Shit.

He wanted to marry you.

You could feel the throb in your temple. You had expected to fend off a groveling Red all day, but this...Hunter was something else.

You actually took a bit to notice he was following you, you assumed because he was adept at tracking and silent movement. In fact, it wasn’t even you who noticed it, but someone else.

Your phone pinged when you were in the living room, reading a book.

Rival: You got a shadow gurl

Rival: don’t look now, on your 2:00

You glanced over at Sierra, who was peeking in from the dining room entryway. She put a finger to her lips and gestured to your right, but you only caught a glimpse of snow camo before he disappeared.

What the…

Apparently he noticed you noticing him.

Because he stopped trying to hide it.

Helping make cinnamon butterscotch pies with Toriel? He was there, wearing a comical apron *over his overcoat* .

Playing Jenga with the kids while the pies baked? He sits and plays with you, and whispers in your ear about how he's "gonna topple you like this tower someday".

He followed you through the house. Through the yard. To get something you left in the car. He made puns, sometimes hilarious and sometimes gross. He actually didn't seem so bad besides that one outburst in the kitchen, but a jerk is a jerk, and you had no intention of giving him the satisfaction, so you ignored him the best you could.

On top of your newfound shadow, you had to dodge the others. As you'd expected, Red was on your heels as well, trying to talk to you about last night, but you didn't want to talk about it yet. You felt really betrayed, especially by him and Sans. You had thought that Red was past this, and Sans...his reaction had been so disappointing, and his lack of presence was proof that he knew that. Edge seemed almost embarrassed whenever you caught his eye, which was surprising. And Stretch was just carrying on as normal, and you couldn't tell if that was like him or not. When Papyrus and Blue came home from the store, they told you they'd try to talk to their respective brothers, and disappeared, leaving you to be heckled by the camo-clad skeleton in peace.

Finally, when you were setting the table so Toriel's feast can be served, you let out a frustrated sigh and turned to him with a stone-cold glare.

"Leave me alone."

"nah."

Your eye twitched. This guy… "I'm serious."

"hey, serious..."

"Don't!"

"...i'm hunter." You groaned, slapping a hand to your forehead. He fucking did it. He chuckled at your anger, and held up a fork. "hey, you know what this reminds me of?"

"I swear to the stars in the sky, if it's a pun about se--" Something turquoise flicked from his mouth, silencing your words as you stared at him in shock. Did you just see what you thought you saw?

"yeah, that was my tongue," he chuckled, catching your stare. He lolled it out of his mouth and you could see it better. It was indeed a deep blue-green color, but that wasn't the interesting part. It had been split down the middle to about two or three inches in, and the two pieces were wiggling individually as he watched your reaction. Uh, wow, unexpectedly hot.

“thanks,” he chuckled. Why do you do that talking out loud thing? You should just cut your tongue out.

“W-well,” you stuttered, trying to cover up your comment. “I can see why you picked up the fork. That was a really bad joke.”

“well, i could still go make a joke about how i’d like to be *fork* ing you right now.”

“You’re an ass.” You couldn’t help but imagine what kind of damage a tongue like that could do. You returned your attention to the table settings, face flushing bright red. You didn’t see him looking at you with stars in his eyes. “Somebody should chain you up somewhere instead of let you loose on the world like this.”

“marry me.”

“Har de har, you’re so funny.” Your sarcasm was thick, and punctuated with a well-timed eye roll. You’d be tempted to try that tongue out if it weren’t attached to such a dick.

“i’ve been told i’m quite the comic, sure.” The amusement in his voice matched the glimmer in his eyes. “but that wasn’t a joke.”

“Yeah, right. Don’t you have a taller skeleton somewhere like the others? One that would enjoy your company more than I?”

“yeah, but he’s on business so he’s not here. i got all day, doe.” He flicked his forked tongue at you again, suggestively, as he looked you up and down. “...and all night, incidentally.”

“Gross.”

“you like it.”

You put the last fork down and turned on your heel to sprint into the kitchen. Your face was probably a bright firetruck red right about now, because sweet jelly donuts, this guy was relentless! Even the biggest flirt in the house (Red) wasn’t as forward as this dude. Did he really seriously just ask you to marry him? He had to be messing with you. You’d done nothing but verbally rebuff him since you’d met, which was only this morning. And he’d called you a skeleslut, which you allowed yourself to laugh at now as you pulled the plates out of the cupboard. If there was a word for it, he’d found it. Pre-memory-loss-you sure had been getting around, but you couldn’t really judge her. After all, you’d basically jumped Sans four days ago, and you’d kissed both Red *and* Green yesterday, *and* even though you didn’t like the guy, you were *still* considering kissing Hunter if not just to try out that freaky tongue. The kicker was, you just didn’t know which one you liked best, or even if you wanted to choose.

Maybe...Maybe you wanted them all. You’d never had access to your soul before, so you didn’t know what any of *those* feelings meant, and you’d never been in love before, so you didn’t know how *that* felt.

You returned to the dining room, placing the plates on the table. Hunter was gone, which was a bit of a relief, but at the same time you missed the company. Being mad at all the boys sure was exhausting, and lonely.

“hey.”

Wow. Sans' voice from behind you almost felt like heaven right now. But it also made you freeze, because you weren't sure what would happen next. You hadn't expected him to seek you out. You started to turn around, but he placed a firm hand on your shoulder.

"don't...don't turn around. i won't be able to say it if i'm lookin' right at ya."

"Oh, uh, okay." You stayed put. You heard some nervous shuffling.

"alright, look, i really am sorry that we made you mad and everything but...but i'm not here to apologize for my actions last night." Huh? "i'm not apologizing for what i did, because i'm not sorry."

You started to turn again, but he pushed you firmly back to face the table. Suddenly, he had you pressed against the table, hands on your upper arms as he pressed against your back. You could feel him shaking slightly as his fingers gripped you tight, as if he was biting back the urge to say so much more.

"l...let me finish before you get mad. i'm not sorry, and i'd do it again. because in a sense, it *is* a big competition, and you *are* a trophy. but you ain't some little throwaway trinket, y/n. you're a treasure, the best and the brightest, and at least for me, i know i'll do anything to win this." His hands traced your upper arms gently, like a ghost, and he sounded rushed, like he was trying to say it all before he came to his senses. "so damn sure i'd do it again, because i ain't about to admit defeat because i l...i...i care about you. a lot. more than you know."

"Sans, I--" His touch was gone, and when you turned around, so was he. Well, you guess that was the end of that. You couldn't...really be mad at him. The way he'd explained it...like you were an amazing treasure...

Perhaps...you were overreacting about last night. It seems you'd given no indication that you were or weren't going to be exclusive with one of them, so of course they'd turn it into a game. They all wanted to be the one…that...

"I THINK WE ALL WANT TO BE THE ONE YOU LOOK FORWARD TO COMING HOME TO SOMEDAY...EVEN ME."

The plates made a loud shattering sound as you dropped them, but you didn't hear it. You felt as if your body was floating as you turned quickly, tears beginning to pour down you face. You didn't even see Hunter skid into the room at the noise.

Where is he?

You zipped out of the room, searching for the orange light your soul now recognized. You couldn't speak, tongue-tied as memories flooded back.

Where? Where is he?

You found your voice.

"P-Papyrus!!"

Chapter End Notes

Special thanks to Shaun, from the tumblr huntertale-au, for allowing me to use huntertale!sans in my story! I hope you guys liked him, I plan on him being fairly constant-ish.
Also!! She remembers Papyrus!!

So Many Skeletons

Chapter Summary

You meet more skeletons, have Thanksgiving Dinner, and get ready to head back home.

Chapter Notes

Kind of a transitionary chapter.
A little short, sorry!
I'm really glad you guys like Hunter so much! He really is a great character, and he's fun to write. Expect more of him.
Please check out my story Quantum Hearts if you love some good ol' fashioned classic snas making a mess of his life with reader. Lol.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Papyrus sighed happily as he assisted the king with his daily weeding. Asgore's garden was incredible, especially compared to the tiny one that the tall skeleton kept at home. The magic flowers never wilted, making it an ideal place for him (Toriel's idea, really, to keep him out of the kitchen).

He wiped some sweat off his forehead with a contented smirk. The patch he was working on was done! Asgore thanked him and told him to take a break, so he took a seat on a bench, admiring the view.

He was very glad you had forgiven him so easily. It is not nice to act like people's feelings are a game, even though it really was a competition. He had even explained that to you before, but, well, you didn't remember that conversation. He wished your memories might return quickly, so that he could have his friend back and see you taken care of. He was getting so anxious, waiting for the day when you would finally tell them something about your past. Sans said he saw some things when he touched your soul, awful things, things he wouldn't even describe to him. He hoped that your past wasn't all bad, he was loathe to think of you unhappy. He had heard a little bit of the panic attacks you'd had, though he'd never witnessed them himself, and he mentally went through his contingency plan should you have another. He'd done lots of research after you'd run away to the beach house, hoping to prevent a similar situation in the future, so he had kind of an idea of what to do. Music, scented candles, soft things to touch...he'd have to remember to construct that panic box when they got home, just in case.

He was startled out of his reverie by someone frantically calling for him, but before he could even look up, you had reached him and collapsed in front of him, legs on the ground and torso in his lap.

"P-P-Papyrus!' you stuttered, throwing your arms around his lower back to bury your head into the fabric of his gardening shirt.

“WH-WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE MATTER, MISS Y/N?” He returned the hug immediately, patting your head softly as he tried to discern what you could be so upset about. Had his brother said something insensitive? You started talking very quickly, and he had to strain to hear everything.

“I remember you being so kind to me all the time, the tea party with Blue, the time you came to hear me out at the beach house, helping me get home, your adorable human form--” You melded into a babble that he couldn’t quite catch. You stopped when his hands grasped your shoulders to push you back and look at you.

“W-WOWIE, MISS Y/N, THAT’S A LOT TO TAKE IN! ARE YOU SAYING THAT YOU...REMEMBER ME?” His cheeks glowed a light orange, and you nodded. He gasped, and then suddenly you were in the air, his strong arms holding you under the armpits so he could swing you around. “OH, MISS Y/N! THAT! THAT MAKES ME SO HAPPY TO HEAR!”

You laughed as he spun you, and when he stopped he pulled you close to his chest, feet still dangling off the ground as he closed his arms around you. You planted a fat kiss on his forehead, making him burn bright orange.

“LET US GO TELL THE OTHERS! DINNER WILL BE READY SOON! OH, I...I DO HOPE YOU’LL SIT WITH ME?” He looked at you with a soft excitement as he set you gently back on the ground.

“Of course I will, knucklehead!” You punched him lightly and took in his delighted giggle with the dopiest grin on your face and a huge sigh. It was such a relief, remembering him. He was your conscience, your guiding light...your best friend. You wondered for a second, as he laughed, how you could possibly forget such an adorable, amazing, little cinnamon bun like him.

Something else crossed your mind as he happily grabbed your wrist to drag you inside.

The conversation at the beach house, where he admitted that they would all be trying to woo you, because they all wanted to be your one and only someday (except Red, because you’re pretty sure he’s a cuckhold). The smile fell from your face, and you instantly felt bad for being so upset last night. They were all joking around like that because they needed to stay lighthearted or else it would hurt.

You made a mental note that you’d have to make it up to them somehow, as Papyrus began to shout at the others and you stepped through the sliding glass doors. Your smile returned as he told everyone the good news, noticing a camo-clad figure sinking into the shadows of the next room.

During dinner you were introduced to the rest of the skeletons you’d yet to meet, but most of their names were lost in chatter. You felt kinda bad, but you’d always been terrible with names.

They came in pairs, as you’d expected. A set of skeletons with glasses that seemed very interested in science books. A set of skeletons that looked like they stepped out of kingdom hearts, with bubbly personalities and a far-off look in their sockets. A skeleton with wings! He was alone, but you didn’t ask why. The sadness in his eyes was apparent already.

But the one that surprised you the most was a set of *three* skeletons.

The two bigger ones were as expected, one tall and one squat. The tall one wore a shirt that said Soccer Mom, except the “mom” had been crossed out with permanent marker, replaced with BIG BROTHER in block letters. The squat one wore one of those bowling shirts, making him look very dad-like. His puns were out of control, and he looked a lot like Sans. They introduced themselves as Bro (the squat one) and Russ (the tall one).

The third one was the real surprise. You may have thought Blue was a child when you first saw him, but seeing this skeleton made you realize what a skeleton child really looked like. On top of being so cute and small, they identified as a girl--the first girl skeleton you’d met. Her name was Bree Serif (“But you can call me Serif!”) and she was drowning in a huge galaxy scarf tied into a bow, with a gray sweater, blue skirt, and fire engine red boots like the tall skeleton behind her. You wondered how she had gotten her little bow hair clip to stick to her skull like that. Tape? Glue? She also had a huge crack in her skull extending over her right eye, forcing the socket closed. It didn’t seem to bother her, though.

They must have only arrived today, because everyone was doting upon the little girl, especially Red and Edge. She called everyone “uncle”, and she reminded you of Papyrus with her energy and how excitedly she spoke of her brothers. But as much as the others loved to fuss about her, she was only interested in you.

“WOWIE! A real, live human! I mean, other than Frisk!” Tiny skeletal hands gripped your pant leg as she stared up at you with her one huge glowing purple eyelight. You really wanted to pick her up...she read your mind, apparently, because she held her arms out so you could lift all 12 pounds of her easily into your arms. Her tiny hands patted your face as she giggled. You felt a sudden urge to have children...followed by a wash of sadness. You pushed it down, cuddling her little form as she chattered on and on about how cool you were.

“hey, kiddo, save some of that attention for your uncles, huh?” Red teased, and Serif squealed as she leaped fearlessly out of your arms and into his. He looked at you sheepishly as she climbed him like a jungle gym. Apparently he hadn’t thought it through when he decided to approach you.

“Uncle Red! Is she your datemate?” Serif asked, sitting square on his shoulders and yanking on his sockets so he’d look at her. A telltale pink blush heated his face and Serif giggled. "You're blushing! She must be!"

“uh, not exactly, kiddo.” Red said with a nervous chuckle. You couldn’t help but laugh at the image of Red being tormented by the little one. He’d make a good dad someday, though he probably doesn’t think so.

“SISTER, YOU MUSTN’T PULL ON EYESOCKETS LIKE THAT, YOU COULD HURT SOMEBODY!” Russ swooped his sister into his arms as he chastised her, leaving Red and you alone as he took her back to her booster seat. Red pulled on his collar nervously, looking for the right words.

“uh...listen, kitten…”

“Don’t, Red. It’s alright.” You said, patting his skull gently. He looked up at you, shocked. “I’ll talk to everyone when we get home, but it’s really okay.”

You stood on your tiptoes to plant a kiss on the top of his skull, and then you were gone to find your seat, leaving him beet red and confused behind you.

Dinner was amazing, and all too short. Serif had insisted on moving her booster seat to the seat next to you, and with Papyrus on the other side you had managed to avoid contact with Hunter, who was sitting sullenly at the other end of the table.

Whatever ill will remained from last night was not evident during dinner. There were too many bodies and voices to really focus on any one conversation, and you were grateful. This was what you needed. Downtime. Serif swiped your broccoli off your plate while you weren't looking, and Papyrus regaled you with highly exaggerated stories of his time underground, making you giggle.

When it was time to leave, you practically had to peel Serif off of you.

"Noooooooo I don't want her to gooooooooo!" The tiny skeleton wailed as Bro tried to pull her off your arm.

"i know, sis, but she's gotta go home." He was gentle in his speech. He reminded you so much of Sans it wasn't even funny. You made eye contact with him for a second, and you felt funny, like deja vu. But it only happened for a second, and he succeeded in removing his sister from you with a wry smile. "sorry about that."

"NO! NOnononononono! Noooooooo! Let me go! I hate youuuu!" She screeched, her eye drooping. Oh, she must be tired, that's why she's so cranky. She took a deep breath to shout again, but instead she snapped asleep, going limp in her brother's hands as she snored. You covered your giggle as Bro turned blue in embarrassment. He brought his sister to cradle in his arms and the wry grin was back.

"maybe we can...visit sometime? i think she'd like that."

"'course you can," Sans' voice came from your left, making you jump slightly. "you guys know you're always welcome."

Bro's grin widened, and he adjusted his grip on the sleeping bones. "how about...no, wait, serif's got a school thing…" He looked distracted for a second, and then he snapped his fingers, his face brightening. "how'sabout New Year's?"

Sans confirmed, and as they worked out the details, you let your eyes wander over the other skeletons one last time. They were all so varied, so different. It was kinda cool to meet them all, even though you couldn't remember their names.

You frowned. Wait. You don't remember being introduced to that one. He stood in the corner, alone, and his gaze was focused on you. His face looked out of focus, almost glitched, and the eye you could see was huge and red. He vibrated a number of different colors, and his grin was more than unsettling.

You tugged on Sans' sweatshirt. "Who's that, again?"

He followed your gaze, but the figure was gone. But...he'd just been there! You'd seen him! "no one there, sweetheart. you ok?"

His reassuring touch brought you back to reality. You sighed heavily. "Yeah, just tired. Must be seeing things."

“if you’re sure…” He didn’t sound convinced. “i’m gonna load the cars. be outside in a few minutes so we can get going?”

You nod, and he disappears. You stared at the spot in the corner. You could have sworn you saw something there before, but it didn’t matter now.

You turned to leave, but you were suddenly yanked aside, and you followed with a squeak.

Your head was spinning as Hunter’s face came into view, hovering a few inches away from you in the darkened hallway.

“where ya goin’, doe?” he purred, a skeletal finger tipping your chin upward to look into his turquoise eyelights.

“Uhm, home?” Somewhere you are not, you wanted to say. You pushed his hand off your face, but he didn’t budge from in front of you.

“well then i guess we’d better exchange numbers?” He grinned, holding your phone up. Wait, when?! How did he get that from you without you noticing?

He leaned back, opening your contacts and typing his number. He tossed it back to you. “i’ll let you pick the name. i’m sure it’ll be flattering.”

Dickhead went into your phone immediately. He caught a glimpse and snorted.

“guess i deserve that.” Why was he still smiling like he’d won? He rapped your chin lightly with his knuckles, grin never wavering. “so how about that date sometime?”

“You belong in a cage somewhere.”

“oohhh, talk dirty to me, doe.”

You rolled your eyes as you turned and walked back towards the front door, half expecting him to follow. He didn’t. Fine with you. Goodbye forever, weirdo.

You were so ready to get back home.

Chapter End Notes

Russ, Bro, and Serif are from an AU of my own design called Underkin.
And who was that mysterious glitchy looking skellie? Whaaaa?
I'll add some links to the Underkin wiki when I'm not on mobile ♡

Seven Minutes

Chapter Summary

You embrace the game, and try to even the score.

Chapter Notes

You're a proud skeleslut, dammit!
Anyway, back to the main house, with just the main six. These guys have been through enough lol.
Please feel free to check out my UnderKin wiki page here to learn more about Serif and her brothers.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You took a deep breath.

Six pairs of eyes were trained on you nervously, and it was making you nervous in return. It was only one day since you'd been home, but you didn't want to hesitate. If you didn't do this here and now, you'd never get it done.

"I'm...I'm sorry I got so upset the other night." You could feel their shocked gazes on you, so you looked at the ceiling. "Since I remembered Papyrus, I also remembered this sort of...competition you guys have going. And...I realize it can't be easy to see someone you want in the arms of another, even if that's the deal…"

Was it hot in here? It was hot in here.

"So I'm sorry. I overreacted."

You chanced a glance, and sure enough, everyone but Papyrus was sitting there with their jaw agape, disbelieving.

Edge was the first one to snap out of it, returning to his usual smirk.

"WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME. AND WHAT, PRAY TELL, DO YOU PLAN ON DOING TO MAKE THIS UP TO US?" He was enjoying this thoroughly. As expected.

"yeah, for real, what do we get?" Red echoed his brother's question, a dopey grin crossing his face. Stretch chuckled quietly behind his hand, but didn't add anything.

"Well, since you asked." You pulled something out of your pocket and marched over to the coat closet. Peeling the sticky backing off, you slapped it on the wall. They craned their necks to see

better.

“a...timer?” Stretch asked incredulously. “no offense, doll, but i don’t think giving our coats a timeout is going to help much.”

“that’s not what it is,” Sans said, his sockets going wide. “sweetheart, you can’t be serious?”

“I’m not serious, I’m y/n.” You joked, and internally cringed that you’d used Hunter’s line. You walked back over to where they all were, trying to ignore the nervousness in your chest. “Look, the problem wasn’t that you guys were treating me like a trophy, exactly. It was that you think that true love can be quantified by kisses. I could fall in love with somebody I’ve kissed a thousand times, or with somebody I’ve *never* kissed. Love isn’t logical. It isn’t math.”

“SO THE TIMER DOES...WHAT?” Blue asked, thoroughly confused.

“You all were arguing about who had the most kisses, and I doubt you guys are going to just agree that you’re all even, so instead I’m going to kiss all of you enough times that you stop counting.” Wow. They had never looked so disbelieving. “So, we’re playing seven minutes in heaven. You each have seven minutes to wow me in that coat closet, and then we’ll never count kisses again. Sound fair?”

At first, nobody responded. Which was kind of expected, you were being a massive skeleslut right now (again, using Hunter’s lines. Ugh.). But it was also fair, and would bring an end to the stupid argument of who had more kisses. This was you, embracing the game. And evening the score. Wow, you really wished somebody would say someth--

“dibs!”

“DI--FUCK!” Edge snapped his fingers. A millisecond too late to beat his brother’s excitement. Red had *literal* stars in his eyes as he leapt from the couch, grasping your wrist and pulling you behind him. Wait. You might be rethinking this now.

“woah, woah, wait! ground rules!” But Sans’ pleas fell on deaf ears as Red all but threw you into the closet. You barely had time to start the timer before he came in after you, closing the door behind him with a little too much force.

He wasted no time. He pinned you to the wall with his own body, and his teeth pressed against your lips. The passion was so strong. You were used to slow burn kisses from him, ones that made you weak in the knees, but this was a different animal at first. He wasn’t hesitant or cautious, he dove right in, and it made your head spin. You squeaked a little as his hands dug into your sides, and he used the distraction to slip his tongue into your mouth. Then it was as if time slowed down. The animalistic heat had waned into soft passion, and you moaned quietly against him, pressing back against his chest. This was more like Red. His hand had found a way into your hair, the other to your lower back, pulling you close, controlling the kiss. He pulled away, observing your half-lidded gaze. He was probably thinking some dirty things right now, but he instead went to nip at your neck gently. He grunted a little as your knees buckled, and then he laughed against your neck.

“weak knees, kitten?” he purred, supporting your weight.

You didn’t have time to answer before you both heard a repetitive beeping. He pulled away, anger barely masking the disappointment on his face.

“c’mon, there’s no way that was seven minutes,” He groaned as the door opened to reveal a smug-looking Edge.

“READ IT AND WEEP.”

With one last wistful look at you, Red shrugged as if to say “them’s the rules” and headed out of the closet.

“good luck, boss, i doubt she’ll get a better kiss than that today.” He said with a huge grin.

You tried to peek outside to the others, but Edge blocked your view. You looked up at him, confused, and then heard the beep of the timer as he pressed start.

Oh.

Unlike Sans, Papyrus, and Red, you didn’t remember a single kiss you’d had with Edge. You weren’t sure what to expect as he advanced on you, shutting the door behind him.

“I Do Hope My Brother’s Kiss Was Memorable,” he whispered, using a very different tone of voice than usual. A chill ran down your spine. “I’d Hate To Make You Forget Anything More Than You Already Do.”

He didn’t say anything else, but grabbed your wrists and pinned them to the wall in a motion too fast to see. These guys...they really made mistress turn backflips.

He wasn’t gentle, which wasn’t a surprise, but he was a fucking expert at this. This feeling...as he pressed against you, his tongue dancing in your mouth, taking your breath away...it felt familiar. A black dress...a dark shop...streetlights, and an orange glow...you could almost remember it. He released your wrists, opting to pick you up by the waist like you were a doll. You gasped for air, and he chuckled at your desperate look before meeting your lips again. His hands! Maybe you should have set ground rules after all, because they were planted firmly on your ass, squeezing as you squeaked against his mouth.

Was that the timer? Or your heartbeat? Just a few more seconds, and you might...remember...it’s so close…

He dropped you unceremoniously as the door flew open. “TIME’S UP!” He’s enjoying the startled and dejected look on your face. That bastard!

He swept out of the closet without looking back, leaving you rubbing your butt and groaning as you stood. You peeked out of the closet, seeing Red slap his brother a low five as he passed. You rolled your eyes. Even in rivalry those two are evil cohorts. You feel a little cheated, because you were so close to that memory…

“M-MISS Y/N?” You jumped at bit, looking up at Papyrus in surprise. How had he snuck up on you when he was so big? “I AM GOING TO...START THE TIMER NOW.”

“O-oh, right.” You retreated to the closet to wait, and listened to the beep as he did just that. He stepped into the closet with you.

He looked really nervous. He was a little twitchy, rubbing his hands and looking anywhere but you. Your poor baby…

“Papyrus? Are you alright?”

“I-I’M FINE! I…” He caught your stern gaze, and sighed, slumping his shoulders. “I AM NOT FINE. MISS Y/N, P-PLEASE DO NOT MISUNDERSTAND, I INDEED HAVE A DESIRE TO BE AFFECTIONATE WITH YOU, BUT...NOT LIKE RED OR EDGE. I JUST DON’T...OFTEN...FEEL *THOSE* URGES…”

That’s right, he’d only kissed you when he was in heat. Somehow you knew this already about him, so it wasn’t a surprise. How presumptuous of you…

“Sweet pea, you don’t have to do anything you don’t want to.” You reassured him, placing a gentle hand on his forearm. His face was flushed with relief as he patted your hand.

“R-REALLY?”

“Really really.” You cooed. This sweet little cinnamon bun… “We can hug?”

“OH I LIKE HUGS!” And with that, he swept you into a tight embrace and held you there. You sighed, peppering his forehead with platonic kisses that made him smile. This was a welcome break after those two firecrackers…he was warm and gentle and it felt so nice to be normal for a few minutes.

The beeping came all too soon and you gave Papyrus one last squeeze before he set you down. His smile was the brightest thing you’d ever seen as he skipped out of the room.

Who’s next? Sans?

Nope! You heard the beep of the timer and Blue popped into view.

“WE WANTED SANS TO GO NEXT, BUT HE WANTS TO GO LAST! SO IT’S MY TURN!” He had stars in his eyes just like Red had, and it made you giggle as he closed the door behind him. He held his hands out and you took them, and he eagerly leaned up to kiss you.

Sweet, gentle, and hopeful. Exactly how you remembered it. How frustrating it was the only thing you could remember about him. He was pushing a little harder than before, and his hands pulled at your waist, attempting to close the distance, but his short legs made it difficult. Maybe you should both kneel? As you were thinking it, his hand came to your shoulder, guiding you down to your knees. Your face grew warm at the suggestive stance, but he didn’t seem to notice. He broke the kiss for a second, and you thought you saw a completely different face as he regarded your position in front of him. Something...wicked. What was that? It reminded you of those sexy dreams you’d had, and oh god, you’re blushing again.

He was about to lean down to kiss you again, when suddenly you were both startled by the sound of the beeper.

“DAMMIT!” He was overcome by a cyan flush as he realized it was over. You were too busy staring at his face, both in shock that you’d just heard him swear and trying to find a hint of that look you’d just seen. He gave you a bright smile. “WELL, RULES ARE RULES...BUT…”

He snuck one more quick peck on the lips before he skipped out of the closet. The little devil!

Stretch was right outside, leaning against the doorframe. He looked down at you, still in your kneeling position, a smirk playing across his teeth.

“Take a picture, it’ll last long--” *click.* You blinked as he pocketed his phone, chuckling at your reaction. That sneak!

You rose quickly, crossing your arms in mock annoyance, giving him a smirk of your own. “Start the timer, smartass.”

“happy to oblige,” he snickered. You heard the beep, and he stepped inside, closing the door quietly. His gaze was soft as he stepped towards you, taking you by the hand. “this is quite the game you’re playing, considering you don’t like being treated like a toy.”

“Maybe I like being a toy...just a little.” You said honestly, slipping a hand behind his neck and pulling him down. His surprised face told you that had never happened before. He hesitated, hovering near your lips.

“hmmm...you’re eager. normally i’m the one pulling you.”

“You’ve wasted, like, two minutes with your witty banter, bone boy.”

“point taken.”

And then he was kissing you, and you gasped against his mouth at the familiar feeling. Needy and full of fire, full of burning desire to hold you and be held. You wondered how long it had been since he’d kissed you, and how little he received affection. His needy kiss, his panting and whining as he tangled his hand in your hair...it screamed of someone who’d been denied comfort, denied companionship. And it felt...so familiar. You felt his fire burning in your own chest, a spark of something, the smell of honey and smoke surrounding you, enveloping you...a dark room, the smell of whiskey. No, it was bourbon. But he hadn’t been drinking today.

Suddenly there was a sizzling pain and you both recoiled quickly. You raised your hand to your lips, and he mirrored the movement. Your lips still tingled from the shock.

What the fuck was *that* ?

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

His eyes seemed to reflect your own question as he tried to cover his vibrant orange blush. But time was up, there wasn’t a chance to discuss. He didn’t take his eyes off of you as he backed out of the closet slowly.

When he was finally out of view, Sans appeared in front of you, startling you. The door swung closed on its own, or probably because of his magic. You recognized the look in his eyes, but you couldn’t tell from where. He ran his hand gently up your arm. You started to say something, but a skeletal finger pressed against your lips and he shook his head. No talking. Got it.

His hand slipped into your hair, and you melted at his touch. Has he always been this good with his hands? You can’t remember. Your soul let out a happy, steady thrum as he pulled you close, his warm breath dusting your face as he leaned down.

“my record’s 20 seconds,” he said, and you didn’t have time to ask what that meant before he kissed you, and you turned to putty in his hands. How was he so good at this?! He seemed to know every button, from his gentle fingers on the nape of your neck, to his tongue running lightly across your lower lip before slipping into your mouth. You couldn’t help but moan wantonly against his teeth, making him chuckle. “guess the new record’s 10.”

“Well, don’t--”

“don’t stop, yeah, i know,” The words were so smug. How did he know you were going to say that?

Wait. How did you end up on the floor? Whatever, here you were, with Sans on top of you, your heart beating loudly in your ears as he commanded your breath. He made his own noises to match your tiny moans, and it was *so hot*. Your hands found their way under his shirt and you brushed his ribs, causing him to shiver against you and mutter about playing with fire. Good, let it burn. He chuckled, and you knew you’d said that out loud.

Wait. How long had you been kissing him?

As if in response to your question, there came a banging on the closet door. Sans pulled away with a tsk, but made no move to get off of you.

“SANS YOU DIRTY SNEAK!” Edge roared. “COME OUT OF THERE AT ONCE! IT’S BEEN FIFTEEN MINUTES!”

Fifteen?!

“i dunno, edge, i didn’t hear any beeping,” Sans snickered, winking at you.

“Sans, what did you do?” You said, fighting back laughter as the others squabbled outside.

“i may or may not have purposefully forgotten to set the timer,” he said, grinning down at you. He really was a dirty sneak! “but hey, s’their fault for not keeping track of time better.”

“Sans, tell me you did not only go last so that there was nobody behind you to count minutes?” His snicker was your response, and you smacked him playfully. “Get off me! I don’t kiss dirty cheaters!”

“aw, c’mon, don’t be that way, sweetheart, it’s just some poor *timing* , i’m sure they’ll get over it.”

“Help! Help! I’m being oppressed!” You shouted dramatically, flinging one hand over your brow. “A gentleman of large stature is using his strength to hold me down against my will!”

“WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON IN THERE?!” Edge’s voice came through the door again. You both shared a little laugh as he slid off of you, helping you up.

“i better go face my *pun* ishment.”

“Don’t let them break your funny bone,” you giggled.

He looked at you, and it was that same look from earlier. “i’ll take whatever they can dish, sweetheart...”

He leaned in and placed a kiss on your cheek, his fingertips brushing the other side of your face with a familiarity surpassing what was possible in one lifetime. Your soul thrummed and whined, and your breath felt tight.

“...because it was worth every second.”

Chapter End Notes

Sans is such a sneaky sneak, of course he'd do that :P

Cram Session

Chapter Summary

You try to study for finals.
Sans performs a checkup on your soul.
Uh, wow, since when have you been best friends with a hottie?!

Chapter Notes

I keep saying I'll do some silly fluff someday. Sigh.
Here'she more angst and plot (somewhat?)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ugh. You'd forgotten about school. Now that Thanksgiving was over, you had to play catch-up for finals, especially since you didn't remember a single day in the class. It would be easy to drop and try again, but then you'd have to push your graduation back one more year and you just didn't want to do that.

At least your teachers had been understanding of your predicament. At least they were allowing you an extra few days to study for the finals. However…

You groaned and put your head down on the table. Despite the extra time and the help of your two class/housemates, it was still so much to learn in so little time. To top it off, neither of them had been to class since you fell ill, and even before that neither of them had taken notes.

"hey, don't look so glum, kitten. when hasani gets here you'll have all the notes from the semester, and it'll be way easier." Red rubbed your back reassuringly, and it did make you feel a little better. Apparently you and this Hasani were good friends, and he'd been pretty worried about you even while he was away visiting family for Thanksgiving. You couldn't remember him, of course, but what else was new?

"I'm never going to be ready," you groaned.

"nobody expects you to know it all right now, doll. take your time." Stretch said from the other side of you, patting your hand affectionately.

You made a disgruntled noise, pushing up from the table and pushing the books away. "I can't even look at my own handwriting right now."

"then we'll take a break, no problem." Red's hand was still on the back of your neck, squeezing gently. The tension started to melt away.

“I have a mighty need for something non-educational.” You checked your watch. It was close to when this Hasani guy was supposed to show up, so now would be the time to relax.

“how about a checkup, then?” You perked up at Sans’ voice, turning to smile at him as he sauntered into the room.

“Checkup?” You inquired, tilting your head to lay on your hand questioningly.

“yeah, it’s been over a month since we released your soul, we should see how it’s settling.” He watched your face closely for signs of fear, and he unfortunately found them. You shifted your gaze nervously. “but if you’re not comfortable…”

“N-no, it’s just…” You brought your hands to your chest with an uneasy grimace. “What if it hurts? Or it’s broken? Or something happens?”

“listen, kitten, you just happen to have three soul *experts* sittin’ right here. if somethin’ is wrong, we can fix it.” Red was brushing your shoulder comfortingly, and Sans felt a twinge of envy at the familiarity of the motion, especially when you leaned into the touch with a sigh.

“yeah, don’t you worry, sweetheart, we’re here for you.” And there was the shy smile that made his soul hum, beaming up at him despite your worry.

“I...well, okay...if you think it’s safe, Sans.”

He grinned at you reassuringly. He was glad to see that your trust in him continued to be unhindered by your memory loss. You scooted so that you were facing him, leaning back against the coffee table where your notes and books lay abandoned. Your hands wrung nervously in front of your breast, and he put his on top of them to stop your fidgeting. He slowly lowered your hands, careful not to move too fast or freak you out.

“it’s gonna feel weird at first, like something is pulling you forward, so just hang tight, okay?” The subdued panic was evident on your face, even as Red and Stretch’s hands lay gently yet firmly on your shoulders. He gingerly laid his own hands on your chest, just below your clavicle. He couldn’t help but think about how soft your skin was, and how close he was to being very intimate...with...you…

Focus! He shook the thoughts away mentally, and instead focused on listening for the steady thrum of your soul. He couldn’t help his own excitement when he found it, and allowed himself to listen to it for a long moment...listening for a hint of that song from before...but of course it wasn’t quite there, just beyond his grasp. He pulled his hands away slowly, hesitantly…

You gasped quietly as it tugged against your chest, fearing for a moment that it might catch...but there was a soft pop and...there it was. When had you shut your eyes? You heard all three of them make a soft noise of contentment, and you opened your eyes slowly.

“Woah.” You said quietly. It didn’t look at all like you imagined a soul might look, but it was one of the most beautiful things you’d ever seen. Colors swirled about inside a shimmery chrome layer, making the surface of the heart shape look like it was covered in diamond dust as it hovered gently over Sans’ cupped hands.

“woah is right,” Red snorted from your right. “i ain’t ever seen a soul like yours. last time i didn’t get such a close look, but man…”

He let out a quiet whistle.

“you ok, sweetheart?” You tore your eyes away from your soul to look up at Sans’ concerned eyelights, and you realized you had fat tears rolling down your cheeks. Your hand fluttered to your face, and you felt a bashful flush forming. His concern turned into a grin. “hey, don’t be shy, people cry all the time the first time they see their soul.”

“S-so...how does it look?” You said, eager to steer the attention away from you. He stared into your eyes for another moment, before realizing you were talking to him.

“oh, uh, it looks good, real good. you almost can’t tell it was ever locked away.” He returned his gaze to the shimmering heart, a light blue dusting his cheekbones and a look in his eye you couldn’t quite place. “and man, is it hummin’. wow.”

Red hummed a little next to you, and Stretch sighed. You couldn’t hear this hum they were talking about, but you did feel happiness coursing through you.

Blood. So much blood. Sans was crying, but why? Why cry over you? You were free now, and after all...You’d killed everybody else. So why? Why does he still have tears for you?

“Why indeed,” Your sister’s voice echoed in your head...

You let out a strangled sob and grabbed your face, causing all three of them to start and panic a little.

“uh, i think that’s long enough, sans,” Stretch observed smartly, gently prying your hands from your skin. Sans quickly pushed your soul back into your chest, accidentally brushing against it as it disappeared. His sockets widened as he caught a glimpse of you in his arms, covered in blood. What...what was that? Another timeline? He...he didn’t remember that one, though...not like that, not in this house, not with that death. The blood was on his hands as he drew away from your chest, barely seeing you sigh and relax in front of him. The blood was on his *hands* . He could *see it.* The blood was running down your chest from where he touched you, and he could remember your dead eyes as you...you said you loved him...and you slipped away…

N...No! Focus! “it...it’s not real, it's not…” he muttered to himself, rubbing his sockets with his palms.

“fuck, he’s lost it!” Red swore, but Sans could barely hear him.

“p...paps...paps...papyrus! **papyrus!** ” Sans was on his feet, shouting frantically for his brother, but your gentle grip wrapped around his wrist to stop his frantic movement.

He looked through you practically. As soon as your soul had been put back in place, the vision went away and you’d been able to shake Chara’s voice off, but then you’d seen the wide-socketed panic on Sans’ face. You gently guided him back down to the ground as he started to shake, eyelights rolling all around, flicking back and forth nervously before disappearing entirely. You brought your free hand to his cheekbone and used it to bring his gaze to your eyes.

“Sans?” You called to him gently, and he snapped to attention, the eyelights returning to his sockets. He used the hand you weren’t holding to rub his sockets again, and then he looked down at his hands, and back to you. You smiled brightly at him. “Welcome ba--oof!”

You were cut off by him cannonballing straight into you, his arms pulling you to him as he buried his face in your hair. Jeez, what had he seen? Why was he panicking? Had he...had he caught a glimpse of your nightmare?

You moved your arms to wrap around his shoulders, bringing one hand to the back of his skull, gently tracing where the smooth bone meets his spine. You give Red and Stretch bewildered expressions, and they are met with as much confusion as you were. You gave them an apologetic look, and they reluctantly blinked away to give you some privacy. He was still shaking as he collapsed against your touch.

“s-sorry, sorry...sorry…” he stuttered, muttering his apology against the crook of your neck. You shushed him gently.

“Hey, I’m right here, it’s alright.” You said soothingly. His weight was surprisingly easy to support, and he seemed a lot smaller when he was curled into your arms. After a while he stopped shaking, but he made no move to release you, so you both sat there for a long while in comfortable silence. It felt nice, and familiar, as you held him softly and he muttered unintelligibly into your hair. His own hands were tangled in the fabric of your shirt, a desperate cling that made you feel needed. You wondered if maybe he was just trying to think of the least embarrassing way to leave the situation. “Sans, you don’t have to be embarrassed. I don’t know if you know this, but I get panic attacks, too.”

He chuckled against your neck. “uh, yeah, i did know that, actually.”

Oh. Well, then. He sounded better, and his hands relaxed their death grip on your shirt, but he still stayed wrapped around you, nuzzling into your shoulder. It actually felt really nice, all those disremembered feelings swirling around in your chest. This was comfortable for the two of you, you could tell...he smelled like snowball fights on a cold winter day, mixed with ketchup. You wondered briefly why you had never smelled that before.

Somebody cleared their throat, and Sans jumped back like he’d been tasered.

Your jaw very nearly dropped as you looked up at the Egyptian God that had just entered the room. Olive tan skin with a mess of dark hair and piercing green eyes? Uhm, sign you the fuck up?

Sans disappeared while you were distracted, and the man smiled kindly at you. He was holding a binder under his arm, and it finally clicked.

This was Hasani? Your best friend was a gorgeous male supermodel dude?!

“I’m happy to see you doing well, y/n,” he said gently, moving to sit by the coffee table with you. He set his binder down, his gaze focused on you. “I’m sad to hear that you don’t remember anything, though. I suppose that’s why you never answered my messages, though.”

Ohhhhh. So *that’s* who **HOTsani** was. Well, looking at him now, you can see why you picked that name. You snapped out of your stare, blushing. You had indeed read through all your texts, which meant that you knew Hasani had once asked you out and you’d turned him down. You didn’t need to make this weird just because you didn’t remember anything.

“Yeah, uh, sorry…” You trailed off, nervous, but he gave you an out by opening his binder.

“It isn’t a problem. You are my best friend, of course I am sympathetic. Here,” He tapped the first page in the binder. “I’ve organized the notes from most likely to be on the test to least likely. You only have so much time to cram, so shall we?”

You nodded, and he slid the binder towards you.

No time for distractions.

Sans was grateful for Hasani’s interruption, because it gave him time to escape. His knees hit his mattress, and his body followed, slamming himself facedown into his pillow to muffle a huge groan. He had so many questions about the strange vision he’d had, but what was currently occupying his mind was his own stupid mistake.

He had been so freaked out, so sure that he’d lost you, *again* , so desperate to keep you in his arms...that he’d actually released some of his scent onto you. He had been *so careful* not to do that, even in the heat of the moment all those times...It wasn’t as deep as marking with magic, but it was still enough that the others in the house would hang his coccyx if they knew. Luckily for him, it had only made it to your clothes, and briefly. It would be gone within an hour.

He beat the mattress with his fists. It was so unfair! If only he’d never invited you to live here, if only he’d simply found you another place...then it would be *just him* , he’d be the only one you knew so well, the only one you wanted. Your soul was in a tizzy, swirling with confusion. It was so different from the previous timelines where he’d seen you, where your song had started and never stopped, thumping out a rhythm that called his name. Even though the memories of the other timelines were vague, he was certain you’d been his, and his alone, in one of them.

He stopped assaulting his sheets and instead let out a long sigh. He had no way of knowing if you’d ever truly choose him, or *any* of them for that matter. You could very well skip off with some human someday. He tried not to think about that…

He was so utterly pathetic.

Chapter End Notes

By the way, thanks so much for all the comments and kudos and bookmarks!
I can't believe you guys love me so much that I have almost 1500 comments ;_;

Snow Camo

Chapter Summary

An excursion to the grocery store in the snow turns into an unexpected coffee date and unpleasant memories.

Chapter Notes

You guys asked for more Hunter WELL HERE HE IS
ENJOY

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"--AND HURRY BACK TO MAKE DINNER SWIFTLY! I HAVE BUSINESS WITH YOU AFTER DINNER TONIGHT, SO I WILL NOT TOLERATE DAWDLING!"

Edge's voice followed you out the door, ringing in your ears as you wondered what his "business" with you was. You were caught off guard as you stepped off the front porch and into a brand-new snow flurry. You shivered as the snowflakes fell lightly on your cheeks.

You both loved and hated the snow.

It was beautiful, and serene, and sort of signified freedom. But it also reminded you of Colorado, and the cold nights in the lab, tied to the table in such a way that you could just barely see out the basement window to where the snow piled quietly.

You shivered, pulling your jacket flush around your torso. You didn't have time to think about that, you need to hurry up and get groceries for dinner. Your car was in the shop, so you were walking, and you supposed you could have asked one of the guys to teleport you, but...well, it's nice to have some alone time.

You just hadn't been banking on it to start snowing. You hustled down the quiet streets, breathing in the crisp, cold December air. The stores were already lit up with Christmas things, and you could see people decorating their houses as you hurried past. You could also see…

You stopped in your tracks, whirling around in an attempt to catch the snow camo you'd seen momentarily. But there was nothing there. If you didn't know any better, you would have thought for sure that it was--

"heya, doe, whatcha doin' out here all on your lonesome?"

You squeaked and jumped away from Hunter's voice, whirling to see him but losing your balance in the process. You landed with your butt in the snow, cursing the ground vaguely for allowing

snow to pile up so quickly.

Hunter chuckled, reaching out a hand to help you up. You took it, and he pulled you to your feet, and then to his chest. His other hand snaked around your lower back, holding you firmly there. Note to self: never accept the devil's outstretched hand. His lopsided grin was that of an animal of prey who had just made the catch of the night.

"so? why ya out here all alone?"

You struggled against his grip in vain. "I'm just going grocery shopping. Why are you...How'd you find me out here, anyway?"

"s'kinda my job to hunt down humans. 'least, it was." His hand slipped an inch or two, dangerously close to your ass. "i had to come find ya, cause you never texted me."

"Yup, did that on purpose." He made a mock-pouty face.

"doe, you wound me deeply. can you not see that my feelings for you run as deep as the ocean? how can you cast aside that which feels so strongly?" His mocking tone of voice pretty much ruined what might have once been a very romantic speech. "now, how about that dinner date?"

"Eat me."

"not till the third date, gotta pace ourselves."

You rolled your eyes so hard you were afraid you'd lose them in the back of your skull, but you couldn't help the tiny smile that crossed your face. He *was* kind of funny. He released you, chuckling.

"fine. groceries, then. let's go." You shot him a look. "what, i can't let you carry all those groceries back on your own, eh?"

Ugh. You suppose. It couldn't exactly hurt to let him help, and Edge *had* given you an absurdly long list of items he wanted for dinner.

"Fine. But no touching."

"can't promise that."

You stared out the window of your new basement bedroom. Snow was piled against the glass, and you couldn't see anything else no matter how hard you tried. Your little legs made quick work of the steady bed, but you were much too little to reach.

At least you'd been adopted near your birthday, so this year you won't be alone! Your new papa even said he'd give you lots of siblings!

"No. Nope. No way." You crossed your arms defiantly, refusing to move any closer to where Hunter held a bunch of mistletoe over his head.

"c'mon, doe, have a little christmas spirit! just one little kiss under the mistletoe?" His huge grin and turquoise forked tongue said he had more than one little kiss planned.

“Fuck off and go back to your cage.”

“ah, there you go, talking dirty again. naughty girl, we’re in public.” He gave you a wink that sent a shiver down your spine. Dammit! This asshole was way too hot! You swiftly trudged past him, slapping the mistletoe out of his hand as you went. You didn’t have time for this shit today.

“D-Daddy, are we gonna put up Christmas decorations? A-and mistletoe?” You were peeking your head around the edge of the doorjamb, staring into your new father’s office. He barely looked up from his papers to respond.

“Maybe after I’m done with this experiment. I’m going to give you a sibling today, won’t you like that?”

You nodded slowly, and he motioned for you to come over. You climbed into his lap so fast it almost knocked his glasses off. He looked mildly annoyed, but he didn’t reprimand you.

“Are you adopting another one from the place I was at?” You asked, staring down at all the notes scribbled in messy handwriting. It was a shame you didn’t know how to read yet.

“Mmm, not exactly. Listen, I’m going to need some of your blood for this, alright? And your new sibling will be just like you. A real blood connection, not just adoptive.”

“W-will it hurt?”

“Only if you move too much.”

“You know, Hunter, I’d be a lot more inclined to accept that dinner date if you didn’t pull stunts like this in public.”

“just keep pushing. your list says we need pasta next.” Hunter said lazily, looking over your list as he lounged in the cart, legs dangling over the side. How had you ended up here? With an asshole skeleton in your cart like some overgrown child. Well, at least he was behaving.

“Yeah, I think Edge wanted lasagna tonight.”

“i hope to the stars you aren’t letting *him* make it.”

Yeah, no. After the disaster of Papyrus and Blue cooking, you would NOT let Edge cook. At least not pasta. You turned to push through the pasta aisle, but stopped in your tracks looking at the birthday candles. 23 this year, officially, right?

“hey, whydja...oh.” Hunter followed your gaze to the candles, and it didn’t take him long to realize your birthday must be soon. “ya got any plans?”

You ignored him, pushing the cart forward to get rolling again. No plans. Never any plans. You hoped it would just go by without being noticed, actually.

“Oh, sweet child, I told you never to come in here.”

“I...wanted to see the present you were working on...like you said...for my birthday…” His body was blocking the table, and you craned to see what was there. You just wanted to see what he was always doing here in the lab.

“There, now it wouldn’t be much of a surprise if I showed you. Go back to your room.”

As you obediently returned to your room, you heard a broken howling escaping the lab.

“Thank you, have a nice day!”

You smiled wryly at the girl at the counter, and turned to grab a bag. Only…

“Hunter.”

“what?”

“You have to let me carry some of those.”

“nah, s’cool.” He grinned at you, arms laden with over ten bags of groceries. You rolled your eyes at him and stepped out of the store and into the snow. His snow camo really did the trick, because if you didn’t know he was there, you really would have missed him. He was silent on his feet, not just quiet but *silent* . You couldn’t even hear the crunch of snow, his breathing, nothing. You looked back every now and then to check, and yep, he was still there. Finally you turned your gaze to focus on the ground. The crunch of snow underneath your feet, the chill around your shoulders, the cold gray of the sidewalk...it reminded you of the cold gray of the lab the first time you woke. The first breath you took, tiny body filled with memories you didn’t make.

You opened your eyes, and it was the first time, but you remembered more. You remembered a whole life before now, but you were only here now, for the first time.

“Finally, a success,” breathed the man next to you. Father. This is what you knew him as. “Who knew it had to be exact? I thought I could fill in the blanks, but...no, I needed an exact copy. Amazing that you can move at all with no soul.”

The table you were on was cold, and you could see snow piling up against the small window near the ceiling. You heard snuffling, crying...there was a child in the corner...no, two of them. Only...one of them wasn’t moving.

“Don’t worry about them, Daddy is going to make you strong. You will never end up like that.”

“doe? hey, doe, wake up!” You felt the sting of phalanges across your cheek as Hunter slapped you lightly, trying to rouse you from your sleepy state. You blearily opened your eyes to see him hovering over you, groceries abandoned on the ground nearby. His face was struck with worry, but as you stirred it turned to his usual smug grin. “hey, there she is. you ok? you kinda just...laid down and went to sleep.”

“I passed out?”

“no, it’s like i said. you literally just curled up on the ground and closed your eyes.”

“...oh.” Weird. He placed a firm hand on your back as you sat up. Ugh. Too many memories from that lab. You need to get out of the snow. You noted with mild surprise that it hadn’t been a panic attack, though you weren’t sure if that was a good or bad sign.

“let’s get coffee here and rest,” Hunter suggested, pointing at the coffee shop you were sitting in front of. But, the groceries...you must have said it out loud because Hunter reached over and the groceries disappeared. “they’re on the kitchen counter at your house. now, coffee.”

Before you knew it, you were laying your head down on a table in the cafe, while Hunter ordered two drinks at the counter. You could hear his snark from here. You may have fallen asleep at some point, because you were roused to conscious thought by something warm being pressed into your hand.

A mocha! You lifted your head to see Hunter settle down across from you, eyeing you as he sipped his own coffee. You sat up, rubbing your eyes with the palms of your hands. Why were you so sleepy? You picked up your coffee and drank some, allowing the warmth of it to spread through you with a sigh. You laid your head down again, trying to banish the memories of the lab. You felt Hunter’s eyes staring holes into you, so you peeked up over your arms.

“Can I help you?” You asked, unsettled by his triumphant stare.

“nah, i already got my date. s’not dinner, but it’ll do.” You scoffed at him, headache forming in your temple. “you don’t seem comfortable in snow, doe.”

“S’too cold and makes my car stall,” you covered flawlessly, but you could tell he wasn’t buying it. “I used to live in a place with heavy snowfall, I didn’t have good experiences. That’s all.”

He didn’t press the issue, thankfully. And despite his childish display in the grocery store, he hadn’t been much of a jerk at all today. Maybe he wasn’t as big of a clod as you thought he was.

“so, are you gonna fuck any of those guys you live with, or is that strictly for the ones you don’t?”

Nevermind, he’s an asshole. You leveled a glare at him over your arms. “I don’t see how that relates.”

“totally related. i wanna know my chances of gettin’ tail here.”

“I can tell you. It’s zero.”

“c’mon, be honest.” He chuckled, flicking his forked tongue out seductively.

“....5 percent.” He grinned, triumphant as he sipped from his coffee. 5 percent was a really low number, but you can’t honestly say you’d *never* get with him. You can’t really say that about anyone. So 5 percent was fair, because it was still almost impossible.

Your phone buzzed repeatedly, and you pulled it out, confused.

SANSational: hey, sweetheart, is everything okay? the groceries are here but you’re not.

Right, that's weirdly suspicious. You snapped a picture of Hunter, who seemed shocked to hear the camera click, and then sent it to Sans.

You: Fine. Having coffee with Hunter.

SANSational: hunter?!

You: Yeah I ran into him on the way to the store and he was helping me carry stuff. I started to feel fatigued so he bought me coffee.

SANSational: do you need me to come get you?

You: No, I'll be fine. Home soon (:

SANSational: if you need me, just yell

"hey, who said you could take my picture?" He teased, whapping your phone out of your hands with a grin on his face. "i wasn't even posing."

"I was showing Sans where I was. He was worried." You said, swatting his hand away. "I don't like making him worry, I care about him."

"yeah, yeah, everybody loves the classics," he muttered. You had no idea what that meant, but his mood sure seemed to sour at the mention of Sans. Suddenly he stood, extending a hand to you. "i gotta get going soon, so let's get you home, eh, doe?"

"I'm capable of walking myself, you know." You scoffed, ignoring his outstretched hand to stand on your own.

"says the girl who laid down for a nap in the snow?" He said incredulously, shaking his hand pointedly. You reluctantly grabbed it so he could teleport you both.

As the house popped into view, you relaxed. What a long excursion this had been. You started to walk towards the door, but his hand tightened around yours, making you look back at him.

His face was surprisingly serious and a little melancholy.

"don't hesitate to call me if you ever need me, okay? like, uh, if you find yourself napping in a snowbank somewhere or somethin'." Turquoise grazed his cheekbones, and you felt your own face growing warm. Was this his way of flirting? The blush was gone as soon as it appeared, replaced by his usual smirk. "and i will get that dinner someday, eh?"

He let go of your hand and disappeared.

You brought your hand to your chest, feeling a strange tingle in your digits where his had held yours.

"15 percent," you muttered to yourself quietly.

Chapter End Notes

Hunterrrrrr
Hunter's workin' his way up!
Also, HELLO PLOT WHERE YOU BEEN

Save the Last Dance For Me

Chapter Summary

You dance with a stranger who knows you very well.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys!
Loving all the responses I'm getting on my Tumblr, as well as comments on here! We have officially hit over 1500 comments and 1000 kudos on this story! OH MY GOODNESS!
You guys are sooooo great!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You drew your winter coat around your shoulders and took a deep breath…

And stepped out into the snow. You exhaled in relief. No memories. It was getting easier every time.

You'd finished all your finals, almost two hours early you might add, but it was still very late, because you could only take your tests after the end of your professor's work days. You were pretty confident--Hasani's notes had really been helpful, after all. The guys had said they would come get you, but since you finished so early they weren't there. Your phone was dead, too, so either you wait or you walk home.

Hmmm….wait two hours in the cold, or walk 45 minutes home? Ha, easy choice.

As you started out into the snow, you wondered if Hunter would show up again. His snow camo was definitely meant for a flurry like this, you'd never see him coming. You found yourself thinking you might not actually mind his company, now that you knew he wasn't a dick 100% of the time. He was actually kind of cute when he…

...was that *music*?

You stopped in your tracks as familiar notes hit your ears. It was almost 10:00 at night, nobody was on the streets, and yet...someone was playing one of your favorite songs somewhere.

Before you could stop yourself, your feet took off in the direction of the music, something in your heart telling you that you needed to see, needed to find them…

I know it breaks your heart
Moved to the city in a broke down car
And four years, no calls
Now you're looking pretty in a hotel bar

You turned down an alley and spotted that familiar blue sweatshirt…Sans?

And I ~~ can't stop!

No, I ~~ can't stop!

The figure in the sweatshirt had the hood thrown up over his head, and was laying down moves you'd never think Sans capable of. The music seemed to be coming from a phone on the ground, and you hadn't thought it was a song you could really dance to until you'd seen him. When he threw his arm out, you could see the street lights reflect off his distal phalanges. Definitely a skeleton...It was Sans, it had to be!

He threw himself around, sockets closed firmly as he focused on the music, and you stood frozen at the end of the alleyway. The music faded and he struck a final pose, heavy breath making his chest heave as blue-tinted sweat rolled down his face.

When he opened his eyes and saw you, he froze.

"...Sans?"

Blue lit his face in a furious blush as he disappeared.

"Sans! Wait!" You tried to reach out to him but he was gone.

"you're here." The hair on the back of your neck stood on end as his words breathed right down it. He sounded...off. Different. Was this not Sans? Was it another skeleton that just looked a lot like him, like Bro?

A strong hand turned you around swiftly, and one arm snaked around your waist to pull you flush against him.

"i played your music...and you came…" His hand brushed your face lightly, settling on your chin and tipping it up. His eyelights were slightly different, and his gaze softer. The hand left your chin to rest on your clavicle, like before when your soul was being removed. "you even called my name."

"Sans, you're acting weird. How come you never told me you could dance like that?"

His hands dropped and he stepped back, defeat in his stance.

"oh...you mean the comedian. no, i...i'm not him." He grinned, but his eyes held a sadness all too familiar. "but...you're you. ah...almost. partly?"

He shook his head.

“i heard your soul singing on halloween. it was the first time i was sure you existed in this world,” Not-Sans said. “but you must be...you must be *his* version. except…”

He ran a hand over his skull, sweeping his hood back in the process. He rubbed his neck silently for a moment, staring at you sheepishly. You were very aware that this Not-Sans person knew about all the timelines, and you weren’t certain you should stick around and let him figure the rest out. But....something compelled you to stay. Suddenly he was holding a hand out to you.

“you can...you can call me foxtrot. sorry if you weren’t aware of all that timeline stuff, you can forget about it.”

You shook his hand, and he took the opportunity to spin you and pull you close again.

“Woah!” You said, steadying yourself with your free hand against his sternum. Foxtrot snapped his fingers, and a new song started playing, and instantly your body reacted.

“dance one round with me?” He said quietly, almost pleading.

You obliged.

From the moment I met you girl I knew you were for me
but there were too many distractions
and I just couldn't see,
many people try to stop me and you baby
they say no way no how
I thought it was impossible for us to grow
but babe look at us now

He spun you around effortlessly, his moves obviously part of a duet. Another song that had once seemed too slow to dance to, and yet...Somehow your feet knew exactly where to go, mirroring his movements, and your soul thrummed loudly with each note, each touch…

And baby I'll be there for you take care of you

‘ cause you’re beautiful woman
wanna give my love to you, my trust in you
‘cause you’re beautiful woman
spend the rest of my whole life, my future wife

'cause you’re beautiful woman
and it don't matter what they say,
I'm yours anyways
‘cause you’re beautiful woman

You wanted to ask how you knew the steps. You didn't feel any magic, save for the magic of the music, and you closed your eyes, reveling in the way his soul sounded as it hummed. Was this the hum the guys were talking about before?

So many people try to hate girl
they said I was a fool

"flawless," he muttered against the back of your neck as he drew you from a dip.

so we didn't want to rush
kept it hush hush girl 'cause that was the best move,
there were times I felt you were too young so I try to push you away babe
but you prove to be what you're fronting? beyond what my words could say

His hands were like fire on your body, filling you with heat and ambition, driving you to dance. You'd never danced in your life, but here you were like a trained professional!

And baby I'll be there for you take care of you

' cause you're beautiful woman
wanna give my love to you, my trust in you
'cause you're beautiful woman
spend the rest of my whole life, my future wife

'cause you're beautiful woman
and it don't matter what they say,
I'm yours anyways
'cause you're beautiful woman

"Sans, I don't--"

"shhh, just make music with your body like that, *stars* , just like that...just another minute."

The words sent a shiver up your spine as he lifted you by the waist to his side, hands flush to your hips.

Maybe we'll be together
Maybe we'll last forever

You couldn’t see his face for most of the moves, but you caught the blue tears as you twirled past him.

Maybe you'll be my girl,
I'll give you the whole world

“you still know all the steps…” He choked out, hands sliding down your arms.

Maybe I'll be your soldier
Maybe one day I'll hold you

“...your heart is beating in time…”

Maybe you'll be my lady,
that way you have my baby
Maybe we'll fall in love,
give you the stars above

“...my soul is singing…”

Maybe it's meant to be
I guess we'll just have to see

“it’s been so long since i wanted to dance, so long since i’ve felt your music in my soul…”

Maybe I'll be your man
Maybe that's part of my plan,
‘cause you’re beautiful woman

His fingers drum down your sides and hips and you reflexively reach up to wrap around his head, softly dragging your hand down the back of his skull.

You're starting to see what he does, flashes of another life, a dancer with your face, of him starkly refusing to dance, yanking his hood over his head, leaving you alone in a spotlight on a stage. You remember his hands on you, spinning, twirling, pushing, pulling...touching, petting, languid moans...you gasp as his hand pulls you in by the small of your back, the other one trailing from your collarbone to your navel as you lean back.

And baby I'll be there for you (ahhh baby)
take care of you 'cause you're beautiful woman (you're beautiful woman)
wanna give my love to you, my trust in you
(my trust in you)

"my beautiful woman...you look the same as the day i lost you."

spend the rest of my whole life, my future wife (my future wife)
'cause you're beautiful woman (Beautiful woman)

and it don't matter what they say,
I'm yours anyways (ahhhhhh)
'cause you're beautiful woman

His teeth crashed into your mouth and you gasped, unprepared for his tongue, which ran over your lips before it dipped past your teeth.

My beautiful woman

You wanted to sing, you wanted to fly, you wanted to stay here forever.

My beautiful woman~

The music faded, and reality dawned on you. You were standing in an alleyway with a perfect stranger, who retracted his kiss as he stared at you in the same way Sans does, that look you could never quite place. You should have been worried, or scared, by the fact that you were able to dance so expertly, to do those intimate movements with him as your bodies had moved in synchrony. He made no move to remove his hands from your waist, instead choosing to stay there for a moment.

"Sans...I mean, Foxtrot…" The nickname seems to pull him out of his reverie, and blue tinted his cheeks as he looked at you.

“now i know why i couldn’t find you...yours isn’t the only one in there.” He drew his finger up to point at your chest. Your soul. “but...you saw it, right? you...and me?”

You nodded slowly, wondering what this meant for your secrets. You shouldn’t have stuck around, now he was going to figure everything out…

He drew you close to his chest, taking shuddering breaths as he clutched you to him.

“stars...it feels so good to hold you again, my sweet harmony...but…”

You could hear someone shouting your name from somewhere in the distance.

“...seems you’re really just *treble* after all, love.” He released you, but you clutched his sweater. You had so many questions! Who was he? Why was he here? How did he know you? Could...could you dance with him sometime again?

“No, don’t go!” You whined, but he silenced you with a skeletal finger to your lips.

“don’t tell the comedian about me. i want this to be our moment, and ours alone, forever... *my beautiful woman…* ”

Suddenly he was gone, causing you to fall to the ground unceremoniously with a squeak. You felt empty without his arms around you, and cold...your jacket lay on the ground next to you, removed at some point during the heated dance. You drew it around your shoulders as you heard your name called again.

The blue sweatshirt bobbed into view, and you were almost disgusted with yourself for being disappointed when it was your Sans, and not Foxtrot again.

“sweetheart! what’re you doing out here? thought you were going to wait at the school for me?” His voice was laced with concern as he pulled you to your feet, hand tight around yours.

“W-well...I got done early, so I thought I’d walk home...but the snow made me sleepy, so I ended up here.” God, you felt guilty for keeping this from Sans, but...Foxtrot was right, that was a very personal experience. You’d like to keep it to yourself.

“gave me a heart attack, if i had a heart,” he said chuckling. He ran his hands up your arms to warm you. “man, you’re chilled to the *bone* , heh. let’s get you home and warmed up, yeah?”

You nodded, wrapping your arms around him as he wrapped his the same. You couldn’t help but think of Foxtrot as you hugged Sans close...

You needed to find that song and put it on your iPod when you got home.

Chapter End Notes

Songs are:
Closer by The Chainsmokers
Beautiful Woman by Marques Houston

I had to add Dancetale!Sans to the mix, I really did! He's so adorable, and passionate! Reader is left a little fucked up, though.

Guilt

Chapter Summary

It's your birthday, but nobody knows that. Good, you didn't want them to.
Unfortunately, your plan for a quiet, normal day is wrecked by an asshole in snow camo.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Your birthday started off like any other day.

You were happy nobody said anything. Why would they? They didn't know when your birthday was, you'd never mentioned it and they'd never asked. Even Sans hadn't really realized he'd known you for a year and a half and never celebrated your birthday. Good, you didn't want him to notice.

Your birthday wasn't a happy thing to you. Instead, it was a constant reminder of your past, of the torment and the fact that you didn't belong here.

It also served as a reminder that your days were numbered.

You intended to make the most of it, while also making sure the guys never found out how little time you had.

You stared at your iPod, worrying your lower lip as your finger hovered over the button. Should you play the song you danced to with Foxtrot? It was a really good song, but you weren't sure if you could handle it right now. And if you played it…

Would he come?

"i think you have to hit play before music comes out," came a familiar drawl behind you. You jumped and slammed the iPod down, turning to face Stretch with a hilariously shocked expression. He chuckled at your reaction, removing his cigarette so he could nuzzle the top of your head, hand patting your hair. "you're so jumpy, it's always funny. guess sneaking up is just my *forte* ."

"J-jeez, Stretch, give a girl some warning before you do that."

"kinda defeats the purpose of a surprise." He chuckled, leaning past you to stub out his cigarette. He brushed your shoulder with his, a sense of familiarity in his touch. "listen, y/n...i was wondering if you'd like to go do something special today? with me?"

Special? You tried not to bristle visibly, there's no way he knew it was your birthday so it was just a coincidence. Right?

“Gotta take a raincheck, Stretch,” you cooed, patting his shoulder reassuringly. “Just hoping to relax at home today. Maybe tomorrow? Or Saturday?”

“saturday sounds good,” he shrugged, trying to hide his obvious disappointment. “but now you’re in charge of making the plans, heh.”

“Deal,” you giggled, picking up the lunch tray to carry it to the dining room. As you set it down, both you and Stretch were startled by a knock on the front door. You looked at Stretch questioningly, but he shrugged. Apparently he wasn’t expecting guests, either.

“I’LL GET IT!” Blue shrieked, and you heard the telltale thud of him skipping the last few steps to land roughly in the entryway. You returned your attention to setting up breakfast while Stretch sauntered off to join his brother. You heard some voices, but you didn’t really pay them any mind until…

“MISS Y/N!” The wind was promptly knocked out of you as Blue flew in to embrace you, knocking you into the table as he squeezed, making you cough and sputter. “M-MISS Y/N, I’M SORRY! THE MAGNIFICENT S... *BLUE* HAS FAILED TO GET YOU A SUITABLE GIFT FOR YOUR SPECIAL DAY! I’M SO SORRY!”

Your head was still spinning in confusion as you pieced together what he said, and Stretch’s hand steadied you.

“yeah, sorry, doll, we didn’t even know it was your birthday.” Your head snapped to attention at the word, looking at him with shock. How had he known it was…

You turned to regard the skeleton standing in the doorway, a small wrapped gift in his hands and a huge grin on his face.

Hunter .

“happy birthday, doe! saw you looking at those birthday candles at the store so i stole a glance at your i.d. while you were paying. thought i’d surprise ya. i even got reservations for two tonight~” He held the gift out, but you made no move to take it. His grin faltered a little, and he crossed the room in two long strides, pressing the gift into your hands himself. You thrust it back at him.

“I don’t want it.” You said bluntly. You tried to keep the shakiness out of your voice, and were somewhat successful. You didn’t want this, you didn’t want anyone to know, you didn’t even want to think about today, and now…

“c’mon, i know i was sneaky about it, but--”

You shoved the gift back into his hands by force, peeled Blue off of you, and stalked past him towards the stairs, where Red, Papyrus, and Sans had gathered to see what the commotion was. Sans was giving you a look like he was doing math in his head, trying to figure out how he could have possibly missed your birthday after knowing you for so long.

“it’s my kitten’s birthday? why didn’t you tell me?” Red asked, catching your arm as you tried to pass him. He winked at you. “i coulda had a real romantic evening planned, you know.”

“IT IS YOUR BIRTHDAY, DEAR Y/N?” Papyrus gasped, causing you to pause at your conflicting emotions. “OH MY! I HAD NO IDEA! I WILL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING WONDERFUL TO-

-”

“No!” You shouted, with a little more force than you had intended, causing Red to drop your arm in shock. Papyrus flinched, and you immediately felt awful. You tried to backpedal, feeling Sans’ eyes on you. “I mean, no, thank you, Paps. I really just want it to be like any other day, okay?”

“OH, UH...ALRIGHT…” He sounded so hurt, and it hurt *you* to hear his voice waver like that...

You didn’t want to talk about it further, so before anyone else could stop you, you hurried past them and swept up the stairs two at a time, making a beeline for your room. You could hear Sans calling after you, but you didn’t stop, slamming your bedroom door a little too harshly and locking it behind you.

Hunter’s gift had mysteriously appeared on your bed, and you considered throwing it out the window, but instead you quickly shoved it under the bed so you wouldn’t have to look at it, panic starting to set in now that you were alone.

You raced over to the vanity, covering the mirror with the waiting curtain, certain that you could feel Chara’s presence through the glass. Calm down, calm down! It’s just a birthday, they don’t *know* , they *can’t know* …

There was a knock on the door, and before he even spoke, you knew it was Sans.

“hey, what the…” He started, but you heard him make a noise like he was rethinking his words. “what’s wrong? let me in, maybe we can--”

Just a little more, and maybe we can celebrate this time.

“No! I don’t want to *celebrate* !” You spat the word like it was poison.

“i didn’t even say--! look, let’s just talk?” He sounded angry, though you were sure he was trying to mask it. “let’s just...it’s...let’s not do this.”

Let’s not do this today. It’s your birthday after all.

You groaned, sinking down onto your mattress as you tried to shake your father’s voice from your head.

If you’re very good, and don’t scream, perhaps I will give you a present this year.

“y/n?” Sans’ voice felt so distant, and was almost completely drowned out by the screaming in your head. The searing *pain* running up your spine was so hot, burning hot as you remembered the feeling of the knife. The screaming of your siblings rang in your head. You scrambled to your feet and ran to the window, slamming it shut and drawing the curtains.

“ *They will* ***not*** *find me!* ” You hissed to yourself as you stumbled backward towards the other window. You tripped halfway there, knees thumping to the floor as if weighed down with cement.

“Father, is today my birthday?”

You were eight years old. Well, three, plus the five "years" your body had already had when you woke for the first time. Your father looked at you from over his notes.

"What makes you say that?"

"Y/n said it was our birthday. Before you put me away."

Your father made a clicking noise with his tongue. "It is Y/n's birthday, yes. But you are not Y/n. You were first awoken on this day, but that does not make you a person."

"Oh." You cast your eyes downward to the leather straps and chains binding you to the table.

"Tell you what, if you can keep from screaming this time, then we will celebrate your...birthday."

The hot metal sizzled against your skin as it pierced the flesh of your shoulder, and you bit your cheek to try and stop the noise resonating in your chest...

You couldn't keep from screaming.

You could hear Sans calling through the door with concern as you struggled to your feet, continuing to stumble over to the other window.

"I'm fine! I just want to be alone for a while!"

You're thirteen.

You've been to school in place of Y/n for two years now, and you know the drill.

"I fell." You tell the teacher. "I was riding my bike down by the dump, where Dad always tells me not to go. I fell off and hurt myself on a piece of scrap metal."

The dull pain from the most recent transplant aches in your lower back. The teacher had spotted your bandages when you'd leaned over...you would have to be more careful.

Your classmates offer birthday greetings as you walk back to your classroom with a fake smile on your face. You pretend to gush at the cake your teacher thoughtfully provided, but it tastes like ash to you and just serves to remind you of the pain that awaits when you get home.

You paused at the windowsill, staring down at the street below you.

Sans called your name again.

If you stay here, they're all in danger. It's just a matter of time. You were playing house, and it was cute for the time it lasted, but…

You knew.

You knew you'd have to go eventually.

“sweetheart, i’m really starting to freak out at your lack of answers here.”

Sixteenth birthday.

You’d lost count of how many fractures had been spliced into you. You knew at least ten were present in your subconscious, including a particularly loud and raunchy voice you’d deemed “mistress”. But there were probably dozens more...

But it was done, he said. You had a whole soul, but at what cost? Your scars ache...your chest aches...the others, they won’t wake up. Y/N won’t wake up. What have you been a party to?

Your friends at school don’t question why you brought a change of clothes in your backpack, and the few framed pictures of Y/n’s...no, of ***your*** *grandmother.*

Your teachers don’t question you when you slip off campus between classes.

The bus driver doesn’t question an underage girl boarding the bus out of town.

You aren’t nameless anymore.

Your name is Y/n, and you need to get as far away from Colorado as humanly possible.

Skeletal hands gripped your waist, pulling you roughly back inside just as you had moved to push off the windowsill. No! You need to leave!

“Sans, let me go! I need to leave!”

“hey, woah, shhh…” He pressed you back against his ribs, and suddenly everything was clearer. You blinked twice, sinking back into his embrace. “it’s okay, it’s just me, huh, kid?”

You snorted as he reverted back to your old nickname, but for some reason it helps. You let him turn you around, and the feeling of his bones cupping your cheeks is relaxing. You sigh and feel a familiar guilt as you enjoy his touch--the guilt that it shouldn’t be you here. You’d been pushing it down for so long, but with the birthday and the memories rising to the surface…

“Sans, there’s so much...so much I haven’t told you.”

“i know, you’ve said that before.” He said with a nervous chuckle. “an’ i said ‘well, we all have skeletons in our closet’.”

He didn’t want to push you into sharing, and he knew you appreciated that. But he’d be lying if he said he didn’t have a million burning questions, the one on the tip of his tongue being: what the fuck just happened with the birthday thing? The second Hunter had strolled through that door and claimed to have a birthday present for you, his mind had started racing. He didn’t know *how* but somehow he’d gone a whole year and a half of knowing you without knowing or celebrating your birthday! And your panicked reaction, shouting at Papyrus, running away at the mere mention of people acknowledging your special day...and...

The way you had looked when trying to *jump out the goddamned window* had shaken him, but he was doing a pretty good job of keeping his cool. His hands can touch you, you're here, and you're okay.

"listen, whatever it is you're afraid of, i swear on my life it will *never get you* ." He said firmly, thumbs brushing away stray tears from your cheeks. "you don't have to tell me what it is, or when it's coming, you just have to *call my name* , and i'll do anything i can to protect you. you...you know that, right?"

You nodded silently, and he could see the gears turning in your head. Did you believe him? It was true, obviously, he'd never let anything hurt you as long as he lived. He couldn't bear the thought of losing you, especially not now that he knew he *loved you* , and he loved you *so much* . Even if you never returned the sentiment (he tried not to think of his royal screw-up when you actually had confessed something similar), even if you ended up with somebody else, even if you never kissed him ever again...he wanted to protect you. He hoped you could feel that in his touch, his words...he hoped you'd choose to stay.

please, for the love of everything i've ever known...stay with me.

"I think we need to talk...about everything." You said, startling him with your quiet revelation.

"talk?" Were you going to tell him what happened in the past?

You nodded slowly, pulling his hands gently off your face. Sans had a right to know. You'd spent so long trying to suffer quietly, but he always knew anyway. And there was nothing, *nothing* he wouldn't give to keep you in this house, you were certain. There was just...the matter of actually getting the words out.

Anxiety balled up in your stomach, words catching in your throat. You clutched his hands tighter as your eyes darted around the room.

"I'm afraid to tell you…" You said finally, and his hands tightened around yours. You weren't stupid, you knew they were trying to fix the timelines. You're the lynchpin, one domino to tumble everything back into place. If they knew...

"don't be." His voice was reassuring, calm, with just a slight waver.

"L-let's get everyone together," you stuttered, trying to buy yourself some time. "And...Papyrus and Blue...might want to sit out. It's pretty...gruesome."

Chapter End Notes

It's time! Next chapter? Or the next? Either way we'll have some answers soon!
Thanks to everyone who's stuck by so far!

Pulling Teeth

Chapter Summary

You finally find it in you to tell the guys your story.

Chapter Notes

The long-awaited reveal!
I've been sitting on this reveal for a veeeeerrrrrry long time, and I hope it satisfies!
Reader and the skellies have come a long way to get to this point. It's about damn time.

Trigger Warnings: graphic descriptions of abuse, child abuse, self-deprecation, and violence.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Papyrus and Blue didn't sit out.

Despite your repeated attempts to convince them to get an abridged version from their brothers, they refused. You tried to get Sans and Stretch to talk some sense into them, but for once they weren't interested in maintaining their brothers' innocence; They felt everyone needed to know everything, no matter what.

"hey, stop worrying. paps can handle it." Sans muttered from his spot to your right, squeezing your thigh gently. Red had quickly claimed the spot on your other side, arm draped over your shoulder, barely able to hide the tension in his frame.

Edge paced the room, looking everywhere but you. The suspense was killing him, and it wasn't working wonders on Stretch, either, as he stood by the window on his third cigarette. Blue sat attentively at your feet, and Hunter lazed across an armchair...as if he had been invited to this conversation. Whatever.

Something warm was pressing into your hand...a mug of tea. It smelled weird and bitter.

"THIS WILL HELP CALM YOUR ANXIETY. I HAD LADY TORIEL MAKE ME A MIX FOR THE NEXT TIME YOU HAD A PANIC ATTACK BUT...I CAN SEE YOU NEED IT NOW…" Papyrus' concerned face was lifted with a sincere smile, and you couldn't help but smile back, squeezing his hand gently. *Bless this skeleton*.

You took a sip, and despite the unpleasant aftertaste, you feel loads better and release a sigh. The tension in your shoulders loosens, and Red's fingers begin to draw small circles on the back of your neck comfortingly.

The tea, Red's hand on your neck, Sans' on your knee...this is where you *belonged* . And the guilt in your heart could never change that, never in a million years.

You'll never belong out there. You're worthless.

You gritted your teeth at your father'said voice in your head, unwelcome and uncomfortable. Well, your father was *wrong* .

You clear your throat, and will yourself to start from the beginning.

"I'm not Y/n." You said quietly. "I don't even have a name...I'm not even a person."

Everyone's confused stares lead you to elaborate, your heartbeat hammering in your ears. Like you told yourself...start from the beginning.

You were five years old starting next week, and you were pretty excited *thank-you-very-much*. The matron of your orphanage was all a-titter, talking about a roguishly handsome *doctor* who wanted to adopt you.

You!

She spent hours dressing you up, pinching your cheeks until they were rosy pink, fluffing your flouncing curls, and shoving a tiny stuffed bear into your arms for...aesthetic?

He was tall, with sloppy dark hair and glasses. He picked you up immediately, examining you. You remembered him from a few weeks ago when he had come by with toys, spending time with each child. You supposed he liked you best, so you put on your cutest smile as he gathered your things and signed the paperwork.

Your new room was in a basement, and you could see the snow piling up against the small window near the ceiling. You had some new toys, a comfy bed, and lots of books. It was more than you'd had at the home, and you were delighted to see so many things that were simply yours!

Your father kept saying something about siblings? It was weird to you. He didn't have a wife, so he couldn't make you siblings that way, but he said he had another way. He drew blood as often as he felt was safe, and you tried to stay strong for it.

You snuck a peek into his lab, once, but were quickly sent away back to your room, a horrible, agonizing scream that would haunt you forever following you out.

You paused, sighing heavily and doubling over your mug. Red squeezed the back of your neck, and everyone stayed so silent you could have heard a pin drop.

You took another sip of the tea and continued.

"But none of those are memories I actually made."

You were a clone, plain and simple. (*"shit," Stretch muttered quietly*.)

You looked exactly like the real Y/n, and you had all her memories up until her...*your* fifth birthday. The first time you woke, you were in a dark, cold laboratory, strapped to a table. (*Sans' hand tightened on your knee. Papyrus was trying to be brave, but he was already clutching at a pillow.*)

You were an empty shell, and your father wasted no time experimenting on you. As far as you know, Y/n was never bothered for his research again, because why would he need to when he had a perfect copy in front of him?

"I picked y/n out of all those children because of her soul, you know." He said, bandaging a wound closed as you whimpered on the table. (*Papyrus gasped at the mere mention of wounds.*) **"Such...perseverance. No, not perserverance. *Tenacity.* I realized she had a strong connection with the other versions of herself. It's convenient that you're a soulless husk...it means I can use you to pull it all together."**

"His goal was to collapse the universes, though I didn't know that until I was older. He never bothered to explain the 'why', only that he was pinning them all to me."

"H-HOW?" Blue asked shakily, arms wrapped around his legs and head hiding behind his knees.

You reached up hesitantly and tugged your shirt over your frame, turning so they could see the scars. You knew that Sans had probably seen them when you were in a coma, and judging by Edge's clenched fist but otherwise unsurprised stare, and Red's continued silence, they knew as well. You heard sharp gasps from everyone else, and a small whimper from Papyrus. Hunter's grunt was somewhere between shock and anger.

"Every time he managed to pull another version of me...of y/n...into this world, he would slice away a piece of their soul and...well, eventually I had a whole soul, and that's when it was locked away."

You didn't go into detail about the other versions of y/n...you didn't exactly know whatever happened to them. You were beginning to shake, and Red's gentle hands helped you pull your shirt back down and you sunk back into the couch into his embrace. Sans' grip on your knee was starting to hurt, but you didn't mind because it kept you grounded.

"do you need to take a break?" Sans asked quietly, and you hesitated, but nodded.

"I...WILL GO MAKE MORE T-TEA!" Papyrus stuttered, scrambling to his feet and taking off into the kitchen. You didn't even bother telling him yours was still half full. Blue was staring daggers into a spot on the floor, and Hunter's usual cocky grin had been replaced by a grimace of thought.

You were surprised when the cool bone of Red's skull nuzzled against the nape of your neck. You felt he might say something, but he seemed to be waiting, almost holding his breath.

Edge and Stretch were avoiding your eyes.

Papyrus returned within a few minutes, switching your cooled mug for a hot one. His hand lingers, so you pat it reassuringly and you can see the tension in his shoulders release. He returns to his spot

next to Blue with a nervous smile.

You sip the tea some more, and continue.

When you were young, you used to have hope. Y/n would sneak into your sleeping area at night and play with you, and even sharing her birthday gifts with you (after all, it was your birthday too, she kept saying).

You knew you weren't the only experiment still alive...hulking husks of what you supposed must have once been children shuffled around the lab during the day, acting as mindless, obedient servants to your father. Your "siblings", as he called them. They were inhumanly strong, and vicious. You remember them holding your thrashing limbs until they bruised as he poked you with machinery, injected you with magic and DT and some sludgy black stuff you didn't know the name of. (*Sans grew rigid beside you at the mention of these injections. Red was shaking, trying to suppress the clacking of his bones. Stretch leaned out the window so you couldn't see his face anymore, and Hunter turned his face away, too. Something told you they were no strangers to this kind of torture.*)

You didn't really know any better. You'd never known anything else. The pain became routine, and he rewarded you for not screaming. You couldn't stop yourself most of the time, earning you a heaping helping of nothing, but sometimes you were so numb all you could do was stare out the tiny window and watch the snow pile up. When you didn't scream, he allowed you one toy and a special meal.

No matter how many times you asked, he never allowed you to speak with Y/n.

He noticed very quickly that your HoPe was higher around your birthday each year, though he didn't know it was because you were looking forward to Y/n's visits.

Your birthday became hell as he spliced as many soul fragments as he could into you, year after year. You tried to pretend it wasn't your birthday, that your HoPe was gone, that you couldn't handle the procedure...*but it only got worse the more you protested*.

"fucking hell, " Hunter swore, guilt playing across his features as he realized the pain he'd made you relive. "i...i'm sorry, doe, i…"

He trailed off, casting his glance away from you again.

"I DIDN'T REALIZE MY OFFER OF BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS WOULD...HURT YOU SO…" Papyrus said, seeming to shrink in upon himself like a wilting flower.

There was a startling *smash!* as Edge broke a vase on the fireplace mantle. He kept his back turned, and didn't say anything, leaving you with no choice but to continue.

Y/n realized your change in demeanor on your shared 11th birthday. She brought her gifts to share with you as always, and you curled in on yourself, shrinking away from her with a

whimper. Her face, *your face*, looked in on you with concern as she retracted her hands, and she left without a word.

You heard her arguing with Father the next day and...you never saw her again. (*The noise that Sans made was like a choked growl. His sockets were wide as he gritted his teeth.*)

Father stormed into your room that night and pulled you roughly to the table, strapping you down. You shrieked and pulled away, but one of your deformed siblings grasped your arm so tight you thought it might break, so you were reduced to whimpers as he ripped the fresh bandages off, ignoring the stitches, and brought the knife down the middle of your back. (*You were vaguely aware of the pitch heightening in your voice, the trembling in your limbs as you continued. Sans scooted closer, and Red held you tighter.*)

After he put the sliver of soul in you and sewed you back up, you were pumped with magic and DT to heal you as quickly as possible.

On Monday, you replaced Y/n at her school.

"He coached me how to talk, walk, and act, how to respond *very carefully* to prying questions. He made an excuse for any activity that seemed too *fun* or that would require somebody to see my scars." You spat the words bitterly, your father's face burning in the back of your mind. "I got a taste of the blessed life Y/n had been living. Friends, teachers, the ability to learn and think for herself...I realized I'm not supposed to live this way, in *fear* , in *pain* , *suffering at night when the nightmares wrack my--* "

"hey, woah, woah…" Sans' fingers brushed your shoulders, and Red released you so you could fall forward into his embrace. The edgier skeleton's hands rubbed your back gingerly, as if afraid of the healed wounds on your spine.

You breathed deeply, and a small whimper escaped your throat. It was so hard to talk about, even with them *right here* , holding you, protecting you...you were finding it hard not to panic. You felt Sans nudge your arm and the mug was placed against your lips. Relief swept through you again, and you could breathe easier.

"This tea is something else," you muttered quietly. "I guess you could say it's *tea* -assuring?"

Sans and Red's chuckles rumbled against you, and Papyrus and Blue groan loudly despite their relieved looks.

"it's hard to be- *leaf* it works so well," Red said, without missing a beat.

Your laughter is muffled by Sans' sweater as he joins the fray. "careful, red, we're having a serious moment...you could get yourself into some *hot water* making light of the situation."

" *tibia* -nest, i always thought laughter was the best cure for anything," Stretch chuckled from his spot by the window. He was still leaning against the windowsill, hanging halfway out, but you could just barely make out his smirk.

"THIS IS THE WORST PART ABOUT THE WHOLE STORY," Blue moaned, dropping his head into his knees.

You'd better continue before they get carried away and you lose your nerve.

You grew restless at home, rebellious. You talked back, especially once you figured out he couldn't do anything that would mark you where your teachers could see. And you knew it was too suspicious for him to pull you out of school.

You became very good at making excuses for the times he lost his temper: I fell off my bike, I fell down the stairs, I got in a fight after school. You were such a good liar that even your "friends" didn't realize you weren't really y/n.

Your new rebellious nature, fueled by the angry voices in your subconscious from all the souls spliced into you, didn't sit well with your father. You spent your weekends literally tied up, left to the mercy of your siblings or subjected to more experiments. Your body ached underneath your clothing, your body bruised and healed by magic injections so many times that you weren't sure if you really felt the pain or if you were imagining it. (*Papyrus began to whimper as you described the torture, and it was Sans' turn to shake with rage, his jaw popping as he ground his teeth.)*

You threw up at the sight of a scalpel in science class and had to be excused, and for causing such a scene you received a week's punishment in the disguise of a "Family trip".

Thirteen years old, and you faked a smile as your classmates sang happy birthday while you bled through your bandages.

Fourteen years old, and you ended up in the principal's office for beating a bully bloody for grabbing your tender shoulder in the lunch line.

Fifteen years old and you screamed in horror at the bloody form of one of your father's failed experiments as it shuddered, trying to breathe.

But the worst part of it all was Chara.

(*The room went still as soon as you spoke her name. Sans and Red froze, their bones growing chilly. Blue started to ask, but Stretch shushed him, muttering about "not ours, theirs."*)

Chara was a monster. No, sorry, monsters are good, Chara was a fucking *demon*. A demon created because of you, with your blood and his ambition. The angel-faced creature was a result of your father cutting away shame and morality from one soul, hoping to make a better, more obedient *you*.

He succeeded, and she was created in all her red-eyed glory. She tried to kill the monsters in the underground, and even succeeded a little. She may have "died", but not before sending your father what he needed--Monster dust.

"wh-why did he need monster dust?" Red muttered quietly, and you felt yourself flinch at the question.

Because my soul was falling apart and he needed to glue it back together.

“I...I don’t know,” you lied quickly. “I didn’t...I didn’t stick around to find out.”

Now comes the kicker, the part you’re worried about. You’re the reason they’re all here, instead of in their timelines. You’re the reason they lost the ones they cared for and were hurled into this world that was much too small to hold them all.

They’ll hate you , Chara snickered in your head. *They’ll kill you!*

“WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT*?” Edge snarled, smashing a lamp against the wall and making you jump. You shiver involuntarily, but Red and Sans are too shaken to respond. You refuse to look up, afraid to see anger in Sans’ expression.

THEN EVERYTHING WENT WRONG.

You were supposed to be stable, but you almost died on the stretcher that night. You vaguely remember a chorus of voices shouting inside you before he slammed your chest with his fist… no, with a needle. The adrenaline coursed through you and you gasped for air, and the voices fell silent.

But something snapped in you that night.

You couldn’t let him just...*do whatever he wanted.* The most recent soul piece was crying, sobbing loudly, making your chest thump steadily. She slammed against the restraints of your soul, trying to claw her way out. The wall was too high, but she did manage to scream loud enough to melt into your consciousness. (*For some reason you skipped over what she said. You could still remember her screaming Sans' name from her prison, though at the time it meant nothing to you.*)

After several days of soul sickness, despondent and unaffected, you allowed yourself to be stabilized. When he finished, it was your sixteenth birthday.

You went to school like any other day.

And then you got the fuck outta dodge.

"I hopped a bus out of town with one change of clothes and pictures of the grandmother that had once raised y/n. It wasn't a picnic after that, trust me, but..." You smiled shakily. "It could never get worse than where I came from."

Everybody seemed to exhale in relief, and you did, too. You chanced a glance at Sans, but his sockets were screwed shut in thought. He let out a small noise of discontent.

Everyone was silent, until Hunter finally said what everyone was thinking.

“so the doe’s the anomaly?”

Thump thump.

Your heart hammered against your ribs. This was it, the part where--

“shut your fuckin’ mouth,” Sans snapped, fingertips digging into your arms.

“i’m just saying--”

“she’s not some anomaly or a science project, she’s y/n!”

Hunter rose from his seat quickly, crossing the room in two strides to lock his hands on Sans’ hood, drawing him upwards.

“did i fuckin’ say she was a science project?” He snarled in return, and you pushed yourself backwards into Red’s lap. You felt him scrambling to steady himself, his arms sliding around you...but before Red could get his hands on you, you were snatched up by someone taller.

You had been expecting Papyrus, but instead it was Edge who pulled you in for a bone-crushing hug, making you shriek in surprise as he buried his face in your hair. He let out a shuddering sigh, and the room was silent, possibly waiting to see if he was going to snap your neck, or if you would hug him back.

“YOU MAY CRY ON MY SHOULDER.” He said, matter-of-factly. His voice had a slight waver itself, and you couldn’t hold back anymore. You buried your head into his scarf and began to wail and sob.

You heard scrambling and Papyrus’ arms joined Edge’s around you, then Blue’s around your waist. It wasn’t long before the rest of them snapped out of it and rushed over to join you as Edge lowered you all slowly to the ground.

“hey, hey, don’t worry, nothin’s gonna happen to ya while i’m around, okay kitten?” Red’s breath fanned against the back of your neck as he wedged himself in, running a hand over your arms softly, cautiously. You whimpered as their murmured promises assaulted you, washing over you in waves of love and affection.

“B-but I-I’m not...I’m not even a p-person!” You sobbed.

“NONSENSE!” Papyrus declared, wiping your tears with the end of his scarf. “WHETHER YOU THINK SO OR NOT, YOU ARE *OUR* Y/N! THE LOVE YOU HAVE GIVEN US ALL OVER TIME HAS PROVEN YOU ARE A VERY FINE PERSON INDEED!”

“But if it weren’t for me, you all...you’d all be home.”

“home’s overrated, anyway,” Stretch said, lightly tapping your chin with his knuckles. “s’long as i’ve got my bro, it’s all the same to me.”

“I THINK SO, TOO!” Blue said cheerfully, adjusting so his face was pressed against your stomach.

This started your tears anew, and you covered your face, trying to hide your ugly crying as they rubbed you and cooed soft praises. You felt relieved, but…

You felt the guilt stab you once more.

You hadn’t told the whole truth...you really should, however...

How could you tell them that you only had a year left to live?

Chapter End Notes

I'm so proud of the boys and reader. Like I said, they've come a long way!
This is the end of part 2, but don't you worry, this story isn't even close to over!

Deliberation

Chapter Summary

The guys discuss what's next as they face conflicting feelings.

Chapter Notes

I'm so glad you guys reacted so strongly to the last chapter. Believe me, there is plenty more of this story to come, and lots of things that might branch from it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Part Three: Time is Running Out

Sans carried you up the stairs quietly, careful not to wake you. The eight of you had stayed in your cuddle pile for a good hour, and after all the tears and emotions were through you had promptly fallen asleep. Papyrus, Blue, and Edge had also slipped into a nap, and it was kind of hilarious watching the fearsome skeleton cuddle the cuter ones close after he'd removed you from the mix.

He adjusted his grip, bringing your face closer to brush against his cheekbone. He tried to push back all his questions and swirling thoughts about your story, instead trying to just...focus on you.

Now he understood.

When he'd first met you in Grillby's last year he'd been surprised. You usually didn't meet him there, and his fractured memories always placed your first meeting on a cliffside during a meteor shower you both had been interested in seeing. The other weird thing is that you'd shown no recognition, no "Have we met before?" or "You look familiar.", no nothing. Even if you can't recall past timelines like he could, you had always recognized him a little. He'll admit it was a little disappointing.

He used his magic to pull back the covers on your bed and gingerly put you down. Damn, you really were an exact clone of his Y/n. He felt his soul twist in confusion as he brushed your hair out of your face, having doubts about his feelings for the first time. Did he really love *you* , the you that he'd come to know in the last 18 months? Or did he just love the fraction of you that was his Y/n? He felt guilty even thinking of it that way, and immediately shut that train of thought down.

No more thinking of you as if you were fractions or pieces. You were *you* , just like you'd always been, and whether he liked it or not, that was that. Nothing has changed just because he knows what the weird static feeling in your soul was.

You sighed and leaned into his touch as he brushed your cheek, making him crack a tiny, genuine smile. *Stars* , you were just so damn *beautiful* . He wanted to crawl into that bed with you and hold you close, watch for signs of nightmares so he could chase them away. He wanted to curl himself around you in a protective skeleton cocoon so nothing could ever hurt you, ever again.

He wanted to hunt your father down and make him die in agony.

But he needed to speak with the others. Some important things needed to be hashed out immediately, hopefully before you and the younger skeletons stirred from your slumber.

After one last look at your sleeping face, he teleported away.

Red tapped his phalanges nervously on the counter as he waited for Sans to return from tucking you in. Stretch was leaning against the tile counter, and the smoke billowing from his cigarette kept wafting into Red's face, making him huff in frustration. Hunter sat atop the island counter, stone faced and in deep thought.

"can you *stop that incessant tapping* ?" Stretch growled from behind him. Red's only response was to flip him the bird over his shoulder and grimace. He wasn't meaning to be annoying with the tapping.

He was just so...so...frustrated? Upset?...Relieved?

The good news was, he hadn't been imagining the way you spoke to him when you had been under the influence of that weird potion. That was *his kitten* speaking through you, and it made his soul do somersaults just to think about it. She (you?) had been checking to see how he felt about you, if he'd forgotten you (her?). Which, of course, he hadn't. Never could. Believe him, he tried. He'd brought home many a girl before he'd met the you he currently knows, just trying to wash the idea that he'd never see her (you?) ever again out of his skull.

The idea that she...you... *you* were wondering if he'd moved on...it made his soul ache. He could never, ever do that. Was that...was that why he...

He rubbed his sockets, wondering if anyone else was feeling as conflicted as he was about all this.

There was a soft *pop* and Sans sunk into a chair at the island, cradling his face in his hands.

He looked how Red felt.

Silence reigned for a solid ten minutes, all four of them simply contemplating existence as they knew it. It wasn't every day someone tells you they're a conglomerate of dozens of versions of themselves, especially if one of those selves is your girlfriend from another universe that you were irrevocably in love with still. At least in Red's case, as it was.

"my doe was leader of a human rebel force," Hunter suddenly said, his voice quiet and reflective. "i killed her entire family, and all her friends, too. but i couldn't kill her, not when she had that tenacious look in her eye. i took her prisoner instead, and for some reason...heh, for some reason,

she forgave me. loved me, even. worried for me. she and paps were the only lights in a world full of darkness."

They were all a little taken aback by his sudden description of the you from his world, but they all nodded along. Red could definitely understand that sentiment.

"mine was a brand-new waitress at muffet's," Stretch said, stubbing out his cigarette in the ashtray by the microwave. "she looked so cute in her little waitress outfit, and she didn't bat an eye when i asked if i could *slip her the tip under the table* . thought it was funny. blue tried to date her first, but he got so excited when she confessed she liked me, of all people, that he couldn't resist trying to play matchmaker."

"my kitten wandered into me in the snowdin forest, half dressed and freezing to death," Red chuckled, remembering how cold you'd looked standing knee deep in the snow, in your short club dress and tall heeled boots that were certainly not made for walking. "i was bored outta my skull, just passing time waitin' for the kid to show their face, so i took a shot with the cheesiest line i could think of. *stars* , did she fall for it, hook, line, an' sinker."

They all looked at Sans expectantly, and he dropped his hands from his face.

"met her bathed in moonlight at the crest of widow's peak, watchin' a meteor shower we'd both heard about on the news. we both thought we'd found the perfect secluded spot." He chuckled dryly. "so she says 'i guess i can make some *space* for you', and i say 'now, don't go outta your *milky way* just for me'. she lit up brighter than the stars when she laughed, and i couldn't bring myself to leave her alone after that."

…

…

"i'm sensing a pattern here," Hunter drawled. "sounds like all us 'judges' had our own version of her."

Stretch chuckled half-heartedly. "explains why we were all drawn to her. couldn't guess what it means, though."

There were a few more moments of silence before Sans groaned, rubbing his sockets. "so obviously fixing the anomaly is off the table."

"what, you guys don't got anything in that workshop of yours?" Hunter snorted incredulously.

"well, we could probably successfully separate the fragments," Stretch said, leaning back and staring at the ceiling. "and that would likely get us home, objectively speaking. but the problem is the sheer trauma to an already unstable soul...not to mention the act of physically ripping apart her soul and scattering it…"

"as if it'd be an option anyway. you suggesting we destroy her for our own personal bullshit? 'cause she'd be dead, there's no chance." Sans said, slamming a fist on the granite countertop. "and she was mum on the subject of the others, so there's no guarantee those fragments have any other home, meaning...well, meaning even if we manage to get back to our separate worlds…"

"there's no guarantee our versions will ever be seen again, i get it," Hunter groaned.

“if it’s her, we’re stuck like this,” Red agreed, frustrated. “there’s no way she’d survive the process...and i, uh, i dunno about you guys, but i don’t think i can stand to lose her again.”

Their silence was his confirmation as they quietly contemplated their options.

In order to get their own universes back into place, they’d been hunting for the anomaly. Calculations, long nights in the workshop, dead end *after dead end after*...

And now they could see it, the anomaly, plain as day in front of them. No fucking wonder the readings had always been so out of whack. Red shuddered as he thought of a time where he might have killed you with no hesitation, ready to get back to his own timeline where he could hopefully see his woman again. You. Another you. Did he love you more knowing you had a piece of Kitten in you? Or did he love *you* , the way you were?

“we need an action plan,” Stretch said quietly, sounding forced. Probably uncomfortable with discussing possibly killing you. Understandable. “sounded like her *family* is still out there, and they’re trying to find her. when she first moved in, she told me she was running from her family...she must have been talking about those “siblings” and her *father* .”

The tile cracked under his grip and he released it, trying to maintain his cool demeanor. He brought a hand to his face and sighed in frustration. “i can’t...i. ..we have to protect her from that.”

“it sure explains a lot about her, though,” Red snorted. “the secrecy, the panic attacks, the running away. she’s scared outta her mind that she’s dragged us into something we ain’t ready for.”

“so let’s *be* ready,” Hunter chided impatiently. “let’s talk failsafe.”

The blue light burning in Sans’ left eye showed them he wanted nothing more than to crush her “family” to dust. Instead, he just spoke through gritted teeth.

“ *yeah* . failsafe.”

Your dreams swirled with emotions, and strange visions of lives you couldn’t remember. Was that image of you pressed into Edge’s lap a memory or a past life? What was real?

The feeling of snow on your bare calves as you struggled to walk through a forest, the rumble of Red’s baritone ringing out a cheesy pickup line…or arguing about children you don’t have and soap operas as he sings sweetly...

Hunter’s eyes locked with yours as you stared down the arrow trained on you defiantly, a twisted look of wonder on his face…or Hunter in the kitchen, pushing your buttons as he dries the plates carefully...

A cocktail dress and a serving platter, setting honey down for a favored patron with a cigarette forever dangling from his teeth...or a drunken mess shouting in pain as he pinned you down, begging to be touched and held, validated…

A blanket on a hill, the feeling of your heart soaring as Sans stared at the sky, talking about the universe as if it was worth nothing until you came along...or Sans gripping you tight, pressing hot kisses to your lips and body as you wondered how to have sex with a skeleton…

Sans holding you...no, his soul and yours...beautiful music as you struggled to free yourself, as he kissed you deeply and begged you to…

Begged you to…

Wake…

Up……

Your eyes snapped open and you found yourself staring up at the wooden paneled ceiling, with no concept of how long you'd been asleep. It felt like lifetimes, but no time at all at the same time. You still felt so *exhausted* .

What had woken you?

"hey, doe, you awake?"

Aha.

"I am now," you groaned, trying to turn away from where his voice was. He placed a hand on your cheek and turned your face back until you were staring into his turquoise eyelights. Your breath hitched as you briefly remembered something x-rated, and probably from another lifetime.

Before you could say anything, Hunter leaned in and placed a tentative kiss against your lips. You gasped a little in surprise, but he didn't flinch, just stayed like that for a solid moment, a small hum reverberating from his...ribs? How was he...your head was spinning--You hadn't thought him capable of such a gentle act, not with his usually brash demeanor.

Finally, and yet all too soon, he pulled away, and he pressed something into your hand.

"i'm really sorry about today, doe. i...if i'da known, i wouldn't have pushed the birthday thing." His face was still centimeters from yours, and you knew your own face probably looked a bit like a traffic light right now. "even so, i...i still want you to have this...i made it myself, y'know. call it a christmas gift if you want, since it's just a few days away."

The item was his present from earlier, and you looked at it, confused. You turned to ask him about it, but he was gone.

You stared at the box in your hands, contemplating whether or not you should A) acknowledge anything to do with your birthday or B) trust anything that Hunter said or gave you, especially since he apparently made it to himself.

Eh. What's the harm? It's just a...a christmas present.

You sat up against your headboard and peeled back the paper. You suspected his version of Papyrus (man, it was weird to have that connection in your brain now, that you knew without them saying who they all really were…you'd always known, but them knowing about you made it feel so *final*) must have wrapped it, because it wasn't nearly sloppy or rushed enough to be wrapped by his apathetic coccyx.

The box was heavy wood, and hand-carved. Your initials graced the top, and you found yourself flattered at the thoughtfulness. Was this the same guy who once asked very tactlessly if he was getting tail after coffee? The top slid off when you turned it to examine it further, and after struggling to catch it, you found that the box wasn't the only gift.

Your fingers landed lightly on the little rose bud, seemingly carved of a luminescent crystal. It was smooth, and pulsed softly with magical energy. And it was beautiful, oh, so beautiful, and you wondered how Hunter knew exactly what you wanted to see.

You slid the open box onto the bedside table and grabbed your phone, hoping to get a thank you message across before you were overcome with sleepiness again.

You: Hey. The gift is really great.

You: Take a raincheck on those dinner reservations? Maybe sometime after New Year's?

He replied quickly.

Dickhead: you got it, doe. i'll hold ya to it.

You: You didn't even pun. Proud of you :D

Dickhead: hey, it's no -joking- matter ;)

You: nvm my pride is gone. Lost forever. Enjoy your reservations for one before you have to return to your cage

Dickhead: if you keep talkin' dirty like that i will enjoy it a little too much ;)

You really meant to reply but your eyelids were so heavy, still sore from crying. You didn't even put your phone back on the bedside table, but instead drew it to your breast as you snuggled into the pillows.

Just in case.

So beautiful.

Those were the only words Red could think as he checked on you that night, watching the moonlight pour through the window over your sleeping form.

He brushed his fingers over your cheek, pushing your hair back so he could see the disgruntled little face you made as you snuffled, digging deeper into your pillow. He had to keep from laughing as you swatted his hand away sleepily, not waking in the slightest. He leaned down to kiss your head gently.

“i think i love you as you are after all, kitten.”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter ended up so sweet.

A Dream is a Wish Your Heart Makes

Chapter Summary

> You're sick, body wracked with pain from the turmoil in your soul.
> ...
> ...
> Who are you? What is real?
> ...
> ...
> You forgot. You're a high school student with a skeleton for a best friend. Of course. Of...Of course...

Chapter Notes

> This was kind of a whim, since I've always done so much angst with Stretch. I wanted to do fluff, but I also wanted to do this lol. So it goes together.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Miss y/n? Are you awake? I need you to respond if you understand my words.”

You groaned. Who the hell was talking to you when you felt like dog poo?

A skeletal hand pressed against your forehead, and you sighed in relief as the cool bones met your skin. Why were you so warm?

“how’s it look, green?” Sans’ voice drifted over to you, muffled and upset. You wanted him to come closer, but all you could manage was to make a snuffling noise and slide your hand towards the edge.

Wow, lucky for you he was very observant. His hand was on yours in an instant, and you could feel the pleasant hum you’d come to recognize as his soul.

“She’s in distress. The fever is caused by soul sickness. Lucky you called me instead of a human doctor, they’d have no idea what to do. Miss y/n,” The other hand returned to your brow, and you cracked an eye open.

Green and Sans were almost uncomfortably close, gazing at you with concern etched across their souls. They were blurry, or the room was spinning, or...you didn’t know which it was, actually.

“Mmm...waz goin’ on?” You slurred, still tired beyond belief.

Green smiled. You couldn't help but smile lazily back at him. "There you are. That's good. You just have a little soul sickness, nothing to worry about. Go back to sleep."

You obediently shut your eyes again, squeezing Sans' hand for a moment before sleep washed over you again.

"so what does she need?" Sans said again, keeping his voice low. He didn't release your hand, despite the fact that you fell asleep so fast. He struggled to keep the concern out of his voice--your fever was really high when he'd come in to see why you hadn't come down for breakfast this morning. He'd almost taken you to the hospital, but he thought about the clinical setting, the lab coats, the medical tools...probably cause you to panic rather than help. So he'd called Green, and G had teleported them both over as fast as possible, along with Sierra, who was hovering just outside the door, wringing her hands with worry.

"Lots of rest. And people checking on her constantly. G and I will stay so I can monitor her until the fever passes...I hope I'm not intruding on your Christmas?"

"nah, you guys and sierra are always welcome." He glanced over at you again, feeling you squeeze his hand in your sleep briefly. He had given G and Green a brief rundown of what you'd told them, as explanation for your distress. He really wasn't looking forward to your reaction when you got better and learned that he'd spilled your secrets, but...well, he supposed Green and G were better than some random human doctor. "you think this is about her comin' clean about her past?"

"It would be the best explanation. She is struggling with her trauma, and for the first time with her soul released. The only thing to do is just care for her as best we can and let her soul sort itself out." Green stood slowly, giving you one last concerned look. "Until she improves I think it's best someone is here at all ti--"

"i'll do it."

They both jumped at Stretch's sudden appearance behind them, signature cigarette thankfully nowhere to be seen, hands clasped behind his back. Despite knowing and obviously trusting the tall skeleton, Sans found a surge of protective jealousy rising in his chest.

"that's ok, stretch, i'll stay with her." He said, levelling what he hoped was a composed gaze on him. Stretch patted his shoulder reassuringly.

"hey, she'll be alright with me. and you need to be in the workshop with red setting up failsafe measures today...that can't really wait."

After a long moment of staring, Stretch was relieved to see Sans release a sigh. He mumbled something Stretch didn't quite catch, squeezed your hand, and left with Green without any more conflict.

He kneeled by your bed, pressing his hand to your forehead, only to recoil with a hiss. Stars, you were really burning up. Is it really okay to just...leave you up here? Then again, he did trust Green's medical judgement. He watched you shiver and pull the blankets closer. Your face contorted with discomfort, loneliness...and…

"aw, hell." He swore quietly, pulling his sweater over his head and tossing it on the floor. He was in the bed with you in a flash, pulling you to his chest, tucking himself under your blankets. "probably could use some cuddles anyway, huh, doll?"

You sighed and returned the embrace immediately, and he couldn't help the smile that etched it's way onto his skull as he clutched you tight.

"Mmm…" You pressed your forehead to his exposed clavicle, and for a second he was rigid, waiting...but when you didn't move, he relaxed, threading his phalanges through your hair tenderly.

His memories of the other timelines were fuzzy, as always. Knowing who you were and hearing your story...it had brought back some things, memories of the you he knew, the you he loved before. He could see it in the faces of his counterparts, the way this knowledge had confused them, and he wasn't immune to that conflict. He didn't think it was fair that they all were supposedly only drawn to you because of slivers of souls that aren't yours, and it didn't help that you probably knew it.

Do you have conflict about it, too?

Do you wonder if they love you? Do you worry that they don't? Have you ever laid awake at night worried that they might sacrifice you to right the universes? Have you ever cried because you didn't know why you felt the way you do? So many souls searching for their match, and they're all right here, yet just out of reach. He can't imagine the sheer volume of the white noise caused by these soul shards.

"you've been so good, so brave…" He murmured against your hair. "i'm so sorry you had to be this way. it's so unfair. but you…"

you've never let it stop you.

It was so quiet here. So warm. A soft orange enveloped you, and you felt safe. Encouraged.

It was so familiar, the orange that surrounded you. You remember...the smell of smoke and honey...bourbon…

Oh. The name escapes you but he's sincere and relaxed, and jealous, so easily jealous. He kisses like he needs you to live, every touch so desperate even though he tries not to make it seem so...and he's holding you and he's worried about you and he's keeping you warm and you

Just….

Feel….

So….

Loved.

A loud noise woke you with a start, and you shrieked as your head flew off the desk. The twittering laughter of your classmates proved to you that it was just the school bell.

You sighed, sinking into your chair and trying desperately to remember the dream you just had. It had been a long one, a whole lifetime. Pain, sorrow, and joy...ugh. No use. Only bits and pieces.

"have a good nap there, sleeping beauty?" A familiar drawl came from behind you, and you turned to level a glare on your best friend as he laughed unabashedly at your embarrassment.

“Gee, thanks for waking me and saving me the humiliation, Stretch.” You sneered with false venom. He was sitting on the desk behind you, wearing his orange sweater like always. You supposed he must have ducked out early to change out of his school uniform. He made a funny face.

“stretch? you’ve never called me that before. is that a new nickname? ‘cause you know you’re bad at those.”

You paused halfway through shoving your books into your school bag to consider this. Hmm...you hadn’t meant to call him Stretch. Where *had* that come from? That dream you just had? You shook your head, standing and throwing your bag over your shoulder.

“Whatever, *Papyrus.* You know, you’re going to have to let me nickname you someday.”

“hmmm...maybe you can call me honey when that day comes~” He teased, and you felt your face get warm as he hopped down from the desk. Well, more like stepped. He didn’t need to hop since he was so tall. He put his hands in his hoodie pocket and bumped your shoulder. “c’mon, doll, let’s get outta here before *they* volunteer us for something.”

You glanced over at the group of girls he was referencing, the ones that always stayed after school to work on...something. You’d been roped into their shit more than once and you still had no idea what was up.

“Don’t they ever go home?” You muttered to your skeletal friend as you hustled out of the classroom. He didn’t need to do much to keep up with your strides, as usual.

The walk home was the same as every day, and as you went you found any semblance of the dream fading from your mind. It was just a dream, of course there weren’t dozens of skeletons like Papyrus and Sans that all wanted to jump your bones. How stupid.

You could feel the tension building in Papyrus’ shoulders as you approached your apartment building. Your father had beef with him. Father was a renowned scientist, something about sustainable energy, and when the barrier had fallen, all his work was suddenly outdated by the magitechnolgy the monsters brought. It had triggered some pretty unhealthy racism in your easily-angered father, and when you’d befriended one of the monsters last year, he’d nearly killed him when he caught him walking you home. Yeah. Didn’t like monsters. To be fair, though, he didn’t like you much, either.

You punched Papyrus’ shoulder weakly, smiling up at him as he stumbled dramatically.

“Hey, don’t be so tense. He’s on a business trip, a long one. Won’t be home for two months.”

“he left you alone for two whole months?” He said, turning his surprised gaze on you. You noticed the tension melt knowing your monsterphobe dad wouldn’t try to chase him down the street with a bat this time. “doesn’t that mean he’ll miss your graduation? also, isn’t that, like, child abandonment? or something?”

You shrugged in response.

“I’m 18. I’m almost done with high school. Hey, you are, too, dummy. We’re adults up here.”

“yeah, two adults with an apartment to ourselves!” He said, a mischievous grin forming on his face. He grabbed you by the wrist, pulling you towards your apartment building with newfound excitement, babbling about ‘cleaning all his bones with your dad’s toothbrush because fuck that guy’ (you disagreed, but only slightly) and ‘having a three day movie binge this weekend’.

Two hours later and the two of you were sprawled out on the couch watching reruns of Family Guy, eating ice cream straight from the cartons. You couldn’t help but feel at home here, with him. He was laying lazily back over the armrest, content to have your feet across his lap. His eyesockets had been closed for the last half hour or so, but you weren’t sure he was sleeping.

“peter is literally the worst. why does lois stay with this idiot?” He chuckled, not bothering to open his eyes. Nope, not asleep.

“Because she’s an awful person and she needs someone to make her look good.” You said around a spoonful of cookie dough ice cream.

“s’at why you keep me around?” He teased, expertly blocking the pillow you launched at him in response.

“No! I keep you around because….uhm…” Because you love him, obviously. Hmm...have you always? You just knew, right now. His eyesockets clicked open and he was eyeing you curiously. “I keep you around because you’re a doofus, and you make me look mature and sophisticated.”

“dually noted. you’re just using me, i get it.” He threw his hand over his forehead dramatically. “please, don’t worry yourself with this bag o’ bones.”

“Shut up and order pizza, dingus.”

The next month was heaven. Papyrus spent almost all his time at your place, leaving only for school and at the end of the night when you both were tired. You wished he would stay, because the empty house is just...depressing.

“God, do you have to leave?” You finally whined one Friday night, as he straightened himself from tying his shoes.

“hmm? what, you wanna sleep with me, doll?” he joked, leaning down to grab his bag.

“As if, loser!” You stuck your tongue out at him and then immediately clapped a hand over your mouth as his hand darted out to try to catch it. He always pinched your tongue when you stuck it out.

“s’too bad, i wanted to sleep with you.” His smirk was such an enigma, you couldn’t tell if he was joking or not. Your face grew hot as you thought of the implications of him staying over, and he laughed. “just kidding, jeez. don’t look so distraught. m’startin’ to think you don’t like me.”

“Shut up! I just hate being all alone in this empty apartment, that’s all. It feels weird, and it’s scary sometimes. You know there was a robbery two doors down last night?”

He paused in the process of shouldering his bag, staring at you. “...really?”

“Yeah, they took all their valuables and spray-painted the mirrors.” You said, recalling your ghost-white neighbor as she sobbed into your arms this morning. “Melinda was really upset about it. Said she hid in the closet and called 911.”

He stood stock-still for a moment, and then dropped his bag, toeing his sneakers off as he pulled his phone out. After tapping away for a moment, he tossed it on the table and sauntered back over to you.

“sans will be here to bring us dinner. shitty horror movie marathon?”

Turns out dinner was not Sans’ only prerogative. When the little ball of energy arrived at your door, he held an armful of...devices. Apparently they were teeny tiny magical sensors, sensors that would alert him, Papyrus, and their father, Gaster, if anyone came through the door that wasn’t supposed to. Speaking of Gaster, he was not far behind his eldest son (wait, was he older? You distinctly remember Sans being...younger) armed with enough food to cook for the royal family.

You thought they’d stick around, but once Gaster was finished cooking, he kissed both of his sons affectionately (earning a grumble from your best friend) and practically flew out the door. Sans took a little bit longer, teaching you what to do if you sense a threat the sensors didn’t pick up.

“KEEP THIS SWITCH ON YOU! HERE, I’LL PUT IT ON YOUR PHONE...THERE! NOW IF YOU NEED ME OR PAPY, WE’LL KNOW!” He smiled up at you with adoration, and a little bit of pride. He was just so adorable!

“Aww, thanks, Blueberry. That’s really helpful.” He gave you a quizzical look and you felt yourself flush. “Oh, uh, I means Sans. Sorry, I don’t know where that nickname came from.”

He smiled again. “DO NOT WORRY, HUMAN! I KIND OF LIKED IT! THE MAGNIFICENT BLUEBERRY HAS A RING TO IT!”

He gave you a big squeeze and practically pranced to the door, stopping only to pull his brother down by the hoodie and hiss something at him seriously. You couldn’t make out the words, but the taller skeleton looked amused.

“jeez, bro, whaddya think i am? an animal?” Papyrus responded, barely audible.

“YES.” Sans sighed in response. And with that exchange, he was off, and Papyrus closed the door behind him.

“scoot,” he said, kicking your shin so you’d scoot over on the couch. You groaned and flopped down instead.

“No. You can’t make me.”

“oh, no whatever will i do…” He drawled, and with a flick of his wrist, you felt his magic toss you to the other side of the couch. You squeaked as you flew, trying to keep your uniform skirt in place. No such luck. You landed face-first into the pillows, skirt flipped up and ass in the air. At least you’d worn cute, lacy panties today instead of gross ones.

You shook your head, flushing bright crimson as you pushed yourself up on your hands, quickly fixing your skirt. You chanced a glance back at him, and he was looking anywhere but you, a fierce

orange blush dusting his face as he quickly started fiddling with the remote.

“s-so, should we start with friday the 13th?” He said, not mentioning your panty-flashing at all.

“S-sure.” You said, trying to scrub your blush away. Oh, God, it was going to be a long night.

Hours later, when you fell asleep on the couch, you barely felt it when he gathered you in his arms and carried you to bed.

Two more weeks passed, and Papyrus spent every night at your house. As the days went by, you started to feel like living with him was normal, familiar. You were used to curling up on the couch to read with him, for some reason. And somehow you knew what his favorite breakfast was, and the time of day he always gets hungry. He became more cuddly, and you readily accepted it, eager to feel his touch even if it was only ever meant to be platonic.

“Hey, I have a weird question,” You said one evening, as you lay on the couch with him curled against your back, his arms around your waist. SNL was playing in the background.

“mmm?” he hummed curiously.

“I remember, pretty clearly, a trip to a beach house.” You said. “And you said something that made me mad, and I didn’t talk to you for, like, the whole day.”

“sounds awful. think i’d remember that.”

“You don’t?”

“nah. sure you weren’t dreamin’?”

“Hmm...maybe.” You said. “But it seems so clear, like a memory, like the memory of you and I watching movies last night. That clear.”

“you sayin’ it’s easy to imagine being mad at me, doll?”

“No, no...but it wasn’t just that. It wasn’t just a regular friend fight. It was...more than that, like there was something between us. And you kissed me. A lot.”

“hmmm i take it back, sounds like a great dream.”

“What, you wanna smooch me, bonehead?” You giggled, elbowing him.

He didn’t respond, so you turned your gaze on him curiously. He was looking at you as if trying to decide his words very carefully.

“Oh my God.” You said, realization dawning on you. “Oh my God, you do, you do wanna smooch me!”

He flushed a bright orange immediately, stuttering. “a-and what’s so bad about th-that? you’re p-pretty cool, you know! it’s not like it means...stop looking at me like that.”

“Shut up, I’ll look at you how I want!” You scolded. Oh, God, it was still processing. He released you, trying to cover his blush as he scrambled to move out from between you and the back of the

couch.

“look, it’s not like you have to kiss me, it’s just curiosity, y’know? you’re my best friend, and i care about you, and that’s normal, and--”

“You have a tux still, from your friends’ wedding a few months ago?” You interrupted. He stopped mid-sentence and stared at you over his hand. Slowly, he nodded. “Go home tonight. Be wearing it for when I pick you up at 5 tomorrow, okay?”

“isn’t tomorrow…” he started, and then he shut his jaw, hand falling into his lap. “prom. you wanna go to prom.”

“Gotta problem going with me?” You asked, half-teasing and half-concerned. Wow, up until now, you'd only ever seen him smirk or grin mischievously. But the look on his face as it melted from awe to an easy smile...oh, you were pretty sure you were melting.

“no, but i gotta problem with waiting for you to pick me up. i’ll be here to get *you* at 5.”

For once he wasn’t late.

He rolled up in a sweet orange muscle car(a 1967 Pontiac Judge GTO, to be precise), where you were waiting on the front steps with your neighbor, Melinda. She had insisted on helping you get ready, and so here you were, in the orange dress you’d hastily bought this morning, with entirely too much makeup on and way too much hairspray in your hair.

“orange is a nice touch,” he practically purred when you got in, and you blushed as he brought your hand to bump against his teeth in a sweet kiss. He gave you a nervous smile, and you were off.

You heart was pounding the entire ride there, and at dinner, and when you stepped into the room where all your classmates were. Several people were whispering and pointing at you two, but your heartbeat was far too loud in your own ears to care. This was really happening. You were here, with Papyrus, together...and he wanted to smooch you. *Oh my God*.

It was perfect, like a dream. You and him, dancing in the low light, lost in each other’s embrace as he dipped down to kiss you gently, to whisper how happy he was to have you, to kiss you again, and again, and again, as you swayed to the music.

My beautiful woman

That wasn’t the song that was just playing...was it? How long had you been lost in his eyes?

“will you stay with me?” he murmured against your lips as he held you close.

“What do you mean?”

“i mean...will you be mine? and stay here, with me?”

Here didn't mean the prom, you realized suddenly. You pulled away, sorrow catching your words in your throat. That dream from before, that memory of him...those were real.

This...this was not.

"It's not real, is it?" You asked finally, and he shook his head silently. "But…" you spread your fingers across his chest. The tux was gone, replaced by his usual sweatshirt. The dance was gone, replaced by your apartment, but it was in disarray, lopsided, almost melting. Falling apart. "But you're right here, I can *feel* you."

He grasped your arms, leaning in to kiss your forehead.

"if you stay, we can be together, like this. this world will be just as real, we can grow old together, play games, watch movies. have kids. you'll live a full life in this space, with all of us."

You wanted it, obviously. You wanted that life with him. You opened your mouth to say 'yes, God yes, how could there be any other answer' but no words came out. You couldn't help but feel like something was missing. What was it…

It snapped. The guys. Everyone. Sans, Papyrus, Red, Edge, the real Blue...the real Stretch, holding you close as you shivered from fever. You can't stay here, they need you. You can't leave them, you can't. Oh, God, what if they're…?

"yes, they're all there. they're fine." You snapped your attention back up to his face, and that smile...that knowing smile spread across his skull.

"Papyrus, I can't…"

"i know. i know you. i was made for you." He waved a hand, opening a portal near the half-melted TV. "you need to hurry, then. this will bring you through your memories, and back to the surface."

"But what will...?"

"happen to me?" He chuckled as he swooped down for another kiss. You feverishly accepted, tears spilling out of your eyes as you knew you loved this...whatever he was. You loved him so much right now, and you poured that feeling into the kiss as he moaned against your lips. When you finally parted, he looked at you like he was losing the dearest thing in the world. "i'll be in your dreams sometimes, where i can love you to your heart's content, forever. but now...now you need to go."

And he pushed you into the portal, smiling as tears rolled down his cheekbones as you flew away into blackness, reaching out for...for...for something…

What were you reaching for?

Wasn't somebody there a minute ago?

Somebody important?

Somebody you loved?

" **i mADe Him sO CarEFullY, ToO.** "

Glitch.

Flash.

A skeleton. Made of blackness, made of color...everything at once and yet nothing at all. His eyes held all the answers, all the questions. His hands burned as they touched your face, his teeth inches from you ear as he whispered to you.

“ **yOu ShhhOUld HaVE StaYEd…** ”

Then…

Silence…

Darkness…

And…

You....

You woke up.

Chapter End Notes

It ended up pretty intense, actually!
I really like how it turned out, showing her conflict through that dream world. It's indicative of her conscious choice to face the pain rather than run away.

Love is Simply Joy That I am Home

Chapter Summary

When you wake, you're feeling the ache of loss. Stretch is there to comfort you, and you wouldn't wish it to be anyone else.

Chapter Notes

Hey Guys!
Sorry this took so long to get out, I wanted it to be perfect!
You guys literally make my day when you draw for me, it makes me so happy :')
The title of this chapter came from the song Love is Christmas by Sara Bareilles
Get ready for some Stretch love <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stretch didn't leave your side the whole time you were sick. Not even to eat. Not even for honey. Not even to smoke.

After the first 24 hours, he was starting to worry. Blue brought him food, and you couldn't be roused even to eat. Green assured him this was normal, and that your body was in stasis as your soul worked itself out. He left a box of crackers on the night stand for when you woke, just in case.

The others filtered in and out to check in every now and then, but for some reason, everyone seemed to understand that your soul was looking for *his* comfort right now. Even if it pissed them off.

So he stayed.

He watched Netflix, he cradled you to his chest, he whispered encouraging words to you, and light-hearted quips about the shows.

"lookit this idiot. when you wake, i'll have to ask you why lois stays with peter."

"do you think we're more like ross and rachel or monica and chandler?"

"you're doing really good, doll, you feel cooler already. don't give up."

Finally, in the wee hours of the second night, he gave in to exhaustion, curling himself around you. He'd never leave, he'd never give up. It wasn't even about his version of you, from his world. It was about you. Stars, he loved you so much.

“don’t give up on me,” he muttered against your hair. “please. i’ll just...i won’t be able to go on. we all love you so much….i do. i love you.”

He watched the clock strike 12.

“merry christmas, doll.”

At first when you woke, you were terribly confused. Everything was such a jumble...a dance, a school, an apartment you no longer recognized. Months. Months? You’d been asleep for months, it felt like that.

You were sweating through the lavendar short-sleeved nightgown you were wearing, and something was pinning you down.

An arm.

Stretch.

Happiness welled in your chest for a brief moment, thinking you’d stayed after all, as you remembered the other world...only to be crushed by reality seconds later. No, you’d left. He’d expected you to, encouraged it even. He was real, as real as could be, but that world wasn’t.

The tears sprang up unexpectedly as you remembered the other world. It had all *felt* so real, that Stretch, that Blue, dancing in the low light, kissing, promises of a life together, and oh, God, you were wracked with guilt. You let him go before, you let him down, and now here he was. Had he been here the whole time? Sleeping peacefully by your side? The steady hum of his soul resonated as you turned in his grasp, seeing it flicker inside his ribcage, happy, dancing. Your own chest felt warm, and…

Oh.

Oh God.

You remembered everything.

Not just everything about Stretch, but everything you’d forgotten. Kissing Edge in the car, getting jealous over Stretch and Red, Sans, oh God, Sans, crying, screaming, fighting for your soul…

And Stretch. His need to be touched. His need to be loved. His desperation, his search for validation, the way he feels he’s inadequate, and so much like the Papyrus you loved wherever you just were. The same.

The way he told you he loved you before he fell asleep, thinking you couldn’t hear him. Well, maybe that was the dream, you can’t quite tell.

What you did know is that you needed to touch him.

Stretch was startled out of sleep when he felt someone pushing on his shoulders, and he almost pushed you off before he realized who it was.

“Mmm...wha...doll...jeez, thought you were blue tryin’ to pry me away from you again. you’re…”

“I’m awake, yeah,” You said sweetly. As he tried to get up, you pushed him back down against the pillows. You settled for laying across his chest, which he was definitely okay with, and he brought a hand up to rub your shoulder, the other one lacing with your fingers. “Seems my memory woke up, too...How long was I asleep?”

“uh, two days? It’s christmas morning.” he squinted at the clock. It was only an hour after he’d fallen asleep. 1:00 am. “hmmf. barely.”

“Felt like months.” You said quietly. He snorted quietly. He knew the feeling.

“felt like that for me, too. you worried me.”

“This is...the world with…” You couldn’t quite say the words, but he knew what you were asking. You must have peered into all the worlds while you were asleep.

“everyone. yeah, this is the one.”

You actually seemed to deflate a little at that confirmation, leaving him wondering exactly what you’d seen while you were asleep. From the way you were holding him, as if he’d slip away from you any second, it probably hadn’t ended well. You laid your head on his chest, and he laid his head back in the pillows again. He had to say, having you return his sleepy embrace was pretty amazing. He felt warm and fuzzy as his sockets slid closed, and he was almost asleep when you spoke again.

“Pap--uhm...Stretch?”

“mmm?”

“I’m gonna say something kinda strange. Don’t laugh, okay?”

“mmm...okay.”

“...I promise I won’t leave this time. I’ll never leave you again.”

He cracked open one socket to regard you with interest. He'd never think a statement like that to be strange, not coming from you. Really, what *had* you seen while sleeping? You were looking at him like he’d risen from the dead. He sighed, adjusting to cuddle you close, arms wrapped lazily around you, and nuzzling your head affectionately.

“promises are a dangerous thing, doll. but if you really promise, then i’ll believe you.”

Your sleep was so fitful that the two of you woke up again after only an hour or so.

“can’t sleep?” Stretch asked lazily, pulling you against him as he roused from his slumber. He sighed quietly, and it was obvious that he was content to stay with you here.

“Probably slept enough, to be honest,” you pointed out, squeezing him back.

“fair point. wanna get up?”

“Please. I’m really fucking hungry.”

He chuckled, rolling back and producing a box of wheat thins. “green thought you might be when you woke, so he left these here for you.”

He sat up, dragging you into his lap so you could rest against his sternum. He gently placed his chin on the top of your head, and you sat together eating crackers in the quiet of the morning.

It felt nice. Even though this wasn’t the world with just you and him, at least for now you can pretend it was. His arms around your waist, so familiar and comforting...the smell of honey and smoke that always wafted from him...you hoped it would be a while before the others woke up to enjoy their christmas morning.

You gasped loudly, surprising Stretch and making him knock his head against the wall.

“what the--”

“Presents! I forgot to wrap them! I didn’t expect to be taking a two-day snooze!” You turned to regard his confused gaze behind you. “How long do you think we have until Papyrus and Blue wake everyone up for Christmas morning?”

“oh, uhm...about two...maybe three hours?”

“Shit. Help me wrap?”

You crawled out of his grasp and hobbled over to the pile of shopping bags in the corner. He rose from the bed slowly, closing up the abandoned cracker box and placing it back on the bedside table.

“if i help you, won’t i see what you got me?” he asked, amusement playing in his voice.

What you...your hands landed on the soft fabric of his gifts, and you felt your face heat up as you remembered what you’d gotten him. You steeled yourself, pulling the bag from the pile and turning towards him nervously.

“W-well...it’s probably better for you to have it now, instead of opening it in front of the others, anyway. And it’s technically Christmas, right?”

“that it is.” He held his hand out for the bag, but you hesitated.

“Uhm…”

“something the matter?” He asked, quirking his socket up in a raised-eyebrow movement.

“Well...do you remember...when I first lost my memory, and I was dealing with all that soul stuff and...and I was…”

“all hot and bothered all the time?” he chuckled. You flushed red and buried your face behind the bag, holding it out to him before you could change your mind.

“I...ordered these during that time. I considered sending them back, but...well, they suit you, as embarrassing as it is.”

He took the bag and plopped down on the floor, smirking like he’d won the lottery.

“sounds hilarious. can’t wait to see.”

You pulled the other bags and the wrapping paper out quickly, hoping to distract yourself. From the corner of your eye, you watched him draw the custom sweatshirts from the bag, and his sockets flashed with amusement.

“oh my stars,” he chuckled. He held the first one up against his chest. It was orange with black sleeves and a black hood. The laughter in his voice was almost torture as he read the custom print on the front. “heh. ‘I fuck so good even the neighbors have a cigarette’. i don’t think i’ve heard that one before.”

“I made it up,” you admitted, pulling the first bag into your lap.

“you know what, i’m a little chilly. think i’ll wear this one today.” He teased, and pulled the second one over his head. This one was the opposite of the last one, with a black body and orange sleeves and hood.

You gasped. “You can’t wear it to Christmas morning!”

“but then how will people know that…” He pulled the sweater from his chest slightly to read the slogan. “ ‘Sex isn’t the answer, sex is the question. Yes is the answer.’ heh, another good one. definitely wearing it.”

You groaned, burying your face behind the orange knit sweater you’d bought for Papyrus. Stretch laughed a little louder, even allowing a light “nyeh” to escape his teeth before he tugged the sweater from your hands.

“let’s get to wrapping. papyrus?”

“...Yeah.”

He didn’t take the sweatshirt off, and in fact he referenced it often, and reeled off a list of alternate slogans he’d like to have sweatshirts of “for next time, heh.” Finally, after about an hour of wrapping and sexual puns, you sighed, peeling the sticker back off of a bow.

“Here,” you said, popping it onto his skull. “If you’re going to be such a *card* , you might as well be a present!”

He dropped the present he had just wrapped, a smirk growing on his face. He captured your wrist, pulling you easily into his lap.

“well, then, why don’t you unwrap your present, doll~?” His hands planted firmly on your waist, and he chuckled at your blush. He couldn’t know how this made you feel, he had no idea. Being so close to him, with him asking you to unwrap him like it was such an innocent, playful request. And normally...normally it would be. But you were still feeling the loss of the Papyrus from the other world, the exact replica of the Stretch you knew. Still feeling the frustration of losing him when you were so close to the happy ending you were certain you’d never have.

If you’d stayed, he’d promised you an entire life together. But you chose to leave, and your time was running out here.

Your hands traveled up his chest, over his shoulders, along his neck, and landed gently on his cheekbones.

“How long do we have now?” you asked quietly, and his sockets widened as his skull lit up a fierce orange.

“an hour. er, maybe two.” His hands tightened on your waist.

“Then...for an hour or two…” You said, leaning in, lips brushing against his teeth. “Can I...pretend you’re mine?”

“oh, doll…” He breathed, a look of disbelief fading into soft admiration. “you don’t need to pretend. i’ve...always been yours.”

His hand on the small of your back spurred you to lean in closer, and he kissed you, and you kissed him, and you thought of the life you could have had with him. You had those months together to learn about him, and you knew it was all true--his father, his brother, the world he grew up in, the way he looked at you, the way he joked with you. It all rang true with this one, as if it was just an alternate universe you'd peeked into. You knew it wasn’t as simple as you and him, not here, and that when everyone woke in the morning, you’d probably feel guilty for favoring him so heavily in this moment. Hell, you felt guilty right now, knowing that his feelings for you were so strong, so true...and you’d be gone in a year, maybe less, leaving him heartbroken. Leaving them all heartbroken.

And how you knew they would still love you, even after you were gone.

“y/n...wh..why are you crying? did i...did i do something wrong?” Stretch murmured against your lips, and his hand came up to wipe away a tear. “i’m sorry...i thought...i thought you wanted me to kiss you…”

“I did! Oh, I...I do. I’m sorry. I just...got lost in the feeling. I’ve never felt so...cared for. You guys...you make me so happy, and I just can’t...I don’t deserve any of it.”

Oh, God, you felt like such a mess. You leaned back slightly, bringing your hands to your face to wipe at the fat tears rolling down your cheeks. Here you were, wallowing in self-pity, and the guys had taken your life story in stride. Stretch had stayed in bed with you for two whole days, waiting patiently for you to wake up so he could tell you everything was going to be okay.

He reached up to pull your hands from your face, and gently kissed the tears on your cheeks, his tongue lightly lapping them away. It was a sweet, intimate gesture, and you whimpered, melting into him.

“it’s alright to be needy,” he muttered, his fingers lacing with yours as he regarded you with a serious face. “you taught me that. and you deserve every ounce of love we give you, so stop lying to yourself...do you need me to say it out loud?”

“Stretch…”

“because i will.” He said firmly, bringing your hands to cup his face, leaning into your palms.

“I don’t want to make you say something you’ll regret.”

“how could i regret it?” He said with a short, manic chuckle. “doll, believe me when i say i will never regret telling you how i feel.”

Before you could respond, he was kissing you again, and you sighed against his mouth, and the tears just kept coming as he made his confession. You suspected his feelings for a long time, and knew in your heart that one day this confession would come, and not just from him. But that didn't mean you were prepared to hear it.

"i love you, y/n." He said quietly, and your choked sob was his only response. Nobody had ever said that to you, not in your entire life. Not like that. He knew that, you could tell from the way he gently held your face, thumbs wiping the tears as they fell. He adjusted himself, resting his forehead against yours. "since the first moment i saw you standing in the door of that motel room, since the first time you drew me to your breast in the middle of the night to comfort me, although your hurt outweighs mine by a million tons. you never give up on us, even though we are possessive, and jealous, and overprotective. you are beautiful, and strong, and you went through so much just to be here, and be our morning light."

His hand worked its way into your hair, and the touch felt so natural, so beyond the life you'd already shared together.

"you don't have to say it back. you don't even have to accept it. but it's there, no matter how hard i tried to ignore it, and you deserve it. don't let your past get in the way of receiving the love you've earned. your father is not your god, he doesn't control you, he doesn't control me, or the others. you are *safe* in our house. you are safe in *my arms* ." He sighed, running his free hand down your back, gently yet firmly holding your trembling form still. He could feel your scars through the thin fabric of your nightgown. "i've almost lost you three times. twice to these scars you hold on your skin and in your heart, and once to my own stupidity. i'm not holding back any longer, because i might not get another chance. i love you, and i will protect you with my life. you belong here."

He hated seeing you cry, but to know that these were cleansing tears...it made it easier. With every sob, every tear, you released a little bit more of the notion that you were unlovable, he could feel it. The hum of your soul resonated so strongly with his that for a split second he considered bonding with you(which would be messy and unwise, so he cursed himself at the thought).

Instead, he simply held you close, allowing you to cry on his new sweatshirt as he rubbed your back slowly. You wouldn't say it back, he knew that, but how could you? His wasn't the only soul yours resonated with. It couldn't be, not being made the way it was. He could feel, amongst the gentle hum of satisfaction, conflict in your soul. Somewhere in there, you did love him. But you also loved Sans, and Red, and Hunter, and probably many more. He didn't blame you, obviously.

You finally pushed away from his shoulder, and he thought you might speak, but you couldn't find the words, so instead he found you kissing him again, sweet and firm, determined. He tried to separate you from him after a moment, wanting to be very clear with you.

"please, don't do anything you'll regret."

"I'd never regret showing you how I feel." You whispered, echoing his words back to him. And he couldn't argue with that, so he hitched your thighs up on his femurs and wrapped his arms around your waist, holding you flush against him as he returned your kiss, pouring all his love and affection for you into it, trying to memorize this exact moment. Your hands found their places on his skull and neck, and he could feel your heart hammering in your chest, like a bird begging to be free. He couldn't believe that just ten minutes ago you'd been across the room, wrapping presents without an inkling how he felt.

It was intoxicating.

Your smell, your skin, the way you held onto him like he was your lifeline. It was your turn to allow yourself to be needy, to be desperate, to beg for affection, and he was giving it all to you, no, he wouldn't hold back. Not this time.

Your nightgown offered no resistance as he slid his hands up your thighs, slowly, as if not to startle you. You sighed at the movement, a question in itself, and your hands left his skull as he dipped down to nip at your neck when you nodded almost imperceptibly.

If he had a heart, it would be beating out of his chest. He'd seen you in this nightgown for the past two days, and not thought twice, but suddenly it was the sexiest thing he'd ever seen you wear.

His hands twitched as yours curled around his shoulders, as he brushed his fingers over your hips, feeling the soft fabric of your panties. This was really happening, he was going to show you how much he loved you, and *fuck* . You were going to let him.

You didn't think about it, you had just nodded. You needed this, he needed this, you needed each other in this moment more than anything. This went beyond your feelings for the Papyrus in your dream, and beyond your feelings for Stretch as you knew him. You didn't know exactly where the feeling came from, but...it just felt right. He hooked his fingers into your panties slowly, and you were wondering how he'd get them off without you standing up, and then suddenly they were gone, and he chuckled at your face as he held them up for you to see. Teleportation magic, used for nefarious purposes once more.

"think i'll keep these as a memento," he teased, slipping them into his hoodie pocket and eliciting a bemused eye roll from you. Then the lewd look on his face once again melted into a look of adoration. His hand slipped up your nightgown slightly once more, his breath stilled in anticipation, and your own breath hitched in response. "y/n…can i…"

"PAPY! I KNOW YOU ARE WITH Y/N BUT SURELY YOU WILL JOIN US 'CAUSE IT'S *CHRISTMAS* !"

Stretch all but threw you across the room as his brother burst through the door, still in his pajamas and brandishing a huge present over his head with stars in his eyes.

You squeaked as you skidded into the pile of presents, pulling your nightgown down hastily as you tried to sit up before he could process what he'd walked in on. Stretch was already on his feet, orange glow threatening to swallow his skull as he quickly moved across the room towards his brother.

"h-hey, bro! you're just in time, look who's awake! and her memories are back, too, isn't that great?"

Blue peered curiously around his brother's frame and shot you a huge smile.

"OH MY GOODNESS! I'LL GO WAKE THE OTHERS! IT'S A CHRISTMAS MIRACLE!"

He paused, and then shot into the room to tackle you into a huge hug, planting a big skelekiss on your cheek, and then bounced back out of the room happily.

As he closed the door behind his enthusiastic sibling, Stretch's shoulders slumped and he let out a sigh. He turned to you and you exchanged nervous smiles. You knew it, he knew it.

Moment.

Ruined.

Chapter End Notes

FUCKING COCKBLOCKING SKELETONS
Who can stay mad at Blue, though?
I don't know why I'm always compelled to write intense love scenes for Stretch. My chapter in SSiH was basically this lol. Is it cheating to use the same bomb in two stories?
In any case, Stretch is officially the first confession!

Days of Christmas Past

Chapter Summary

Before heading down for Christmas, you reflect on the past Christmases you've had.

Chapter Notes

I'd like to thank you all for being so patient, I've actually had this written for a while but I wanted to perfect it. There is a bit of serious backstory here, and it really sets up for future chapters, so I wanted it to be perfect <3
Check out my tumblr for some amazing fanart, including a cover for this story made by the amazing rydzia!
150 bookmarks and over 1200 kudos...oh my goodness, you guys are way amazing. I love you guys so much!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

~Christmas Day, 16 years old~

You stared out the window of the bus, a confused feeling swirling in your abdomen. You hardly had a word for it, as it was the first time you'd felt anything like it.

Freedom . It felt so strange.

The snow fell silently as the bus sputtered across the state line, and you breathed a sigh you didn't realize you'd been holding. Up until now, every single stop had sent you into silent panic, the screech of the brakes echoing in your ears as you imagined the worst, as you imagined you'd get caught. A huge weight had been lifted from your shoulders as you relaxed nervously, realizing you were relatively safe now.

"Are you alright, dear?"

You jumped slightly, turning an anxious eye on the sweet old woman sitting next to you. She was giving you a knowing look, and you slipped your hands over your wrists to cover the bruises that still lingered there.

"F-fine." You said, casting your gaze down to your lap.

Her hand gently brushed yours, and you flinched.

"Sweetheart, I know a runaway when I see one. It's alright, I won't make you go back. May I?"

You hesitantly held your hands out so she could see the bruises on your wrists. She tutted softly, and pulled a small bottle out of her bag. You wanted to pull your hands away, afraid of unknown substances, but you couldn't will yourself to move. Her touch reminded you of y/n's grandmother, the fuzzy memories from before the orphanage.

"My great grandmother received a jar of this tonic from *her* grandmother. She claimed it holds magic, that the queen of the monsters of legend gave it to her directly. It is excellent for healing." She rubbed a small bit of the ointment on your wrists, and the smell of butterscotch and cinnamon waved over you. You watched in awe as the bruises faded to a dull green, and the throbbing stopped. Even when your father had used healing "magic", it had been incredibly painful and made you sick. This was simply a light tingle, and then relief. "There. That's better."

"Th...tha…" You sobbed, tears falling unexpectedly from your eyes. You'd never been shown kindness like this, not once. You buried your face, trying to wipe away the offending tears, the weakness.

"No need to thank me, my dear." Her wrinkled face beamed over at you with kindness. "Won't you instead join my family for Christmas, so I can help you get started on your new life?"

You'd never celebrated Christmas before, and you really didn't logically think you should trust somebody you just met, but…

She squeezed your hand, and you felt another feeling for the first time in your life.

Hope.

~Christmas Day, 19 years old~

You stared at the cold white wall of your dorm room, where the pictures of Agnes and her three grandsons were strung up on the wall. Drew, the eldest, was your age, with baby blue eyes and brown hair that never seemed to stay down. Elijah, sixteen, with his mohawk and eyes that matched his older brother's. Lastly, little Jordan, only twelve years old with the sunny smile that makes your fears melt away. Guilt wracked your chest, and you found it hard to breathe.

Ever since you'd spent that first Christmas with them, and your hope had blossomed into a semblance of normal life, they had been family. Agnes took you in, and for a time you called her Grandma. She gave you a home and family, homeschooled you through the rest of high school. You could hardly believe it when you got accepted into any university, let alone three colleges of your choice.

Over the years you lived with them, an amazing relationship blossomed between you and Agnes' oldest grandson, Drew. He was handsome and funny, and he treated you with the same compassion and gentle hands as his grandmother had for the past few years. You had given your first everything to each other, though you'd never allowed him to say the words you knew he desperately wanted to. You couldn't stand it if he said that, feeling like it might break the spell, and knowing you would have to keep running someday. You still remembered the promises you made to each other when you chose to move states to college...

...promises you were breaking slowly as that running began.

Your phone buzzed loudly on the nightstand. You didn't have to look at the caller ID to know it was Drew calling again. Your hands were shaking as you picked it up, staring at his smiling face on the screen, hands held up in a little heart shape, eyes crinkled as he winks. Your chest thumped and the familiar pain made you breathless, eliciting a small whine.

You hit ignore.

The screen flashed: new voicemail. God, you couldn't even listen to it. You glanced out the window, heart hammering in your chest as the deformed shape of your sibling stared up at your room, directly into your eyes. Alpha. The brute, the muscle, the harbinger. Snow piled on his shoulders as he stared at you, and you knew that if you didn't cut all ties and switch schools tomorrow…

They'd all be dead.

You wished he'd just kill you, instead of showing up like an omen. You considered sticking your tongue out at him, but you were much too nervous for silliness. Instead you shakily drew the curtain and turned to slowly peel the pictures off the wall. You'd have to burn them, so nothing would be left behind for that creature to go on. You kept only a few: a couple of pictures of Agnes alone or with you, the picture of Agnes and all three boys, and the picture of Drew and you from last Christmas, where he was kissing your cheek sweetly under the mistletoe.

You looked so happy...

You packed them into your suitcase quickly before tossing the rest into the small fireplace in the corner. You felt the tugging in your chest constrict your breathing a little more as you watched them curl up and wither away, resigning you in the hardest decision of your life.

You pulled out your phone and sent one final message to Drew.

You: I'll keep you in my heart forever. Please don't look for me.

Factory reset.

Done.

No turning back.

Time to run.

~Christmas Day, 21 years old~

You were barely legal, and you were acting like it. You didn't even know what the name of this bar was, but they were more than happy to treat you to several shots on account of it being Christmas, and also so close to your birthday.

Man, you'd never really drank before, save for a taste of Agnes' wine when you were 18. So now you were...decidedly sloshed.

But so what? You could do that now. Your ID says 21, so why the hell not? Besides, far be it from you to turn down gifts from these nice gentlemen.

"Water?"

You looked up into the piercing green eyes of the man sitting next to you. You can't tell if it's the beer goggles, or what, but he is roguishly handsome. Like, too much. He shined like the stars...or maybe that's the low light of the bar reflecting off his glasses.

"Water's for weaklings," You giggled, accepting the cup anyway. The water felt good on your burning throat as you gulped it down.

It'd been two years since you'd abandoned your family and made a habit of moving about. You made the mistake of ignoring Alpha's presence just once, and now carried the burden of the death of your kind neighbor. You could still hear him screaming from down the hall of the apartment complex, still see the caution tape over his door...you wouldn't make the same mistake again.

This was some new town, a small one, with a little community college where you could continue taking those astronomy classes you'd been thinking about. You glanced up at the television, where some guy was giving a report on the rights of the monsters that had shown up in the early spring. Mt. Ebott was a few states away, so it was still surprising to hear about them...it made you think about Agnes and the ointment her however-many-greats-grandma supposedly got from the monster queen. You guess it could be true.

It's not like you didn't know about monsters. Your father's experiments had revolved around monsters, even sending one of his filthy creations down to this underground space where they supposedly were. She'd returned with the dust of a monster...supposedly of a prince, but you never trusted anything that red-eyed witch said.

"Why are you here on Christmas day?" The man next to you inquired.

"Why are you?" You snorted into the glass.

"I don't practice Christianity. I'm from Cairo, so I am Islamic." He responded, not missing a beat. His accent was slight, but obvious. After a few solid moments of silence, he realized you weren't going to say anything to that. He nodded towards the TV that you were still staring intently at. "I have family there. Just moved there from California. An aunt and uncle, and a cousin about your age. My aunt and uncle are very reserved, but my cousin says the monsters are all very nice."

"Monsters should go back Underground," you scoffed, flagging the bartender for another rum and coke. It was set in front of you swiftly. "Hell, they should take me with them. It isn't safe up here. They could die."

"I think freedom is something one should be willing to die for."

You paused, glass halfway to your lips. You thought about the scars across your back, the way you'd cried into Agnes' shoulder when the bus crossed the Colorado state line. The strange feeling of freedom as you stared Alpha in the face that Christmas day two years ago.

“I suppose that’s true.” You turned to him. “What’s your name?”

He told you, and you kissed him.

“I’m tired of spending Christmas alone,” you said to him pleadingly, almost a prayer.

You stumbled out of the bar with him that night, noticing with a falling feeling that Alpha was staring at you from an alleyway as you got into his car.

~Christmas Day, 22 years old~

Another Christmas in a bar. Surprise, surprise.

You had hightailed it out of that small town by New Year’s, leaving your new lover confused and without even a note. You’d factory reset your phone again, leaving it on his nightstand as if to say goodbye.

And, with monsters fresh on the mind, you’d beelined straight to Mt. Ebott.

Man, monsters really were everywhere. And, you noticed with glee, Alpha wanted nothing to do with them. You’d moved residences a few times, but as long as you smelled like monsters, he didn’t even haunt you anymore. If you could find a monster roomie, you’d probably be set...unless that’s what he was waiting for. You thought about the monster dust holding your soul together and grimaced.

“Something the matter, my dear?” Grillby asked, grabbing your attention away from the bottle in front of you. You gave him a guilty look. Were you keeping him from his Christmas by being here? There was nobody else in the bar.

“No...not really. Just another lonely Christmas, is all.”

“i can fix that,” came the familiar voice of your favorite skeleton. You whirled around to see Sans taking his usual seat beside you at the bar, wearing a new sweater--same blue as the old one, but with black sleeves. Must have gotten it for Christmas...it looked nice on him.

“Sans, shouldn’t you be at home with your brother and cousins?” You asked pointedly, hoping he didn’t come all the way out here just for you.

“nah, the fam is all asleep already. big day. n’i was jus’ walkin’ by when i noticed you sittin’ here, looking *bonely* .” He winked at you as he accepted a bottle of ketchup from Grillby. “why you here, anyway?”

“Nothing else to do, I guess.” You shrugged, returning your gaze to your bottle.

“hmmm...that’s silly. you got me, at least.”

“You want me to ‘do’ you, Sans?”

Was it a trick of the light, or was he blushing blue? You were too drunk to know.

“heh. not what i meant, kid.” He pushed his bottle away, still half full, and stood, extending a hand to you. “think you’ve seen enough’a the inside of grillby’s for tonight. let’s go for a walk.”

You accepted his hand, using your drunken stumble as an excuse to keep ahold of it. You don’t know why, but you felt so comfortable around Sans, and holding his hand as you walked out of the bar just felt so right. You walked and talked, mostly about Christmas morning at his house. He told you some of the gifts exchanged, their reactions, the weirdness of having such a huge family to share it all with for once. His brother had bought him a Vespa, which he claimed he wouldn’t use, but you were nearly in tears thinking of him on a scooter.

“Oh, man, I can just see it, though!” You insisted, squeezing his hand as you stumbled over a crack. “Like, hang a little basket on there, get a little helmet. You’d rock it.”

“heh. guess i can’t *scoot* around the subject with you. how about you, any presents you liked?”

You looked at him, surprised. “Oh. Uhm. No. I...I didn’t get any.”

Something flashed across his skull and he released your hand. He guided you by the shoulders to a nearby bench, sitting you down firmly and holding a hand up.

“hey, uh, wait here, okay?”

He disappeared. He’d done that before, but it still amazes you every time.

You leaned back to stare at the Christmas lights and mistletoe hanging from the little diner behind you, and you found yourself wondering about Drew. Had he found someone else to kiss under the mistletoe? Does he have a picture like the one you had, but with some new girl? Was Elijah on winter break from college? Was Jordan finally tall enough to put the star on the tree without Drew lifting him up?

...Were they missing you? The thought made your stomach twist. No, you aren’t that important of a person. They probably didn’t miss you at all.

There was the feeling of static electricity, and Sans appeared again in front of you.

He grinned down at you, and you up at him.

“close your eyes?” He suggested, so you did. “hold out your hands.”

You obliged once again, cupping your hands in front of you. You felt something like rolled up paper fall into your hands, so you opened your eyes.

The scrolls were old, dusty. You unrolled one of them curiously, and gasped when you found they were star maps. The ink was fading, but it was very carefully done, and probably accurate for the era.

“sorry...was all I had on short notice. i’ll getcha a proper gi--”

Your leg flew out and kicked him, startling him out of finishing his self-depreciating comment as you smiled brightly at him.

“Sans...this is so fucking *awesome* . This is amazing. This is...literally the coolest thing. Where’d you even get this? You have a piece of history here!”

“ *you* have a piece of history.” He pointed out, sticking his hands in his pockets, looking very pleased with himself. “i think my old man made it, before he fell down. way back, back before the barrier was raised...was the closest thing i had to seeing them for myself for a long time.”

You stared up at him for a long while, rolling the scroll back up and holding it close to your chest. You hadn’t had a Christmas gift since you left Agnes and them behind. You’d never stuck around long enough, anyway.

“I...I feel guilty. I have nothing for you.”

He chuckled. “don’t worry about it. but i don’t like seeing ya lonely, so...just join me and my family for christmas next year and we’ll be even...deal?”

You stood up, a sudden idea popping into your head. With you free hand, you grabbed him by the hood and dragged him under the mistletoe, planting a kiss on his cheekbone. You tried to put all of your feelings into the small gesture: gratitude, affection...and, for the first time in and long time...hope.

“Deal.”

~Christmas Day, 23 years old….today~

You had changed into more appropriate pajamas, and now you were lingering by your desk, the star maps spread across it. You knew they were waiting for you, but you just needed a moment.

Hey, you’d kept a promise for once. Here you were, about to be celebrating Christmas with Sans and his family. You shuffled the papers around, fingers landing on the picture of you and Drew underneath the mistletoe.

With surprisingly steady fingers, you picked it up. It was the same as always, his eyes crinkled as he pressed his smile against your cheek, dark hair sticking up in the back despite how much Agnes had tried to comb it. Looking at Drew in the picture, you thought of Stretch. Gentle hands, kind words, a genuine feeling you could hardly ignore...they were very much alike, in a lot of ways. That wasn’t the only reason you cared for Stretch, obviously, but it didn’t hurt his case. It made it easier for him to break down your walls, like he’d done only minutes ago, whispering the three words you’d never given Drew the chance to utter.

Were you growing? Were you changing? Were you really getting better, or just becoming more selfish? You slid the picture into the edges of the mirror, along with all the pictures of the guys. Maybe...maybe you can look at him now, without feeling guilty. Maybe you can leave him here to be a reminder that you can be happy, that you’re *allowed* to be happy.

“hey, sweetheart, you comin’ down?” Sans’ soft voice didn’t surprise you. You glanced up at him in the mirror as he leaned against the doorway.

“Yeah. I was just looking at the star maps you gave me last year…”

“y’still have those old things?” He joked as you turned to join him by the door.

“Of course I do, you gave them to me so now they’re treasures.”

You smiled at his little blush and took his hand, the contact more for comfort than any kind of romantic gesture, and he helped you with your presents using his magic as you both descended the stairs slowly. He was the entire reason you had what you did today, the little light at the end of your tunnel that lifted you in the world you now knew.

It was a huge relief to have all your memories back together, and now when you looked at him, you saw a completely different skeleton than the last time you saw him. He’d had such a plastic grin when you’d first met him, and hey, so had you. You dropped your gaze as you thought about the way your souls had sung so sweetly when he'd saved you, how he'd saved your life so many times just by existing...you didn’t know when it happened, and he probably didn’t either, but somehow, somewhere along the journey so far, your plastic faces had melted off, leaving you exposed….exposed, but happy.

“hey, uh, i never got to say this before but...don’t mention chara to the royal family.”

You paused, looking over at him. “What?”

“chara...you said you knew her, that your father made her. she...well, she betrayed them. killed asriel. eh, long story, but that’s not the first body he’s had.”

You stopped in your tracks, frozen as fear and guilt gripped you. Asriel...the dust of a prince...your hand fluttered to your chest, thinking with horror that you were held together with the dust of that sweet little monster. Chara’s voice echoed in your head, her maniacal laughter...Oh, God, you could almost see her holding the child, brandishing a knife as she laughed that horrible laugh.

“oh, fuck. hey, hey, look at me, i’m sorry, i shouldn’t have said her name, okay? don’t lose yourself, listen to my voice.” Sans’ voice sounded far away, but you could feel his hand in yours. It was comforting, but...oh, God, Asriel. That demon...the demon that wouldn’t even exist if it weren’t for you...and she had…

“Oh, my God,” you whimpered. You can’t get the image out of your head. You need to run, you need to leave, you’ve been nothing but pain for them…

But something feels different this time.

This time, you do something you’ve never done.

You turn to him, tears in your eyes, and lean into him. He immediately embraces you, and you can hear the rustle of your gifts hitting the floor as his magic dispels, his attention now focused on you as you shake in his arms.

You can feel his emotions rolling off of him in waves, which is new. You remember this from your talk with Red...soul resonation. He can probably feel everything you’re feeling right now, too.

It makes it easy. Suddenly you understand each other: his pain at seeing you distressed, his joy at the fact that you turned to him for comfort instead of running...your guilt, your anger, your bone-chilling *fear* , God, the fear that wracks your body in the middle of the night, the same as his, the combined hatred for the red-eyed demon…

Adoration, relief, comfort. The feeling of being with a person neither of you could stand to lose.

You clutched his hoodie, taking in the grounding scent of him. He sighed into your hair, muttering more apologies even though he knew you didn't need to hear it. The fear wasn't gone, it was still there, but…

You…

You had a place to go when you were scared now.

"...looks like I really joined you guys this year after all." You muttered finally, after several minutes of silence. He hesitates slightly before answering.

"been a crazy year. didja think you wouldn't make it?" He said, pressing his face against your cheek in a gentle kiss before leaning back to look at you.

"Did *you* think I would?"

He grinned at you, a soft expression on his face. "i'll admit there were times i wasn't sure. but, you know, you did somethin' to me this last year. turned me crazy."

You laughed, hiding from his gaze using the front of his sweater. "What'd I do?"

He loosed one arm from around you to bring his hand up, cupping your cheek gently so you'd look up at him.

"you made me hope." He said quietly, and you could feel your heart skip a beat as you realized that was as close as he could get himself to say he loved you. You squeezed him even tighter again, desperate to remind yourself that this was real, you were really here. He sighed, returning the embrace as you buried your face in his fluffy hood. He held you like he was going to lose you...and you returned it, all that affection and gratitude once again being pushed into a tiny gesture, into this moment lovingly crafted just for the two of you.

"You did, too, you know," you said, voice wavering as his hand moved to gently pet your hair.

"did what?" He asked. He knew what. He wanted to hear you say it.

"...Made me hope."

Chapter End Notes

I kind of feel bad for Sans in the long run here. He probably knows there's no happy ending involved when it comes to her...despite not knowing details.
And yet, he's willing to try.

All I Want For Christmas

Chapter Summary

Christmas morning begins, and presents are opened

Chapter Notes

This may seem a little short, but there's a couple more chapters just for Christmas/New Year's so I didn't want to rush it.
You guys have been so great! I can't believe this story has so many kudos and bookmarks!
I'm really happy that you guys are all invested in Reader's journey. She has done a lot of growing these last few chapters.
Don't forget to check out my tumblr for all the amazing fanart!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The house seemed so much smaller when everyone was packed into it. You hadn't been surprised to see Green, G, and Sierra, but…

...the sight of the royal family threw you off. You'd actually started tearing up when you saw Asriel, but as the little monster clung to you in a tight hug, you managed to pass it off as happy tears.

The tree was slightly too big for the living room, you found, but it had been decorated with obvious enthusiasm so it was quite charming, actually. Everyone was so excited to see you, and it wasn't long before the house was full of noise and the smell of pancakes as Toriel served up a breakfast feast.

"You had me so worried, you silly thing!" Sierra said, catching your arm as you made your way to the table. You accepted her embrace with a sigh. "You seriously need to break that habit you have of slipping into small comas."

"Sorry, girl. Guess I'm a hopeless case." You giggled, pulling back.

She drew her chair next to yours, and G hesitated. He seemed to want to sit next to her, but he was avoiding your gaze, and you thought maybe he didn't want to be so close to you.

"Uh, hey, babe, I'm...I'm gonna go sit with my brother, okay?" He said, flashing a nervous smile at her, and briefly at you, before scampering off to plop his plate down next to Green's spot.

"He looks like a frightened squirrel," Sierra observed, sipping her orange juice as she stared at him pointedly. She glanced at you, frowning. "Don't cater to him, let him come apologize to you on his own."

“Apologize? What for?”

“For whatever it was he did on Halloween? He won’t talk about it, but now that your memories are back I’m sure he’s over there thinking you’re mad at him.” She reached back and pulled her orange curls to the side absently, reaching for the syrup with her other hand. “I think he’s especially upset knowing what you’ve gone through...he won’t tell me that, either, but I guess that’s understandable.”

“Wait a second, G knows my story?” You asked, hand hesitating over your fork.

She looked abashed, like she’d said something she wasn’t supposed to. “Sorry...I figured Sans said something. He had to tell Green what happened directly before your fever-thing so he could diagnose the cause. Like I said, I have no details, I’ve been waaaaay in the dark this whole time.”

You couldn’t really bring yourself to be upset with Sans, especially since it was your own well-being at stake. It’s not like they wouldn’t have found out eventually, and they didn’t clue anyone in that didn’t need it.

“I’m sorry, I know what it’s like to be left clueless when everyone is freaking out,” you said, bumping her elbow playfully. You picked up your glass of milk. “If you really wanna know, I’ll have Green tell you later but...I don’t wanna repeat it.”

She nodded in understanding, and immediately changed the subject by shoving a huge orange slice in her mouth and smiling at you, cross-eyed. Your laugh surprised you as you snorted milk through your nose, gasping to breathe. The two of you were laughing so hard that you could be heard over the dull roar of the breakfast table, and soon everyone was laughing at Sierra’s orange teeth trick, and the milk dripping down your face as you groped for a napkin.

As Blue bounded over to your rescue with a paper towel, you couldn’t help but feel like this was exactly how it was supposed to be.

The laughter only increased when Stretch finally emerged from hiding, still wearing the sweatshirt you’d bought him. You couldn’t help but laugh till you cried when Blue started screeching, trying to use his body to block the dirty message from the eyes of the children.

Finally, and yet all too soon, breakfast was cleared and the dishes soaked in the sink. Everybody squabbled over seats, especially who gets to sit next to you, and finally you just made the safest decision and sat on the couch with Papyrus and Sierra, and the two munchkins at your feet. Nobody could argue with that without looking like an asshole, so they all figured out their own places rather quickly so as not to look too disappointed.

It appeared that Asgore was the designated present distributor, which made sense when he emerged through the back door dressed as Santa. It was a whirlwind of names and presents, and before long you were drowning in presents. Papyrus, Frisk, and Asriel got to work organizing, and before you knew it you had a little present fort made out of everyone in the couch area’s gifts.

“I think Miss Y/N and Miss Sierra should open the first presents this year.” Asgore said as he turned to leave (probably to change and pretend he’d just missed Santa). “Seeing as it is their first Christmas with you as part of your ragtag family.”

“THAT’S A WONDERFUL IDEA, SANTA!” Papyrus said, clapping his hands together in excitement. He turned to you expectantly.

This one first! This one! Frisk signed excitedly as Asriel pushed a hastily wrapped gift into your hands.

“Yeah, this one! We made it together at school just for you!” He said, matching Frisk’s enthusiasm. You stared hard at the present, trying not to look at Asriel. This sweet child has suffered so much because of you...and here he was giving you a handmade gift. The attention had been put on you pretty effectively, allowing Asgore to slip away unnoticed.

Well? Open it! Frisk pushed it closer to your chest impatiently.

“R-right.” You glanced at Sierra, who shrugged and picked up her first gift, and you both ripped the paper off your respective gifts.

It was a little mason jar snow globe with chunky handmade figurines that looked like you, Frisk, and Asriel. In the scene you appeared to be playing tag. It was so cute you almost cried.

“And look, look! When you shake it, that dust isn’t glitter! It’s our magic!” Asriel shook it for you, and green and red shimmers glinted at you. It was really beautiful to watch.

“Thanks, you guys, this is really great. I’ll put it on my desk so I can watch it when I get frustrated studying!” You said, and the two giggled, clambering up into your lap to squeeze you tightly. You returned the squeeze, exhaling in relief.

If these children can love you like this, then maybe you can begin to forgive yourself for the awful things you had no control over.

Two hours later and everyone was nearly done unwrapping their presents. You looked around the room with a smile, watching as everyone enjoyed the gifts you gave them. Even Undyne and Alphys, which had showed up late, had quickly opened up the box set of *Sailor Moon Crystal Season 1* that you had bought them, reading the backs of each DVD with excitement.

Sans was already nosebone-deep in the book you’d bought him: *1001 Jokes to Tell: Space Edition* . He was lounging across Papyrus’ lap by now, which consequently put his head in yours, so occasionally he would chuckle and whisper one of the good ones to you. You had brought your hand to rest absently on his chest, and initially he had blushed, but he seemed to enjoy the contact because he made no move to remove your hand.

Papyrus had pulled his sweater on immediately after opening it, and had even removed his gloves so he could enjoy the soft feeling of the alpaca wool.

Stretch already had his, of course, but Blue had forced him to put post-it notes over the word “sex”, so it now read “HUGS aren’t the answer, HUGS is a question. Yes is the answer.” Blue had already started playing with the custom action figures you’d designed, delighted mainly by the one that looked just like him, and he didn’t notice when Stretch started putting the post-its on the back of his head, chuckling.

Edge was very busy pretending not to be excited about the jacket you had sewn him, and he definitely wasn’t (read: obviously was) impressed by the hand-stitched lettering across the back

that said “Bone to be Wild” over a skull patch with three claw marks over the eye.

The only one yet to unwrap theirs was Red, and with the excited noise you just heard, you expect he just did.

“oh, man, this looks fuckin’ *delicious* ,” he groaned, holding up one of the bottles to read it. “let’s see… ‘the drunken chef’s badass bourbon honey mustard’. heh, s’even alcoholic. thanks, kitten.”

“It’s 40% proof...don’t go wild.” You warned as he popped the top off.

“please, kitten, ‘responsible’ is my middle name.” He chuckled, taking a swig and practically purring. “shit. that’s good.”

You’d received plenty of gifts yourself, of course. Edge had bought you a necklace with black stones, and you knew exactly which dress he’d had in mind when he’d picked it. Sans and Papyrus had given a joint gift, a 12”x12” frame they’d made by hand with their names carved into it, along with yours. Sans had mentioned that he hoped to put a picture of the three of you in front of the tree in there. Blue had given you a cupcake decorating book that had a focus on space, and had been very quick to mention that he wanted to use it soon. Stretch sheepishly mentioned that his present wasn’t done yet, apologizing and refusing to give any detail.

Green and Sierra had even gotten you presents, although G was too busy avoiding your eye to answer his brother’s warning tone when he mumbled he hadn’t brought one. Green had brought you a copy of the book you’d read so often at their house, and Sierra gave you a care basket from her parents winery that included a merlot and several snacks that paired with it.

You can’t remember the last time you smiled so much on Christmas. Probably the last year you spent with…

You shook your head, trying not to think about it. You’d been thinking about Drew so much lately...you didn’t want to jinx the present by thinking about the past.

“oh, wait!” Sans said suddenly, head lifting from your lap. “almost forgot, you got one more.” He dug into his pocket and produced a small box, handing it to you. “from all of us.”

You took it with a smile, pushing back the silly thought that it almost looked like he was lazily proposing to you. He seemed to think the same, because he withdrew his hand to rub the back of his neck, blushing as he adjusted himself to sit on the arm of the couch.

You gasped when your eyes fell on the little crystal bead, obviously meant to go on your bracelet. It sparkled with varying hues of red, blue, and orange, like a fire opal, and it was shaped like a little skull.

“It’s so beautiful,” you whispered.

“ain’t just for looks, kitten.” Red was leaning heavily on Edge’s shoulder, clearly feeling the half a bottle of bourbon honey mustard he’d just chugged. “s’for safety, too.”

“Safety?”

“we infused it with our magic, so it acts as a sorta tracking device…” Sans explained, and then quieter: “in case….you know. when we aren’t around…”

“I thought you said I can just call you?”

“well, i can only do so much if someone’s hiding you with magic. an’ this triggers some other failsafe stuff, starting with informing all of us, not jus’ me.” He pulled a chain out from beneath the collar of his t-shirt that had a matching crystal skull on it. Papyrus quickly produced one on a necklace as well, and as you looked around, you could see the others all had one, too.

It occurred to you that this is their response. They were telling you, quite expressly, that they aren’t afraid to fight on your behalf, to protect you if they need to. You reached over to grip Papyrus’ hand, and he squeezed you back as the tears threatened to spill over.

“Th...than…” You could barely say anything, and though they all rushed to tell you not to thank them, you couldn’t help but think of Agnes and how she had said the same thing. *No need to thank me, my dear.*

But you did anyway. Papyrus’ hand felt like a lifeline, and when you closed your eyes to squeeze back the tears, you could see it. The most beautiful rainbow of souls, all flickering in time with yours, almost winking at you. They loved you so much, and you loved them. More than anything, more than the feeling of sun on your face, more than that first taste of freedom when the bus crossed the Colorado state line, more than any amount of money...more than *life* ...and every second you had left with them was worth more to you than a full lifetime without them.

“Miss Y/n, are you alright?” Green’s gentle voice, and his hand on your knee, only served to break the dam, and now you were sobbing into your free hand, squeezing Papyrus’ tight.

“N-never...never better…” You choked out as Papyrus drew you into a hug.

And it was true.

Chapter End Notes

Reader has a veritable army by now...so what is she afraid of?
Hopefully she can let some of that fear go before it's too late!

Operation: Mistletoe

Chapter Summary

> The idea of making you smooch all the skellies and seeing them drop their defenses...it filled Frisk with DETERMINATION.

Chapter Notes

> Another fluffy Christmas chapter!
> I'm happy to see all you paranoid fans out there who are waiting for the shoe to drop, lol. Means I'm doing my job!
> Check out my Tumblr for fanart or questions about the story, and I'm always accepting imagines and one shot ideas (:
> This story is officially over 110,000 words, which makes it an EPIC! Thanks so much for sticking it out with me! (Don't worry, I'm not even close to done!)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You wiped your face one last time and looked at yourself in the mirror. It had taken at least twenty-five minutes to convince everyone to just let you go clean up in the bathroom, especially poor, sweet Papyrus, who simply wanted to make everything right again (no matter how many times you tried to explain they were *happy* tears).

You smiled at yourself, your eyes shining brightly with their own color, your hair falling softly around your face. Even the bags under your eyes looked elegant. The guys' love had made you beautiful...or rather, their love had made you *see* your beauty. Now when you looked at your face, you didn't just see y/n and feel guilty. Now you saw someone new and different, someone all their own. Pushing back the collar of your shirt, you looked at your scars...even they looked different. Less painful...unique.

The skull charm sparkled from your bracelet, a reminder that you were loved. It was overwhelming...but good.

Finally, you sighed and left the guest bathroom, smile crossing your face as your eyes landed directly on Toriel's little muchkins, huddled over something and mumbling.

"Hey, kiddos, whatcha got there?"

Frisk and Asriel looked up in surprise, and while he was still distracted, Frisk giggled and shoved Asriel at you, and revealed that they were holding a long stick with mistletoe on it, dangling it over the two of you with a mischievous sparkle in their eye.

“F-Frisk!” He stammered, blushing immediately. You had to laugh at his face, and leaned down to plant a little kiss on the top of his head.

“Your majesty, I'm honored, really!” You said, ruffling his fur as you straightened up. His blush got deeper and he hid behind his sibling with a shy smile on his face.

“oh, man, if the prince has his eyes on ya, then i don’t stand a chance.” Sans chuckled, leaning against the wall and surveying the scene with amusement. Frisk started jumping up and down, and darted over to him, pulling on his hand. “woah, kid, what’re you...oh.”

He flushed blue when he realized Frisk had moved him next to you, holding the mistletoe stick over you with a determined look in their eyes. You looked at each other, wondering where you both stood on kissing each other since your memories came back. You weren’t against it, obviously, but kisses between you and Sans weren’t usually...PG.

“kid...it’s complicated with adults.” Sans said gently, but Frisk frowned, shoving the mistletoe closer to his face. “okay, okay, no convincing you, determination and all that, i get it.”

If he was any bluer he would be a smurf. He reached over to take your hand, and you could feel your own blush light up your face as he leaned in and pressed a kiss against your lips, which you returned sweetly. You felt warmth spread from your lips all the way to the tips of your toes, and you were soon fighting the urge to grab his hood and really go for it. After a few long seconds, you both pulled away, and for a short moment his eyelights were tiny stars, before his gaze softened and his hand tightened on yours. Sentiment reciprocated, you couldn’t help but think.

Frisk and Asriel giggled, snapping you out of it.

“what’s so funny, kid?” Sans asked, grinning. Frisk giggled again, signing.

You could have kissed her cheek, Uncle Sans.

Frisk had a mission: make sure everyone got Christmas smooches! They were determined to bring the mood of the day up, especially since there was all that crying earlier (which they didn’t understand 100%, but they knew that you were crying happy tears so they supposed it was a good thing?). They’d already gotten G and Sierra, as well as Undyne and Alphys, so now the real work began: you and the skelebros.

They hadn't exactly expected Uncle Sans to kiss you full-on like that, it had been a huge surprise...the best surprise ever. Frisk always felt like Sans was holding something back, hiding part of himself, never up-front with anyone all the way. But that kiss...even a kid like them could see that none of that applied to you. It made them happy to know that Sans had gotten to that point with anyone, best of all *you* .

….was it like that with everyone? All the secrecy and pain hidden behind the masks these skeletons all wore...had you broken through them all? The idea of making you smooch all the skellies and seeing them drop their defenses...

You are filled with determination.

It was a while before they caught you next to another skeleton. Asriel kneeled down so Frisk could stand on his back, trying to be quiet as they raised the mistletoe…

“--AND THAT’S THE STORY OF THE FIRST TIME I EVER SAW LESSER DOG. SUFFICE TO SAY IT WAS SURPRISING!” Papyrus was saying as the plant creeped up behind him.

“Yeah, I can imagine,” you said with a laugh.

“BUT THE GREAT PAPYRUS IS REALLY GOOD WITH SURPRISES, SO I WASN’T SHOCKED AT--NYEEEEEH?!” Papyrus flinched as the mistletoe whacked him in the side of the head, and he looked over at it, momentarily confused.

“Frisk...Asriel.” You tutted, hands on your hips. “You can’t force people to kiss.”

“N-NO, IT’S QUITE ALRIGHT! I’D LOVE TO SHARE SOME CHRISTMAS CHEER WITH YOU, MISS Y/N!” And with that, he leaned down to place a small skelekiss on your forehead, complete with a little ‘muah’ sound effect, causing Frisk to groan.

Lame! They scolded, and you just laughed, returning the kiss with one on his cheekbone. That one was a little more satisfying, mostly because Papyrus turned bright orange and stuttered quietly as you walked away to answer Sierra’s call from the kitchen.

The next chance they had, you were building a gingerbread house with Blue.

“MISTLETOE!” Blue cheered, catching sight of the plant immediately. He didn’t even hesitate as he cupped your cheeks and eagerly pulled you in for a kiss on the mouth, making Asriel gasp and Frisk giggle. You were surprised, but you didn’t pull away. Blue hummed in satisfaction before pulling back, stars in his eyes. “ISN’T MISTLETOE THE BEST, Y/N?”

“Y-yeah, Blue, the best,” you giggled nervously.

“my turn~” Stretch hummed, bending backwards over his brother’s head (much to Blue’s distaste, if that grumbling was any indication). He tapped his cheekbone with a chuckle. Frisk watched with excitement as you blushed bright red, leaning in to give him a kiss on the cheek, only to have him move at the last second and capture your lips with his mouth.

Spiderman style! Go Stretch! Frisk signed as Asriel cheered out loud, repeating the message.

When he finally pulled away, you followed for the first few inches, dazed. He chuckled as he straightened back up, shooting you a look over his shoulder.

“heh. eager to pick up where we left off, doll?” He teased. Frisk didn’t get it, but it made you blush and stutter as you returned your attention to the gingerbread house.

20 minutes later and the kids were cut off from their path by Red, who was leaning heavily on the wall.

“heeeeeey, kid.”

Mom told me not to talk to you when you smell funny like that, Uncle Red.

“i always smell funny.”

“He’s not wrong,” Asriel muttered.

“i heard tha’. ey, here, give ya 5 bucks to put that mistletoe to work for me~” His eyes travelled over to where you were talking with Mom, and Frisk followed his gaze. Asriel rolled his eyes.

“We were already--ow!”

Ten bucks and you have a deal~

“O-oh, yeah! Ten, ‘cause we have to distract Mom, too!” Their brother said quickly, smiling innocently up at the drunken skeleton. He groaned and shoved his hand in his pocket, producing his wallet with a grumble.

“ugh, fine. friggin’ robbery.” He tossed the bills at Asriel, who pocketed them quickly, glancing over to make sure Mom wasn’t looking.

Then he cleared his throat.

“Mom! Dad! You have to kiss under the mistletoe!”

Frisk nodded, bouncing over with the stick to hold it over their parents’ heads. Dad was quick to grab Mom and dip her back, making her giggle as he kissed her. Asriel made a disgusted face, but Frisk was quick to motion to Red and hold it over you while they were distracted.

“Oh, what now, Fris--Mmmmf!” You were interrupted by Red crashing into you, pressing his teeth against your mouth as he backed you up against the kitchen counter. Frisk could swear there were cartoon hearts floating around his head as he showered you with kisses, making you giggle as you tried to playfully push him off. It was just starting to get interesting when--

“Goodness, my child! You shouldn’t watch such things!” A furry paw fixed over their eyes and they groaned in protest as they were dragged away. “Red, I would beg you not to involve my children in your drunken endeavors next time.”

“sorry not sorry, heheh…” He said, voice muffled.

“S-sorry, Tori--ah! Red, sto-HHAAAAP!”

Frisk crossed their arms in annoyance as they were set down, and Mom handed them their mistletoe stick before returning to her kiss with Dad...with a little too much gusto.

“Cheer up, Frisk! Look, there’s Edge!” Asriel offered.

Frisk brightened, shooting off like a bullet and climbing up the fearsome skeleton like a tree.

“ACK! HUMAN CHILD, MUST YOU ALWAYS DO THAT?!” He brought his hands up to grasp them, and held them out at arm’s length so Frisk could excitedly sign their plan at him. “TO KISS...OH. THE MISTLETOE? RED DID *WHAT??* ”

He grunted in understanding as Frisk continued to sign, and then put them on his shoulders and waited for them to secure themselves, and then Frisk was shrieking in delight as Edge took off towards the kitchen.

It seems they just missed Red backing off, to Frisk's dismay, but it made it easier for Edge to kick his brother away dramatically.

"STEP ASIDE, YOU DRUNK FOOL! IT IS MY TURN TO GIVE THE HUMAN CHRISTMAS GREETINGS! I AM READY, HUMAN!" He planted himself in front of you, and Frisk giggled as they held out the mistletoe sprig.

"Somebody should really confiscate that from you, kid," you giggled. Red groaned from his new spot of the floor, and suddenly there was snoring.

"WELL? THIS IS A LIMITED OFFER, HUMAN!"

"Okay, okay! Hold your horses, Edge." You gripped his scarf and he followed your movement to lean over you. Frisk squealed happily as you kissed him...right between the eyes, making him scoff, only to be silenced when you surprised him with a real kiss, placing your hands on his cheekbones. He turned dark orange and squeaked quietly.

"Merry Christmas, Sugar Daddy," You said with a laugh as you released him, patting his cheekbone and sweeping out of the room.

Frisk clapped excitedly, and went to hop down off his shoulders, but couldn't move. Asriel leaned over, waving a hand in front of his face as he stood rigid, hands clasped over Frisk's legs and staring dazedly at the kitchen counter. He made a face and looked at Frisk.

"...I think she broke him."

With Edge having received his holiday smooch, you really hoped the kids were done. Not that you didn't enjoy it, but you were still a little hot under the collar from your almost-something with Stretch this morning, and this certainly wasn't helping. Besides, if they continued, the only skeleton left was Green (you weren't counting G, obviously) and you were pretty sure he'd literally turn into a streetlight if he was put on the spot like that.

"Ah, Miss Y/N!"

Speak of the devil! Green caught your hand lightly as you passed, and you turned favorably.

"Green! I feel like we haven't had the chance to talk!" You stepped towards him, throwing your arms around his neck in a grateful hug, which he bent to receive easily with a chuckle. "Thank you so much for coming to take care of me. It means a lot that I didn't have to go to a hospital...I guess you know why now."

His arms wrapped easily around your waist, and soon your feet were off the ground as he straightened his spine, making you squeak in surprise as he held you against his chest. He adjusted to look at you, his cheekbones dusted green as his nickname, and your head was spinning. This was definitely the most forward he had ever been!

"It was my pleasure to care for you, my dear. In fact, that was why I was looking for you."

"O-oh yeah?"

He nodded as he started walking, chuckling at your surprised face as he headed toward the downstairs guest room. What. Wait. “Green?!”

“Relax, my dear, I may have had a few, but I can still perform a check up on my favorite patient without fail.”

Ah. You could smell the eggnog now that he mentioned it. Well, that explained his boldness, but it did nothing to help you discern whether an actual checkup was in store or if he just….wanted to play “doctor”. Whatever it was, there was no getting out of his grip, so you relented, swinging your legs around his waist in an attempt to take some of the pressure off your ribs. He made a little noise and his hand stopped on the doorknob.

“Hmmm? Mistletoe?”

You blinked, noticing the offending sprig as it dangled just over his head. You followed the stick with your eyes until they landed on Frisk, who had apparently scaled the coat rack to achieve the necessary height. They giggled as you rolled your eyes.

“Sorry, Green. They’ve been doing this all day. You don’t have to if--”

Frisk dropped the stick in surprise as Green kissed you, eyes wide. Wow, he was really going for it! You were shocked yourself, and before you could really process the ferocity of his kiss, he had turned the handle and you both disappeared into the guest bedroom.

He set you down almost immediately once inside, and with a blink you realized he was incredibly embarrassed. His face was bright emerald, and despite how confident his kiss had seemed, he now seemed nervous about it.

“Wow.” You said smartly, standing frozen in your spot. The genuine surprise in your voice, coupled with your own furious blush, seemed to relax him, and he laughed out loud, a short, disbelieving laugh.

“M-my apologies, my dear. I suppose that’s what they call liquid courage. Ehm…” he gestured behind you, and you could see (with just the slightest hint of disappointment) that he really had set up for a checkup.

“R-right!” You chirped, moving quickly to sit on the edge of the bed as he turned around to root through a bag. When his back was to you, you quickly patted your cheeks, trying to snap yourself out of it. Your body felt so warm! Focus on something else!

The room! Well, it was the same as ever. You were sitting on what must be Green’s chosen bed, as the other one was unkempt and messy, and Sierra’s makeup bag was sitting on it. The bed underneath you was impeccably made, as if nobody had ever used it. Which was, of course, not true, because the last time you’d been in this bed you had nearly mauled Mutt to death trying to get freaky.

Welp. That didn’t help you get any less warm.

And now Green was headed back towards you. You tried not to squirm in your seat as he took your hand, pressing down on your wrist as he watched his wristwatch. Taking your pulse, you realized.

“Your pulse is abnormally high, are you...oh. Ehm, I suppose that’s my fault.” He blushed again, dropping your wrist in favor of hooking the stethoscope into where his ears would be.

Checked your heart, checked your lungs, checked your reflexes. It was all very clinical and professional, though he did fumble every now and then when his footing failed due to his inebriation.

“Do you mind if I...see the scars?” He asked cautiously as he put away the little light he’d used to check your pupils. “I-If not, that’s fine, but I might be able to help better if I knew the kind of...stress...you’d been through.”

“Oh...uhm, sure…” You hesitantly fumbled with the buttons on your pajama shirt. He moved to sit behind you on the bed, probably more for politeness than anything. After you undid the top three buttons, he stopped you, sliding his hands over your shoulders to push the fabric down. It was pretty genius, actually: now you were pooled in the fabric of your shirt, able to clasp it over your breasts to remain decent while he was able to see all of the scars. Well, you supposed this was the professional way to do it.

But...oh, God, there was nothing professional about the way you felt when he touched your scars. They were so sensitive, and you squeaked slightly as soon as he brushed against them.

“I’m sorry, does it hurt?”

“Only...emotionally…” you said, echoing the same words you’d used when G had asked the same thing. “But, uhm… ‘ The scars on your soul are like stars in the sky ’...right?”

He chuckled lightly, squeezing your shoulders in a gentle manner. “Yes, that’s right. I’m glad you remembered.”

You giggled with him, but when his fingers returned to tracing the scars, you bit the inside of your cheek as a tingle ran down your spine. The last time you'd been touched like this, it had been G...and you’d slept with him. You need a distraction!
“...s-so, how does seeing them help you understand?” You stammered, drawing the fabric of your shirt closer to your chest.

“I have empathic abilities that allow me to feel what my patient feels, to a lesser degree. It certainly helps in a field like medicine.” His finger ran down the biggest scar...the one you’d received the night y/n disappeared. “...I’m sorry for your loss. It must have been hard.”

“More like devastating,” you snorted. Y/n had really been your only hope back then.

His hands gripped your shoulders again, and he leaned down to place a small kiss on the nape of your neck, at the tallest point of that scar. You immediately melted, making a small noise of contentment as the tingly feeling shot through your body with reckless abandon.

You wanted to say something. But what? He stayed there a while, muttering that phrase again, in his native tongue, and it made you feel safe.

Wanted.

“What the...”

You both jumped, and Green shot away from your back as you struggled to pull your shirt back on. G was frozen in the doorway, hand still on the doorknob as he stared at you both with an indiscernible look on his skull.

Green's hands quickly yanked the fabric of your shirt back up over your shoulders, patting you firmly on the back to push you up off the bed.

"Y-yes! You are quite well, indeed, Miss Y/N! I'm h-happy to say I've found no irregularities in your health!"

"O-oh! Good! Uhm, yes, good!" You teetered for a moment as Green scrambled off the bed, all but running out of the room past his brother, who was still rigid as a board.

You fumbled with the buttons, hands suddenly sweaty as you hoped G would leave, too. But as you finished the last button, he was still standing there, effectively blocking you from the only way out.

"Uh, uhm...he was giving me a--"

"I saw, thanks." He cut you off curtly, bringing one hand to drag over the crack that went from his left eye up.

"...a checkup. Since I woke up from my mini coma this morning." You finished, despite his rude interruption.

"Didn't realize you'd need to take your shirt off for that." He huffed, then he shut his jaw, and the hiss of a sigh escaped him.

You had no response for that, so you simply said nothing and tried to maneuver around him.

"Wait, Angel." He put one arm out, blocking your way.

Somehow the nickname made you relax and bristle at the same time. In any case, it seemed to have the desired effect, because you stopped in your tracks to look up at him in confusion.

"Look. I know I've been a real jerk, and you've no reason to ever forgive me or even accept my apology for the things I've done to you. To us." He brushed your shoulder, but then seemed to think better of it and stuck his hand in his pocket with a grimace. "...but I'm warning you not to take it out on Green."

"...is this supposed to be an apology?" You asked, folding your arms over your chest and cocking an eyebrow at him. He growled, slamming one fist into the door and making you jump.

" *Dammit* ! I'm just...*tsk*. s'at what you do? Doesn't work out with one brother, so you move on to the other? Maybe that flies with these guys in this house, but it don't fly with *me.* "

"I don't think you really have a say in that." You said, lowering your voice.

"And I don't think you should be in here shirtless with my brother, but I guess we don't always get what we want." He was tapping his phalanges on his skull now, frustrated and obviously trying to find the words to properly articulate his feelings.

You didn't know what to say, and for some reason your feet wouldn't move. You felt like you should be angry, but he just looked so lost, like he'd had everything he knew crash down on him in

the last ten minutes. Even when he struck up a cigarette, you didn't make a move to put it out.

"If you think you have a say in my romantic endeavors, then you're wrong. Your brother and i are both adults, we can make our own choices. But...can't say I don't know the feeling of seeing someone important to you with someone else."

He didn't look at you, but his face had guilt written all over it. He exhaled a puff of smoke, as if trying to make a smoke screen to hide his face. As the smoke cleared, his gaze was cast to his feet, and he sighed.

"...sorry, Angel. Guess I'm just a no-good chump that can't do anything right. Even an apology." His tone was playful as he rose to meet your eyes, but his smile was hollow. He waved the cigarette off and it floated away to put itself out in an ashtray. "Anybody'd be crazy to be with a screwup like me over my brother."

"That's not true, you have Sierra! She's pretty neat, to understate things. So you've got that going for you."

He chuckled, bemused. "Nah. I don't deserve her...and I never deserved you, either."

"Apology accepted." You said with a snort, and he chuckled.

You turned to go, but paused...and opened your arms up for a hug. After a moments' hesitation, he accepted. His arms wrapped easily around your shoulders and his weight sagged against you, the tension leaving his frame all at once. How long had he been holding onto the guilt of hurting you? The anger of it all?

"I never wanted to hurt you, Angel. I didn't."

"I know."

He made no move to release you, but that was alright. It was a friendly hug, comforting. If somebody had told you five months ago that you could hug G this close without sexual tension, you would have laughed in their face. But you'd had a month to come to terms with your heartbreak, and after all the tears and pain had subsided there was just a familiar affection left.

"...Mistletoe?" He asked, confused. You leaned back to follow his gaze, and sure enough, there was the mistletoe, attached to the mischievous duo just like before.

"Frisk. This is where I draw the line," you said gently, pulling away from the embrace. "G has a girlfriend, it's not okay for me to kiss him."

They didn't seem to care, shaking the leaves pointedly. Asriel looked like maybe he was going to get into trouble. G chuckled, taking your hand gently and bringing it to his teeth.

A soft kiss to the back of your hand, just like the first time you met. It felt so comfortable, so final. He was saying goodbye. You smiled up at him softly and you could tell the finality was mutual.

Your heartbreak hadn't been fun, but there was no sense in holding anything against him. You didn't have room in your soul for grudges.

You didn't have enough *time* for grudges.

By the time your head hits the pillow on Christmas night (technically the next morning?) you are beyond exhausted.

The eggnog was still making your head swim a bit, despite the fact that you hadn't gotten *nearly* as wrecked as Sans and Red had. You'd bought three of those bourbon mustards for Red, and by the time he passed out at 11:00, he had drank two of them. Besides his smooch assault earlier in the day, he had also grabbed your ass twice, and also slurred a surprisingly sweet poem at you. It would have been a lot cuter if it hadn't been followed by a loud belch and then sparkly orange vomit, though. You didn't even want to know why it was orange.

Sans had drank almost an entire bottle of wine while chatting with Toriel, and then had proceeded to pound his usual ketchup bottles. He'd then spent the rest of the night telling bad jokes, bad jokes that got surprisingly more hilarious the more incoherent the words became. He'd fluttered around to talk with everyone, and eventually had collapsed on the couch, head in your lap as you spoke seriously with Sierra. A few well-placed head rubs, and he'd been out like a light.

Your conversation with G had been satisfying. Closure had been needed, and closure you had been given. He assured you later, after several drinks himself, that he would still be there if you needed him...just as a friend, which was more than alright with you.

Speaking of friends, you had spent a lot of time with Sierra as well. She even helped you pull a Christmas prank on the guys, showering them with glitter whenever they stepped outside. Their confusion was hilarious, especially Edge, who seemed like he might self-destruct. You even managed to get Green and Papyrus twice with the same trick.

Everything had been so perfect. Even the small disagreement with G hadn't ruined it. You lazily scrolled through your phone, sending small heartfelt texts to the friends you hadn't had a chance to see today, both to say Merry Christmas and to assure them you were fine and that your memory was back. Pink, BJ, Hasani, Mutt, Black...Hunter. You grinned at his own Christmas message you had missed earlier, and there was even an attachment.

Dickhead: happy holidays n all that sappy shit. won't cha come sit on santa's lap, doe? ;)

In spite of the logical voice in your head, you opened the attached picture, immediately turning beet red as your eyes were assaulted by a selfie of him dressed as Santa, the red and white coat hanging open so that you could see his ribs, turquoise dusting his cheeks as he grinned seductively at the camera. You dropped the phone in surprise, rubbing your eyes in disbelief...but it was still there when you picked it back up again. You shot him back a text, blushing furiously.

You: Merry Christmas to you too, I woke up just in time to celebrate. And with all my memories, no less. Also…

You attached a selfie of you pressing your blushing face into the pillow. Oh God, you were going to do this.

You: 25%

SEND

...

Yeah. Okay. That was probably where this day should stop. You tossed the phone away like it bit you, rolling over with a sigh. It was perfect, all of it, even the bold messages to Hunter...

You couldn’t have asked for a better last Christmas.

Chapter End Notes

I dedicate this chapter to my loyal fans. Hope you got to see your fave skellie get smooched!

Raincheck

Chapter Summary

Remember that raincheck you took out on Stretch?

Chapter Notes

Get ready.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“you wanna go somewhere?” Stretch asked, looking up from his guitar in surprise.

It was a few days after Christmas, with New Year’s looming just a couple days away. Apparently ‘ *Stretch and the Skelebros* ’ had a New Year’s performance at a local bar, and Stretch had been practicing pretty much nonstop, both on his electric guitar as well as his acoustic, a beautiful mahogany piece that he held tenderly in his hands at the moment.

“Yup!” You said cheerfully, holding the flyer behind your back.

“...just us?”

“Just you and me. Like you suggested on my b...ah, a couple weeks ago?” You reminded gently. “I took a raincheck so you said I had to plan it?”

Understanding crossed his face as he recalled the conversation, and he chuckled slightly, putting the guitar down and leaning it against the couch as he stretched.

“that’s right, you owed me a date.” He shoved his hands in the pockets of his ‘I fuck so good even the neighbors have a cigarette’ sweatshirt. You wondered vaguely where the other one was, because up until now he’d worn that one nonstop. “so, what’d you have in mind, then?”

You smiled proudly, producing the flyer from behind your back. “Only the most perfect place for you, like, ever!”

“hm. ‘winter mead festival’. sorry, dunno what it is?” He handed you the paper back sheepishly, but you just stared at him quizzically.

“You’ve really never heard of mead?” You asked.

“can’t say i have.”

“Mead is alcohol made out of honey.”

His face was so perfect, eyes lighting up and his smirk turning into a full-blown grin. It was like you said the magic words.

“honey, you had me at ‘honey’,” he snickered.

With a bit of force, you managed to convince him to wear a regular sweatshirt, though you had to compromise by letting him choose something for you to wear. You ended up wearing an orange sweater dress, your leather jacket, and black tights tucked into black ankle boots. Not a bad ensemble, and built for the heavy snow outside. You ushered him out the door quickly, calling a loud goodbye over your shoulder before the others could try to tag along. This was definitely a you and Stretch day, and while you really loved everyone, you didn’t need to babysit *six* drunk skeletons at a festival. One would be enough.

He wasted no time in grabbing your hand, as if it was the most casual thing in the world, winking at you when you looked over at him in surprise.

“is this okay?” He squeezed your hand, his voice quiet and smooth as honey.

You smiled up at him, squeezing him back. “Perfect.”

It was a short walk to the fairgrounds, and on the way you explained what you knew of mead, and subsequently the conversation turned to vikings.

He watched you with interest as you talked, his eyes following the swing of your entwined hands. He liked this. You, asking him out, taking him somewhere you had found that suited just him, leaving the others at home. And you were so excited, full of life. Your soul was throwing out all sorts of colors, swirling happily around you, and he could feel the warmth of your happiness washing over him...

...fuck, what he wouldn’t give to go back to the wee hours of Christmas morning and remember to lock the damn door.

But this was just as good, if he was being honest with himself. He wasn’t lying when he said he loved you, and to his delight it only seemed to open up new avenues of affection, even though you weren’t able to return the words. He no longer double guessed every touch, or worried about how long he could hold you. He didn’t count the seconds between his questions and your answers, nor did he spend every moment you weren’t with him worrying about who you *were* with. Despite the precarious romance situation in the house, he was content, and also very pleased to have been the first to tell you those three words.

Nobody at the festival batted an eye at the sight of a monster and a human holding hands, and he soon realized it was because the whole event was sponsored by MIM(Monster Integration Movement, a local non-profit focused on helping monsters and humans adjust to the idea of monsters on the surface). He relaxed considerably, his smile widening as he realized there wasn’t going to be many, if any, asshats who wanted trouble.

He recognized all the monsters there, of course, although they were different from the ones he knew in his timeline. Some of them he had met, though, and they waved enthusiastically at him.

Mead was better than he could have hoped. How had they not thought of this underground?! He drank a little too much at every stop, getting tipsy pretty quickly as a result. Your flushed face and

increasingly frequent giggling betrayed the fact that you were also pretty smashed.

He didn't mind your drunkeness, he found himself thinking as you sat together at a table. You had wormed your way into practically sitting in his lap, leaning back to rest against his chest, and the hand not holding your drink was holding his against your thigh. Oh, yeah. He didn't mind one bit.

"Okay, Okay! My turn!" You giggled, pressing the cup against your lips to sip some more of the mulled mead you both were tasting. "Mmm...okay, Harry Potter or Percy Jackson?"

"probably harry potter, but only because he's trained a lot longer and has more objective skill. he'd pound percy jackson into the ground." He sipped his own, humming delightedly at the sensation of sweet honey and spices on his tongue. "alright. jason or freddy?"

"Jason! No contest!" You laughed again as he groaned in disagreement.

"what? no way! freddy gets in your *dreams* ."

"Jason is a demon, or a ghost. He doesn't dream, and besides, when you kill him he just rises from the lake again!"

He had to chuckle at your enthusiasm, and sighed as he assented you were probably right. He listened with amusement as you launched into a heated, one-sided discussion about Friday the 13th, his eyes scanning the crowd as he continued to look around for trouble. The mirth of the festival surrounded you, and his vision was beginning to swim as he looked at all the lights against the slowly darkening sky.

"Pfffft, there's a wedding expo going on?" You said suddenly, leaning forward off of him to squint over at the huge building across the way. He whined a little in protest at your removal of your body, scooting himself forward quickly to rest his chin on your shoulder and follow your gaze.

"mmmm what's a wedding expo?" He asked, focusing on the feeling of your dress against his fingers, and the pleasant weight of your hand trapping his against it.

"S'where people who are gonna get married go to search for vendors and some other stuff." You sighed. Was that a hint of longing in your voice? He wondered for the first time if you spent time fantasizing about your wedding, or imagining your future spouse. Maybe sometimes you imagined him there? He smirked in spite of himself, knowing it probably wasn't true. "I'll probably never get to go to one of those."

"oh? why not?"

"O-oh, uh...because I don't want to get married?"

He rolled his eyelights. All this time and you still thought you could lie to him.

"yeah, 'cause i believe that." He scoffed. "aren't we past the part where you cover up your true feelings with lies?"

Your frame slumped, and your hand released his to cradle your opposite elbow nervously. He was sobered instantly by your discomfort, a sense of guilt overcoming him as he drew his head away from your shoulder.

"i...i'm sorry, doll...you don't have to tell me the real reason if you don't want."

“...I’d really rather not.”

He looked back over at the building where the expo was being held. Couples poured in and out of the building, holding hands and smiling. A happy place. Happier than drowning your newfound sorrow in more mead, anyway.

He regarded your face as you stared into your cup. You were pretty good at masking your emotions, a feat he wasn’t unfamiliar with himself, but he could see the light in your eyes had dimmed and your smile had gotten a tad smaller. Sadder.

“get up. we’re getting married.”

“Huh?!”

He didn’t respond, and you barely had enough time to set your still half-full cup down before he had hoisted you into his arms effortlessly and began to make a beeline for the expo building. You squeaked and wrapped your arms around his neck for stability, feeling dizzy from all the mead and the sudden movement.

“Stretch! What are you doing?!”

“Hello! Are you two here for the wedding expo today?” You looked over at the young woman in surprise, and she returned your look with a huge smile as she held up a clipboard, pen poised.

“indeed we are…” He squinted at her name tag as he set you down. “...trixie.”

“Wonderful!” She didn’t even blink at the monster holding your hand. “Names for the registration?”

“papyrus aster...is there a nickname section? stretch. and this is the future mrs. aster, y/n.” He held up your joined hands proudly, and you were still staring dumbly at him. The girl didn’t seem to notice as she scribbled your names (Mr. Aster and Mrs. Aster) on name tags that said “bride” and “groom”, patting them gently onto your chests before handing him a canvas bag.

“And when is the big day?” She asked, returning her pen to the paper on the clipboard.

“Uhm…”

“april 20th.” He said, matter-of-factly. *Damn* , this guy’s bullshit generator was not to be trifled with. Wasn't that the day he rescued you from Red? Well, he did say that was when he realized he loved you...oh, God, you're blushing now.

“A Spring wedding! How romantic!” Trixie sighed, marking it down on her paper. “Alright, and just so you know, you needn't worry about your mixed relationship status. Every vendor in this expo is certified monster-friendly!”

“sounds like my kinda party,” he chuckled, pulling you behind him to move past her into the building. “c’mon, *honey* , there’s lots to look at!”

You giggled in spite of yourself as you stumbled after him. If he was trying to cheer you up, he was doing a great job. You were glad he didn’t pry about why you were upset...you didn’t have the heart to tell him that you wouldn’t live to see the altar...you weren’t sure you’d ever tell them all that you were going to die.

“so where should we st--”

“Cake!” You interrupted him with your answer, and he chuckled as it was your turn to drag him over to the table with a huge display of cakes and cupcakes. The bunny monster running the stall was sweet and patient, allowing you both to try all the flavors.

“I think the cherry chocolate is my favorite,” you said, spooning another bite into your mouth.

“have you tried the apple spice?” He asked, holding it out for you to try. He was surprised for a second when you leaned over and let him feed you, and he could feel the heat gathering on his cheekbones. *So cute* .

He let you drag him around from stall to stall, both of you still feeling a buzz from all that mead as you joked around with the vendors. His soul thumped every time somebody called you Mrs. Aster, and he allowed himself to entertain the thought for a while...the idea of bonding with you, marrying you, having little babybones...and *you*. You were smiling so dazzlingly that he actually had to look away a few times.

“Hey, our fake engagement could win us a trip to Disneyland,” you joked, grabbing one of the cards to fill it out with a giggle. “Disney-moon, table for two!”

“i’d like that,” he chuckled. He wasn't even trying not to imagine it now, he was easily picturing you and him, hand-in-hand as you waited in line for pictures with Mickey and Minnie.

“Disneyland is the perfect place for a honeymoon!” The girl at the stall gasped. “My husband and I loved ours! And you can always go again when you have kids! Oh, uh, if you want children?”

You blinked in surprise, your hand halfway in the bucket to place your ticket. Kids? Even if you had the time left to have one--

Stretch pulled you to his side. “oh, definitely. lots of ‘em, right, honey?”

You didn’t meet his gaze, and the girl picked up the fact that you weren't on the same page, shrinking back with a stutter.

“...doll?”

“Uhm, I think I...l-left the stove on…” You muttered lamely, before breaking from his grip to power walk away. His long legs were a curse, you thought, as he caught up to you quickly, striding alongside you as you stalked out the front door.

“hey, wait a second, what’s the matter? i thought we were having fun back there. you still wanted to visit the stand with all the meatballs, didn’t you?”

His genuine confusion only made you feel worse, and you reluctantly let him stop you in your tracks. He pulled you close, tipping your face upwards to try and look at it. You were still avoiding his eyes.

“was it something i said?” He asked. “did i...embarrass you? make you uncomfortable?”

“N...no, I...well, yes...but…ugh.” You tore your face away from his hands to bury it in your own. You realized as you swayed in his grip that you were still pretty drunk from the mead earlier. Here comes the verbal diarrhea. “It's just, it's like...I mean...I can't just...you might not…”

“...talk to me, y/n. there's nothing you could say that will change the fact that i love you.”

You melted against his hands as he placed them on your cheeks. “Ugh...no fair using the ‘L’ word.”

“lesbian?”

Giggle. “The other one.”

“...lesbian *s?* ” He chuckled at your attempt to hide your smile. “let’s sit here and talk.”

Of course his definition of ‘sit’ involves you in his lap. He's positioned you to straddle him so he can wrap his arms around your waist affectionately. The night air is crisp and refreshing, and the lights from the mead festival are still strung up brightly behind him.

“alright. so. did i embarrass you because you don't want kids?” He prodded gently, leaning his forehead against yours.

“No, I want kids.” You sighed honestly. “I really, really want kids. I want to get married and have babies and do all the stupid American dream bullshit, I want it all.”

“then what's the issue?” His hand had worked it's way into your hair. You said nothing at first, and the fingers of his other hand pressed into your hip. "...doll."

“...the issue is...I *can't* do that.” He gave you a quizzical look, and your hand fell on your stomach.

He sucked in a sharp breath as he realized what you meant. No wonder, he couldn't help but think. All these months living with you and never once had he sensed your cycle--hell, he could sense Sierra’s cycle when she was visiting, and he wasn't nearly as close to her. He'd never sensed yours. None of them had. It was because you *didn't have one* .

“oh...you mean…” His eyes fell to your hand over your stomach as your minute nod confirmed his suspicions.

“My...father…” His head snapped up and he growled at the mention of *that man* . “He said it was in the way, because I was anemic when I was on my...so he...couldn't experiment…couldn't cut me without me passing out...”

Your voice was shaking, and he was hesitant to hold you any closer than he was. He wasn't sure what was appropriate when you were thinking about being tortured by a man. His hands tightened slightly with rage on your hip and in your hair, and he leaned his head down to rest a kiss on your shoulder, spurring you to continue.

“So he *cut it out* .”

Chapter End Notes

Eeehhhhh sorry about the bombshell? I'm in a super Stretch mood lately I guess because next chapter is him too. Just felt like he was the appropriate one to have this talk with, especially since he's used the 'L' word on her already.

So, poor reader is infertile, if that wasn't clear. Remember back when she was holding Serif and she was feeling sad? Wellnowyouknowwhy
Tell me honestly friends: do you want reader to do the do with Stretch? Or do I need to pull her back from him a bit?

Nothing Holding Me Back

Chapter Summary

Stretch reassures you that you aren't defined by your ability to have children, and plays something for you.

Chapter Notes

I've had this chapter planned for a while now, and originally I had planned for the song to be "Slow Hands" by Niall Horan, but then I heard this one, so I had to use it.
I had a few people ask why reader makes such a big deal of this, like, why it upsets her so much when she could adopt or something? I guess people were upset at the idea that she sees her infertility as something that makes her incomplete? Well, firstly, this decision was made FOR HER, by her abuser, and he just kinda ripped it out? Like, why wouldn't she be traumatised about it? And she can't really adopt or anything, not with the amount of time she has left. And the feeling of being incomplete...well, that's a real feeling infertile people have. It's not easy to shake off something like that, especially the way it happened to her.
So I guess, all I have to say to those people is that it's different for everyone. Her specific situation, well, it was probably some kind of hope she held onto during experiments, and he just...took it away. Just like that. So, maybe you or someone you know feels just fine being infertile, but her experience is different.
Anyway! Stretch is sweet and perfect about it soshutupandread!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The verbal diarrhea didn't stop until he heard the entire story--the anemia, the cramps so bad you would spend hours throwing up, the way he'd beat you when you passed out (or really, how he'd let your "siblings" do it--can't get his precious surgeon's hands dirty after all), how he actually put you under for the operation for once...how unbelievably *hollow* you felt when you woke up. You were only 14, and he made that decision for you.

He listened calmly, his thumbs drawing reassuring circles on the small of your back as you spoke. You could see hints of his magic flaring up, the crackle of it tingling against your skin, but he never showed any anger on his skull, instead breathing support and empathy.

"...i'm going to hold you now, alright?" Stretch asked gently when you'd finally finished. You nodded, tears falling from your eyes as he pulled you close, resting his skull against the curve of your neck. You returned the movement, burying your face in the hood of his sweatshirt and clinging desperately to the smell of honey and smoke, reminding yourself that you were here, with him, with all of them in that house, and not back there.

"Never again," you sobbed. "I never want to go back there again."

“you never will,” he whispered soothingly, rubbing you gently as he nuzzled your hair affectionately. “i’ll make sure of it. me, and sans, and red, and all the others. we'll protect you until we're dust.”

“Th...that's what I'm afraid of,” you said, laughing nervously in spite of yourself. “I'm afraid that you'll die trying.”

“pfft...we ain't easy to kill, doll.” He threaded his fingers through your hair and moved back slightly to look at you. “and...i have no idea what it must feel like, but you aren't defined by your ability to have children. i don't...the right person won't care, and you have other options.”

You weren't quite sure how to respond to that, so you looked away from his sincere face.

“alright,” he sighed, patting your lower back slightly. “how about i take you home, and we talk more there?”

Suddenly very aware of how frigid the evening was, you quickly assented, and he held onto you tightly as you heard a small *pop* !

The soft sheets beneath your hands weren't yours, but their smell was unmistakable as he lowered you gently onto his bed. You giggled in spite of yourself as he made a silly, suggestive face at you, following you down, down, all the way to the sheets beside you.

“...you alright?” He asked quietly as his hands came to rest on your waist.

“Uhm...I avoided a panic attack this time, so I guess so?” You weren't really sure.

“how about...you tell me the top three good memories from today? take your mind off the bad?” He suggested, pressing his fingers absently into your waist through your sweater dress. “if i say so myself, i have plenty of good to remember.”

“Hmmm…” You think for a moment, closing your eyes and focusing on the feeling of his hands on you. You're here. He's here. You're at the house. Nothing can hurt you. “Well, I...really liked the mulled mead.”

“heh, me too. that and the raspberry mead were my favorites, i think.”

“Mmmm...the raspberry *was* good.” You agreed.

“alright,” he chuckled. “that's one.”

“Okay. I really enjoyed the way you carted me off to the wedding expo and pretended I was your fiance. That was cute.”

“you're the future mrs. aster, after all, heh.” He was blushing at that. Adorable. “two. one more.”

“...I really enjoyed listening to you practice this morning,” you admitted sheepishly. “I waited like three songs before I interrupted.”

He smirked triumphantly. “you liked that?” He mused.

“Y-you have a really nice voice...and the acoustic guitar is relaxing.” You neglected to mention that you like the sound of acoustic guitar because Drew used to play it for you. Even so, the way it

sounded under Stretch's fingertips was different, and it felt good.

“...wanna hear a new song i wrote?”

Your head snapped back up to look at him with stars in your eyes. “A new one? Never been played for anyone?”

“haven't even brought it to the band...i actually wanted you to be the first to hear it.” He admitted.

“Me?” Your surprised delight was adorable, and he couldn't help himself. He booped your nose, chuckling at your shocked snuffle, and rolled over and sat at the edge of the bed to grab his acoustic guitar.

“i wrote it for you, after all.” He said, settling back against the pillows and laying it across his lap. “i was pretty...inspired...after you woke up christmas morning.”

He could feel himself blushing a little, and it perfectly mirrored your own pink cheeks. You were just so beautiful, especially in these moments when you were just his. Fuck. He'd never had stage fright, but his hands were sweating and he was definitely nervous right now as he adjusted ever-so-slightly, absently tuning the guitar in an attempt to calm his nerves.

Breathe, Stretch. Breathe.

“ah, uhm...sorry if it's a little rough. i haven't ironed it all out yet.”

“I'm not worried, I'm sure it will be amazing,” you chirped, your sudden cheer helping him to relax a bit. “If you wrote it, it'll be great.”

“heh. your faith in my talents may be misguided...but it's encouraging. thank you.”

He sighed, flexing his phalanges, and then brought his hands to the strings and began to play.

“ *I wanna follow where she goes...*
I think about her and she knows it.
I wanna let her take control...
'Cause every time that she gets close, yeah…

She pulls me in enough to keep me guessing, mmm…
And maybe I should stop and start confessing?
Confessin’, yeah…”

He'd never been so nervous to play a song before, but a quick glance at your face was confidence enough that it was good. Your eyes were wide and you had frozen in place. He could feel the spirit of the music taking over, washing his nerves away.

“Oh, I've been shaking
I love it when you go crazy

You take all my inhibitions
Baby, there's nothing holdin' me back
You take me places that tear up my reputation
Manipulate my decisions
Baby, there's nothing holdin' me back...
There's nothing holdin' me back...
There's nothing holdin' me back.”

Nothing holding him back anymore, except...his hands stayed on the strings, a little embarrassed.

“That was amazing!” You said with a sigh.

“ah, well, there's more, but...i haven't quite figured out the middle bit. i can skip to the end?” He chuckled at your eager nod and resumed the tune. “okay, bear with me?”

“'Cause if we lost our minds
And we took it way too far
I know we'd be alright,
I know we would be alright.
If you were by my side
And we stumbled in the dark
I know we'd be alright,
We would be alright.”

He thought about when you'd been so close, in your bedroom that morning, silently asking him not to stop.

“Oh, I've been shaking
I love it when you go crazy
You take all my inhibitions
Baby, there's nothing holdin' me back
You take me places that tear up my reputation
Manipulate my decisions
Baby, there's nothing holdin' me back.”

He didn't question every touch anymore. He didn't hesitate when he wanted to hold you, or cuddle you. He savored every damn minute you let him make contact with you, and as his fingers effortlessly ran over the strings, his music put it into words that he hadn't been able to find anywhere else. He was pouring all his love forth unto you, in the form of an unfinished song, like a half-thought that hung in the air dreamily.

“ There's nothing holdin' me back
I feel so free when you're with me, Baby
Oh, Baby...there's nothing holdin' me back.”

You couldn't move if your life depended on it. The music, his words, the sincerity in his voice affecting you like a spell spilling from his mouth. He wrote this for *you* . This is *your song* . You thought you understood his feelings when he'd confessed to you in the wee hours of Christmas morning, but you'd only seen the tip of the iceberg apparently. You would venture to say you probably have a lot to learn about Stretch’s wealth of affection for you.

“...so it's that bad, huh?” He said with a chuckle, startling you out of your thoughts. You flushed deeply as you realized you'd just been staring at him since he'd stopped.

“N-no! It was just...God, Stretch, that was beautiful.”

It was his turn to blush again as he set the guitar down, rubbing the back of his neck nervously.

“you...you really think so?”

“I really do. If it's done by New Year’s, you should definitely add it to the show...I'd like that a lot.”

He smirked, eyelights catching your eyes. He chuckled a bit. “i can tell.”

Oh, God, since when were you so close to him? As you were talking you had practically climbed into his lap, hands bunching the fabric of his sweatshirt and pulling him down towards you.

Even if you had wanted to move away, he didn't give you the chance, pulling you by the waist until you were flush against his chest.

“got a thing for musicians, doll?” He teased. Oh, man, that look on your face. He knew you did. “did i *pluck* a nerve? am i hitting all the right *notes* ? if it's not too much *treble* , i'd like to--”

He was cut off when you suddenly pressed against him, your lips crashing into his teeth and eliciting an unmanly squeak as he fell back onto the pillows. There was a flurry of limbs for a moment as you both tried to get your hands on each other, finally settling with both of his hands tangled in your hair and yours lost in the pillows behind his head as you straddled his hips.

You were kind of impressed by how quickly he regained his senses, because he pressed back almost immediately, anchoring you down against his mouth with the hands entwined in your hair. He groaned beneath you as you opened your mouth, and you felt the tingle of his magic tongue running over your bottom lip, making you sigh in response.

Every inch of your body whirred to life beneath his touch, and he felt the static of electricity zapping his bones lightly, teasingly. This...he remembered this. Electricity. Just like when you were playing seven minutes in heaven.

He gasped slightly as the shock hit, causing you to yelp and jerk back in surprise, hand flying up to your mouth. *Fuck* . You only stared at him for a moment before he followed you up, pulling you back to him and rolling over to pin you down himself.

“seems there's a bit of a *spark* here, huh, doll?” He purred, eyesockets half-lidded as his fingers brushed over your lips. “i’d like to say i know why that keeps happening, but i just haven't reached a conclusion yet...y’know, insufficient data and all. need to run a few more tests.”

“ *Please* ,” you panted, and he was happy to oblige as he leaned down to capture your mouth again, making you melt against the bedsheets as his hands dipped under your dress, teasingly running a finger up the seam of your leggings, all the way up to the very top where your panties peeked out--

He stopped.

He pulled back, a surprised, guilty look on his face.

“Wh...what's that look for?” You asked, confused.

“i just...remembered i still have your...panties...from last time…”

“S-so?”

He paused. “they're still in the pocket of that sweatshirt, and...shit.”

“Wha...huh?” You furrowed your brow, trying to puzzle out his meaning as he leaned back on his knees to cast a glance over at his empty laundry basket.

“well...uh...blue’s doing laundry today.”

Chapter End Notes

Uh-oh! Blue's got the panties somewhere!!!
song is There's Nothing Holding Me Back by Shawn Mendes

The Panty Incident and Other Embarrassing Anecdotes

Chapter Summary

The Sanses are in Sub-Heat, and you're left hanging by Stretch yet again

Chapter Notes

YUP THAT TITLE IS A REFERENCE
I'm really sorry to all my friends who were hoping for Stretch lovin'. Stretch is disappointed too, don't worry.
Here's a collection of small things, some of which I had planned a while back but never knew when to put it in, and some of them I just thought of this morning. Enjoy!

You sighed as you swung your legs off of Stretch's bed, wondering if you'd ever be intimate with this nerd without being interrupted by his brother, or his brother's actions. You didn't really care if Blue found your panties, but Stretch clearly did, as he'd disappeared shortly after the realization to requisition them.

You straightened your dress, adjusted your leggings...man, always so close and yet so far with these guys.

Ding!

What the...a text message? You hunted around in your pockets for a moment, producing your phone, only to see **Dickhead** flashing across the screen.

UGH, Hunter.

Dickhead: i got a surprise for you

Dickhead: it's me

Dickhead: ….surprise!

Dickhead: {1 attachment}

Your finger hovered over the *show* button, remembering the last time he'd sent you a photo attachment just days ago.

Maybe you should igno--oops, too late, you pressed the button.

You gasped, face exploding in a blushy mess as the picture popped onto the screen. He was flushed turquoise, forked tongue peeking out from between his teeth as he leaned his head back. He had a black collar with a thick metal chain hanging from it, and from what you could see (including a telltale turquoise glow) he wasn't wearing a shirt. Did he have a fucking radar that told him when you were thirsty??? Impeccable fucking timing.

…

…

Fuck it. You're feeling saucy. He always inspired this rebellious attitude in you.

You snapped a pg-13 selfie and sent it back.

You: That all you got?

What's the harm?

~The Red Incident~

Red was actually really relieved to find that you would be out with Stretch all day today.

Why?

Well...he was in sub-heat, as he discovered this morning when he awoke. All the Sanses were, actually--Sans himself had already locked himself in his workshop by the time Red had woken, and Blue was burying himself with daily chores, taking over lots of your usual house duties in an effort to quell the heat.

Sub-heat. Of the three to four yearly heat cycles boss monsters had, sub-heat, or sub, was one or two of them. He hated it. He was grateful for the years he didn't have his, but apparently this wasn't one of those years. His overwhelming need to get fucked like a bitch was certainly debilitating to his everyday activities, but at least sub only lasts 3 days instead of two weeks.

His hands were shaking as he attempted to make a sandwich, wondering vaguely if anyone would blame him if he called Pink over. Hmm...Stretch would kill him for bringing that storm into the house, especially if he touched his precious little Blueberry.

Good thing he didn't care what Stretch thought.

“shit,” he muttered to himself as he fumbled the knife for the third time.

“YOU'RE PATHETIC,” Edge scoffed from his spot at the table. He was sharpening some of his tools, though why, Red didn't know. Probably to tease the part of him that so desperately wanted to

be dominated right now. “CAN'T EVEN MAKE A SANDWICH. WHEN *I* WAS IN SUB, I CLEANED THE ENTIRE HOUSE, AND YOU CAN'T EVEN DO ONE SIMPLE TASK.”

“s-sorry, boss, i’ll t-try harder…” he stuttered, blanching at the harsh tone of voice his brother always used with him. This is how it had been underground--Edge would yell, and Red would stutter and apologize weakly. Since they'd been here, and seen the others interacting with *their* siblings, somehow it had melted into a sort of banter, a push and pull. Red never won, of course, but he always felt like he had his brother’s affection nonetheless. Like he didn't have anything to prove anymore.

Edge seemed to notice his slip, the fact that he'd stuttered again after so long, the lack of snarky remark. He seemed almost sorry as he smirked at him. “DON'T WORRY SO MUCH ABOUT IT, I’M NOT ANGRY.”

As close to an apology as he'll ever get from that guy.

Red looked down at his shaky hands, wondering just what the hell might have become of them if they hadn't ended up here, with the others...with you. If and when they returned to their separate worlds, would it be like a reset? Would Edge forget all the progress he'd made? Would Red have to go back to being a stuttering slob with no idea when his brother might finally snap and dust him?

His choked sobs drew his brother's attention before he could stop himself, and he slid the plate and half-done sandwich violently away from him to go crashing down on the floor. He slammed his fist on the counter, anger welling in his chest at his tears as they betrayed him.

He could hear the scrape of the chair as Edge rose hesitantly, stepping cautiously toward him.

“SANS? I KNOW SUB IS DIFFERENT FOR YOU THAN IT IS FOR ME, BUT EVEN YOU DON'T USUALLY CRY LIKE THIS.”

“leave me alone,” he hissed, shirking the hand that had found its way to his shoulder. “you wanna go back, don'tcha? to being *there* , in that place where everybody feared you? where I was obedient, where i was a fucking scared little puppy that didn't know if you'd eventually get tired of me? if you'd kill me?”

Edge’s shocked silence was only momentary, but it spoke volumes. Red squeezed his sockets shut. He knew it. He *knew it.* His brother didn't want to be here, to be happy and functional siblings like the others. He just wanted control.

“WHERE IS THIS COMING FROM? WE’VE BEEN HERE FOR THREE YEARS.” Edge ventured to put his hand on his brother's shoulder again. “AND YOU SAID WE AREN'T ABLE TO LEAVE?”

“we ain't leavin’, not anytime soon. so why don't you just say it already? that you're disappointed?” His hands were fists, his distal phalanges digging into the bones of his palms. “that you're only nice to me because you want them to *like* you? because you want *her* to like you.”

“I'M NOT EVEN THAT NICE TO YOU,” Edge chuckled dryly. Then: “I THINK THIS IS YOUR HEAT TALKING. I'LL CALL PINK, IF YOU NEED.”

“stop it, just fucking *stop it* !” Red cried, bringing his hands to his skull as if to cover his ears and smearing red marrow across the bone from where he’d drawn blood digging in his fingers. “stop

acting like you care! stop being so fucking helpful and considerate and *stop pretending you like me!* ”

He wasn't even aware that he'd thrown a punch, but it didn't matter because Edge caught his wrist and twisted it faster than he could comprehend until his arm was behind his back, his face pressed against the wall. He whimpered involuntarily, wincing at the pain from his wrist as Edge clenched it, and then released him. He fell to the floor with a clatter, burying his face in his palms in an attempt to hide the crimson tears raining from his sockets like a monsoon.

“I Have *Always* Liked You, You Idiot.” Edge said stiffly, his tone softer and more sincere. He felt something wet slap him in the back of the head. A rag. For the marrow, he realized. “My Only Regret Is That It's Taken This Long To Learn how To Properly Show You.”

As quickly as it came, that soft voice disappeared, and he was back to his harsh tones.

“YOU'RE SUCH A BLUBBERING FOOL WHEN YOU'RE IN SUB. I'M CALLING PINK SO HE CAN PUT AN END TO THESE RIDICULOUS ACCUSATIONS.”

Red listened as the click of his brother's boots left the room, and he almost laughed. He hated his sub-heat, for exactly this reason. Moody, twitchy, nervous, irrational...and brutally honest.

But...that was the closest he'd ever come to hearing his brother say he loved him, so...maybe it wasn't all bad.

~The Sans Incident~

His workshop was a mess of papers and random machine pieces, littered about haphazardly. It looked about as muddled as his mind, and the more he tried to focus on his calculations, the more he became aware of the overwhelming need in his bones.

Sans sighed, pushing the paperwork away. This was nothing compared to his real heats, but it was still distracting. Maybe he could just...relieve himself quickly and move on? He didn't want to worry you, and didn't want to have to have the awkward discussion about sub-heat. ‘oh, hey, y/n, oh yeah no i’m perfectly fine, except i very desperately want a dick shoved in me right now so there's that. hmm? oh, no, doesn't have to be a dick, but i’d just really like to be dominated.’ Pfft. Yeah, that'd go so well.

He wondered, not for the first time, why he even had these sub-heats. He didn't see the purpose, though he supposed it was just a leftover function from a time in his ancestry when it *had* been necessary.

He ran his phalanges over his skull with a sigh, imagining it was your fingers touching him. Fuck, he wanted you to hold him down and fuck him so bad right now. It was literally the only clear thought in his mind right now: *you* . Your hair, your smile, the tantalizing scent of the ocean that always wafted off of you...the way you'd looked at him that time in your room, your body hot and wanting *him* , and he couldn't tell if he was lucky or unlucky for not being in heat at that moment.

He could feel the burning sensation in his right eye as his magic crackled tensely in the air around him. He could tell that you were home, and-- *ugh* --in Stretch’s room. He gritted his teeth and

pressed the heel of his palm into his left socket, trying to will the magic away as he listened to the sound of your heartbeat echoing in his head, as clear as if you were right here next to him.

Thump thump

It wasn't beating that fast for him.

Thump thump

He gripped the hem of his shorts, gasping as the heat flared, rocking his core with overwhelming *need* . His hand fluttered down from his socket to the waistband of his shorts. He couldn't take it anymore, he needed relief.

Thump thump

Thump thump

“SANS? ARE YOU ALRIGHT?”

Pause.

Collect thoughts.

“I KNOW YOU DON'T LIKE IT WHEN I COME INTO YOUR WORKSHOP, BUT I NOTICED YOU'VE BEEN IN HERE ALL DAY AND I BECAME WORRIED THAT YOU WEREN'T EATING. YOU SHOULD ALWAYS EAT, EVEN IF YOU ARE IN SUB! SO I--*OH*.”

He turned a wide eyed stare on his brother, hand in a very compromising position, shorts pushed down...and face growing a deep navy as he comprehended the situation.

Caught blue-handed.

~The Hunter Incident~

Hunter's hands were steady as he snapped the picture, but as soon as he hit send, the shiver in his bones returned and the phone tumbled into his lap. His hand tightened around the chain, the gentle tug grounding him to reality as he panted slightly.

Any time a heat of any kind hit him, it was an ordeal. For most monsters, the longer, main heat was worse, but thanks to the myriad of sub/dom kinks in *his* repertoire, this was easily as bad.

If he wasn't so afraid of how weak he looked right now, and if he wasn't certain his teleportation skills would land him in a dumpster somewhere in his condition, then he'd teleport straight to your bedroom and beg you to punish him. From what he had heard from Red, you'd probably like that.

It was a gamble sending that picture to you, but last time you'd responded in kind, so why not? And he'd already tried everything he could think of to relieve himself without outside stimulus. Maybe talking to you could help?

Just the thought of your flustered, passive reaction got him to chuckle. If he were there in person, you'd probably shove him away and call him a loser. Mmm...he was expecting at least the name

calling.

Ding!

He fumbled with his phone, and stared blankly at it, trying to comprehend what he was seeing.

Doe: That all you got?

And a selfie of your own that had his palms sweating. That *dress* ...orange wasn't his favorite color but the way it hugged your sweet curves...and the angle gave him a slight view down the scoop neck of the fabric, a little bit of cleavage that teased him beyond what you could comprehend. His sharp eyes noticed you weren't in your own room, and judging from the honey on the bedside table, you were in Stretch's. He whined at the idea of you being alone in a bedroom with that perverted ashtray.

His phalanges shook as he tapped his response.

(xxx): what, no calling me a loser and saying as if? nvm, s'no fun without the hunt

Doe: Still a loser, and it's still a no.

(xxx): not a no. 20% last time i checked, doe ;)

Doe: It was 25%, but I'll take the deduction

(xxx): hell no, i earned that!

Doe: Then show me why, Mr. Big Talker.

He paused. You were either teasing him, and not in a sexy way, or you were really asking for dick pics right now. It was a good thing he was texting, because it would be difficult to keep up his bravado in person.

(xxx): you serious, doe? you challenging the master?

Doe: Oh, so you're a master now?

Doe: I thought masters had to be good at what they do. So far you've shown me mediocre in the selfie game.

(xxx) : you're gonna eat those words, ya selfie-slut.

Doe: Guess I'll just wait here with my napkin, then.

He couldn't help but imagine you covered in his magic and trying to clean it all off with said napkin.

“you dirty girl,” he muttered to himself, bringing the phone up to try and frame a new selfie. He went with his split tongue lolling out between his fingers, a classic, and a wink that he *hoped* looked more like “you want it”, and not “having a seizure”. It turned out better than his shaky hands could hope, so he sent it.

Doe: Such a lewd gesture. You look like you're sweating a little. Is there something you're not telling me?

Shit. He hadn't considered the fact that you lived with three other versions of himself. Had they told you about sub-heat? Had you figured out they were in it right now? It would explain why you were indulging his little game. If not, then he *definitely* needed to be texting you more often.

His phone pinged again, with an attachment. Another picture??

Doe: You're lucky I'm feeling frisky, bone boy.

The picture sent him reeling, your hair splayed out against the pillows. Your own bed--you had moved. Not only that, but he couldn't see the orange dress anywhere on you, your bare shoulders teasing at the bottom of the frame. You took it off, just to snap a pic for him? You were definitely fucking with him now.

(xxx): show me lower?

Doe: Nuh-uh, it's your turn

(xxx): i’m all bones, tho. i look the same as the guys you live with.

Doe: I guess I’ll just go get it in person from one of the guys here, then.

(xxx): you minx. alright, don't say i didn't warn ya.

Click! He snapped a picture of his ribcage and lower spine. He had to admit, it looked pretty nice with the collar and chain hanging down, and his soul shining between his bones. He wanted you to pull that chain, force him down to his knees and make him beg for you. Or cuddle him. Fuck, cuddles sound really nice, too.

Doe: You say you're all bones, but your soul is shining pretty brightly.

(xxx): can't turn it off, even if i wanted to

(xxx): now send nudez

Doe: Har de har. Here ya go, you dirty sinner.

A picture of your feet, wearing little turquoise socks. Did you put those on just for him? You probably meant it as a joke but it was actually pretty hot.

(xxx): i said nudes, but your socks are pretty tantalizing, too.

Doe: Oh man did i just discover something about you?

(xxx): shut up and send me more pics, wench

Doe: I dunno. I'm getting pretty tired...might go to sleep…

(xxx): fine! i like socks, okay? so do the rest of your bonehead sanses you live with. and probably the ashtray, too, but i'm not sure.

Doe: scandalous! Are you sure you should have shared that information with me? I might use it to torture you.

(xxx): fuck please torture me

Doe: so desperate. I think I'll keep you at 20%.

(xxx): if you keep sending me pics rn then i don't care

Shit, he's starting to lose his cool. His hand has already slithered down to undo his pants, and he's panting as he waits to see what you'll send him next. He desperately hopes you don't figure it out and leave him hanging. Just one more picture, he's sure it'll be a good one...

Doe: you totally have your hand down your pants, don't you?

You're too smart for him.

Doe: your hesitation means I'm right. Good night, Hunter ;)

And one last picture of you that makes him swear softly, imagining those thighs straddling his hips instead of that pillow. The pajama shorts you're wearing are downright sinful, and *fuck, those thigh high black socks you've put on* . The heat in his bones flares urgently, sending him reeling back against his headboard with a clatter.

He never answers you, and you'll probably always think he jacked off to that picture.

Well...since you'll think he did anyway....

~The Blueberry Incident, and Subsequently The Panty Incident~

Blue didn't like sub-heat.

Sub forced him to crave being controlled, instead of trying to gain control himself. He wasn't keen on giving up the reins to somebody else.

Luckily for him, though, you were out with Stretch today, leaving all the household chores yet to be done. It was a double win for him--He used all this energy in a domestic way to remove some of the heat, and you would be pleasantly surprised at the lack of chores left for you at the end of the day.

He had done practically everything there was to do, and as the sun disappeared beyond the horizon outside, he only had one chore left to do: laundry.

Maybe after the laundry was done, he'd sneak back to his room to look at some of those dirty videos or pictures his brother had introduced him to during his last regular heat.

It felt different and strange to be in sub. Rather than a driving heat that made him crave release, animalistic and raw, it was more of a slowly building tension and heightened senses. He ended up taking a long time with the laundry because every soft piece of clothing required at least three minutes of him touching it before he could bring himself to toss it into the washing machine.

Especially *your* clothes.

He tried not to be too creepy, but everything in your basket smelled so nice, and he didn't see why it needed to be washed. Then again, it was probably just because you were a female and he was in heat.

Still, he didn't mean to, but he couldn't stop himself from sniffing some of your clothes before he tossed them in. Ugh! So creepy! But, he reasoned, he can't help it.

After an agonizing couple of hours, your laundry was in the dryer and it was time to do Stretch’s and his own. At least with those, he knew the smells well, so it wouldn't take long. His clothes went in quickly, nothing new there, but halfway through Stretch’s laundry he stopped.

That smell .

He knew that smell. He'd spent over an hour smelling that smell. Did something of yours fall into Stretch’s clothes? If so, how did it end up in the middle of the basket? He tore through the

remaining clothes, rewarded for his hunt by the offending clothing--the sweatshirt he'd insisted on wearing to Christmas, the one you'd gotten him.

“i’ll take that!”

Blue barely dodged Stretch’s hand as he materialized behind him to swipe for the sweatshirt. Blue brought the sweatshirt to his chest and dropped to the floor, rolling away.

“NO! I'M DOING LAUNDRY AND IT NEEDS TO BE WASHED!”

“then give it here so i can put it in,” His brother replied, grabbing his shoulder and trying to reach for it again. Blue curled in protectively, hands searching the fabric for the source of the scent. He shoved his hand in the front pocket, and that's when Stretch made him freeze.

“AUGH! PAPY!” Blue clenched his fingers around something in the pocket as his brother lifted him into the air, gripping the sweatshirt from the other side.

“let go.”

“NO!”

“ *sans.* ”

“I WON'T!”

Blue shook himself free enough to kick Stretch away, surprising him enough to release the gravity magic, sending Blue clattering back to the floor. Stretch managed to pull the sweatshirt away, but the damage was done--he'd found the source of the smell.

“WHAT…” Blue squinted, as if that would help him comprehend the fact that he'd just pulled your panties out of Stretch’s pocket. He gasped, scandalized, when it finally clicked. “PAPY! YOU PERVERT! WHY DO YOU HAVE Y/N’S UNDERWEAR?!”

“th-they aren't y/n’s, they're uh...they belong to some girl from the bar last night.” He lied quickly, trying to snatch them back from him.

“FOR SOMEONE WHO IS BASICALLY A LIE DETECTOR, YOU'RE REALLY TERRIBLE AT LYING. YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW WHAT Y/N SMELLS LIKE?” Blue brought the fabric to his face for a quick sniff for emphasis. “I *KNOW* THAT SCE...SCENT…”

The blue flush on his face quickly overtook his features as he realized what he'd done. He'd just *sniffed your panties* . In front of his brother, no less!

Stretch just stared at him, dumbfounded, and then he straightened himself, quietly retrieving the panties from him and dropping them in the wash. He finished the load, dropped the top, and hit *start* .

They sat there in silence for a good five minutes, listening to the tumbling washer, before….

“i’ll forget you sniffed ‘em if you forget i had ‘em.”

“D-DEAL.”

Couch Confessional

Chapter Summary

You and Red spend some sorely needed quality time together

Chapter Notes

Y'all was right
RED CHAPTER YAASSSS
It's been too long since I wrote for this nerd in this story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“hey, kitten, you look comfy. mind if i join ya?”

You look up from your book, startled by Red’s sudden appearance. He'd been avoiding everyone for the last few days (actually, it seemed like Blue and Sans were, too, now that you think about it.), so you hadn't expected him to come right to you.

Especially not at 4:30 in the morning.

“Sure, but...isn't it a little early for you to be up?” You teased, lifting your legs so he could plop down on the other end of the couch, and then dropped them into his lap. His hands immediately moved onto them, squeezing your thighs and calves gently as if reassuring himself you were really there.

“could say the same to you. 4:30 is a tad early for heavy reading.”

You gave a non-committal shrug. “Couldn't sleep. Been meaning to read this.”

He dipped his head and squinted to see the title. “ *the dragon-riders of pern* . huh. y’know, you live with monsters, i figure you'd have gotten enough fantasy by now.”

“You guys aren't *fantasy* , you're a *horror story* ,” you joked, flicking your foot up to swat him. He chuckled, swiftly slipping a hand under your knee to tickle you, making you gasp and jerk, book flying out of your hands. “ *Ass* !”

“yeah, you got a great one, what of it?”

“I oughta cremate you!”

“that's *ash*ame.”

“Ugh! You're terrible today!” You giggled, picking up your book and pointedly burying your nose in it. “I'm not talking to you anymore.”

He chuckled, returning his hands to your calves, massaging you gently. You hummed quietly in response. His hands were warm, and it felt nice to have some alone time with him. With all the craziness lately, and then the way he was avoiding everyone the last few days, you'd sorely missed him.

“heh. missed you, too, kitten.”

“Oh my *God,* did I really say that out loud?”

“duh? s’not like it's a bad thing. it was nice to hear and...an’ i like hearin’ you speak yer mind.”

“That's kind of a relief to hear...I honestly thought you didn't like me anymore.”

His hands paused on your calves, and he looked up at you, confused and almost angry. “what the *fuck* gave you *that* stupid-ass idea?”

“Well, let's see. The last time we spent any time together, I was telling you my horrible life story *and* you found out that I'm a science experiment made up of hundreds of slivers of souls with none to call my own.” You said pointedly. “And other than when you were utterly *smashed* on Christmas Day, you've been actively avoiding me ever since. In fact, it seems like the only person in this house who *isn't* avoiding me is Stretch, and I've got no clue what to make of that.”

He let out a relieved sigh. “shit. thought it was somethin’ i said. look, i can't speak for my bro, but i know about myself and the others.”

“Really?” You asked incredulously.

He adjusted himself to angle his torso at you. “really. me, sans, and blue...well, we was all in heat the last three days. sub-heat, specifically. i don't really wanna get all health class about it, but basically it lasts three days and we ain't ourselves, but it isn't as serious as regular heat. so, guess we all avoided you for your own safety or our own embarrassment?”

He chanced a glance at you, and you seemed to be absorbing the information quietly, so he continued.

“look, i think you'd agree that i’m awesome normally, right?” He grinned at your chuckle. “well, to be frank, i’m a weepy little bitch in subheat...didn't wantcha to see me like that. i got an image to keep up, after all.”

He subconsciously squeezed your legs for a moment, reminding himself that you weren't running away. For some reason he had this sense of foreboding lately, as if you might disappear any second. Nevermind the constant nightmares that fed that fear, nightmares where he wasn't enough, where he couldn't protect you.

“Alright, you're forgiven.” You stated with confidence. “But what about Papyrus?”

Red chuckled, his grin reaching shit-eating territory. “heard he's been hiding in secondhand shame ‘cause he caught sansy jerkin’ it.”

Your hand flew up to cover your giggles, and he laughed right along with you. The image was hysterical to him. He'd been caught by Edge more times than he could count, but Edge wasn't anything like the precious cinnamon bunny. He'd just scoff, correct his form, and leave, whereas Papyrus...well, he kinda wished he'd been there to see the look on his face.

“Hey, Red?”

“mmm?”

“C’mere.” You were holding your arms out, and he blinked in surprise for a moment. You shook your arms impatiently, and he jolted, remembering himself and clambering over to slide into your embrace. As he settled himself, practically on top of you, he sighed into your collarbone.

“not that it's not awesome, but what's up with this, kitten?” he asked, hesitant to move his hands from the warmth of your waist.

“I missed you, and I thought you hated me, so shut up and cuddle me, bonehead!”

“oh. well, in that case…”

You squeaked as he pushed you back against the throw pillows behind you, adjusting so he could pull you close, weaseling himself half-underneath you. Soon your legs were practically trapped between his, and his arms had wound around you comfortably so that you could lay your head on his shoulder and look him in the eye. He squeezed you gently, his hand dipping to cup your ass momentarily as he winked at you.

“Red!”

“howzat for cuddlin’?” He said mirthfully, other hand petting your hair absently. Fuck. Now he wanted to kiss you. He just loved you so much, it was ridiculous that you could ever think he didn't like you anymore. “now there's no mistakin’ how i feel, right?”

You giggled and sighed, pressing up against him to return the cuddle, your arms snaking around him. He squeaked and jumped when he felt your hand slip under his shirt and squeeze one of his ribs.

“Mmm...right.”

“h-hey, don't tease me, kitten.” He chuckled. “you know what th-that does t’me.”

“Probably pretty similar to when you grab my ass,” you shrugged. His grin widened, and now both of his hands had found their way to your cheeks, pressing you up against him.

“wh-what, like this?” He cursed himself for stuttering. Dammit, he was trying to look confident! “cause you know, i could do this all day.”

You couldn't help but smile wide up at him. How was he so cute? “I did it. I figured you guys out.” You said confidently, and he raised his eyebrow bone at you.

“yeah?”

“Yep.”

“alright, kitten, let's hear it.” He chuckled, settling into the pillows more comfortably.

“Well, I don't think any of the Papyruses can hide their real personalities, not even Stretch. Edge is a tsundere cinnamon bun, Paps is a regular cinnamon bun, and Stretch is a perverted cinnamon bun.” You concluded.

“pfft...boss? a cinnamon bun?” He shook his head. “well, i suppose you're right, but don't ever let him hear you say it if ya value your legs. also, how can someone be a pervert *and* a cinnamon bun? that ashtray is just pervert, kitten, through and through.”

“He may be perverted, but he's genuine. Just like Edge and Papyrus, he has a lot of love to share.”

“ugh, fine, forget i said anything.” He scowled at your praise for Stretch, looking a bit flustered. Jealous, maybe? “okay, so you figured out the papyruses, big deal. like you said, they're open books. what about us?”

“Well, the three of *you* don't have as much love to share, so you need to be given some.” You stated, squeezing him for effect.

“hey, i got plenty of love to share. we go to my room, and i can show ya~♡” He purred, nuzzling you gently with his face as he lewdly pressed his pelvis against you.

You laughed, pushing him off just a little. “Not what I *meant* . I meant that you three need more attention. Like...hmmm...I can't really describe it. You all always have this mask on, you know? Like Blue, he's always pretending he's so innocent, and putting this cute face on. And on some level, I think it's true, but he also has a *very* lewd and violent side to him that he's kind of afraid of.”

“readin’ a lot into the little squirt’s behavior, eh? you two got a secret fling?” He accused teasingly, and you shook your head.

“Just observant.”

“so i’m discovering.”

“Like with Sans, and you, how you're both always joking and laughing. But…” You brought a hand up to press against his sternum, and he absently placed his own over it, trapping it there. “You hold a lot of pain in here. Sans, he tries to pretend it isn't there, and it eats at him slowly until it bubbles over and causes a meltdown. He doesn't trust anyone easily, and it always comes back to bite him. But...you…”

“yeah, i’m worse, a real emo shit-show,” he chuckled, rubbing the back of your hand as he dramatically rolled his eyelights.

“No, you're not.” He stopped, eyelights still pointed down, listening but not looking. “You’re the opposite. You hide all this pain behind your self-deprecating jokes and lewd behavior, but you’re a big softie who can't help but trust people. A romantic, so to speak. You throw what little love you have to give out there until you're bleeding dry, and even when you're turning to dust from all the love you're giving away, you'll probably never stop sacrificing yourself for others.”

“...you make me sound like some kinda saint,” he breathed, sockets sliding shut as he took in your words.

“Not a saint, just someone who wants...no, someone who *needs* to be loved. I know Edge doesn't show you much affection, and it probably kills you after seeing how the others interact. Sans and his darkness inside him...he's always had the support of his brother, and you...well, you probably have to do a whole lot of walking *yourself* to the next checkpoint.”

He shuddered involuntarily. God, you were so fucking *smart* . How could this happen? That you could see through every layer of him with such ease and grace? That you knew his most intimate thoughts and feelings without him ever having to tell you? “y-yeah? well, i’m strong, i got legs. who needs help when you can do it yourself?”

He cursed the waver in his voice. You were right, you were so right, and he desperately needed that love, that validation, so he always threw himself in between others and danger, pretending he's so big, faking that he's got enough self-esteem to share, and...and he would *absolutely* die for you, or fuck, for *anyone* in this house. If it meant that anyone would bother to remember him when he was gone, he'd do anything.

“I used to feel the same way, that I could just handle it all myself and help everyone up.” You mused, seemingly oblivious to his internal struggle. “But...you guys...you made me realize, I can't help anyone up if I'm still standing in a hole.”

He peeked up at your face, not expecting the soft expression your eyes held as you looked at him. You understood how he felt, you saw through all his bravado directly into his soul and it scared him for a minute. Terror surged through his bones as he thought of how incredibly *painful* all this could be, how you could dust him if you wanted to at any time just by saying you hated him. He didn't realize he'd started shaking until you squeezed his hands, making him lock up with a series of clicks.

Your eyes sought his, and he couldn't do anything except to meet your gaze, sockets wide with uncertainty, feeling like this moment...this one right here...could determine *everything* .

You pressed your lips against his teeth and he relaxed all over, an instantaneous reaction to your gentle touch as he leaned in to accept it. Yeah, you could dust him if you wanted. But you didn't *want* to, and you never would.

That look in his eyes had been all-too-familiar, you couldn't help but think as your hands slid up to cup his cheekbones. Terror. Confusion. Worry. You'd seen through his carefully constructed walls, and he was seeing what-ifs. But now...his arms tightened around you, holding you close, and tightly, as if you'd slip away. One hand in your hair, the other on your lower back, you poured your feelings into that kiss. Affection. Understanding. Fear, relief, the touch of somebody who knows what it's like to wake up in the middle of the night screaming because you think you're dead.

“fuck.” He swore softly as you parted for a moment. “i can’t...i mean…”

He could only sigh after that, unable to form the words he desperately wanted to say. He drummed his fingers against your waist, wracking his brain.

“Words are stupid,” you dismissed, shrugging. “Just kiss me?”

And he did. He moved on top of you, and he was suddenly so much *bigger* than you thought he was, his ribcage trapping you to the couch gently as his tongue slipped past your parted lips to slide over yours, a small moan escaping him as he shuddered against you. You could tell, without him saying it, exactly how he felt.

“i knew you in my world,” he admitted suddenly, mumbling against your lips. He needed you to know. He had to be honest. “the y/n from my universe... *you* ...so beautiful, just like you are now. she...you kept me sane, held me close in the long nights underground. your soul was green there...kindness. kindness that kept me alive.”

He pulled back slightly, observing your face to see if there was any confusion. You wore a complicated expression, somewhere between worry and...fear?

“You love her?” You asked, after several minutes of silence that had him holding his breath. He sighed, running his phalanges over his skull.

“...complicated.” He muttered. “i definitely *did* ...i still do, i think.”

“Oh…” That one syllable betrayed you, telling him exactly how crushing this realization was. “S-so...since I'm, uhm...since I'm her, then...I see…that's why--”

“no! no, nonono. you got it wrong,” he said quickly, waving his hand as if trying to waft the notion away. “i mean...that was then, you know? and you're *you* . i admit that when i first figured it out i was a little confused, but we'd already, like...see, it really didn't change the fact that i love *you* , so i-- *oh fuck* .”

He was suddenly blushing, his jaw snapping shut as he realized the words that had just tumbled from his mouth.

You were still processing everything…

Processing…

Processing…

Ding!

You gasped, hands fluttering to your face and to cover your mouth as you realized that *he just said he loved you* .

“i, uh, yup. that's the sound of me dying of embarrassment. *wow* .” He was redder than you'd ever seen him, and he sat back on his knees so he could obscure his blushing face with his hands. “l-look, forget i said anything, just pretend you didn't hear that.”

You were gaping at him when he peeked at you. He sighed.

“...no dice, huh?” He dropped his hands, pulling on the collar of his pajama shirt nervously. “...fuck it, it's out there now, so, yeah...i love you. though, uh...honestly it shouldn't be much of a surprise….holy *shit* , kitten, would you please *say something?* ”

“O-oh...uhm...I can’t...it's not that I don’t...but…” You stammered, sitting up and averting your gaze to avoid his own shy eyes.

“no, no, it's...i mean, i never expected ya to say it back...just knowin’ that you don't hate me for it...well, that's enough for me.”

You snapped your head back up to look at him, shocked. “Hate you...no, I could never...look, I...I...nobody ever said it to me until recently, so...I’m still getting used to it. The ‘L’ word.”

“...lesbian?” He joked, nudging you awkwardly.

“Oh my *God* I have *got* to get you guys to watch more movies,” you giggled, pushing him playfully back. “ *No* , the *other* one.”

He chuckled, dramatically following your push.

“nobody, huh? until recently...oh.” He seemed to figure out what you meant. “so...sans beat me to it? guess it makes sense...he's known ya longer…”

“Oh, uhm, no...actually…it wasn't Sans.”

“then who…. *oh my* ***god*** , you're kidding,” he groaned, burying his face in his hands again. “always three steps behind that ashtray, *fuck* !”

You couldn't help but giggle at his plight. It was comical, really, how he covered his embarrassment so flawlessly with false despair.

“what're you laughin’ at, kitten?” he said, grin returning full force as he dropped back on top of you. “this is all *your* fault for bein’ so fuckin’ *cute* . you an’ that ass owe me an *emotional debt* .”

“Can I pay in cuddles?” You said, nuzzling his jaw with your nose.

He sighed dramatically, pulling you effortlessly into a comfy cuddle position. “**ugh** , i *guess* so.” He teased right back, enveloping you in his strong embrace and pressing his teeth to your forehead in a sweet kiss. Man, he was practically flying right now. He accidentally confessed, and not only did you not run away, you implied you felt the same! He didn't even have room in his excitement to care that you couldn't say it.

He sighed as you pressed into him, burrowing against his t-shirt to get comfortable. He couldn't care *how* you cuddled him. Hell, he would have been alright if you had decided to punch him in the face right now. It certainly wouldn't be able to erase his dopey grin.

He was suddenly very aware of the fact that he'd hardly slept last night, and that it was almost 5:30 in the morning. You seemed that be on the same page as you yawned, snuggling your face against his collarbone sleepily.

“So...sub-heat, huh?” You muttered against his bones.

“mhmm…”

You were quiet for a moment, but he could feel the evil smile forming on your face.

“So, *that's* why I caught Pink sneaking out of your room last night.”

Chapter End Notes

Caught Pink-handed, huh?
snicker

Dust to Dust

Chapter Summary

New Year's brings new eyes and new worries.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Red couldn't bring himself to move, even though his body was screaming at him to wake up. His arms were wrapped around you still, one hand up your shirt and resting on your back, while your own hands were helplessly lost up his own shirt, wrapped sleepily around his bottom ribs, your face pressed into the curve of his clavicle.

In this half-asleep state, he could pretend you were his and only his. He could pretend that he'd wake up like this every morning, that you'd crawl into his embrace like this every night. And so, save for some sleepy stretching and adjustments, he tried to stay as still as he could, savoring the quiet and the feeling of your body against his, your warm skin against his hand.

Ding.

Ugh. Ignore it, he decided, snuggling closer to you.

Ding. Ding. Ding Ding Ding Din--

He groaned when he felt you move to reach for your phone. He reached for his as well, seeing that it had been a group text. He squinted at his screen.

Boss: THERE IS AN EMERGENCY

Mutt: what kind of emergency?

Ashtray: it's no big deal, i'll b fine by tonight

Boss: STRETCH HAS LOST HIS VOICE

Kitten: That can happen?

He glanced over to you to catch your cute yawn as you texted against his sternum, making no move to remove your sleepy body from his. Thank the stars. You caught his eye and blushed a little.

Ashtray: i may have overextended myself these last few days while practicing, but i don't think it's such a big deal

(xxx): bad luck, losing ur voice on the day of the big show

Ashtray: nobody asked for your opinion, red.

(xxx): then ya shouldn't have added me 2 the text group

Boss: SILENCE! YOU AREN'T HELPING! WE NEED A NEW SINGER!

Mutt: i'd do it, but i only know the lyrics to one song

"You should do it," you said, nudging him.

"do what?"

"Sing at the concert tonight!"

He scoffed and rolled his eyelights. "very funny, kitten."

"I'm not joking," you insisted. "Come on, you have an amazing voice, I *know* you do. Please?"

"not a *chance* ."

Ashtray: sorry, doll, i know you were really looking forward to me singing tonight

Ashtray: i had even finished that song i wrote for you ♡

Kitten: I'm disappointed, but it's alright...you can play it for me later ♡

He huffed, rolling his eyelights again. That dumb ashtray wrote a song for you? And that little heart you sent back...that irked him.

(xxx): fine i'll do it

Ashtray: that's the funniest thing you've ever said

Boss: ACTUALLY IT'S NOT A BAD IDEA. MY BROTHER IS ACTUALLY QUITE SUFFICIENT AT SINGING.

Comedian: i don't really have a horse in this race but that seems unlikely

BabyBlue: I JUST GOT BACK FROM MY MORNING RUN! WHAT'S GOING ON?

(xxx): i'll make a song list. you better know how to play em.

Ashtray: stars help us we're going to get boo'ed off the stage.

BlackEye: WHY DID IT TAKE YOU SO LONG TO INVITE ME TO THIS CONVERSATION, YOU USELESS DOG

Kitten: Yay! Red can totally do it!

"You're such a jelly skelly," you teased, putting your phone back in your pocket and snaking your arms around his neck.

"i got no clue what you mean, i'm doing it for my bro." He chuckled, returning to his lazy cuddles and ignoring the chorus of *ding* s from your phones.

"Sure you are~♡"

Stretch rolled his eyelights and shoved his notebook in Red's face.

i'm not playing that

"alright then you don't have a singer." He huffed, crossing his arms. Stretch scribbled on his notebook some more and shoved it back at him.

this playlist is entirely love songs or crude songs about sex aimed at y/n. i won't play it!

"MORE VARIETY IS NECESSARY. WE WON'T BE CROONING SO YOU CAN GET...UGH... *LAID* . AS IF THAT WOULD EVEN HAPPEN."

Red rolled his eyes and snatched the list back from Edge's hands. " *fine* . i'll mark the ones that i gotta have and let you guys fill in the blanks."

He flopped onto the couch marking the few songs he had to keep, reveling in Stretch's frustration. His hostility was probably based on the fact that your eyes would definitely be on Red tonight, and it was that sort of delicious controversy that gave Red so much spunk. Maybe he was egging him a little more than usual, but it was mostly because he knew that Stretch had officially been the first to voice his feelings for you, and...now that he'd told you how he felt...it felt real. It felt final. This was it, they'd both put up their dukes and left it in your hands. Knowing for sure that you had love for both of them inside you only made it worse.

"better?" He asked, handing Stretch the playlist. He looked it over, and then nodded, handing it back to him. Red smirked triumphantly.

Red wasn't usually one for the stage, but tonight he was determined to steal the spotlight.

"They can't come?" You asked, surprised and disappointed. You'd really been looking forward to seeing Serif and her brothers.

Sans nodded as he handed you another dish to dry. "yeah, guess serif has some kind of new year's play she's in, and it was supposed to be yesterday but it got snowed out. they rescheduled, so they'll

be here next week, though. n'honestly? with red choosin' the playlist tonight...might not be a great place for a 6 year old."

Well, that was probably true. Red had been practicing with the guys all day in the garage (well, as much as they could without Mutt, who couldn't make it until after lunch), and he'd kept his playlist pretty secret. He did, however, inform you that he had picked one especially for you. Knowing him, it was probably not appropriate.

"Wish we could go see her play," you said with a sigh. "Bet she's gonna be adorable."

"you seem to have taken a real shining to her. you like kids?"

You paused your drying to give him a wide eyed stare. "Uhhh...yeah. Yeah, I do. I like them a lot...I mean, you've seen me with Frisk and Azzy…"

"frisk and azzy are preteens, not kids. different ballgame," he chuckled. "anyway, it's good you like kids. kids are great...don't know if i could handle havin' my own, though."

The last part was almost under his breath, but you caught it. For some reason, this relaxed you. Maybe he won't pry on if you want your own. Ever since your conversation with Stretch you'd felt better about it, but it still hurts.

"hey...let's go for a walk?" He asked suddenly, putting the last dish in the dish rack. "maybe to grillby's, or to the bar we're goin' to tonight? help set up? i, uh...i miss hangin' out."

"You just don't want me here when Mutt and Black get here," you teased, taking his outstretched hand. He squeezed yours and chuckled softly.

"heh...you got me."

You grabbed your coats and walked out the front door, and as you walked you looked him over from his grin to your joined hands. The two of you hardly ever spent any time together anymore...things just got in the way somewhere down the line. Family, work, school, everybody else in the house...it had drowned out the friendship you'd had when you first came here, the long nights chatting at Grillby's, the bad jokes, the little things that made your relationship so special. You could practically feel how sorely he missed you.

You missed him, too.

"hey, sweetheart...do you believe that there's someone for everyone out there?"

The question caught you off guard a little, but you knew your answer, of course. "Definitely."

He paused, bringing you both to a standstill on the edge of downtown. He looked at you for a moment, seeming to question his next words. "...even me?"

"What do you mean, 'even you', ya numbskull?" You snorted, rapping your free hand on his skull and startling him. "You make it sound like you're unlovable."

"heh. well, i ain't exactly *easy* to love."

"Liar," you said, making a comically pouty face. "Loving you is the easiest thing I...uh, the easiest thing anyone could ever do."

He definitely didn't miss that slip, looking up at you with mild surprise. You flushed and turned away, giggling as you pushed his shoulder. His surprise melted into that knowing grin he always wears.

“oh, so you love me now, is that it?” He teased, bumping your shoulder with his as you resumed walking hand-in-hand. He wanted to lighten the mood, and not pressure you to seriously say words he knows you aren't ready for.

“I can neither confirm nor deny that statement without my lawyer present,” you sniffed, dropping his hand to cross your arms in playful defiance. He chuckled, admiring the cute pink color that dusted your cheeks whenever he joked with you like this. He loved that color. It was his mission to see that color every day.

It wasn't long before you dropped your hand to his once more, and he playfully checked your shoulder again, making you giggle and stumble a little. He was happy, so happy, just being here with you...hearing you almost say you loved him, just like you'd both almost said it on Christmas when you held each other on the stairwell. He'd lost you so many times, but it didn't matter because he could hear it now, the humming in your soul that was dangerously close to the one in his own, that song he'd never been able to forget that was almost, almost, *almost* there…

“what’re you so shy about? s’not like i don’t…” He trailed off, and his grin tugged a little, his eye socket twitching as he sensed eyes on you, a familiar presence. He noticed your anticipatory stare, and chuckled nervously, hand tightening around yours. “...you know what? i’m thirsty. how about we step into this coffee shop?”

“Oh, uh, sure.” You agreed, but your face said it all. Oh, well, he probably wouldn't have been able to say it anyway, he thought.

“i’ll be right there, sweetheart, gotta pop home for my wallet.”

And with that, you smiled and turned to go into the shop, and he blipped away to handle the pest, feet silently landing in the alleyway across the street, just out of view of the shop where he'd left you.

“thought you'd come say hi,” the figure chuckled from his spot by the mouth of the alley, not even turning to glance back at him. “and here i thought you didn't like me much.”

“an’ i thought i told you to stay faar away from me an’ the others, *dusty* .” Sans growled, regarding his mirror’s relaxed form as he turned towards him.

“c’mon, now, no need for name callin’, we all know i’m just as much *you* as *you* are,” he gave another mirthless chuckle as he swept back his hood, dilated red and purple eyelights glowing in the shadow of the building.

“why are you here?” Sans could feel the magic welling up around his fist, the anger in his chest. This mirror of him, of his own insanity...it was like looking directly into the darkness, the pain that gripped his soul in the underground. This version of him still glittered slightly from the settled dust of all his friends and family, from the senseless genocide of his own people. His grin was too wide, near manic, and it made Sans physically sick to look at him, to see what he could have been if the kid had just...killed them all...just one more time…

“just enjoyin’ a nice walk downtown,” he shrugged, eyelights wandering over to the windows of the cafe where you sat, just barely out of sight. “seein’ the sights. some of which i thought i’d never see again.”

“you won’t touch her, not while i’m here,” Sans hissed, eye flaring.

Dusty grimaced, and for a split second Sans had the eerie feeling of looking into a mirror that quite literally reflected the darkest part of him.

“m’just lookin’, geez, don't getcha panties in a twist. i heard a rumor, thought i’d check it out.” he crossed his arms, rolling his neck slightly until the joints popped. “i feel it, y’know. my girl’s soul. it’s faint, but it’s there. you shoulda told me.”

“didn't think she'd wanna see you, even if she remembered you.” Sans said bluntly, crossing his own arms. He knew what this dark copy of him had done to his y/n...he’d seen it. After all, it was an alternate version of himself, that he had simultaneously once been and never been. He'd watched him murder Papyrus and the others, he'd felt his own hands chain her to the dresser, he'd been there when she cried for him to stop, begged him to come to his senses, screamed as he…when she'd finally broken away and become the murderer herself, killing Frisk over and over again until she… he shuddered, shrugging the half-memories away. It wasn't him, the copy standing in front of him was proof enough of that. “ *especially* if she remembered.”

Dusty grunted bringing one hand up to curl into his socket and tug. A habit shared by him and yet another copy of Sans that he didn't like very much. “that’s for her to say, not you.” He grumbled. “just let me do my thing and nobody gets hurt, huh?”

“was that a threat?” Sans’ sockets narrowed as he regarded the skeleton in front of him, who simply shrugged, released his own socket, and shoved his hands in his pockets.

“nah. just empty words.” he said honestly. “fine, i get it, i’m leavin’...but…”

His eyes flicked back to the cafe.

“but *what* ?”

“s’nothin’, really...just...the last time i saw her, she had the same look in ‘er eyes i saw just now when you were walkin’.”

“and?”

Dusty reached up to draw his hood back over his skull as he turned to leave. “just a suggestion, but you should keep a close eye on ‘er….cause that’s the look she had when she resigned herself to death...y’know, just before she *killed herself.* ”

You tapped the table rhythmically as you hummed to yourself, wondering what was taking Sans so long as you stared blankly out the cafe window. You remembered this coffee shop from your study date with Hasani. It seemed like that was years ago, not just months, but these months had been packed full of action so...you supposed that was normal. Your life before you met Sans had been so empty, with very little to sneeze at in terms of excitement. You'd had no friends, no job, nothing to think about before you fell asleep except for equations and homework. And now it was a struggle

to close your eyes at night with all the excitement in your head, thinking about your phone full of contacts that always wanted to talk whenever you did.

Not a bad way to spend your last months, you thought. You were so grateful to have even made it as far as you had, to have a life so full of memories and love.

“y/n…!”

You blinked up in confusion as Sans materialized next to you, voice an urgent whisper as he called your name. “Uhhh...yeah?”

As his feet touched the tile, his hands cupped your face gently, tipping your face up to look at him. His gaze was almost panicked, intense, as if looking hard for something.

You slid your hands up to cover his comfortingly, guiding them gently away from your face. “Sans, what's wrong?”

He let out a sigh and squeezed your hands, his eyelights softening. “sorry...i just...had the sudden feeling that i was gonna lose you. freaked me out.”

He watched your face carefully as you smiled up at him, looking for a hint of what Dusty had said he'd seen. Your eyes were full of life, full of hope and love and the spark of that familiar fire he yearned to stoke.

But...you didn't say anything, didn't reassure him that you'd always be there. You smiled, you laughed, changed the subject and ordered coffee...but as far as the sweet words you usually spout go, you were silent.

Something in that silence made him feel uneasy.

Chapter End Notes

Hey all. I'm sorry for my lack of presence but I'll be perfectly honest.
Tumble was killing me. Writing was killing me. A lot of those who witnessed my ungraceful exit from Tumble have been concerned that I'm in an abusive relationship, and have pestered me relentlessly about it. I don't mean to offend but you guys don't know me or my husband well enough to say all that stuff, and he isn't abusive, he just wants me to take care of myself and not work myself to death.
I'll be real for a moment. I love writing these, but the truth is I haven't really been doing it for me. I've been doing it for the fear of disappointing you guys, for my incessant need to please.
This is the last chapter for a while, everything I write is going to be at my own pace from now on. I will be focusing more on my original fiction, and I might not update more than once a month, if at all.
Thank you to those who have been supporting me so much through all this. I'd say that I'm sorry for disappointing you...but I think that would be counterintuitive.
I hope you enjoyed this, and really, thank you for being with me through this.

Something I Need

Chapter Summary

It's New Year's Eve, and Red is ready to perform. You're ready to spend the evening with your friends, although, there is one question...
What's this weird feeling in your chest?
Why did the lights go out?
Who's getting your New Year's kiss???
....okay. There were several questions.

Chapter Notes

Thank you everyone for your continued support.
I'm doing much better now that I'm not pushing myself to write.
I will probably only update this one and maybe DDGD...any others will be very few and far between.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The bar the show was at was huge, and surprisingly not Grillby's. Somehow you knew that already, but it surprised you none the less as you pulled up in Papyrus' sleek, cherry-red Mustang, just behind Edge's black Lamborghini that had clearly been parked hours before if the unsightly bird poop was any indication. The steady flow of people going through the door had your heart hammering in your chest. You hadn't been in a crowd this big in a long time, maybe ever. Your grip tightened on the door handle until your knuckles grew white, as an oblivious Papyrus popped out of the driver's seat and joined the crowd, followed closely by Blue from the passenger seat, leaving just you and Sans behind, both staring uncomfortably up at the huge building.

"you okay?" he asked, his hand sliding to cover your free one on the seat between you, his voice quiet, concerned. You released the door handle as if it had bitten you, squeezing his fingers instead as you took a deep breath and let out a shaky laugh as you turned to look at him.

"You...you know...I'm made up of, like, a thousand people, and I don't think a single one of them likes crowds."

He smiled, a tight grin at the mention of your soul shards, but one with humor nonetheless. "wanna shortcut backstage? s'where we're goin' anyway. besides, i'm not really a people person myself."

"God, please?"

"i don't think i'm really great enough to be called 'god'," he snickered as you tucked your arms around him, laughing yourself. "alright, sweetheart, hold on tight."

You did. You practically knocked him over onto the backseat in an attempt to hold him tightly. His laugh rang in your ears against the momentary emptiness as you felt like you were floating, and the noise of the crowd was dulled, muffled by the many doors that now stood between you and them.

You sighed into Sans' clavicle as he gave you one last squeeze, and then he released you. He looked about to crack a joke, but both of you froze in place as you heard a familiar voice screaming nearby.

Before you could react, Red burst into the previously unoccupied dressing room, half-dressed and frantic.

"What are yo--" You began, but Red shushed you and shot behind the door. Your eyes rolled over his bedraggled appearance. It looked as if someone had tried to shove him into a Hot Topic display outfit, which he was halfway out of by the time you looked. He was struggling to get out as his collar got caught in a chain, eliciting a small whine and a grunt from him. You moved to help him, but Sans held tight to your waist with a short laugh.

"you're looking a little *tangled up* ."

Red shot him a glare. "shut the fuck up, he'll find me."

"Who?!"

"mettaton, i'm guessing." Sans snickered. "what was the final straw? looking like you just stepped out of a my chemical romance concert?"

"he wants to put makeup on me," Red grumbled. "n'he's trying to convince me to wear a skirt."

Your mental picture was...not displeasing.

"A kilt, darling, not a skirt!" The aforementioned robot sighed as he swept into the room, metal chassis blinking in the light from the vanity. You were staring, you knew it, but who could blame you? Mettaton was a superstar, and you'd only ever seen him on tv or in movies. "A kilt is a manly, rugged thing to wear!"

"looks like a fuckin' skirt to m--hey! hands to yourself, you metal jackass!" he squeaked as Mettaton elongated one of his robot arms the grab him. The robot ignored his cries, instead turning to regard you and Sans for the first time.

"i won't be on stage, so stop looking at me like that," Sans snapped.

"You must be the human my dear Papyrus has told me so much about," the robot cooed, ignoring Sans' rudeness. His free hand extended to you, tipping your chin up with a sly smile on his shiny gray face. "Tell me, my dear, don't you think he would look just *ravishing* in a black utilikilt?"

Well, your mental image was back, with a slight bit more accuracy this time, and you couldn't help but smile. "I think it would suit you, Red." Red stopped struggling momentarily to shoot you an exasperated, betrayed look. You giggle as you attempt to salvage yourself before he deems you dead to him. "But he definitely doesn't need makeup."

Mettaton seemed to contemplate this for a moment, and Red relaxed as the robot sighed in relief. "Fine. Kilt, but no makeup. I need to finish him quickly and get started on the others anyhow."

He carted Red away with the air of a child who'd just reluctantly made a deal with his parents.

"what a way to start the new year, eh?" Sans chuckled, slipping his hand from your waist to your lower back so he could steer you out the door. "c'mon, our seats are out here."

The setup on the stage was amazing, with a bigger drum set than you think you've ever seen and multiple bass guitars and regular guitars strung up on standby. Your seat was slightly elevated to the left of the stage, so close you could probably feel the boys' sweat later when they played. Sans had his arm draped lazily over the back of your seat, chatting with Blue and Papyrus on the other side of him as the guys came out, tuning up and waving at the crowd. Black was sitting with his arms folded on your left looking bored, but you could see the corners of his mouth tug upward as his brother came into view, with that skull bass he'd played for you before slung across his torso. You had a feeling he was prouder than he let on.

The lights dimmed, but Red was still nowhere to be seen. You were about to be worried that Mettaton hadn't listened to your pleas for no makeup, when the lights lit up the mic, standing alone on the stage.

A hush fell over the previously tittering crowd, and you found yourself leaning forward expectantly.

A skeletal hand came into the light, gripping the mic and pulling it into the darkness. The guitar riffed, then the drums, then again. Oh. You recognized this so--

As the lyrics hit, the stage exploded into light and Red was powersliding down the middle of the stage as he began to sing. He was in the middle of the stage, but his eyes were on you as he popped to his feet, the kilt proving to be the best choice you think you had made in a long while.

" *i, i'm driving black on black*
just got my license back
i got this feeling in my veins this train is coming off the track
i'll ask, polite, if the devil needs a ride
because the angel on my right ain't hanging out with me tonight
i'm driving past your house while you were sneaking out
i got the car door opened up so you can jump in on the run
your mom don't know that you were missing
she'd be pissed if she could see the parts of you that I've been kissin', screamin'
no *, we're never gonna quit*
ain't nothing wrong with it
just acting like we're animals
no, no matter where we go
'cause everybody knows
we're just a couple of animals! "

Sans sits upright next to you, and the others in your group mimic the sentiment, seemingly shocked that Red was *actually good at singing* . The smile on your face was bordering manic as you blushed

furiously. You'd have to tell him later that Nickelback wasn't usually considered cool, but from the reaction of the crowd, nobody seemed to care.

He tore his eyes from yours, turning his attention to the crowd. This was where that bravado he always practiced came in handy, you thought, as you could feel his nervousness in that rare moment of resonation when he was singing straight at you. The girls in the front row, some monster and some human, were already tripping over each other to touch his outstretched hand.

Edge, Stretch, and Mutt were all engrossed in their instruments, so they didn't meet your gaze, but you can see they hadn't escaped Mettaton's, eh, designer's eye. Stretch looked the strangest, as you hardly ever saw him in black. His outfit was still mostly orange, as somehow he had wrangled his "I fuck so good even the neighbors have a cigarette" sweatshirt over whatever Mettaton had made him wear. His usual khaki shorts had been replaced by studded black jeans, his sleeves pushed up to reveal several layered bracelets. You noted with a smile that his skull necklace swung freely over his sweatshirt, touching your own on your bracelet comfortingly.

Edge and Mutt looked more at home in their outfits, and you didn't doubt that it was stuff they would normally wear. Wow, you don't think you've ever seen Edge so happy, but the combination of satisfaction from his drumming and pride for his brother was something he wore well. Mutt's fingers flew over the bass strings, and you knew he was at home here.

The song ends abruptly, and it's drowned by the noise of the crowd. Red almost looks scared for a second, but he's saved from having to say anything in his overwhelmed state by the music starting in again.

They went through most of a set without stopping (unlike Stretch, Red's repertoire seemed to consist mostly of alternative rock and not folkpop), and you were almost worried Red would pass out. You didn't realize you were standing until they finally paused and Red took a large gulp of water from a water bottle on the stage.

"how the fuck are ya?" he asked the crowd breathlessly, before drinking some more as they screamed in response. His chuckle reverberated through the speakers, making your breath catch in your throat. "i dunno what screaming means but i hope it's good. thanks for lettin' me sub in tonight, i know some of you were lookin' forward to the dulcet tones of my cousin over here." Stretch rolled his eyelights, but he seemed too happy to really be upset.

"i stand thoroughly proven wrong," Sans muttered beside you.

"Jealous?" you giggled, and he smirked and rolled his eyes.

"anyway, give my fam a hand back here," Red waved, and the crowd applauded. He pointed at you and the others. "and the rest of 'em over there."

All eyes migrated your way and you squeaked, hiding behind Sans as best you could. Red laughed again. The applause was for you all this time, and you felt Sans tug his hood over his face and sink back against you, though the other three were more than happy to smile and wave.

"speakin' of family, i got one extra important person over there i promised a song to. as much as it's from me to her, i think the sentiment is probably shared by everyone else in my house as well." You sat up straight, staring wide-eyed at him as the music started in. "so this is for you, kitten."

Your heart was pounding in your ears.

“i had a dream the other night...
about how we only get one life...
woke me up right after two
stayed awake and stared at you
so i wouldn't lose my mind…”

His voice was softer, more sincere.

“and i had the week that came from hell
and yes i know that you could tell
but you're like the net under the ledge
when i go flying off the edge
you go flying off as well
and if i only die once...i wanna die with…”

The other two that had voices joined in for the chorus, catching you off guard as the volume skyrocketed along with the beat. Red was making his way across the stage, eyelights boring into you as the words sprang forth confidently from his teeth.

“You got something I need
In this world full of people there's one killing me
And if we only die once, (hey)
I wanna die with you (you, you, you)
You got something I need
In this world full of people there's one killing me
And if we only die once, (hey)
I wanna die with you (you, you)”

His hand slid into yours before you realized you’d reached out, and you thought he might pull you onto the stage, but instead he just slipped his fingers off your palm as he started again.

“last night i think i drank too much, yeah
call it our temporary crutch, hey
with broken words i've tried to say
kitten, don't you be afraid
if we got nothing we got us...
and if you only die once, i wanna die with…”

The others joined in again, and now the crowd. You were left staring wide-eyed at him, retracting your hand to our chest as you felt the heat rise in your face.

“You got something I need
In this world full of people there's one killing me
And if we only die once, (hey)
I wanna die with you (you, you, you)
You got something I need
In this world full of people there's one killing me
And if we only die once, (hey)
I wanna die with you (you, you, you)

“I know that we're not the same
But I'm so damn glad that we made it
To this time, this time, now (yeah)

“You got something I need
Yeah in this world full of people there's one killing me
And if we only die once I wanna die with you (heeyy)
You got something I need
In this world full of people there's one killing me
And if we only die once, (hey)
I wanna die with you (you, you, you)
You got something I need
In this world full of people there's one killing me
And if we only die once, (hey)
I wanna die with you (you, you, you)

And if we only die once, I wanna die with…”

The crowd grew quiet as the music stopped abruptly. All the guys and the crowd turned their eyes on you as Red came to a stop in front of you once more. His smile was soft as he reached up and tucked a piece of hair behind your ear, bringing the mic up slightly to sing the last lyric. All the musical knowledge, all those times you’d spent with him in the past, the heavy burden of the life you’d lived until now...none of it could prepare you for the weight of the words that were about to tumble from his mouth like a spell.

“if we only live once...i wanna live with you.”

It was like time stopped. Everything froze around you as a flurry of emotion swelled in your chest, constricting your breath. You hardly have time to sort your feelings into words before--

There was a crackle in the air, and Red’s hand flew from your cheek as if you had burned him. Before he could voice a question, the crackle came back twelve times as strong, rocking you back against Black, who squeaked and fumbled to catch you. There was a sound like glass breaking, and darkness swept over the stage, the club, and backstage.

Pandemonium.

People were shouting at each other, and you heard shuffling and swearing from the stage as the guys tried to navigate the darkness to get to you. You can hear Red talking to Edge in a low voice, but the words are drowned by the panic in the crowd.

“PAPY!” Blue brushed past you, assumedly searching for his brother, who made a hoarse noise that sounded like it may have almost been a word.

“m’lord?”

“I'M HERE, PAPY.” The tiny tyrant holding you sounded angry, and worried. You noted with a weird sense of satisfaction that he called his brother by his actual name when it came to danger. His small hands tightened around your shoulders as he drew you closer, and if you didn't know better you would think he was being protective. “WHAT DID YOU DO, HUMAN?!”

“I...I didn't--”

“sweetheart, you ok?” Sans hand finds yours, and then Papyrus’ is gently placed on top of both of yours.

Black groaned and pulled you away. “SHE'S FINE, I'VE GOT HER! FOCUS ON FIXING THE PROBLEM, YOU USELESS CREATURES!”

You have to admit that he does make you feel safe. You doubt anyone would try to fuck with you with Black around.

“Let's all calm down, darlings!”

A hush falls over the crowd as Mettaton's voice booms through the building. The advantage of being a robot is a built-in megaphone, you guess.

“I am working on the lights, my dears, but it’s too close to midnight to wait! Firstly, let's show our appreciation to Stretch and the Skelebros, as well as their *smashing* stand-in singer, Red!” The applause was deafening, and you brought your hands together in a single clap of confusion. You wonder if Black can see your distraught look, because he was snickering. “Alright, my lovelies, if you can head out the doors in an orderly fashion, we shall continue this party under the moonlight!”

The crowd jostled you from every side as Black attempted to guide you through. You could almost feel him winding up with anger behind you, frustrated that the humans were so much bigger than him. His hands tightened on your waist, a growl building in his chest as you finally push your way out the front door, spilling out into the previously empty streets that were now teeming with people.

Before you could look for the others, your view was blocked by a large guy...ugh, he reeked like beer. The countdown was starting behind him.

Ten!

“Hey, you're the girl that skeleton was singin’ to,” he said smartly, leaning into you uncomfortably close. “You know, you're pretty cute. You an’ that monster got a thing?”

Nine!

Uh...kinda...maybe...you don't really know at this point? Why does he care? And why is he leaning so close?

“Or do you maybe wanna come slum it with a human for the night~”

Oh. *Oh.*

“Oh, uh, no, no thank yo--”

Eight!

He didn't let you finish your answer, but rather stumbled forward, grabbing your face and leaning in for an unexpected kiss. You squeaked and tried to pull away before--

Seven!

--the strong hands on your waist pulled you back with a snarl, and you caught a flash of purple as Black--

Six!

--flew in front of you, gloved hand raised in a fist as he sailed toward the man--

Five!

Crack! The drunkard stumbled back in shock more than pain, probably too drunk to really feel the impact of the punch. You struggled to gain your balance.

Four!

Despite the confused shouting of the man, Black turned his attention back to you, helping you steady yourself.

Three!

“WHAT A SAD, DISGUSTING CREATURE TO TRY AND STEAL AFFECTION FROM YOUR LIPS,” he seethed, pulling you to him tightly as the crowd surged once more toward where Mettaton was standing, the countdown still winding down behind him.

Two!

You're almost an entire foot taller than him, just like Blue (although, with those heeled boots he’s wearing, you assume he's actually shorter than your better-tempered friend), but he holds himself tall anyway as he looks up at you. “DID HE HURT YOU, HUMAN? IF YOU ARE INJURED UNDER MY PROTECTION I'LL NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT!”

One!

“ ***HAPPY NEW YEAR!!*** ”

The roar of the crowd is deafening, but you can still hear Mettaton calling loudly for New Year's kisses, and even see him swoop down to land one on Papyrus’ cheekbone. The tall skeleton flushes orange and smiles brightly. How adorable.

“Hey, Black?”

The short skeleton jumped slightly, looking back up at you as if trying to pretend he wasn't watching his brother get jumped by some fangirl.

“Thanks for rescuing me.”

“WHA--”

You cut him off with a fat kiss to the teeth, and a surprised hiccup escapes him (Oh my God, could he be *any* cuter?) before he purrs, hands finding your face to pull you down more. He finishes off with a surprise swipe of the tongue, leaving your mouth tingling as he pulls away.

“YOU'RE A MOST FORWARD PRINCESS,” He hummed, pushing you away playfully. “BUT, YOU ARE CORRECT. IT IS CUSTOMARY TO KISS YOUR PRINCE AFTER YOU'VE BEEN RESCUED~”

He looks positively villainous, and unwaveringly proud of himself.

Oh no.

You've created a monster.

Chapter End Notes

Black finally gets his kiss.
So she's kissed everyone in the main ten now, I think? Lol

Songs featured are "Animals" by Nickelback and "Something I Need" by OneRepublic

We'll Be Alright, AKA Chaos Theory

Chapter Summary

Things are alright, aren't they? The way things are is comfortable.
Too bad a certain skeleton with a Napoleon complex isn't content with just "comfortable".

Chapter Notes

Ehhhh I don't know where I was going with this one. I had this idea of a little window into how everyone's feeling right now and this pooped out.
Your support is really helping me, thank you all (:

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“what? you didn't sign up for any classes?”

Sans furrowed his browbone in confusion as you shrugged half-heartedly.

“Yeah. Found out I needed more classes than I thought and I can't take them all this semester unless I wanna be out of the house every day of the week for 12 hours, so...I didn't sign up.” You said, staring distractedly out the window.

“i don't understand...can't you just take some in the fall?” He scratched his skull thoughtfully, gauging your reaction. He’d only asked about school because they were planning a ski trip with Bro, Russ, and Serif, and he wanted to make sure you wouldn't miss any school...but...you seemed so resigned. It was weird.

“I think I'll just take the semester off,” you said, smiling up at him. “My resolution this year was that I wanna spend more time with you guys, and if I took all those classes I couldn't do that.”

You were tactfully avoiding his suggestion to take the rest in the Fall. He tried to push the thought of Dusty and his warning away. Maybe you just really wanted to graduate on a Spring semester? Regardless, he’d only ever seen determination and grit when it came to your schooling...something has to be wrong.

He sighed and reached across the table, placing his hand over yours gingerly to catch your attention. “y’know, sweetheart, we're kinda past the whole ‘pretend everything’s okay’ thing. what’s really goin’ on?”

You looked at him, slightly surprised and a little guilty. It was an expression he used to see on you a lot, but not so much lately. Despite the obvious guilt and his usually-successful tactics, you seemed to think better of whatever you might say, opting instead to shut your mouth and look down at his hand over yours in silence.

Okay...you don't wanna talk. That’s okay for now, he knows better than to pry where he’s not invited. Hell, he's the same way.

“uhh...what about online classes?”

Your head snapped back up in confusion. “Uh...what about them?”

He slid his hand back with a shrug, sticking it into his jacket pocket. “i dunno, seems if you take some of ‘em online then you get to kinda make your own schedule, you know? get to it when you have time?”

You sighed, retracting the hand he’d been holding to run it through your hair. “Yeah, I mean...I considered it, but I don't have a computer. I'd have to spend twice as much time at the library as I already do, and that would be the same problem all over again.”

He laughed a little at that, shaking his head. “wait, wait, you mean to tell me that half the time you're outta the house is because you're working on a computer at the library?”

“Uh, duh. Nobody accepts written assignments these days.”

“jeez, sometimes i don't know what to do with you.” He said, leaning on his hand. “you need a computer? done. we’ll go pick one out later.”

You stared at him, dumbfounded for a moment. He couldn’t help but think you were just too darn cute when you were bewildered. “Wh...what?”

“yeah. computer. then you can take your classes and still be home more often.”

“But--!”

“if you say it’s too expensive, i’ll flick you.” He warned, holding his fingers up playfully. You shut your mouth, a small smile forming on your face.

“Okay, okay. Computer. Even though it’s expensive...What do you guys even do for work, anyway?”

“red, stretch, and i are…” He stops himself. *Scientists* . He’d never mentioned it before, but...knowing your past, would it make you scared of them? Of the workshop in the backyard? “...we do odd jobs. the others work at monster sentry stations around town. stretch writes books, i think, an’ red made some self-sustainable engine for motorcycles that he gets a buncha money from.”

“And you?” You asked, leaning closer across the table with interest.

“heh. i take care of you, an’ that’s a full-time job, innit?” He teased, squeezing your nose briefly. You laughed and blushed a little, seemingly satiated by his non-answer. “speaking of, i think i'm officially on the clock. wanna do lunch?”

You laughed, and he grinned as you stood, taking his hand gently so he could lead the way.

Perfect. That's what it was. He liked this, the serene life you were living together in this house, with his family. In these moments, you were his, and that's what counts. If things could just stay like this…

...he’d be alright.

“...i don't think so, buddy.” Red frowned, blocking the doorway. Black and Mutt stared at him, Mutt with a nonchalant shrug, and Black with a confident grin and a bundle of purple lilies in his hands.

“WHAT’S THE MATTER? I CAN'T BRING THE HUMAN SOME FLOWERS? AFRAID I'LL WOO HER OUT FROM UNDER YOU?” Black purred accusingly, fingering one of the blooms delicately as he stared Red in the eyesockets.

“nah, that ain't it,” he chuckled, leaning against the doorjamb. “kitten and i are thick as thieves. don't get so cocky just because you got one little kiss.”

“THERE WAS NOTHING ‘LITTLE' ABOUT IT,” Black sniffed, standing up as tall as he could. “IT WAS A DEVASTATINGLY LARGE KISS. SHE WAS SWOONING BY THE END. BUT THAT'S NOT THE POINT, THE POINT IS I AM HERE TO BRING HER FLOWERS, SO STEP ASIDE!”

“dude, i said *no* . you deaf or somethin’?”

He looked hilarious, like he might explode.

“AND WHY NOT?! LET ME IN THIS INSTANT OR I WILL SIMPLY GO FIND HER MYSELF!”

“yeesh, whatever,” He sighed, stepping aside. “...i just can't see her appreciatin’ them, seein’ as how she’s, y’know, deathly allergic to lilies an’ all.”

Black stopped, halfway in the door, and glared up at Red with suspicion. “...SHE IS?”

“maybe.” Red shrugged. “maybe not. why should i tell you?”

“BECAUSE IF IT’S NOT TRUE, AND I LEAVE THESE HERE, IT WILL BE YOUR FAULT IF SHE HAS AN ALLERGIC REACTION...RIGHT?” The small skeleton’s grin was terrifyingly satisfied with his response, and Red grimaced at the truth of the words.

“fine. she’s allergic. now take those death-blooms with you and leave us alone, eh?”

Black sighed, snapping his fingers to bring Mutt to attention. “MUTT! DISCARD THESE FAR AWAY AND BRING ME SUITABLE FLOWERS FOR MY FUTURE QUEEN!”

“yes, m’lord!” Mutt drawled, taking the bouquet and disappearing with a lazy salute and a wink aimed at Red.

Knowing what he knew about the other world’s versions of you, he wondered how Mutt could indulge his brother so wholeheartedly courting his girl. He probably liked it, the freak.

“I'LL SHOW MYSELF IN, USELESS CRETIN,” Black huffed, sweeping past him after assuring there was no lily pollen on his clothes.

“whatever. she ain't even here anyway, she's out with the comedian,” he said, rolling his eyelights as he shut the door behind him.

“THAT'S ALRIGHT, I'M CONTENT TO WAIT FOR HER RIGHT HERE. THAT IS, UNLESS YOU HAVE A PROBLEM WITH ME?”

It was a challenge, one that Red was almost inclined to take. Instead, he grinned at the little devil.

“nah, no problem. kitten already knows i love ‘er, and i already know she feels the same. go ahead and try it, pipsqueak.”

He chuckled at the shocked, angry face of the tiny tyrant, and then swept out of the room. He wasn't worried at all, not with somebody like Black. Besides, he’d resigned himself to sharing a long time ago. If they can't get home to their own versions, then how can he say no to all the others who share a bond with the souls that make yours up? He knew exactly how they felt, and if he could just stay the way he was with you, then, well…

...he’d be alright.

So...maybe this was a mistake.

Stretch’s eyelights followed his brother as he bounced all over the store, eyes flashing as he chattered excitedly. A candy store? Not his best idea yet, but he felt like picking something up for you since you mentioned it’s hard to find your favorite candy in the normal stores.

“excuse me, miss?” He caught the attention of a passing saleslady, electing to ignore his brother’s starry eyes as he wrangled another one into grabbing something from the top shelf for him. “do you have maple candies here?”

The same as your favorite from his world, if he remembered correctly. The associate showed him to the imports section happily, before moving on her way to clean up the sour candy dust that Blue was spilling from the giant machine directly into his mouth. Oh Lord.

The girl at the counter was staring at him as he purchased the candies, but she caught him off guard when she spoke.

“You’re Stretch, right?” She asked, handing him his change. He blinked in surprise, having expected a silent monsterphobe.

“uhm, yep. that’s my name.” Oof, awkward.

“I work at the Glamarena on the weekends, so I caught your show on New Year’s Eve. You guys were really great, even though you had a replacement singer.” She was smiling so brightly at him, as if she were really meeting a celebrity. “I’d seen you at open mic nights before, so I was a little disappointed you’d lost your voice, but it was nice to hear you guys play again. It’d been a while.”

“oh, uh, thanks, doll. it’s always nice to meet a fan,” he said, face melting into an easy smile. “oh, could you gift wrap this? it’s a surprise for the girl that was sitting with my family.”

She nodded, still smiling as she took the box. He followed her over to the gift wrap station and watched with interest as she expertly spun the paper into place.

“Kind of weird to be giving a gift to your cousin’s girlfriend, though, don’t you think?”

“what?” Stretch asked, giving her a confused stare. “she’s not...what do you mean?”

“Isn’t she dating the guy who sang for you guys?” She tilted her head in innocent confusion, carefully peeling the back of a bow. “I mean, at least I assumed that they...they looked awfully familiar during that last song?”

“oh, oh no, no,” Stretch rolled his eyelights and waved his hand dismissively. “no, they aren’t together, really. it’s...a long story.”

“Oh, uhm, sorry, I just...assumed. That’s my bad.”

Hmmm...this is still awkward. She handed him the gift without making eye contact. He took it gingerly, eyeing her, trying to puzzle out the look on her face. “it’s alright, i can see where the confusion was. eh...are you alright?”

“Uhm, uh, just...are *you* dating her?” She asked, tucking a stray blonde curl behind her ear as she looked up at him sheepishly.

Oh. *Oh.*

“again, uh, it’s...complicated,” he said honestly, shrugging half-heartedly. “technically, i think it’s a no.”

Technically, you weren’t dating. Were you? He certainly wanted to call you his, but the conversation hadn't really happened yet. Complicated was the perfect word.

“Well, if you ever get tired of ‘complicated’, you know where to find me,” She said, handing him his receipt with a wink.

He collected his receipt and thanked her with yet more awkwardness, noting with mild interest that she had scrawled her name and number at the bottom. Heather, huh?

sorry, heather , he thought to himself as he collected his brother under one arm and tossed the receipt in the garbage outside the shop. Complicated or not, he had you, and he wouldn't want anything less than to just stay that way. If he could spend the rest of his life by your side, if everything could just stay as it was, if he could at least continue to love you enough for the both of you…

...he’d be alright.

Edge was very proud of his cooking skills, especially his award-winning lasagna (alright, so no awards yet, but there should be!). However, even a top-rate chef such as himself knows that there is *always* room for improvement!

And as such, in the days following New Year’s, he had taken to watching the Food Network, YouTube, or any other tips and tricks, in order to strengthen his skills. He was surprised to find that he had a lot to learn, like how humans don’t put vinegar in their pasta and especially not along with smashed bits of the bottle. He learned how to dice, mince, julienne, and whatever else, he learned that butter was a miracle, he learned that certain wines pair best with carbs or with starches or with meats...it was a lot, but nothing was too great of a challenge for the Great and Terrible Pa--uh, Edge.

He checked his notes one more time, ensuring that his dish had cooked to perfection. He felt the temperature was too low, and the time much too long, and the meat wasn't nearly black enough, but he had decided to follow the instructions carefully anyway...after all, he hated to admit it, but your cooking far outmatched his, and you were always checking your cookbooks and following the rules closely. So he tried it, too.

All the while, his brother sat nervously at the table, giving him occasional looks that ranged from confused, to curious, to scared. He was even sweating as Edge set out the first plate for him to test.

"SIT UP STRAIGHT!" He corrected, smacking his brother's slouching shoulder to encourage him to straighten out. Red followed the order, snapping his spine to attention as Edge pushed the plate towards him. "IT ISN'T PASTA, BUT I SUPPOSE SINCE THE HUMAN SAID SHE LIKES IT, IT MUST BE GOOD. SO TRY IT."

Red looked down at the meatloaf in front of him. Edge knew exactly what was going through his mind: *It certainly...looked good enough. And smelled good. And his great and terrible brother had even politely served it with mustard instead of ketchup, like he was actually thinking about someone other than himself for once.* Red was so predictable, despite how well he seemed to think he could cover up his true thoughts and emotions.

He tapped his foot as he waited for his brother to take a bite. Patience wasn't his strong suit, it wasn't either of their strong suits, but he'd make an exception since it built dramatic tension. He hoped it was good. It would be nice for his brother not to lie to him about his cooking for once, especially since it was something he was making special for you, to show you how he'd improved. He hoped this would convince you to let him help in the kitchen...he could just see it, dancing around the kitchen as one chops and the other simmers, stealing counterspace from each other as you prepped for dinner every night. Maybe he could even steal a kiss while the food was cooking.

He mentally slapped himself, snapping out of his daydream. What a silly, romantic thing to daydream about! But, he had to admit, it was a nice daydream, and he wouldn't mind if it came true. Yes, perhaps he should continue to play dumb to you, but he was willing to admit to himself that he enjoyed your presence. You were sweet, and genuine, and you weren't afraid of him in the least. You defied everything he tried so hard to force, from his confident, scary facade all the way down to the clothes he'd bought you. Like an untamable wildfire, you did everything your own way...and your reality was worse than any nightmare he could have tried to subject you to, making you immune to any torture he could inflict and forcing him to come to terms with the fact that maybe, just maybe, you might actually bring out the best in him. The best in all of them.

"holy shit, boss, this is fuckin' amazing!"

His brother's shocked exclamation tore Edge from his thoughts, and he looked up to see Red holding the empty plate out, literal stars in his eyes as he *asked for more* .

He smirked proudly, refilling the plate and allowing his brother to indulge. He'd never asked for more before...perhaps there was something to this whole "cookbook" thing after all.

If Red didn't eat it all, then maybe he could share some with you tonight. Or perhaps you could help him make more for everyone, and he could have a hand in something that drew actual heartfelt compliments from his housemates. If he could set aside his ego, and allow you to teach him, and cook by your side every night…

...he'd be alright.

You didn’t want anything to change, you thought to yourself, holding Sans’ hand gently as you walked back to the house in comfortable silence. You were greeted by Edge and Red, who shared Edge’s new meatloaf recipe with you (damn, it was actually kinda good???) and then Stretch and a suspiciously vibrating Blue, who gifted you with a box of your favorite candy (oooohhhhh sweet mistress of Canada please never leave), and Papyrus, who simply wanted to hug you and say he missed you today (oh sweet Papyrus don’t you ever change). You liked everything just the way it was, right now, and if it stayed that way until you died...well, you’d be alright.

Unfortunately, Chaos always seems to enjoy those moments of peace and acceptance the most, and Chaos, in this case, came in the form of a short, edgy skeleton wielding flowers.

Black stood gracefully from the couch as you entered, and you were taken aback by his presence at first. Usually you knew he was there right away, either because someone mentioned his name with a groan or because you could hear him yelling at Mutt. But Mutt was slouching lazily in the armchair, and Black wasn’t even acknowledging his poor posture, and everyone else seemed just as confused as you were.

“you're still here?” Red asked, bewildered. “dude. it's been like 5 hours.”

Five *hours???* You've never heard of Black waiting for more than 5 *minutes* for *anything* !

“THE FINER THINGS IN LIFE ARE WORTH WAITING FOR,” Black responded, waving away Red’s comment as he approached you. He grinned and bowed deeply, presenting the bouquet of purple flowers. “AND YOU, DEAR PRINCESS, ARE THE FINEST OF ALL.”

“Uhh...thank...you?” You accepted the flowers, looking over them with a shocked expression. They were beautiful, exactly what you like, and with no lilies to make you faint. How did he know what you like? Does he stalk you on Pinterest?.....Nevermind, that sounds exactly like him.

He snapped back up, producing a tiny card from underneath his scarf with a flourish. He took your hand, pressing the card into it gently, before settling a chaste kiss on the back of it.

“AN INVITATION TO DINE WITH ME TOMORROW NIGHT. A DATE, YOU MIGHT CALL IT. DRESS NICELY, AND DON'T BE LATE.”

Before you could respond, he snapped his fingers, and Mutt was at attention, grasping his shoulder with a wink at you, before they disappeared in a shower of purple rose petals.

Silence reigned as everyone tried to process everything.

Sans picked a petal out of his eyesocket with a strained smile. “didn't he pause to think that the rose petals might be just a *little* too much?”

“what...just happened?” Red asked no one in particular, staring at the tiny card in your hand that states the time and place of said dinner. You followed his gaze, confusion lifting as you finished processing.

“I think, uh...I think I just got asked out?”

Chapter End Notes

And now suddenly everyone is not content with simply being around you because GODDAMMIT SOMEBODY ASKED YOU OUT NOW ITS ON

Masterpiece*

Chapter Summary

You and Red fuck a lot and Sans has a run-in with your father.

Chapter Notes

This took a long time to write, I hope you all enjoy!
Warning: Slight smut ahead!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A loud noise woke you with a start, and you shrieked as your head flew off the desk. The twittering laughter of your classmates proved to you that it was just the school bell.

You sighed, sinking into your chair and trying desperately to remember the dream you just had. It had been a long one, a whole lifetime. Pain, sorrow, and joy...ugh. No use. Only bits and pieces.

“have a good nap there, sleeping beauty?” A familiar Brooklyn timbre came from behind you, and you turned to level a glare on your best friend as he laughed unabashedly at your embarrassment.

“Ugh...couldn't have woken me up and saved me the embarassment, Red?” You groaned, shoving him half-heartedly in an attempt to knock him off the desk behind you. He was like a rock, and all you accomplished was sinking your hand into his fluffy black hoodie.

He quirked an eyebrow bone(?) in amusement. “red? i know you like my dick an’ all, but is it really necessary to nickname me after it’s color?”

You felt your face flush immediately and shushed him urgently. “Shut up, you doofus!”

“what, afraid the bitch brigade will hear?” he chuckled, eyelights rolling over you as you stood from your desk, casting a glance at the three girls in the corner who always seemed to rope you into after school stuff. They were eyeing you both like hawks, like some sort of neighborhood watch with highlights. “hey, it wasn’t *my* fault we almost got caught in the janitor’s closet, princess~”

You rolled your eyes, but you were smiling. You don't know where that nickname came from...maybe that dream you had? It was stupid, the idea of there being a ton of Sanses and Papyruses that all wanted to romance you. Maybe this whole friends-with-benefits thing was starting to get to you.

And now, back to reality.

“So…” You trailed off, smirking at your boney bestie as you strolled out of the school together. “You're coming over tonight, right?”

“what?” His face contorted into a mixture of confusion and nervousness. “you want me to come into your apartment where your crazy monsterphobe dad wants to dust me? no thanks, kitten, i’ll pass.”

Your workaholic father...didn't like monsters much to begin with. His whole career revolved around making sustainable energy sources, and when the barrier fell and monsters introduced magitechnology...well, he was out of a job. Which meant you were out of income.

This you might have been able to survive, especially being 18 and ready to move out the second you grabbed your diploma in two months...but then you befriended a monster. He seemed to tolerate the idea, but when he caught Sans and you in the middle of your, eh, “benefits”, well that had seemed to be the final straw. He’d tried to dust your skeletal not-boyfriend right then and there.

Ever since then it's been a game of trying to tiptoe around his brother Papyrus, who seemed to like humans about as much as your father liked monsters. Papyrus had grown used to the idea of you as a friend, but you weren't sure he was ready to know that his brother liked to nail you to the mattress every chance he got. You get the feeling he would especially not approve of it not even being an official relationship.

You hip-checked him, making him stumble jokingly aside as the grin returned to his skull. “No, stupid! Don't you remember? He left on business for the next two months!”

His grin widened and his eyelights flashed stars for a hot second, before he turned suddenly to pin you to the wire fence around the school, trapping you with his body against yours.

“we got the place to ourselves for two whole months?” He growled, grinding into you suggestively. “why didn'tcha say so sooner?”

“I told you this morning,” you said, pushing him off. He backed up, but didn't release his grip on the hem of your uniform shirt.

“was that before or after i threw this shirt on top of the spare mop heads?” He purred, running his thumbs over your hips through the fabric. Ah, you're so weak for that.

“After.”

“pffft. no wonder i didn't hear you.”

You laughed as he pulled you close, and the feeling of jumping gripped you as he slammed you straight into your mattress back home.

“Man, I love shortcuts~” You hummed as he flicked your buttons open and tugged your hairtie out, phalanges smoothly laying your hair out across the pillows. He was getting to be very fast at undressing you.

“hmmm...me too.”

His shark-like grin was the last thing you saw as he loosed his school tie and fastened it over your eyes.

Three hours later and you're both laid out on the couch wearing pajamas and eating ice cream straight from the carton. Somehow Sans had managed to find a mustard flavored ice cream somewhere, and you're pretty sure he was the only person that had ever bought it. Yuck.

It felt nice, sitting here with him like this. He was draped over the arm of the couch, spooning his ice cream lazily into his mouth as you sat cross-legged on the other end, and you took turns taking wild guesses about what would happen next in *Victorian Hearts* , your favorite guilty pleasure soap opera that you had somehow dragged him into.

“betcha she marries the count.”

“Nah, he’s too busy chasin’ tail elsewhere. He had his chance at the Cotillion but he didn't take it. She'll marry the stable boy.”

“pfft, what? he’s got noodle arms.”

This sort of felt like...deja vu. For some reason you expected him to start serenading you, and you instantly felt stupid. Instead, you snorted in an unladylike fashion at his stupid statement.

“So? You think I like *you* for your *muscles* , skeleman?”

He looked up at you with a shocked expression, and your mouth snapped shut as you turned red in embarrassment.

After a moment of silence, he chuckled. “jeez, kitten, you really had me goin’ for a second there, thinkin’ you *caught feelings* or some shit.”

You laughed, relaxing. It was stupid to talk about him in the context of marriage like that, you have no idea where it came from. You had a good thing going here and you were glad your silly slip hadn't spurred some kind of confession from him.

“Shut up and order pizza, dingus.”

Sans spent every waking moment at your place over the next few weeks, leaving only to (occasionally) attend school or to go home at night when you both were tired.

You kind of wished he would stay over, partly because you wanted to tangle in bed with him, but mostly because of the crippling loneliness you often felt after he left. The apartment seemed too big without his ostentatious flirting and his low chuckle filling the space.

“Do you have to go?” You groaned at him one Friday night, pulling at the clothes he was trying to put on. He chuckled and wormed out of your grasp to slip his converse on as he buttoned his uniform shirt.

“what, miss my dick already?” he teased, narrowly dodging the couch pillow you threw at him for the expected comment.

“No! It's not that, dummy.” You stuck your tongue out at him, but he could still sense the hesitancy in your voice. “It's just...lonely without you. And kind of scary. You know there was a robbery next door last night?”

He paused in the act of putting his backpack on, eyelights suddenly flaring with worry. “...really?”

“Yeah, scared Melinda something fierce. She managed to get away and hide here, and the guy was trashing her whole place next door. We could hear him through the walls.” You shuddered at the memory, remembering how your middle-aged neighbor had cried helplessly in your arms.

He was frozen by the door, face blank except for the permanent grin that had twisted into a grimace. His hand clenched. “...why didn't you call me?”

You blinked, surprised. “Call you?”

His bag hit the ground with a little too much force as he threw it, and he ran hand over his skull with a disgruntled sigh. “yeah, stupid. call me. what if he followed your neighbor, huh? what if he broke in here?”

“Well, we called the police.”

“the police,” He chuckled mirthlessly, kicking off his shoes as he drew his phone from his pocket, texting swiftly. “the fuckin’ pigs’ll surely take care of it, right. i keep forgetting that you have no sense of self-preservation.”

He shrugged off his coat and put his phone down, clearing the room to pick you up and fling you onto the couch.

“Wha--!”

“get comfortable, then, dumbass, and turn on some shitty horror flicks. i’m on guard duty now.”

From then on Sans spent the night. Papyrus brought over a bunch of little magitech sensors in case of intruders, and even had Sans install a panic button on your phone (because “EVERYBODY KNOWS YOU AND MY BROTHER ARE CLOSE. IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO YOU THEN I COULD BE ACCUSED OF BEING INCAPABLE OF PROTECTING EVEN ONE STUPID HUMAN.”).

It was like a bad porno half the time, honestly. Sans would make a terrible pun, then badabing badaboom, you’re sweating in the dark underneath a thin layer of sheets as you pull on his collar for more leverage. Sometimes you would hear him enter your room late at night, and at first you thought he wanted to bang (sometimes this was the case, and you certainly weren't complaining.)but as the weeks crawled by, it became obvious that wasn't all. Instead of waking you outright, he would often stand there for a moment, or maybe run his fingers through your hair, before returning to the living room.

You wondered why he did it, but chose not to mention it.

“hey, there's a marathon of the worst-rated horror films of the last decade goin’ on tomorrow night,” Sans said one day as you set your school bag down. He had chosen not to attend school today, so when you came in he was...

“...Are you cooking?”

“yeah, so what?” He rolled his eyelights, irritated. “i can cook. unlike my brother, who throws a whole bottle of vinegar in his lasagna and says that eating glass ‘builds character’.”

You looked him over, and immediately gave into a fit of laughter.

“hey, hey, hey, what’s with the giggles over here? a guy can't cook?” He growled, taking his eyes off the burgers searing on the stove to level a glare at you.

“No, sorry, it's just...it's all so…” You made a vague gesture at him, indicating his frilly ‘Baking is life’ apron. “...domestic.”

“domestic.”

“Yeah. Like, uh, housewifey. Kind of ‘honey, I’m home’, you know?”

He grinned as he understood your message. “yeah, yeah, yuk it up. you'll be singin’ a different tune when you try my burgers.”

They certainly smelled good, and they looked great. He had them plated pretty quickly, so you sat down to enjoy what you can only describe as a foodgasm.

“This is like, perfect parts greasy and cheesy and guilty,” you declared after your third bite. He laughed, taking a bite of his own. This felt...right. Coming home to him, laughing over dinner. You hoped he was up for some crazy sex because you had a lot of tension from the day to work out.

“glad to hear it. anyway, this is the test run. i wanna make slider versions of this for that shitty horror marathon tomorrow night.”

“Mmm, can't,” you shook your head. “Tomorrow’s prom.”

He seemed a little caught off guard by this. “uh, so…?”

“So? I won't be here? I'll be there.” You quirked an eyebrow at him. Doesn't he ever listen to you?

“wha...wait, wait,” He held up a hand to stop you, even though you weren't talking. “you're goin’ to prom? with who?”

“Your faith in my ability to find a date is flattering,” you scoffed. “I'm going with Drew. He's only been asking me since middle school, and so I thought what the hell.”

“yeah, what the hell?” He muttered, standing suddenly and heading towards the door. “if you want mine, you can have it.”

“Wait, where are you going?” You asked, jumping up from your seat. He didn't even slow down as he threw open the front door.

“out, don't wait up.” He huffed, before slamming the door in your face.

You let out a sigh and turned back to start cleaning up.

The hell was his problem?

Sans didn't come back that night. Or, at least, he wasn't there when you went to sleep. You texted him a few times, but he didn't respond. He'd never outright ignored you before...so when you heard the door slam in the wee hours of the morning, you relaxed.

You rolled over to pretend to be asleep as he creaked your door open. He stood there a while, and you heard him give a frustrated sigh. What was he so angry about earlier? You didn't like this silence.

"hey, kitten...you awake?"

He was closer now, and you could almost feel his fingers hovering over your hair, but when you rolled over to look at him, his hands were at his sides. He was looking at you with a strange expression you couldn't place, one that you'd only caught a handful of times when he thought you weren't looking.

"Sans? Where did you go?"

"somewhere to think," he said quietly, his hand catching your shoulder as you moved to sit up. He gently but firmly pushed you back down, climbing on top of you. It was like every other time he'd woken you for sex in the night, but with the odd tenderness that accompanied his silent visits.

"Think about what?" You asked breathlessly as his hands pushed your silky nightgown up just slightly so he could run them up your legs, over your panties, pressing his phalanges into the soft skin of your hips. He didn't answer you.

He kissed you instead.

Your heart almost stopped. The two of you didn't kiss often, it was too intimate, and when he did kiss you it was usually in the heat of things when he was crashing his teeth down on you in a show of dominance, but this...this was different. It was soft, and sweet, and you could feel him pressing down on you with no hint of his usual roughness. It screamed ' *please don't stop me* '. You had no idea he could be this gentle, and it had a passionate fire burning inside you immediately as you melted beneath him. When he finally pulled back, you were panting, red-faced and flustered.

His eyes remained soft even as his signature grin returned to his face. "that. that's what i was thinkin' about."

He kissed you again, and again. You wrapped your arms around his neck and kissed him back, and he groaned as if he needed your touch to breathe and he'd been suffocating until now. You gasped as it clicked, his desire and affection becoming clearer and clearer with every touch.

"i don't wanna be friends, kitten," he murmured against your clavicle as he leaned down to pepper your skin with kisses. "i didn't realize it until now. i want you, all of you, not just sex and not just control and not just release...i...i love you."

Your back arched underneath his fingertips as he pulled you closer. His need and love was washing over you in waves as he mumbled those three words to you in the dark, and you--

"I love you, too…" you whispered back, and he sighed, relieved, as he laid you down, carefully shrugging off his jacket, his shirt, and somehow his pants without him ever pausing his kisses and touches.

You had never loved anyone like you loved him. Since when had you loved him? You supposed you always had. It felt like you had. This was that feeling you've been feeling ever since he came home with you that first day after your father left--that this was good, that being together felt right. He panted your name in a voice you'd never heard him use as he kissed you slowly, as you slid your fingers over every inch of his smooth white bones, exploring every chip and scratch, appreciating every moan and whimper that escaped him.

God, how could you be so blind? How could you not notice how he made you feel? He ran his hands over your breasts, sliding your nightgown up over your head, and you gasped as they returned to support your back as it arched in response to his touch. He swore softly, leaning in to kiss you as he finally made your panties disappear, drawing a whimper from your lips as he pulled you in.

You had fucked each other a lot before...but this was different.

This was *making love.* And a part of you wanted to get lost in him, your strange dream seeming a million miles away.

Hours later his fingers threaded through your hair lazily as you lay tangled together, buried beneath your blankets to hide from the early morning sun. Neither of you had slept, too busy talking and kissing and enjoying the feeling of being together.

"Was this because I said I was going to prom with Drew?" you teased, poking him in the sternum. He chuckled, squeezing your nose briefly before pulling you close.

"hmph. that's what started it, i guess. never was good at sharing my favorite toys~" He was practically purring. "i'm happy, though. i got to love you for real before you go."

"Go? To prom?" You made a face. "Sans, I'm not gonna go to prom now."

"nah, not talkin' about prom." He sighed, pulling you closer, a sadness in his voice that you couldn't understand. "i know...and it's okay. i'm real, but only just so. they...they're really real. they need you."

"Sans, I don't--" You interrupted yourself with a gasp and pulled him closer, as close as possible as you realized what he meant. The others. The real Red. The life you had--

---

Bzzztt crAck

NeVEr eNOugH...

A loud noise woke you with a start, and you shrieked as your head flew off the desk. The twittering laughter of your classmates proved to you that it was just the school bell.

You sighed, sinking into your chair and trying desperately to remember the dream you just had. It had been a long one, a whole lifetime. Pain, sorrow, and joy...ugh. No use. Only bits and pieces.

"have a good nap there, sleeping beauty?" A familiar Brooklyn timbre came from behind you, and you turned to level a glare on your best friend as he laughed unabashedly at your embarrassment.

“You couldn't have woken me up and saved me the embarrassment, Sans?” you said accusingly, grabbing your bag and zipping it up.

“nah. s’funnier this way.” He grinned at you, hopping off the desk he was sitting on. “hurry up, the little red hens are looking for somebody to henpeck.”

You covered your laugh as you glanced over at the three girls he was referring to, who had managed to wrangle you into extra cleaning more than once. They looked away, but you could tell they had been thinking about it.

You traded jabs at some of your classmates with him as you walked slowly out of the school. Papyrus fell into step quickly with a few japes of his own until you were laughing yourself to tears. This was always your favorite part of the day, and you walked especially slow so you all could have more time together. Sans grew quiet as you finally reached the end of your street, probably thinking about whether they can risk walking you all the way or not.

Your father didn't like monsters very much. He was a scientist that dealt mostly in renewable energy sources, and the monsters had put him firmly out of business with their advanced magitechnology. Imagine, being able to power an entire city for decades with one generator! He tolerated Sans because he can't control what you do outside the house, but the one time he had caught you with him inside the apartment, you were certain Sans might've died if he wasn't so good at teleporting.

“what’re the chances your old man is waiting at the window to dome me with a sniper rifle?” he joked.

“None. He’s on a business trip for two months starting this morning.” You beamed over at your boney bestie. “I wanted to surprise you! I was hoping, if you guys aren't doing anything, that you might join me for a game night?”

“THE GREAT PAPYRUS LOVES GAMES!” Papyrus declared proudly. “BUT ALAS, I HAVE PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENTS. PERHAPS NEXT WEEK, HUMAN FRIEND?”

You giggled as he bowed cordially. “Yeah, Paps. Whenever is good.”

“NYEH HEH HEH!” He laughed back, sweeping you into a big hug, which you happily returned. “SANS WILL HAVE TO TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOUR GAME NIGHT! SEE YOU BOTH LATER!”

And with that, he set you down and started off down the next street towards their house, humming to himself. Sans chuckled as his brother disappeared around the corner. You caught yourself staring at his soft expression, and found yourself shaking away the dream again. What a silly thing to dream about, dozens of Sanses and Papyruses that wanted to court you. The silliest part was that you had ever dreamed he’d look at *you* that way.

“looks like I’ve been volunteered for game night,” he shrugged, as if he wasn't going to come anyway. “ *tibia*- nest, i didn't have much planned tonight except texting you, so…”

“Mortal Kombat tournament?” You suggested, checking his shoulder playfully and making him laugh and stumble as you started towards your apartment building.

“you know it. my sub-zero is gonna destroy you.”

“ketchup. always ketchup.”

“What? Is there *anything* you won't pick ketchup over?” You laughed, mashing the buttons to make Scorpion whip-drag his Sub-Zero to you so you could finish him for a new brutality. You both made sounds of disgust at the varying levels of gore involved.

“damn, guess you win again.” He shrugged, dropping his controller in favor of the ice cream he was trying to finish before it melted. You mirrored his movements with your own carton. “but, to answer your question, yes. there are a few things.”

“Like Phish Food?” You gestured to the ice cream in his hands and he laughed, spooning the chocolatey melty mess into his mouth.

“depends on the day. some days the sweetness is just too *brutal* . I just can’t *finish it* .”

This felt nice, you couldn't help but think. His bad puns had you laughing something fierce as you stretched out on your end of the couch, taking the moment to invade his side with your feet in his lap. For two months, you would have all the freedom in the world to hang with your best friend, without having to worry about your psycho dad trying to ruin it. And even though this was the first time you’d really been able to hang out so freely, it felt right. This is how it should be.

“hey, hey, do i needta break out the masking tape and mark your side of the couch, little lady?” He teased, attempting to playfully push your feet off of him. You groaned dramatically and held them there fast.

“Umm, it's *my* couch.”

“mhm...suppose so.” He sighed heavily and grinned over at you. “so what about you?”

He gestured to your ice cream, and you ate the next spoonful pointedly with lots of eyebrow wiggling.

“What about me?”

“anything in the world that you would pick over chubby hubby?”

You , you thought suddenly. The thought took you by surprise, so you ended up staring dumbly at him for a moment. It was an true answer, of course, but there was more to it than the friendship you’d built. *I’d pick you because I love you* , you thought. You loved him. You have no idea when that had started but it was so glaringly obvious that you were almost angry that you were realizing it like this.

“i’ll take that as a ‘nothing', then,” he chuckled awkwardly, returning his attention to his own ice cream. He took the pillow you lobbed at him in response with an easy smile.

“Shut up and order pizza, dingus.”

Sans practically lived at your place for the next few weeks, and Papyrus was in and out as well. While Papyrus was a bit more rare, Sans was there every waking moment unless you were both at school, or it reached Paps’ bedtime.

You wished they would stay over. You didn't like to admit it, but the dark brought on strange nightmares that you couldn't help but feel were memories, and it was lonely and empty without their banter.

“Do you guys have to leave?” you asked quietly one Friday night, with a little more waver to your voice than you expected as you caught Sans’ arm getting up from the couch. His face immediately expressed concern, his observation skills clearly not missing the hint of fear.

“I AM AFRAID WE MUST, SMALL HUMAN! I KEEP TO A VERY STRICT SLEEPING SCHEDULE!” Papyrus declared proudly, adjusting his backpack as he stood ready at the door.

“everything okay, sweetheart?” Sans asked, hand gently gripping yours to remove it from his arm, squeezing comfortingly.

“Well...I just…” You sighed, chickening out of sharing your true feelings. “Melinda got robbed last night, and I clotheslined the dude as he was leaving. He still managed to escape the police and I'm just worried he might come back.”

Sans and Papyrus exchanged surprised glances, and suddenly Papyrus was by your side as well.

“I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, MUST STICK TO MY SLEEP SCHEDULE! BUT, UH, MY BROTHER HAS NO SUCH THING. PERHAPS HE CAN STAY HERE WITH YOU, AND I CAN BRING SOME SPECIAL SECURITY DEVICES TO KEEP YOU BOTH SAFE?”

You loved that tall, awkward, big-hearted skelly. “Sans?” You asked, peeking up at him.

He chuckled and flicked you between the eyes, making you squeak and fall back. “better order takeout, then. guess we’re havin’ a sleepover.”

You woke with a start, mind racing as you looked around the living room in desperate confusion, hands shooting forward until--

You sighed, finding the soft fabric of Sans’ sweatshirt as he lay on the other side of the couch. He’d been here every night since that night, but sometimes you just had to remind yourself of that.

Especially after the strange nightmares of the red-eyed girl, the scientist with your father's face, and the hulking monster you called Alpha threatened to drive you insane.

Somehow, you had managed to keep your nightmares to yourself, but usually you were in the next room instead of passed out on the other end of the couch watching SNL. It took you a moment to realize he was awake, the low light from the TV barely illuminating his skull as his eyelights pointed worriedly at you.

His hands met yours, and gave a slight tug, and you fell wordlessly into his arms. He didn't ask what was wrong, he just held you, and you buried your face in his sweater with a sigh as he wrapped one arm around your waist and the other hand hesitantly petted your hair.

“It was just a nightmare, but...I felt like it was more of a memory…” You explained without prompting. “I felt like...it was more real than here.”

“hey, shh...it’s over. i promise nothin’ is ever gonna getcha.” He said softly. “not while i’m around, okay?”

Soft, gentle words of encouragement from his mouth nearly lulled you back to sleep, and you felt him sigh beneath you, his face pressing against your cheek in a careful kiss, trying not to wake you. You think he was the only person who felt this good, that could comfort you so easily with a small gesture like a hug. You never want to leave his arms.

“Careful, buddy, or I might think you *like me* like me,” you teased.

“now that would be a plot twist, wouldn’t it?” He chuckled, tightening his grip as if you might slip away. “but the real kicker would be if you felt the s--”

You gasped, interrupting him as you heard the key click in the lock, and the door swung open to reveal…

...your father. No! He was supposed to be gone for two more weeks! Why is he here?!

Sans froze beneath you, staring at you with wide-eyed shock, unable to bring himself to look behind him where your father’s rage was already building.

You pushed off of him immediately, but he held tight to your sleeves as if unsure of what to do. “ *Sans! Go!* ”

He blinked and seemed to regain himself, blipping away just in time to miss your father swiping at the back of his head. Your father fell forward clumsily into the space Sans had vacated, and suddenly his head snapped up, meeting your eyes. You shuddered involuntarily under his gaze, and tried to keep the indignant expression on your face.

“You brought that...that *thing* into *my house?!* ” He snarled, his hand darting out to catch the collar of your t-shirt. “Didn’t I make it clear last time, y/n?! Didn’t I beat some fucking sense into you?!”

“Yeah, crystal clear, asshole,” you hissed right back. His nostrils flared as he jerked you aside, sending you crashing into the coffee table, scattering the many cups and to-go boxes that had built up over the last six weeks with Sans. You gasped and struggled to stand, a fire burning in your chest. Anger, pain, fear...you saw flashes of your father in his lab coat, strapping you to a table like in your nightmares. It felt so real, too much like the truth to be comfortable. Repressed memories? But you don’t have time to worry about that right now!

“I’ve given you everything!” Your father continued, looming over you, unaware of the wrath building in your bones. “A private school, a roof over your head, food in the kitchen, I did it all for you, and this is how you repay me? Covorting with that... *creature?* ! It’s--”

“He isn’t an ‘it’!” You shouted back, slamming your fist against the hardwood floor. “His *name* is *Sans* , and he cares about me, unlike *you!”*

Your father scoffed, swearing as he threw his hands up in exasperation as if you were a child throwing a tantrum over not getting candy. “It’s a monster, it doesn’t care about anything but itself! It’s probably only using you for your soul, y/n, you know how powerful human souls are!”

There was a time when this statement would have made you pause, you thought bitterly. You knew all about how human souls broke the barrier, about how the power of six dead human children is

what made it all possible. Sans had even admitted that he used to...take part in the hunt, more or less. Extract the souls. But he wasn't that desperate monster anymore. He didn't need your soul for something like that.

"If he wants my soul, he can fucking have it," you hissed without thinking. Your hand fluttered up to your chest, clutching your shirt over where you knew your soul to be."But it won't be for science, or for power. It won't be taken by force. I'd gladly give Sans my soul."

"What?! Wh...why?!" You father stuttered, fists clenching at his sides. "Why do you go to such lengths for that thing? Why would you even consider--"

" *Because I love him!* "

…

…

The words hung in the air as you found yourself frozen once they left you. Your father stood rigid behind you, and your breath caught in your throat as you waited for him to say something...anything...You sensed his lunge and braced yourself for impact, ready for the ass-kicking of lifetime as long as it meant standing up for the things you believed in.

It never came.

You gasped as the cold air hit your face, tumbling down what you vaguely recognized was the hill outside your school. Something was weighing you down, knocking the breath out of you as you and whatever it was both slammed into the wall at the bottom of the grassy knoll.

Sans .

He immediately recovered, drawing you into a bone-crushing embrace as you attempted to breathe and process what you'd just experienced.

"Sh...shortcut?" You gasped, and he nodded slightly against your shoulder. Your entire body relaxed as the adrenaline waved over you, heart pounding in your chest as you gripped his hoodie, burying your face into the soft fabric, trying to hold him. "How...how did you know when to come get me?"

"i...never left…" he admitted softly, voice muffled by your neck. "i wanted to...i knew you wanted me to...but i couldn't leave you with him. i teleported to your room instead."

He pulled away, and you whined as he disentangled himself just enough to press his forehead against yours. He was panting slightly, and you wondered how much energy it used to take someone along for the ride on a shortcut.

"i wanted to jump right out when he threw you down but...i...i don't know, i couldn't. i thought...if i did, then i'd kill him, i'd definitely...so i stayed back, hoping nothing would happen." he sighed, seemingly frustrated with himself. His hands were desperately running over you, checking for injuries and assuring himself you were in one piece. "are you...are you hurt?"

"I'm fine, I'm fine...but...why did you--" You cut yourself off with a gasp, realizing that he must have--you groaned, burying your face in your hands in absolute mortification.

Because I love him!

"...you heard me…" You squeaked, face burning with embarrassment. "Oh my God, you totally heard me, and now I'm gonna go die in a ditch somewhere because this is possibly the most terrifying, embarrassing thing that's ever happened to me and you're never gonna wanna look at me again and I--"

You were caught off-guard when he cut you off, throwing you down onto the grass next to him and crashing his teeth down on you in a desperate kiss, the tingle of lips against yours making your head spin. You were too shocked to do anything but sit there, mind racing as it tried to process what was happening.

He seemed to gain his senses after a moment of your shocked silence, and he pulled away quickly with a furious blue blush marking his cheekbones. You marvelled quietly at how… *angelic* he looked, smooth white bone glowing blue against the dark night sky.

"...you know…" he mumbled, adjusting himself to remove most of his weight from your chest. "uh...i kinda never confirmed with you that you meant all that romantically and not just like...as a brother...and now i'm just...you're not sayin' anything and you're kissin' me like a wet noodle so i'm starting to doubt that i made the right call just then and i'd really like you to, uh...i dunno. say something? to tell me i'm not completely embarrassing myself?"

"Of course I meant it romantically, you *egg* !" You cried, smacking his shoulder. "And a wet noodle? Really? Get back down here so I can show you how a wet noodle really--"

He cut you off by excitedly obliging your request, and this time you were ready. You threw your arms around his neck, hooking your legs around his femurs to pull him down more. He grunted and fell forward, pinning you to to the ground with his weight as his hands tangled in your hair, surprising you with a slippery, tingly tongue. You gasped at the sensation, and he took the opportunity to slip it inside your mouth, gently running it over your own tongue. You sighed against his kiss, sliding your hands up next to your head so that he could lock your fingers together, holding your hands against the grass.

This was more than you could ever have imagined, the steady thrum of your beating heart echoing loudly in your ears as he kissed you again and again, and you felt all the affection that had been bottling up, aching to hold you, longing to kiss you, waiting for a day he had never been sure would come.

"stay with me," he pleaded between kisses. "come live with me and paps, never worry about your father again. you don't owe him anything, you're 18, you can make your own choice...i love you...choose me, please…"

Stay with him? Like he even had to ask! You opened your mouth to respond, but the words wouldn't come out. It was all you wanted, of course, of course! But…

"Sans...something's wrong," you whimpered. "I want to say I'll stay but...I can't shake this feeling that I'm forgetting something...something important...something that might...take you away from me…"

Something big, something important...you had never thought about it but this big, important thing had been teetering on the edge of your memory for months now. He paused his kisses as he had begun to trail down your neck, and you felt him heave a heavy sigh against your shoulder. A sad

sigh. One that proved he knew more than he let on. He adjusted to lean his forehead against yours, sockets shut tightly as if fighting off a nightmare.

“don’t...don’t say that...please, not yet. don’t leave me now, when i’ve only just…” He paused, sucking in a sharp breath before asking again. “say you’ll stay with me, even if you don’t mean it. i wanna hear you say it, just once.”

“Sans, of course I want to...that’s all I’ve ever wanted. I love you, I love you and I’ll...I never want to leave you.”

“i know, i know you don’t want to...fuck, this is so unfair. i didn’t have enough time!”

Not enough.

Not enough time.

...

NeVEr eNOuGh…

A skeletal hand slams down on the keyboard, sending keys flying in every direction.

“It’s not fair!”

Slam, crash, the keyboard is thrown to the floor, skidding across the room to land unceremoniously at the feet of another skeleton, who reached out to pick it up gently in his ink-splashed hands.

“Error...what are you doing?” The skeleton asked, tapping the broken keyboard pointedly before it disappeared.

“None of your concern, Ink.” was the response. Error waved away the vision that had been playing in front of him, and the image of you and Sans bathed in moonlight disappeared, forming into a wiggly ball of light that returned to his hands. Ink sighed, crossing his arms. His eyelights rolled dramatically, but there was a smile present on his teeth.

“I gave you one pocket universe, delighted that you were gearing yourself towards creation instead of destruction, and you...made a dating simulator, essentially?”

“It’s not a dating simulator,” Error scoffed, fingering the ball of light in what might be construed as affection if one didn’t know better. ***“I failed to keep her here last time, so I’m running the scenarios until I find one that will make her want to stay.”***

“So, simulations?” Ink prodded, stifling a chuckle at his moody counterpart’s disgruntled face. “...about dating?”

Ink dodged Error’s blue string casually, leaning instead on a marble column he created suddenly. Error’s fits aren’t uncommon, and he knew all his tricks.

“She is an anomaly, a glitch in the broken system that* you *created! I must find a way to be rid of her and all the other foul, impure bullshit you made.”

“She’s an anomaly,” Ink said slowly. “I understand you hunt anomalies, but if that really is the case then...why are you bothering to try and coax her willingly to the void? Couldn’t you just...delete her?”

Ink expertly dodged the blue strings, sighing in a tone that betrayed his frustration. Error scoffed, returning his attention to the ball of light that marked his pocket timeline. He was already running another simulation, as Ink could see.

He ran a hand over his skull, smearing some blue ink as he went. He hadn’t ever considered one of the little humans in the main timeline would go to the lengths to create something like you, and as thus, he’d been...unprepared. He had thought that Error would have put you out right away, which would have been devastatingly awful news for him and the universes he had so carefully constructed. But...somehow, for some reason, Error had instead been...smitten. You represented everything he wanted to destroy, and uprooted massive amounts of chaos in the main timeline, both things that would normally mean a death sentence, but Ink noticed that he simply spent his time watching, waiting, and...planning. Much more planning than he’d ever seen Error put into anything.

In his opinion, while he was sad the timelines were in stasis, he’d seen so much growth and connection in the time that they’d all been together...he’d call you a masterpiece if he had to choose a word. A lover, a fighter, a blossoming painting just beginning to discover her power...he was actually disappointed that he didn’t create you directly.

He’ll leave Error to his simulations. He can’t do much harm that way, at least...and as for him, well…

...he’ll pay a visit to a masterpiece soon enough.

Chapter End Notes

Tricked you! It was all AUs!
Sorry for the misleading summary lol. But we go some good lovin' in those AU's, huh?!
BTW, please link me to any fanart you create! I would really love to see it <3

Did I Shave My Legs For This?

Chapter Summary

Baby's first date with a skelebro.
Mutt violates you but you don't mind.
Black gets you drunk and you only mind a little.
Red gets a surprise.

Chapter Notes

Whew!
I had several ideas for this chapter but this is the one that stuck so here you go.
I can't decide if I want to start getting to plot and wrapping this story up, or if I want to execute some more of the ideas I've been holding onto for a while.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You were impressed, actually.

The flowers, the long wait for you to come home, the dramatic exit...Black had clearly put a lot of thought into his plan, and his confidence was endearing. You flipped the card around in your hands thoughtfully, staring at your wardrobe, which lay open to reveal the many dresses and things that Edge had bought you. You hadn't had very much call to wear fancy stuff in your life, and you didn't have much life left to live...perhaps now is the time to say 'fuck it' and let it happen.

With that in mind, you started to pick through your wardrobe. How nice is "dress nicely" to Black? You'd never heard of the place you were going to, so you couldn't be sure of the dress code. Was a short dress too casual? Was a long one too formal? You groaned and rubbed your temples, wondering why you ever subjected yourself to this strange world of fashion. At least when you were stuck in the lab you never had to worry about matching your shoes to your purse.

In the end, you think you did pretty well. The dress you had worn out of the store that day seemed the best option, it's length ending just above the knees and not showing too much cleavage. But...It didn't have a back. You stared at yourself in the mirror, worrying your bottom lip as you touched the scars. A jacket? But he might make you take it off...but to show them off...to let it go...can you do that?

"well, well, well...lookin' good, pet."

You squeaked and turned on your heel, tripping over your flats and nearly closing yourself inside the wardrobe.

“relax, it’s just me.” Mutt chuckled as he carefully opened the doors to help you disentangle from the hangers. Your hands subconsciously slid up to cover your scars, but Mutt was too quick for you, deftly capturing your fingers with his to pull you from the mess of dresses you’d gone through. “i’m only here to pick you up.”

“Just...warn me, next time?” You sighed as he pulled you to your feet.

“but it’s so much better when you squeal~” He hummed, his eyes travelling over your body with a smirk. “all that being said, this won’t do at all.”

“Wha--”

Before you could react, he ran his hand down your back, deftly unzipping your dress. His other hand unclipped the halter neck swiftly, and before you knew it, he was pulling your dress off with a flourish.

He chuckled as you squeaked and scrambled backward, diving into your sheets to cover yourself. It appeared to be pointless, though, as he wasn’t even looking at you. Instead, he had turned to the wardrobe and begun to sift through it, grumbling to himself.

“...I thought you said I was lookin’ good?” You accused him, having realized he was trying to dress you.

“good, trash, amazing, awful...they’re just words that describe my own opinion. you look good, but not great, if the target audience is my brother.” He acted as if he had it explained it perfectly, although you were still just as confused when he threw a dress at you. “put this on. much more his style.”

You obeyed, eyeing him suspiciously, though he kept his back turned as he sifted through the sock drawer.

“Really?” You snorted, surveying yourself in the mirror. He’d chosen one of the more silly things that Edge had bought you: a black dress that looked a bit like a japanese school uniform. Long sleeves and the classic sailor neckline gave way to a loose, short skirt with two petite purple stripes along the hem. Come to think of it, hadn’t somebody mentioned that Blue was into sailor suits? Hmm. Perhaps he and Black were alike in some aspects.

“really. and these.”

Your thigh-high black socks and a pair of mary-janes. So simple, but you had to admit, it really pulled the whole thing together.

“Alright. Ignoring the fact that you just barged in here, assaulted and stripped me, and then proceeded to act like *What Not To Wear* ...how do I look now?” You asked humorously, doing a little half-turn for your unexpected tailor.

He chuckled, leaning back against your desk as he rolled a lollipop behind his teeth (where that had come from, you may never know). “you look like...i’ve seen enough hentai to know where this is going.” He teased.

You rolled your eyes. How does he do that? Disarm you so quickly? You should probably be angry with him for ripping your clothes off, but something about his silliness and daring made you relax.

“Well, I’ll have to trust your judgement on what your brother likes, I suppose.” You mused as he pushed off the desk, grinning as he pulled you to his chest fluidly. Again, you were almost astonished by how natural he made this all feel, like that first time when you cuddled in the living room as if you’d known each other for ages.

His chuckle sounded distant as he began to take you away to your destination.

Alright, so perhaps you hadn’t known what to expect, but you certainly never would have thought...this.

Black swirled his wine, looking up at you with a smug grin on his face as the waitress took your order. The bright lights of the small private room might have given you a headache already, but it was the muffled noises from the other rooms that were making you twitch.

When you had appeared with Mutt, Black had looked as if he was about to speak, only to turn purple immediately as his eyelights rolled over your outfit. Whatever fancy compliment he had seemingly had ready died on his teeth as he had stared, shell-shocked and blushing. It wasn’t until Mutt leaned in to whisper to him that he managed to stutter the most adorably tsundere comment you think you’d ever heard, and then led you into the restaurant...facility...uhhh...whatever this place classified as.

Black glanced down at a small book in his hand, frowning slightly. He was dressed rather fetchingly, actually, in a purple button-up with black vest and slacks. He’d been wearing a tie upon meeting you, but now it had been abandoned to hang loosely from his collar as he flipped through the pages of his small book. From where you were sitting, you couldn’t quite make out the title on the cover, but whatever it was seemed to really hold his interest.

“WELL, HUMAN, I SHALL ADMIT THAT I AM...WINGING THIS.” He said, snapping the book shut. “MY DATING HANDBOOK ONLY TELLS ME WHAT TO DO UP TO THE FIRST KISS, AND WE HAVE ALREADY SHARED THAT MUCH. AND, DESPITE MY REPEATED ATTEMPTS TO DISSUADE HIM, MY IDIOT BROTHER SEEMS TO THINK THAT MATING RITUALS BEYOND CASUAL ARE NOT YET APPROPRIATE.”

“...and this is...more casual?” You gestured to the room.

“INDEED!”

You aren’t sure what’s less convincing, his shark-like grin or the continued noises from the next room.

“SHALL WE GET STARTED?”

“Uhh...well, tell the truth, I’ve never done something like this before.”

“NONSENSE! MY BROTHER HAS TOLD ME ALL ABOUT THAT TIME YOU SPENT WITH HIM ALONE WHEN WE WERE VISITING. HE ASSURED ME YOU ARE VERY...TALENTED.”

“But I--”

“SHALL YOU CHOOSE THE PLAYLIST OR SHALL I?”

“But--”

“AH, YOU’RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, IT HAS TO FIT THE MOOD, SO PERHAPS I SHOULD PICK SOME AND YOU SHOULD PICK SOME.”

You sighed, nervousness settling in your chest as you reached for the song list. Were you really considering this? Sure, a place like this was definitely on your bucket list, but with Black? You’ve done weirder things, obviously, but…

“THERE IS NO NEED FOR NERVOUSNESS, MY PRINCESS. I, TOO, AM VERY TALENTED.”

You weren’t really concerned about that, though you’ll admit that the thought had crossed your mind. The waitress appeared suddenly, bringing a plate of finger foods before setting down a new bottle of wine and bowing, backing out. You quickly poured yourself some of the new wine, earning you a chuckle from the tiny tyrant, who didn’t comment but rather slid himself over to your side of the table to sit next to you, arm sliding around your shoulders despite his short stature. You could feel him line his side up with yours to press against you, and he watched as you downed the glass of liquid courage you knew you were going to need.

Hoo, boy. You’re going to do this. Here, with Black, and a video camera to boot. Calm down, calm down...you don’t have anything to worry about, not with the way his eyelights are trained on you, the softness in his eyes that was new to you. Relax...

You only live once...right?

Red slammed the bedroom door behind him, flopping down on his bed with a little more force than was necessary.

You actually *went* . He didn’t know how to feel right now, but if he had to put a word to it, it would be frustrated. How could he not have thought of just...asking you out? How had *any* of them not fucking thought of that? He felt so incredibly dumb, especially since it had actually *worked* .

He had tried to catch you coming out of the room before you left, but apparently Mutt had teleported you out because you were gone without him noticing. He jumped when he heard his phone ping, and quickly pulled it out, a grin forming on his face when he saw it was you.

Kitten: hey I’m trying to pick music and I can't find the song you sang on New Year’s for me??? Halp.

(xxx): m’not surprised you can’t find it. i wrote it.

Kitten: !!!

Kitten: No way?!?!

(xxx): yes way kitten. just ask the others, i was a right pain in the ass at practice.

Kitten: <3

Kitten: Well then I'll have to do something good for you as thanks (: Keep your phone close tonight!

(xxx): lookin forward to it ;)

"...YOU WANT ME TO SEND PART OF THE RECORDING TO RED?"

"...Please?"

"VERY WELL...DESPITE HOW WEIRD I FIND IT, I SUPPOSE I SHALL."

It was almost an hour later before he got another text.

"a video, huh?" he mumbled to himself, brow furrowed in confusion. What could you have recorded for him with Black around? More importantly, what had you convinced Black to *let you* send while on a date with him?

...Welp, only one way to find out.

Play.

"LET ME FIRST START OFF BY MENTIONING HOW LITTLE I CARE ABOUT THIS." Black's voice crackled through the speaker as the camera panned over a spread of food and two empty wine glasses.

"Just take the video!" There was laughter in your voice as it panned upward.

Red sucked in a breath as the camera panned slowly over your outfit. Damn. *Damn.* He didn't even know you had socks like those, and he normally didn't like sailor outfits but he was starting to understand what Blue saw in it. You were flushed as you poured some more wine and downed it quickly, and he had to rewind several times to watch it pan over your legs again. Once more, *damn.*

"Okay, okay, so this is for Red!" You giggled.

"EVEN THOUGH IT'S OUR DATE," Black scoffed from behind the camera. You fumbled around with something just outside the screen as music started in.

He suppressed a laugh as you produced a microphone and slid a small screen facing you.

A Karaoke bar? That was Black's idea of a date? He certainly would have thought of something better himself, but the idea that you were about to sing something just for him...he was grinning for sure.

"I EXPECT A SONG FOR ME NEXT."

"You got it, boss," you joked, (in what he assumed was an imitation of him) *giggling as you pulled the microphone up to your lips and picked up the lyrics.*

"Am I outta my head? Am I outta my mind?

If you only knew the bad things I like…

Don't think that I can explain it

What can I say, it's complicated

Don't matter what you say

Don't matter what you do

I only wanna do bad things to you

So good, that you can't explain it

What can I say, it's complicated."

He watched in awe as your sweet voice sang for him, his grin giving way to something more pure, something more honest, as his face flushed pink at the idea of these "bad things" you wanted to do. He knew this song, it was on his playlist, and he was taken aback that you had agreed this described him.

He cursed the song's backtrack as it played the guy's part, interrupting your beautiful voice.

"Nothing's that bad

If it feels good

So you come back

Like I knew you would

And we're both wild

And the night's young

And you're my drug

Breathe you in 'til my face numb

Drop it down to that bass drum

I got what you dream 'bout

Nails scratchin' my back tatt

Eyes closed while you scream out

And you keep me in with those hips

While my teeth sink in those lips

While your body's giving me life

And you suffocate in my kiss

Then you said"

"i want you forever, even when we're not together," Red found himself singing along, sockets sliding shut as you joined the harmony. What he wouldn't give to be there...but dammit, he'd never been to that karaoke bar so he couldn't teleport to you. "scars on my body, but i can take you wherever…"

He watched it through, and again, and again. He rewound it over and over, finding it hard to breathe. He did want you forever, even when you're not together, even when you were in the arms of some other skeleton somewhere he would still love you, he was ready for it, prepared to do whatever it takes to keep you. Your love was making his soul ache as he remembered the you he knew before, and the you he's known for the better part of this past year, as he thought about you probably yukking it up with Black now, maybe kissing him, maybe singing with him…

He knew that tonight, when you got home...he'd make sure he was all you could think of.

You had sang a lot, sang your heart out, really. Black had also sang, and while he wasn't as talented as he had boasted, you enjoyed yourself anyway. It had been an awfully long time, you thought as he topped off your wine glass, winking. A long time since you'd simply gone out on the town with somebody.

It occurred to you that you had been drinking a lot, but you didn't mind. The "casual mating" Black had so tactfully mentioned seemed to be far from his mind as he sang with stars in his eyes, seeming to feel the same friendly vibe you were in the small room. Despite his history of drugging you, you trusted him implicitly right now. He was acting a bit more like Blue, but with an arrogance and delight you had only caught in Edge. You snorted at his little hip wiggle and accepted his hand to dance, even choosing some silly duets to finish the night as the waitress came to inform you they were closing.

You were kind of happy to find out that Mutt wasn't there to take you back, as Black graciously offered to walk you home. You accepted his hand once more, grateful that the night didn't have to end just yet.

"I did not expect that at all," you said, nodding back to the building as it disappeared in the distance.

"RULE NUMBER ONE OF DATING! A FUN, FRIENDLY ENVIRONMENT WITH AN ACTIVITY YOU CAN SHARE IS ESSENTIAL!" Black puffed up, looking awfully proud of himself and his date choice.

"I have to admit, it was a lot more fun than I thought it would be. And you made significantly less creepy advances than I expected."

"THERE IS NOT A CREEPY BONE IN MY BODY," he sniffed in mock offense. "YOU ARE THINKING OF THE MUTT."

You joked all the way home, and gave him a sweet kiss on the forehead when he dropped you off, to which he responded by pulling you down to kiss your lips once more. His hands squeezed your cheeks a little too hard and his sharp teeth dug into your lips, but you were still left buzzing by the time you let yourself into the house, alone and giggling.

The house was quiet as you kicked off your shoes, sighing and humming one of the many songs you'd heard tonight. It was nice to have a date, even if it was with the last skeleton you would have expected, and you were feeling more than relaxed. Black was a gentleman above all else, apparently, and you found yourself wondering what other hidden traits the skeleton family had.

Speaking of the guys, where are they? You cast a curious glance around the dark entryway, finding it surprisingly void of your nosy housemates. You had expected them to...well, you weren't sure what you had expected, but--

"hey."

Chapter End Notes

Tell me how far Red will push his luck!
Also, show of hands, how many of you were convinced that Black had brought her to some weird sex place until you saw the word karaoke?
Song is "Bad Things" by Machine Gun Kelly

Make the Right Choice*

Chapter Summary

Red faces a hard choice.
You aren't making it any easier.

Chapter Notes

Yeah, that's right, another chapter so soon!
I was really inspired by your guys' huge response to my survey! I wanted this to be it's own chapter, and there is a bit of smut but I can't tell you what or how intense because if I did then you'd know what won before you even read it! You must be surprised!
If you like my writing and you like monster/human relationship fantasy stories, read my original work here! There's magic, shapeshifters, danger, and more!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You yelped in surprise at the voice, falling backwards slightly until bony fingers wrapped around your wrist, and a strong arm around your waist, pulling you flush to his chest and causing you to relax from the familiar feeling of his embrace.

“Red,” you breathed, slumping against his chest as if he had just relaxed every bone in your body. “You scared me, dummy.”

Suddenly you felt sheets against your back, having barely registered the jump, and you gasped as he gently laid you down. He moved as if to get off you, but you held fast to the front of his jacket, making him hesitate.

“...you’ve been drinking.” He observed quietly.

“Not that much,” you lied. He chuckled, and the sound and vibration sent a tingle up your spine, and before you knew it you were kissing him, hands balled up in his hood and forcing him to crawl back over you and press you down on the mattress. He groaned, his hands digging gently into the soft flesh of your thighs just beneath where your skirt falls.

“seriously, kitten...just a little kissin’ and then you need to rest,” he mumbled, his resolve sounding unconvincing as he ran his tongue over your bottom lip. You laughed against his teeth, not believing him for a second, but he surprised you with a quick twist, throwing you on top of him as he flopped on the bed. You barely had time to react when he pushed you off of him and onto your feet, swatting your ass to edge you towards the bathroom. “pajamas. go on, go.”

He watched with a smirk as you huffily obeyed, pulling something from your dresser drawer and disappearing into the small tiled room to change. His eyes lingered on your thigh high socks as

long as he could see them, and he felt a tad bit sad to see them vanish behind the door.

Once more...damn.

He ran a hand over his skull thoughtfully, frowning slightly. He hadn't expected you to be so drunk. Okay, deductive reasoning showed you had at least had two drinks he could see in the video, and he supposed he should have known that wasn't all you had. He had hoped to really sweep you into his arms, but it just...didn't feel right, not with you, and not with him being sober as the day he was born. He...well...he wanted it to be romantic. Not that his first time with you in previous timelines had really been much better than the current situation, but that just made the idea of a special time so much more appealing.

Maybe he'd tuck you in, curl you up against his chest and share the covers to keep you warm. Hell, it was pretty much the same thing if he was being honest, that's how fucking bad he had it for yo--

Holy shit.

"Something wrong, Red?" You asked innocently, hands slipping over his shoulders to push his jacket off. He allowed the motion, but mostly because he was still staring shell-shocked at…

You. In a tight, short, silken red nightdress with black lace. You had emerged from the bathroom with that coy smile and this...the sexiest damn nightgown he ever could have imagined (or maybe it was just you) and those thigh highs were still there (it was probably just you) and you were already in front of him by the time he blinked back to the real world (only to find that it definitely was *just you,* killing him softly).

Abort mission. Mayday. Abandon ship. Alarms were ringing in his head but he couldn't bring himself to do anything but hit snooze. His hands slid over your waist immediately, as if they had a mind of their own and that mind wanted to feel the silk underneath his fingertips.

"not anymore," he mumbled, breath hitching as your lips brushed his collarbone. "damn. no matter how hard i try i could never feel wrong holdin' you."

"Good," you teased, and then you were kissing him again, climbing into his lap with ease, pushing him firmly down. Your actions were so sure and confident that he forgot you were drunk, sliding his arms around you, hands trying to feel every inch of your back as you pinned him to your bed with your weight.

He broke the kiss and let out a shuddering gasp when your fingers wrapped delicately around one of his ribs, banishing any sense of hesitation that might have remained in his mind. You felt like electricity and fire, warming his bones and making him grip the fabric of your nightgown unconsciously. He couldn't possibly be expected to think clearly when you were on him like this, touching him like that, looking so good and smelling even better.

He didn't even try to fight you when you tugged at his turtleneck, but rather sat up and removed the thing himself. Too hot to wear it anyway, he told himself. You giggled, throwing it aside, and then--

He felt like time stood still, or at least moved agonizingly slowly. He watched you closely, every change in expression, the tiny look of awe as you were suddenly bathed in crimson light from his soul.

Okay, *ow.*

The way you were looking at his soul made it hurt so bad, as if it were slamming against his ribs to try and get to you. He brought a nervous hand to his sternum to rub the spot, as if that could assuage the ache he felt for you. Your own hands had fluttered to your breast, and he knew that you could feel that, too.

“You’re so beautiful,” you whispered suddenly, and he felt himself light up with that damned pink blush he’d adopted since the moment he realized he loved you.

“heh. you sure you’re thinkin’ of me?” He joked weakly. “ ‘cause i don’t think that anyone has ever used that particular word to describe me.”

“I have,” you asserted, reaching out to lay your hand gently atop his own on his sternum. “That night, when I helped you heal, and I saw your soul for the first time...I couldn’t help it. I thought it was beautiful, but I didn’t say it.”

He sighed, feeling his soul practically doing somersaults in his chest. How? How did you always know exactly the right thing to say to blow him away? God, he was in so deep, he’d never be the same.

Quick, think of a way to bring it back to the kissing!

“i’d die for you, you know that?”

“I know. But you don’t have to.”

Chuckle. “wrong. i don’t care what you say, i’m protectin’ dat ass until i’m dust.”

You giggled and shoved him. Mission accomplished, mood lifted. He didn’t do so well with the sappy shit, it made his head spin and his soul shake.

Bless the stars above because then you kissed him. You kissed him, and it was *hot* , and wanting, and devilish when you added your hands as they traced his ribs. It wasn’t half a minute before he had you flipped onto your back and he was grinding against you without thinking, with only his shorts and your panties stopping him from nailing you to this mattress. His hand explored your breast, sliding one strap of your nightgown down to cup it and gently run his thumb over your nipple, enjoying how fucking *soft* you were. He leaned down to lave his tongue over your collarbone, just like he’d done when you were covered in syrup all sprawled on his bed, when you’d rolled your eyes and pushed him off, teased him and tricked him, but this time you didn’t flinch or recoil and it made him that much more excited.

“ki...kitten…” He breathed, brushing a stray hair from your face, marvelling in that sweet blush that made him so weak, that look that he’d always wanted to see on your face. “stars, you’re so gorgeous…”

Fuck . Fuuuuuuuck. He could smell your arousal, and it only made you smell sweeter, more alluring. You sighed his nickname in a wavering voice and he almost lost it right then and there, almost ripped your clothes off, but no, he still wanted it to be--

Romantic.

The thought came with instant clarity, and he froze, lifting his hand away from your breast. What is he doing?! You’re far too drunk, too loose. The fight that he adored in your personality wasn’t

there, that sparkle of wit he had grown to love so dearly was dulled along with your morals.

Morality aside, did he even want you like this? Morality *not* aside, how would you feel about him in the morning if he didn't stop? He'd worked and built this relationship with you, you trusted him, you cared for him, something he had honestly never had with anyone, or at least nobody he'd cared to keep it with. If you woke up in the morning and looked at him with even the smallest hint of fear or hate…

He'd die.

You made a confused noise beneath him as he pulled your nightgown back into place absently, fiddling with the strap as he thought to himself.

"Reeeeed…" You huffed impatiently, like a petulant child. Geez, he could really hear the slurring in your voice now that he thought about it.

He silenced you by pressing one finger to your lips. "this ain't how it's gonna go down, kitten. nah, you deserve better than that. you get some sleep, we pack our bags in the morning for the ski trip…"

He trailed off, studying your face. His gaze was soft, affectionate.

"And then?" You prompted, knocking your foot against his. He chuckled, flopping onto the bed next to you. You hadn't noticed how much his weight had been pressing down on you until you were free of it.

"and then…" He tugged the blanket over the two of you, and you happily cuddled into his chest, the sting of rejection quickly forgotten as you found sleep heavy on your eyes. "there'll be snow outside, and a fire inside. you, me, and a bottle of wine...and this ridiculously tantalizing nightgown."

You smiled at the idea, drunk brain not even understanding what had just almost happened, nor the weight of the plans you were agreeing to. You could feel it in your soul, the moment you'd laid eyes on his beautiful vermillion light once more…

You'd die for him.

In your dreams, he didn't stop. He loved you gently, he kissed you fiercely, and it wasn't just him but it was everyone, everyone, and your soul was about to burst through your chest in joy, elation, satisfaction…

You screamed "I love you" at the top of your lungs from the top of Widow's Peak with Sans, bathed in moonlight as he looked at you with adoration.

You whispered "I love you" to Stretch in the backseat of Blue's car as the smaller skeleton sang showtunes in the front seat, still wearing his tux from the wedding you'd just attended.

You cried "I love you", but it fell on deaf ears as the darkness pulled you from Red's fingertips, and you couldn't tell if he said it back.

You murmured it to Hunter in the dark of his bedroom, to Mutt as he laid with you on a bed covered in purple rose petals, to G and Green as they both stared at you in confusion, to Foxtrot as he shakily pressed a hand against the wound that just won't stop bleeding, to Pink as he gently washed off the caked-on makeup from your face, to Bro as you watched his siblings play in the yard, and many more times to monsters you didn't quite recognize.

In your dreams, you weren't afraid of the words "I love you".

Chapter End Notes

Help me out with this short survey to weigh in on what you'd like to see from this story!
As you can see, "Red gets a little but is still a good guy" won. 52%, damn.
Sorry, Lllama_Goddess, but you didn't give me the UF!Sans smut that I wanted either so nyeh!
(:
((PSSST GO READ HER AMAZING UF!SANS/READER STORY HERE!!!))

Cupcake Wars

Chapter Summary

You get creative with your baking.
A little too creative, much to Edge's chagrin.

Chapter Notes

This was originally a one-shot where reader was Edge's S/O, but I liked it better for this.
Get some cute fluff and stuff in here (:
*cough cough*beforeyouallnoticethatimadeachapterlimit*cough cough*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Edge knew something was off from the moment he entered the house.

The living room was clean. Too clean. Almost as if Stretch hadn't sat there watching Netflix for hours today. Almost as if Sans hadn't purposely un-alphabetized his movies. Almost as if Red hadn't messed up the perfect way he organized the magazines. Almost as if you, as frustratingly cute as you were, hadn't forgotten to use a coaster for the billionth time.

...almost as if nobody had been in the living room at all.

Instantly he was on guard, listening intently for any sign of something else amiss...only to hear laughter from the kitchen, happy squeals and a deep chuckle as you and Red shouted back and forth in what sounded to be a playful manner. What in the world could you possibly be doing in there with his useless brother that was so fun?

Without thinking on it further, he scoffed and stomped off into the kitchen, ready to interrupt...whatever was going on.

He wasn't expecting to have a figurative heart attack upon entering.

Red was leaning over you, hands planted firmly on the counter behind you, a wide grin of victory on his skull as you grinned back, barely pushing against him at all.

" *pinned* ya," he chuckled, retrieving the rolling pin from behind you.

Now, Edge was not a robot. He has known for quite some time that somewhere deep in his soul he held...feelings...for you. For all these months you had been living under their roof with all of them, he had slowly come to terms with the fact that you were charming and adorable and your mere presence made him happy. That being said, despite slight envy at your obvious close connection with his brother, it wasn't the intimacy of the situation that threw him off...

...it was the frosting.

You, Red, and the kitchen were absolutely coated in a layer (or five) of thick buttercream frosting in red, orange, and blue. The mixer appeared to have exploded, sugary handprints littered the counters, the oven was beeping and ajar, the pots and pans had all been knocked down.

Handprints on the floor. Footprints on the cabinets. Red had a smear of frosting from his mandible to the top of his skull on one side, and a handprint-shaped smear of frosting on the other. The sweet stuff likewise had worked its way into your hair and clothes, a stripe of the stuff making a faux scar over your left eye (did you do that on purpose to mock him?).

His stunned silence had made it so you both hadn't yet noticed his presence, giving him the opportunity to listen to the banter you both were running.

“I let you pin me,” you said, shoving Red back off of you and stealing the rolling pin from his hands.

“yeah, i was just *imagining* how hard i won this frosting war. *butter* just admit it, kitten--red always wins.”

“How can you say you win? You have blue in your teeth and orange in your cracks,” you teased, illustrating your point by wiping some orange frosting from the crack in his skull.

“i win ‘cause now we getta lick it off each other~” He purred, tongue darting out to taste the frosting on your cheek teasingly.

“WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED IN HERE?!” Edge bellowed, finally finding his voice. The both of you flinched and slowly turned to look at him, your eyes wide.

You recovered quickly, smiling brightly up at him as Red backpedaled away from you and the counter.

“We were baking,” you explained, batting your eyelashes at him.

“HOW...WHAT...WHY…” Edge took a deep breath to collect himself. “ARE YOU CHILDREN?!”

Your smile twitched.

“THIS PLACE IS AN UTTER DISGRACE! DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW LONG IT WILL TAKE TO SCRAPE THIS SUGARY JUNK OFF THE CEIL... *HOW DID YOU GET IT ON THE CEILING?* ”

“We got a little creative, I'll admit, but we were planning to clean it up,” you said quietly, Red scooting in closer to place a hand on your shoulder.

“THERE WOULD BE NOTHING *TO* CLEAN IF YOU HADN'T DONE IT IN THE FIRST PLACE!” Edge snarled, stepping around a glob of frosting and stooping to snatch up the pans from the floor.

“boss…”

“I MEAN, YOU COULD HAVE DENTED THE PANS! AND WHAT IF YOU HAD GOTTEN FROSTING IN THE VENTS? DO YOU EVEN HAVE A BRAIN?”

“I’m sorry, I just--”

“SORRY! JUST! JUST DIDN'T THINK? NOT SURPRISING IF I'M HONEST, YOU SPEND TOO MUCH TIME WITH RED FOR YOUR OWN DAMN GOOD.”

“boss, that’s enough.”

“HONESTLY! HOW DID THE OTHERS NOT HEAR THE RACKET YOU WERE MAKING? NOW I’M GOING TO HAVE TO--”

“ ***pap.*** ”

“ *WHAT?!* ”

Edge whirled around on his heel, ready to lay into his brother for interrupting, but stopped in his tracks.

Your smile was gone, and you were looking away from him as Red pulled you in comfortingly. You tried to hide it, holding yourself up tall, but he could see that you were on the verge of tears.

Last year this time he would have reveled in his ability to make small human females cry so easily. Hell, he might still enjoy it for random women he doesn't know, but this was you. You who had held his soul in your hands, who had never looked at him in fear, who had always smiled at him even when he was trying to torture you.

“hey, kitten, you know he didn’t--”

You shoved Red back and stalked out of the room quickly, disappearing around the corner. It was silent in the kitchen as they listened to the sound of your footsteps fading away up the stairs.

Then Red’s eyes were on him again, and for the first time in a long time he found himself wilting under his stare.

“ *listen* ,” he growled through grinding teeth. “say whatever you want to me, make me clean it up, yell at me and call me stupid, i don't give a shit. that's what we do. but if you ever so much as *think* about talkin’ like that to her again, then i will do my damnedest to dust you *myself* . capiche?!”

Normally he would laugh at his brother threatening him, but...he only stared at him. Red scoffed, turned around, and picked something up. He turned and all but tossed a plate to him, and it clattered to the counter in front of him.

Cupcakes. Some red, some orange, some blue. Realization dawned on him as the older skeleton turned to start cleaning up the mess with a little more fervor than was strictly necessary.

“happy *fuckin’* birthday.”

Red was still cleaning when Edge peeked into the kitchen two hours later. Scrubbing, sweeping, mopping...he was impressed. He'd never seen Red work this hard before.

He had been hoping to find you, though, and he also didn't fancy getting into it with Red again over the whole thing. So he turned back around before he could catch his eye.

Where could you be? He had waited in his room this whole time, hoping to catch you as you walked back down, but you seemed to have slipped past unannounced...which frustrated him even further.

Suddenly a happy squeal from the living room caught his attention.

“FOR ME? YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T HAVE!”

“Please, Blue, I had to! It's your *birthday* .”

Edge peered around the corner to see Blue happily accept a small plate of blue cupcakes, stars in his eyes as Stretch stepped back from him. You were smiling, a huge smile that made him bristle. How does the tiny babybones get such a smile from you?! “Would have been easier if you had told me it was your birthday sooner, though!”

“OH, I JUST…” Blue looked at the cupcakes, and then back to you. “I JUST DIDN'T KNOW IF IT WOULD BOTHER YOU...CELEBRATING BIRTHDAYS.”

That’s right. He almost forgot your aversion to birthdays, the immense torture you used to endure on yours. Great, now he just feels worse.

“It doesn't bother me to celebrate *your* birthdays, silly!” You giggled, swooping down to land a kiss on his cheekbone.

Blue blushed and Edge ground his teeth, disappearing back up the stairs in a huff.

“edge not comin’ down for dinner?” Sans asked as he entered the room, a couple of small gifts in his hands.

“edge can stay in his room and *rot,”* Red growled, setting the last of the silverware down on the table. “he made kitten run off cryin’ earlier, m’not surprised he's not here. off sulking somewhere probably.”

“what...you know what, i don't even wanna know. she okay now?”

“yeah, she’s in the kitchen,” Red huffed, thumbing over his shoulder to mimic what he had said. “puttin’ final touches on papyrus’ cupcakes or somethin’.”

“i’ll go check on her.”

You were hunched over Papyrus’ batch of cupcakes, trying to ignore the red and black ones in the corner of your vision as you iced the little hearts onto the orange frosting. You didn't even realize you were muttering to yourself, or that you were so focused you weren't paying attention, until--

“hey, sweetheart.”

You yelped in surprise, squirting red icing all over the cupcake you were currently working on, covering up the meticulously placed hearts.

“Ugh, *Sans* !”

Sans chuckled, taking your wrist gently in one hand to calm you, the other snaking out to snag the ruined cupcake and bring it to his teeth. “hey, no harm done, this’ll just be mine.”

You moved to wipe the excess frosting from your hand onto his face, but paused halfway through when you remembered Edge’s outburst. You sighed and licked it off yourself instead, turning back to the nearly-finished plate for Papyrus.

“...you ok?”

“I'm fine, why?”

“no lyin’, now.” His grip tightened on your wrist, making you look up into his concerned sockets. “need me to kick his ass or somethin’?”

You smiled at him, bringing up your dish towel to wipe some stray crumbs from his mandible. “Nah. I just want Papyrus to get his cute butt down here so I can give him these already.”

“i dunno, i did a pretty bangup job of teachin’ him to stay away from people who want his cute butt.” Sans pulled you in by the wrist, winding his free hand around your waist to delicately pat your ass. “or maybe it was to stay away from people who *have* cute butts. either way, you’re screwed.”

“Har de har,” you giggled sarcastically, pushing him off and turning to gather the tray.

Papyrus was just walking in when you brought the tray in, and you held it up excitedly for him to see.

“Happy Birthday, Papyrus!” You cheered as Stretch and Blue trickled in behind him, Blue’s eyelights wide and vibrating, face stained blue with frosting from his own cupcakes.

The tall skeleton gasped, flushing a deep orange and throwing his hands up to his face in excitement.

“WOWIE, MS. Y/N! ARE THESE ALL FOR ME?!”

“Absotively posilutely~”

He removed the tray from her hands, setting it on the table quickly before turning to gather you in an excited embrace, shouting thank you’s as he bounced around with you in tow. You giggled and gave him a kiss on the cheek as you went.

By the time he finally set you down, your face was flushed with excitement and you reeled slightly back against Stretch, who caught you easily.

“hey, no fainting just yet, doll. still got dinner to have.”

Dinner was almost done, and it was weird to walk into the middle of things. Knowing this house, he'd just walk into all those glares, and while it didn't really bother him that they would be mad at him, it still made him pause.

He chanced a peek inside.

Laughing, eating, exchanging gifts for Blue and Papyrus. A small pile of gifts wrapped in red were sitting untouched next to Red...probably his.

Tch. He didn't even want to spend his birthday with them all in the first place, but here he was feeling left out.

“gonna come in n’say somethin’, or just stand there with your thumb up your ass?”

“I DON'T RECALL ASKING FOR YOUR OPINION, SANS.” He sniffed, trying to mask his surprise at Sans’ sudden appearance.

“too bad, you’re gettin’ it anyway. listen, i’m sure you can imagine how difficult celebrating birthdays is for her, yeah? so do us all a favor and don’t ruin it for her.”

“WHY DO I GET THE DISTINCT FEELING THAT ISN’T A REQUEST?”

Sans’ powerful eye began to glow menacingly, as he dropped the timbre of his voice to terrifying levels. “ **it’s not** .”

“...FINE, I’LL TALK TO HER.”

You were reading in the living room, a favorite pastime when you can’t sleep, like tonight. You suppose you could have gone upstairs to finish packing for the ski trip tomorrow, but this was a much better alternative--quiet, dimly lit, relaxing…

Although usually your reading wasn’t interrupted by a skeleton dropping a bouquet of roses on your lap.

You looked at the flowers with mild interest, and then up at Edge, who stood above you with his arms crossed and a furious blood-orange blush spreading across his cheeks.

“...Is there an explanation that goes with this, or am I just supposed to know what’s happening in your head?”

He sighed in annoyance, uncrossing his arms to reveal his tickets. “I’M BAD AT APOLOGIES. CAN’T I JUST DARE YOU TO FORGIVE ME?”

“Most of those are truths.” You pointed out.

“FINE! TRUTHFULLY, WHAT WILL GET YOU TO FORGIVE ME?”

You plucked the tickets from his hand, holding up one truth ticket. “Truthfully, it would be hearing you admit that you were wrong.”

You sat up, plucking the second one out.

“Truthfully, it would be you admitting that you actually have a heart and feel bad about what you did.”

Edge’s shoulder sagged a bit as he watched you carefully, guilt evident on his skull. He was so obvious, he wears his emotions so blatantly but always thinks you can’t see.

You jumped in surprise when he took your hand, kneeling in front of the couch to bow his head, as if he were your knight and you his princess.

“I AM TRULY SORRY FOR EARLIER,” He proclaimed, a small waver to his voice. “IT WAS MOST RUDE AND IT HURT YOUR FEELINGS...AS MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT, I DON'T EVER WANT TO DO THAT. I REALIZE I AM...DIFFICULT...TO BE INVOLVED WITH. I AM CRUEL AND UNREFINED...EVEN RED HAS SHOWN GREATER EFFORT IN AN ATTEMPT TO WIN YOUR AFFECTIONS, AND I HAVE DONE NOTHING BUT HOLD FAST TO MY WAYS AND HURT YOU. YOU DESERVE A GREATER EFFORT THAN I HAVE MADE. THIS WAS EVIDENT TODAY.”

Oh, no...is that really how he sees himself? A big, unlovable jackass? You had never seen him so vulnerable, so scared that you might reject him...

“Edge…” you whispered as he pressed a kiss to the back of your hand gently. You pressed the third truth against his free palm. “You aren’t *that* difficult to care for…”

“PLEASE, I FIND THAT HARD TO BELIEVE EVEN WITH THE TRUTH TICKET.” He snorted, standing and using the hand he still held to help you off the couch.

“I’m serious,” you scolded, punching him lightly in the chest. “You’re sweet, and genuine, and you care a lot about others. You just put on this face like you expect people to believe you don't have those qualities, but I know a thing or two about putting on faces. You don't fool me, Sugar Daddy.”

You brought a hand up to pat his face, and he covered it with his own, blushing furiously.

“...I’M SORRY I YELLED AT YOU.”

“And I’m sorry we made such a huge mess.” You amended, leaning up to plant a kiss on his cheekbone.

“...LOOKING BACK, IT WAS ACTUALLY RATHER CUTE.” He admitted, remembering how the frosting looked smeared across your face. “I’D HAVE TO SAY THAT FROSTING IS A GOOD LOOK FOR YOU...EVEN IF ONLY SO I CAN LICK IT OFF~”

Your turn to blush, and you giggled. “Well, I don't know if we’ll get quite there tonight, cowboy, but you do have some birthday cupcakes waiting for you in the kitchen. Wanna have some now?”

“IF YOU JOIN ME, I WOULD LOVE TO.”

“Pass up cupcakes? Psssh, never.”

Chapter End Notes

Sweet Edge is sweeter than he thinks, and reader knows it. Kinda fellt a little OOC, but it worked out.
Next up, ski trip!

Snow Me a Good Time

Chapter Summary

Ski trip...you know what that means, don't you?

Chapter Notes

Get ready my friends because shit about to get frosty
But first!
Check out all this lovely fan art (yes these links actually work this time):
Red in Heat
by penguinb0mb
Blue using his ticket by snijen
Cover art by Rydzia
The whole fam damily at Christmas by Jelly-Belly
The Human!Skelebaes (GINGER!FELLS OMG) by Mroczny Golf
Blue Me Away (Blue w/o Armor) by aonomi
Breakfast in Bed (This skeleton will be the death of me) by Shiro Inu
A Strange Proposal (Edge makes an Entrance) by aonomi
Reader and Stretch by Kamiiireru (based on reader's dream sequence)
Blue Being Weird (and bonus date!Edge) by Jelly-belly (back when the sniffing scene was just a story in the comments haha)
These are the ones I could hunt down, there were a lot more. If you see/make me any fan art for my stories, please be sure to link me in the comments! These are also on a running list in the final notes of the story!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Red…”

“mmm...yeah?”

“I...I can’t. I just...can’t.”

“ah, not so fast, kitten. you promised.”

“Yeah, but that was before I saw how big it was, and now I--”

“shhh, shh...just relax, kitten. you know i’d never do anything to hurtcha.”

You shifted in his grip, nervousness tightening in your belly as he gently pulled you to his lap, planting a kiss on the back of your shoulder.

“m’right here, don't worry. i’ll start slow, alright?”

You nodded, leaning your weight against him as he adjusted to the proper position.

“count for me, okay, kitten?”

“Okay.” You took a deep breath. “One...two...th--”

You interrupted yourself by screaming like a maniac as Red pushed the sled off roughly, sending the two of you flying straight down the death trap mountain Edge had picked. His laugh was loud and rumbled against your back as his arms locked around your waist, holding you securely against him as the two of you went careening down the canyon.

When you had said you had never been sledding, you had expected them to start you on a tiny bunny hill, not *this,* and you were just starting to say your goodbyes when the sled began to slow down.

“damn, i’m glad i don't have eardrums, ‘cause you would’ve wrecked‘m.” Red chuckled as you slowed to a stop. You pried your eyes open to find you had quite literally tangled yourself around him in terror, not that he seemed to be complaining. He was rubbing your back comfortingly. “see? what’d i tell ya? i’d *never* let anything bad happen to you.”

“WOWIE Y/N! THAT WAS AWESOME!” Blue clapped excitedly as the others meandered over to where your sled had stopped. “YOU SCREAMED SO LOUD I HEARD YOU FROM DOWN HERE!”

“almost started an avalanche,” Stretch teased as you untangled yourself from Red’s jacket and arms.

“you look like you lost ten years off your life,” Sans snickered, holding out a hand to pull you to your feet.

“God, I hope not,” you mumbled to yourself, still shaking. “Couldn't we have started off on a smaller hill?”

“No!” Serif cheered from her spot on Edge’s shoulders. “You should always prepare for the worst! Starting with little hills won't help you if you need to get down a big one!”

“I TAUGHT HER THAT,” her fearsome steed sniffed proudly, smirking.

“Y/N, YOU HAVE DONE VERY WELL!” Papyrus praised with a slight hum. “WE SHOULD CELEBRATE CONQUERING NEW HEIGHTS WITH HOT CHOCOLATE!”

It took a solid 20 seconds of Sans, Stretch and Red snickering for Papyrus to realize he used a pun. Now *that* shriek could start an avalanche.

Bro and Russ already had hot cocoa ready for everyone inside the lodge that the guys apparently owned.

The ride up had been lazy and pleasant, after an equally pleasant and lazy morning where you snuggled with Red until you absolutely had to get up to pack (when he had snuck into your bed you

had no idea, but you weren't exactly complaining?). Stretch even had a picture of you sandwiched between Blue and Sans in the back seat of Papyrus' car, all three of you passed out to the max.

The lodge itself was pretty big, and apparently occupied, although the occupants (more skeletons, you think) apparently didn't like people and had gone on a trip to avoid you all. You'd be offended if you didn't think you would have done the same.

"Sissy! Sissy! Come sit next to me!" Serif said, bouncing in her seat. You laughed and obliged immediately.

"Sissy, huh?" You mused as Bro handed you a mug.

"heh. yeah, she's got it in her head you'll date and marry one of us and be her sister." He said, rubbing the back of his neck as he flushed a light blue.

"That's right! Sissy is gonna be my sissy one day!"

"don't count on it, kid," Red snickered, slyly smacking your ass as he passed behind you. "try less sissy, and more *auntie* ."

"Red, let the kid have her dreams," you scolded with a laugh, shucking your coat and sweatshirt to hang on the coat rack. "You don't know what the fates have in store for me."

"i might have an idea," he purred, so low only you could hear. A shiver ran down your back as you remembered the little red nightdress in your suitcase...damn.

"i can't believe paps wasted his dare on getting you to sled down a hill," Sans chuckled, causing his brother to scoff angrily.

"I HARDLY CALL THAT A WASTE! I HELPED HER CONQUER HER FEARS!"

"nah, original flavor is right," Bro interjected. You snorted at the way he referred to Sans as "original flavor", suddenly imagining him dressed as a bag of chisps. "an all-pass dare? coulda done somethin' better."

"COULD HAVE DONE MUCH BETTER!" Edge agreed. "LOOK AT BLUE! *HE* GOT A KISS OUT OF IT."

"OH GOSH, THAT WAS SO LONG AGO," Blue mumbled, blushing deep navy and hiding behind his mug. "I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO USED MINE RIGHT AWAY. MAYBE YOU GUYS WERE SMARTER TO WAIT…"

"don't worry, bro, i'll pick a dare we can both enjoy," Stretch mused, patting his brother's head affectionately as he walked by with a mug of tea. Probably 90% honey, you thought. When he got to you, he leaned over to give you a quick peck on the cheek and a wink. "after all, i don't needta dare you t'kiss me, right, doll?"

"Streeeeeetch," you groaned, covering your blush with your hands as he chuckled and sat down next to you. Bold of him, you couldn't help but think, as that was the first affectionate gesture any of the guys had done in front of each other just because. Thankfully, it didn't seem to faze anyone save for a couple of playful groans and 'boo's from around the table.

...How did we get here?

“anywho i'm sure i'll think of something good for my dare, just a matter of time.” He mused, sipping his tea and waggling his brow bone.

“I SAY WE ALL SEE WHO HAS THE BEST DARE, SINCE WE ALL HAVE ONE LEFT,’ Edge suggested.

“I DON’T!” Blue whined.

“IT'S ALRIGHT, BLUE, I HAVE USED MINE AS WELL! AND BRO AND RUSS NEVER HAD ONE!” Papyrus offered. “PERHAPS WE CAN JUST CHEER ON THE OTHERS?”

“betta not be there for mine,” Red chuckled. “it’s, uh... *x-rated* .”

You smacked him underneath the table, making him chuckle again, sipping his hot cocoa nonchalantly.

The trip was supposed to be four days and four nights, and Edge wasted no time snagging you for his one remaining dare on the very first night. If you had asked him about it, you supposed he would have said something along the lines of how he was only being efficient, but you knew it was because he was eager to spend time together to truly make up for the hard feelings from the cupcake incident.

“YOU WILL BE MY SOUS CHEF FOR DINNER TONIGHT!” He declared, haphazardly tossing the dare ticket over his shoulder. You were struck with the thought that it was strange they all had held onto the actual papers so fervently. “WHICH MEANS THAT YOU WILL DO PRECISELY AS I SAY FOR THE ENTIRETY OF THE EVENING UNTIL THE FOOD IS DONE!”

“Sounds like a similar deal to the first time you used a dare on me, Edge,” you giggled, looping an apron over your neck in preparation. “So...what are we making?"

“LASAGNA, OF COURSE!”

And so it began. Dishes clanked as you followed his instructions, ducking his sweeping gestures every time he turned to talk to you and sneaking proper spices into the sauce.

“WHAT DO YOU MEAN, NO VINEGAR?”

“I mean the vinegar is going to drown out the sauce and make your noodles taste like gasoline...and besides, you were going to throw the entire bottle in there. What happened to master chef Edge that made the meatloaf?” You teased, bumping him with your hip. He humoured you for once, stumbling slightly as he smirked proudly.

“OF COURSE! IT IS THE JOB OF EVERY GOOD SOUS CHEF TO KNOW WHEN THE INGREDIENTS ARE WRONG. I WAS ONLY TESTING *YOU* , YOU KNOW!”

Giggle. “I know.”

And back to the little dance. Edge was quiet most of the time, as were you, both absorbed in making garlic bread, salad, and, of course, lasagna. Edge could feel a smile growing on his face with each passing moment, as the dance grew more complex until the smallest movement out of place would have sent food flying.

This.

This is what he wanted.

Cooking with you, like a symphony of movement around each other...the only thing missing is stealing kisses. You were making that face, the one where your tongue just barely peeks out of your mouth as you focus intensely on the layers of the lasagna. Somehow you had ended up with sauce on your forehead, and suddenly it was all too clear how the cupcake incident had happened with Red as a catalyst to your natural charm. He wiped the excess sauce from his gloves as you put the finishing cheese topping on, stooping to set it in the oven.

The beep of the timer, and then you turned around.

“Whew! That was a lot of work,” you sighed, rubbing your forehead with your sleeve. Hilariously, you managed to miss the marinara sauce. “But I think it’ll be perfect.”

“OF COURSE IT WILL,” he said proudly, patting his chest with his fist. “AFTER ALL, WE MADE IT TOGETHER! WITH MY EXPERTISE AND YOUR BLIND LUCK, IT IS SURE TO BE AMAZING!”

You laughed as you turned to wrap the garlic bread in foil. “Blind luck, huh? I suppose that's the *only explanation* for me knowing more about cooking than you.”

“NOT MORE, JUST DIFFERENT,” he insisted, taking the foiled bread and popping it into the taller second oven.

“Whatever you say,” you giggled, leaning back against the counter and studying him with a smirk. He had the doofiest grin you had ever seen on him, a confidence about him that for the first time seemed gentle and natural instead of aggressively forceful. He was having a blast, as if this was one of his dreams come true.

You wanted to see him like this more often. You wanted to see them all like this, smiling and happy and honest...hopefully many more times until it was burned into your brain. So that the image of their happy faces would exist in your thoughts long after everything else fades away.

When you die, how much time will you have to think back? Will you relive your happiest moments in what appears to be real time? Will you stand by from the outside as if watching a movie of your greatest hits? Will a fleeting feeling be all that you get, a feeling that encompasses everything, a feeling that nobody could ever hope to explain in words?

Or maybe it will all go black and you just won’t *be* anymore.

Not that you ever really were to begin with...not until you met them. A borrowed face, a soul of stolen parts, a manufactured personality. When you cease to exist...you suppose the parts they created might linger, if you're lucky.

The quiet click of bone hitting tile broke you from you thoughts, and you looked up to see Edge leaning over you, tutting at you as his hand came up to grasp your chin.

“SUCH A BEAUTIFUL THING, FOR A HUMAN, AND HERE YOU ARE MAKING SUCH A SAD FACE.” He tsked, tipping your face up. He wore his usual teasing smirk, but there was worry

in his features. “IS THERE SOMETHING YOU’RE NOT TELLING ME? DO I NEED TO BREAK SOMEBODY’S FEMURS?”

You found yourself giggling briefly at that, and his smirk grew. “No, no, I just...got lost in thought.”

“AH, SO THOUGHTS ARE THE CULPRIT! WORRY NOT, SLAVE, FOR I AM *AN EXPERT* IN BANISHING THOUGHTS. THE FOOD IS STILL NOT DONE FOR ANOTHER TEN MINUTES, SO YOU MUST DO AS I SAY, YES?”

“Hmmm...why is that so familiar?” You teased.

“SILENCE! NOW CLOSE YOUR EYES.”

You obeyed, your frown already replaced by a playful smile, and leaned your face up expectantly. You squeaked as his strong arms hoisted you up onto the counter, probably so he didn't have to bend so far, and once you were adjusted, you were back to waiting for that kiss.

Instead, you were surprised when he wrapped his arms around you gently in a soft embrace, one arm around your waist and the other by your shoulders, brushing gently through your hair as he tucked his skull into the crook of your neck. Instinctively, you brought your arms up to return the hug, wrapping them around his massive shoulders. He shuddered and sighed, and melted a little, and the hug relaxed. Stiffness gave way to reveal that he was actually quite good at this, almost nearly Papyrus-level in the hug game. It wasn't long before it had a similar effect on you that your sweeter roomie did--you began to tear up, sniffling into his soft scarf as he drew small circles on your shoulder with his fingertips, humming absentmindedly, comforting you.

Since when was he so good at hugging? Either he was a natural, or he had done this a lot at some point of his life and then been told to stop. Maybe both. Your heart sank at the idea of a smol Edgy being told that hugging was wrong or makes you weak, probably by Red, or their parent if they had one. From what you had heard about their world, it seemed like connections were weaknesses, and thus a sweet cinnamon bun, like he might have once been, would have been a very easy target.

It became clear, suddenly, that this was less a theory and more something you were glimpsing as the frequency of your souls had begun to resonate.

He sighed against the soft fabric of your shirt as you hiccuped quietly, trying to control your breathing as you gripped him tighter. How was this exactly what you both needed? It was a stuttering feeling, the resonance, as you felt the ache in his heart left there by circumstance. You're certain he could feel your loneliness, though it was hard to tell if it was yours or his.

He shuddered as the resonance travelled slowly through him, and damn if he had any idea what it was. Was this...how you felt? Could you feel how he felt? Red probably had something scientific to say about it, but to him it just *was.*

He never *hugged* anymore. It wasn't exactly manly or powerful. But...he had seen the way you giggle and get excited when Papyrus offers one of his famous hugs. He had seen that you never viewed it as weakness, as Red had so fervently repeated to him in their youth after he received that crack in his skull.

And as great and terrible as he was, even he couldn’t deny the fact that what he really needed was just...this.

“I Have...Complex Feelings For You, Little Human,” he whispered as you began to stroke the back of his skull gently. “Forgive Me, For I Do Not Know Any Other Way To Express Them…”

Your response was soft and sweet, filling his head like a lullaby.

“That's okay, Edge. Neither do I.”

Dinner was actually really great, and the others weren't afraid to tell you so. Edge drank in the compliments with a proud smirk, a fresh look about him as if he had recharged his batteries.

After dinner, Blue and Papyrus pulled you outside to enjoy the snow before the sun went down.

“HUMAN! I REALIZE THAT FROM WAY OVER THERE IN YOUR SNOW FORT, YOU MUST MISS ME A LOT!” Papyrus was shouting as you packed another snowball. You giggled as Stretch appeared, a bony finger raised to his teeth and his eye glowing honey-orange.

“I really do, Paps!” You shouted back, loosing your snowball--

“but her aim is getting better!” Stretch snickered, and your snowball began to glow midair, zooming straight toward Papyrus’ face and hitting him square in the jaw.

His startled yell and Blue’s outraged cry at Stretch’s cheating made you laugh as you dodged the incoming snowballs, falling back into your snow fort and onto Stretch.

“You know, my fort was only built with one person in mind,” you scolded as you awkwardly tried to balance.

“that’s alright, doll,” he drawled, tugging on your scarf to pull you fully down onto him. “i don’t mind it if y’sit in my lap, just this once.”

“Like you’d *ever* turn down a good cuddle, ya big liar.”

Is it your imagination, or were his eyelights tiny hearts for a split second there?

“mmm...well,” he said, grinning mischievously as his hands grabbed your ass, squeezing and pressing you closer to him. “guess you *saw right through me* .”

You laughed at the stupid pun, winding your arms around his shoulders. He was so tall, even when you were sitting elevated on his lap your eyes were still level with his teeth, so you had to look up at him to shoot him a playful glare.

“careful with those eyes, doll, they could kill a man,” he teased, bumping his skull against your forehead in a little kiss. You opened your mouth to respond, but you were interrupted by Blue calling out.

“PAPY! Y/N! PAPYRUS AND I ARE GONNA HEAD INSIDE AND WARM UP BEFORE BED, DON'T STAY OUT TOO LONG OR YOU COULD CATCH THE HYPOTHERMIA!”

“I'll be careful, Blue!” You called out reassuringly, popping your head out of the snow fort to wave at them enthusiastically. “Good night!”

“GOOD NIGHT!”

Once they were out of view, you turned to find Stretch still regarding you with that same look as before, smirk still playing on his teeth. He was being weird, but it was time to get up anyway.

He firmly pulled you back into his lap the second you moved, making you yelp and steady yourself with your hands on his shoulders.

“Wha...Stretch, what the hell?”

“c’mon, what’s the rush? we’re alone...” He said, one hand worming underneath your coat, working to gently untuck your sweater and shirt. “let’s be together for a moment before we go back to the circus inside.”

“But it’s c-C-COLD AAHHHHH!!” You screeched as his freezing cold bones of his hand met the cozy warmth of your lower back, having successfully worked its way underneath your layers.

He was caught off guard by the screech and quickly retracted his hand, before he chuckled and returned it a moment later coated with fizzy, warm magic.

“don’t worry, i’ll keep you warm, love.” His voice was a low purr that made you relax against him immediately, with a large contented sigh.

“Keep me warm? You’re hardly wearing anything yourself. I should be keeping *you* warm,” you remarked, tugging on his sweatshirt to prove your point. You even made an exaggerated head motion to his cargo shorts.

“then come here and do just that, doll~” He chuckled, and then he kissed you gently. And then again, with more gusto. And again, and again, and again until he had you pressed flat against the snow, hands tangled hopelessly in your jacket and hair as he lightly dropped his weight down on you.

You sighed against his mouth, curling your fingers into the fabric of his hoodie. His tongue was intoxicating, making you dizzy and overwhelmingly clear-minded at the same time. Smoke and honey, a smell and taste that had once felt like a strange combination but now seemed the most natural thing in the world, as natural as snow in winter and birds in the spring. Some people might say it was a bad taste.

It was one of your favorites.

If your life does flash before your eyes when you die, you really hope this moment pops up.

“don’t think i’ll ever get tired of kissing you,” he breathed, his breath warm against your cheeks as he sighed. “just gets better every time.”

“Anyone ever told you that you talk too much?”

“you have.”

“Because you’re--”

“wasting precious seconds where i could be taking your breath away?” He chuckled, brushing a lock of hair from your face gently as he met your gaze. You were so beautiful, he couldn't help but think. “like i said, there’s no rush. we have our whole lives ahead of us, don't we?”

You laughed softly, your gaze turning sad for just the tiniest moment before loosening your grip on his hoodie to slide your hand behind his neck, encouraging him to lean down again.

“Our whole lives…” You echoed, sighing as your gaze dropped to glance at his mouth and *holy crap, did you even realize how sexy you can be?!*

He didn't know how to answer, opting instead to drum his fingers over your shoulders to run over your cheek, revelling in the sweet pink flush and the softness of your skin.

“Stretch. Please just...promise me something?”

anything. i’d give you my soul even if i knew you’d crush it in your hands.

“what’s up, honey?” He drawled teasingly, finally leaning into your touch and nuzzling you gently.

“Promise that you’ll never regret any second we spend together.” You said, curling your fingers gently to fit against the grooves of his vertebrae, ghosting the bottom of his skull and making him shudder. “Promise me you’ll kiss me when you want to, hold me when you need to, and say everything you want to say.”

Where did that come from?

“...everything alright?” He asked quietly, looking into your eyes and trying to search their beauty for a glimmer of something as worrisome as his gut feeling.

“Just promise?” You said, shrugging off his question.

He scratched his mandible thoughtfully. Something was definitely wrong, though you seemed determined to keep him in the dark. Should he push it? Or should he just enjoy the moment? He had a dare and a truth to get the into out of you, but...would that push damage the relationship you’d built? You have a history of covering up your troubles and withdrawing when pressed for information. He’d probably be more successful by subtly uncovering bits and pieces as he goes.

That, and he was eager to get back to kissing you.

“of course i will, doll.” He purred. “i promise...after all, i lo--”

“Oh gosh, don’t say it!” You squeaked, pulling your hat down with your free hand in an attempt to cover your face as you blushed madly. He chuckled, lifting the edge of the knit to look you pointedly in the eyes.

“i love you, and i’ll say it a million times a day until you believe me, honey.”

Giggle. Kiss. A kiss sweeter than any honey he had ever tasted, and he immediately forgot what the conversation had really been about as you pulled him closer in the snow. He loved you so much, he always had. Of course he won't hold back, of course he'll show you every day, of course he’ll miss you when you’re gone, of course…

He broke the kiss momentarily, confusion setting in.

“Something wrong?”

“no, i just...got the strange feeling like i was gonna lose you…” he muttered, brow furrowing in confusion. “it was just such a clear thought in my head, that I’d miss you when you were gone.”

He glanced down at you, memorizing your features, the signs of sleeplessness and worry etched into your face. You had always had those, always been fretting over things that could go wrong. Always paranoid that--

“ah, i get it now,” he chuckled, and your heart dropped. He sat up, pulling you into his lap as he leaned against your snow fort. The cold air hit your now-wet clothes and made you shiver.

“Get what?” Had he figured it out just from looking at you?

“y/n. you don’t need to worry about your family finding you and taking you away.” He said softly, adjusting your jacket. You went with the movement, laying against his chest and resting your head on his collarbone as he continued. “nothing is ever going to hurt you while i’m around, okay?”

You sighed in relief. So he didn't quite get it, but he wasn't far off. You don't have to lie to the walking lie detector.

“I know~” You leaned up and smooched his jaw, making him blush a light orange, almost the same tangerine as the sunset you could see disappearing behind the mountains.

There was a long silence as you held each other, sort of watching the sunset as best you could, his fingers drawing circles on the back of your neck.

Then there was some more kissing, and some teasing, until finally you shoved a snowball in his face and the snowball fight began anew, running gleefully away from him. He put more effort into the snowballs than you had ever seen him put into anything, and was he actually running?! You were out of breath by the time the both of you returned to the front steps of the lodge, chilled to the bone, holding hands, and smiling huge smiles that death itself can’t even chase away.

Happy.

By the time you reached the door, he was telling you about the 'you' from his world.

“you worked at muffet’s, which in my world was kinda like grillby’s is here.” He explained. “served me every night, let me harass you...never let me get away without paying my tab, much to my chagrin.”

“She sounds like a hardass.” You snorted. Was it possible to be jealous of yourself? She knew Stretch in a way you never could.

“quite the opposite, actually. you were hard on me sometimes but the way you would light up when i walked in…” He was looking at you with a soft expression, finger travelling down to point at your sternum. “and the way your soul stuttered the first time we kissed...it’s exactly the same with you. i wonder sometimes if you don't remember it somewhere.”

Before you could feel guilty for not remembering, he was kissing you again, and it felt as if he was reminding you that it was okay to be the way you are.

“listen, honey,” he whispered, and you inhaled as the truth ticket grazed your hand, as he pressed it into your palm. “you may not be able to say it, and that’s alright. but just tell me...do you feel it?

right now, in this world, with *your* soul...do you feel it?”

Feel what? His hand on your waist, his breath on your ear, the way your knees were weak as he held you close in the dim porch light?

No. You knew what he was asking about.

“Of course I do, you dingus,” you breathed after a short pause. You looked away from him, blinking back the tears that were gathering fast. Why do you always cry at happy things? Was it because you had seen too many sad things for them to bother you anymore? “What...what a waste of a truth, ha…”

He sighed, his sockets sliding shut with a soft click as he pushed you gently against the door, leaning in to embrace you with one arm around your waist. He leaned a lot of weight on you but in the end...

...you've never felt so safe in your entire life.

“call it a waste if you want but i think it was the sweetest truth i've ever heard…”

(xxx): i figured it out. i know what dare i want to use.

CuddleBuddy: Stretch it’s 3am

(xxx): so? you're clearly awake. you always are when i am.

(xxx): must be our unparalleled connection ❤

CuddleBuddy: Haha you’re right, as always. But what kind of dare can I do at 3am?

(xxx): i want…

(xxx): ...a picture. of you.

CuddleBuddy: Pffft okay? I have like a million from today alone.

(xxx): no, no. i want u to take one. just for me. one that none of the others will ever get to see.

And that was fifteen minutes ago. He sighed and dropped his head back to the pillows.

You probably thought he was creepy for even asking, and he hadn't wanted to shoot himself in the foot by telling you it didn't have to be sexy (it really didn't, but he wanted to see what you would do without any guidelines). He had been battling with himself on whether or not to ask you, since in reality it was an innocent request but he knew you would take it with knowledge of his true intentions...and he was anything but innocent.

He shivered involuntarily. It was chilly without his sweatshirt, but that and your winter clothes had made it into the dryer when you had come inside from the snow, after a hilarious exchange where Blue had managed to misunderstand the litany of innuendos he was releasing about how wet you were. He could probably go get it, but he wasn't colder than he was lazy so he left it alone. Instead

he buried himself deeper in his blankets, hoping to hear the soft ding of your message any second now...aaaaaaany second now….

Fuck. He can't stop worrying that you think he's being creepy.

(xxx): look uh just forget it, i wasn't trying to make you uncomfortable. i'll think of something else.

CuddleBuddy: Now you tell me! Lol, no, I just had to make a quick trip and was having trouble with the lighting.

CuddleBuddy: [1 attached image]

He held his breath as he hit [View] faster than he ever had before, and was promptly--

--[-0.999999999]

"holy shit, holy shit," he breathed, fingertips ghosting over the screen.

Apparently your "quick trip" had been to the dryer, and he was grateful to his laziness for preventing him from going himself because you were now wearing his sweatshirt, giving a playful wink to the camera as you kneeled against the pillows, legs bare and the hem of the sweatshirt pulled up just enough for him to wonder if you were wearing *anything* else under there.

It took everything he had not to just pop over there and rip it off of you.

"oh holy stars, i win, i definitely fuckin' win."

((Fanart by art-you-not-entertained on tumblr! Thank you so much!))

Chapter End Notes

Hahaha I have so much to say...
I couldn't resist the suggestive beginning. Just had to. You all thought they was fuckin', don't lie!
Edge: he is a sweetheart at heart. I kinda imagine he is just like regular Papyrus deep down, but shaped by a cruel world that didn't value love, but rather LoVe.
Stretch: OOOOHHHH HE GOT HER CLOSE TO SAYING IT! My boi has been through a lot with her *cough*anditaintoveryet*cough*
Your comments really inspire me, and fan art especially does! I love finding little things people have made for me ;-;

Whispers Across Time

Chapter Summary

You're sick!
Pap has a revelation
Sans tries to tell you how he feels...keyword "tries"

Chapter Notes

Fanart!
Reader and Stretch by Kamiiireru (based on reader's dream sequence)
Blue Being Weird (and bonus date!Edge) by Jelly-belly (back when the sniffing scene was just a story in the comments haha)
DYS: G wonders if it's worth it by Optima_Chama
Hunter wearing a silly apron by myself, posted to the original creator of Huntertale's blog
Losers in Love (On their phones) by me because why not

I have a few more ideas to add to this so it may or may not be 77 chapters. Setup and some last minute additions are pushing it an extra chapter as of now.

Q&A CHAPTER COMING UP! LEAVE QUESTIONS FOR ANY CHARACTER FROM THE WHOLE STORY IN THE COMMENTS!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Papyrus stretched out pleasantly, ready for a good night's rest and looking forward to another day of fun in the snow with everyone. He had to say, everybody's mood had been pleasantly high these last few days, an air of normalcy finally settling back in over his strange little family.

He was just about to lay down for the night when there came a knock on his door.

"WHO IS IT?"

"Uh, it's just me."

"OH, HELLO Y/N! COME IN!"

He quickly shot up from the bed, straightening his pajamas and smoothing the covers on the bed. Can't be caught at less than his best!

The door opened and you slipped in, sporting a purple robe and matching fuzzy moccasin slippers. He took great delight in how comfortable you appeared--he saw that sometimes you endured discomfort for the sake of your outfits and it made him a tiny bit sad.

“You Look Comfortable,” he remarked, speaking his mind in a gentler tone more appropriate for this time of night. You laughed somewhat nervously and glanced away...odd behavior, but endearing. “Is There Something The Matter? Or Did You Just Want To Visit With The Great Papyrus? Perhaps You Were Looking For Late Night Japes And Puzzles! Normally I Am In Bed By This Time But I Can Make An Exception For My Very Best Human Friend--Eh, *Don’t Tell Frisk?*”

You covered your giggle with one hand, and he beamed down at you. A genuine smile! He so loves it when you do that. You think he doesn't notice, but you are sad an awful lot.

“I just wanted to see you, you’re right. We can still get in bed, though?” You suggested, the tiniest bit of red lighting your cheeks.

He felt his own face heating up slightly at the mention of sharing a bed, though he wasn't sure why. The implications of such bedsharing were not lost on him, no, it was simply that things like that had never...made him blush or sweat like this before? Besides, he was certain you did not mean it in that way. After all, you are both aware of his...what did Sans call it? Asexuality? Yes, you knew of that and had never been bothered by it. In fact, he feels it really does help in terms of your relaxation factor when around him.

“Of Course! It Is Rather Cold, And As Such We Should Snuggle For Warmth While We Hang Out!”

A few minutes later and the two of you were snug as two bugs in a rug underneath his covers, exchanging hushed tones and giggles like he had seen human girls do during sleepovers in the movies.

“And That Is How I Captured Frisk! The First Time, Anyway.”

“The first time?” You giggled and snuggled closer. “You sound like such a brute in your stories. More like Edge.”

“The Underground Was A Different Place, My Dear! Ah, But, Perhaps I Do Embellish Just A Little, For Storytelling’s Sake.”

“That’s too bad, I kinda like it when you're a brute,” you teased, quirking a brow at him.

“Ah, Uh...Is Normal Me Not Alright?” He asked, concerned suddenly that he hadn't been living up to his potential as a friend. And what was this spark burning in his chest when you said you like him being forceful?

“Normal you is absolutely perfect, don't you ever forget it!” You scolded, poking him in the jaw sternly. “But the contrast is...appealing. With Edge it's all the time, but with you it's like a glimpse of a slightly darker side of you that’s...honestly pretty hot.”

He probably looked like a traffic light. Oh, wowie, was it hot in here or was it just you-HIM. WAS IT JUST HIM.

He sputtered and you backpedaled.

“Oh, uh, sorry, Pap...I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable. I know that you, uh--”

“No, No, Not Uncomfortable. I Am...Quite The Opposite. Actually Quite Comfortable.” Maybe too comfortable? He was honestly surprised at how receptive he was to the innuendo. Flirting, yes, he could always flirt, but...this was the first time he had really noticed how good you felt pressed against his side...and how much he…noticed the way your robe hung open just slightly...normally he would adjust it but something stopped him from doing so.

“Everything alright, Pap?” You asked, patting him on the sternum gently and shaking him back to reality. He smiled softly down at you, forming a theory to the origin of the feelings. Strange to feel this way outside of heat, but there was one way to test his theory.

“Yes, Yes, I Am Perfectly Fine...I Just…Can I Kiss You?”

The post-it note on the soup said “hands off or i’ll chop them off”, but the one on top of it said “ENJOY!”

Sans chose to honor the second one. After checking that the meat was, indeed, chicken (can never be too careful sometimes) he turned to where Papyrus had meandered in.

“here, paps, can you warm this on the stove for y/n?” He asked, nudging his brother out of what must have been a pretty spectacular daydream.

The taller skeleton blinked dazedly, an orange flush tingeing his cheekbones as he accepted the chicken noodle soup and pulled down the necessary pot and set it on the stove. He hardly looked at what he was doing, nearly spilling the soup everywhere until Sans stepped in to take it from him in a hurry.

“jeez, pap. you seem distracted.”

“DO I?” He sighed, groping around in the drawer for a spoon. He pulled out a spatula and Sans quickly replaced it before he could put it in the pot. “I’M SORRY, I...MUST BE TIRED.”

“didn’t you get any sleep last night?” Sans asked, reaching up and trying to feel his forehead for signs of fever. Nope, no fever.

“YES, YES...I GOT PLENTY BUT…” Papyrus trailed off, finally turning to look at him and seeming to register his surroundings. “BROTHER, MAY I ASK YOU A QUESTION?”

“sure, bro, what’s up?”

“WHEN YOU LOOK AT Y/N, HOW DO YOU FEEL?”

Sans gave him a questioning glance as he turned the stove up, but Papyrus’ curious expression created a stone wall to his thoughts. “uh...well, i guess i feel...really nice? like she’s a warm fire and i’ve been stuck in the cold all day. or like, uh...like when i finally get to lay down on my bed after a long day. refreshing...” Like you’re his home, he thought. Too sappy, so he kept it to himself.

“AND WHEN SHE IS VERY CLOSE TO YOU, DO YOU FEEL DIFFERENT?”

“close like how?”

“LIKE, LAYING IN BED NEXT TO EACH OTHER, AND SHE’S PRESSED AGAINST YOUR SIDE. HOW DO YOU FEEL THEN?”

“gettin’ pretty specific there, bro. somethin’ happen?”

“JUST A DREAM. A REALLY NICE DREAM.” Papyrus admitted, blushing a little darker and twiddling his fingers. “I JUST...FELT DIFFERENT THROUGHOUT IT. A LITTLE LIKE WHEN I’M IN HEAT BUT NOT NEARLY AS BAD.”

Oh. *Oh*.

Sans chuckled. “ah, okay. let me guess, you felt kinda warm and heavy? like you couldn’t breathe a little bit but you didn’t mind?” Papyrus nodded gravely and he had to laugh a bit at his serious face. “and what else was different?”

“I WANTED TO KISS HER. A LOT. I DIDN’T WANT TO STOP. I WANTED…”

Sans watched with interest as his brother’s face erupted into a deep clementine blush, looking away as he shifted his stance. Did Papyrus really have his first wet dream, or something similar, about you? It was entertaining, but also shocking. Here he had thought, they had both thought, that Pap didn’t even have feelings like that usually. It had taken a lot of consoling for Sans to convince his brother that it was okay to be a bit different, including a PowerPoint on Asexuality that he had actually worked really hard on.

“you wanted to do more?”

“YES!” Papyrus squeaked, wringing his gloved hands. “DIRTY, PERVERTED, INAPPROPRIATE THINGS WERE RUNNING THROUGH MY HEAD. I HAVE NEVER HAD THAT HAPPEN BEFORE!”

Sans patted his brother’s shoulder awkwardly. “hey, y/n has a pretty sweet ass, so it’s understandable.”

“SANS! BE SERIOUS!”

“how can i be serious if i’m sans?”

Pap groaned and buried his face in his hands, allowing Sans a moment to truly think.

“so...now that you're awake, do you still want that?”

“...YES. I BELIEVE SO.” He mumbled from behind his gloves. “BUT...THAT ISN'T POSSIBLE, IS IT? OR AT LEAST, NOT NORMAL?”

Sans hummed thoughtfully, stirring the soup as he calculated his next move.

“well. you could be demisexual.” He supplied finally. “y’know, developing the urges later only after a close relationship is formed. happens all the time.”

“THAT’S A THING?” Sans nodded and Papyrus sighed. “OH MY, AND HERE I WAS THINKING I HAD BROKEN MY HEAT CYCLE. THAT DOES MAKE SENSE...I DO LOVE Y/N VERY MUCH--” Sans choked on the sip of soup he was testing, coughing and wheezing. “--AND WE ARE THE BEST OF FRIENDS...I SUPPOSE IT IS ONLY NATURAL THAT I SHOULD WANT TO MAKE HER HAPPY, RIGHT? BROTHER, ARE YOU QUITE ALRIGHT?”

Thumbs up as he panicked slightly. How could his brother say something like that so casually?! He had never even had the gumption to admit it to himself out loud, let alone to another person.

Recovered, Papyrus swiftly took over the soup heating, oblivious to Sans' issue.

"WHY ARE WE MAKING SOUP FOR Y/N ANYWAY?"

Sneeze. Sniffle. Groan.

You pulled the covers over your head with a small moan as the sunlight hit your face.

"I REALIZE YOU AREN'T FEELING WELL, Y/N, BUT IT'S TIME TO GET UP!" Blue scolded, shooting you a sympathetic glance as he pushed the covers back down a little. "SANS AND PAPYRUS ARE MAKING YOU SOME SOUP, SO YOU SHOULD AT LEAST TRY TO SIT UP."

"Don'wanna…"

A cute little huff from the small skellie, and then you found yourself drawn up and draped across his lap as he leaned against the headboard. You sighed happily, pressing your face into the cool fabric of his under armour. Looks like he removed the armor for your comfort.

"But I jus'wanna sleeeeeeep…" you moaned against his chest as his hand began to work small circles on your back.

"I Know You Do, But You Have To Eat! Feed A Fever, My Dad Used To Say!"

You perked up suddenly at the mention of his father. The only other skeletons who had ever really mentioned their dad was Green and Sans, and only in passing. "Your dad?"

Blue seemed pleased to see you animate, and jumped at the chance to continue.

"YEAH! My Dad Was The River Person Between Snowdin And Waterfall! He Was Probably Where Papy Got his Terrible Humor From, Now That I Think About It. Always Telling Puns Like They Were Going Out Of Style...Which They Should Have!" He pumped a fist in the air. "BUT EVEN SO, HE WAS ALWAYS WILLING TO PLAY WITH ME AND TEACH ME MAGIC! I EVEN GOT MY GASTER HAMMER FROM HIM! PAPY GOT HIS BLASTERS FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE, THOUGH HE NEVER TOLD ME WHERE. DAD TAUGHT HIM HOW TO USE THOSE, TOO."

You giggled, wondering if the same was true for the fathers of the other skeletons. "He sounds awesome."

"He Really Was," Blue sighed, dropping his hands back down to squeeze you around the shoulders gently. "I Guess We're Really Lucky, Because It Sounds Like Most Of The Others Never Really Knew Their Father...Truthfully, I Think They Think We're Spoiled. And You...You Had A Really Rotten One, And It Isn't Fair."

His face scrunched up just a little and he leaned down to nuzzle your forehead.

"It's not your fault, Blue…" You soothed, returning the affection by squeezing him around the middle.

So the others never knew their fathers...you wondered what exactly made Blue and Stretch's world so different...and if your father had been different there, too.

"If I Could Do Anything About It, I'd Go Back In Time And Set Your Father Straight! You Deserve Better."

"Blue, I *have* better now. If he hadn't done what he did, I wouldn't have you. I wouldn't even exist." You pointed out. He seemed to contemplate this for a moment, and when you looked up, he was smiling in that way that made you believe he was wiser than he let on.

"Well, I May Not Agree With The Methods He Used...But I AM Glad You Exist."

His hand was slowly releasing a tingly healing into your spine as he gently rubbed the back of your neck, and you closed your eyes with a sigh.

"I'm glad you exist, too, Blue. Here, with all of us...though...I'm sorry you got separated from your dad."

"No, It's Okay. I Can Feel That I'll See Him Again Someday, So I Don't Mind So Much. I Know He's Thinking Positive, Wherever He Is!"

You sneezed suddenly, bonking your face against his ribs and causing another groan to erupt from your throat in pain.

Blue squeezed your face with a sigh.

"MAYBE NEXT TIME YOU'LL LISTEN TO ME WHEN I TELL YOU NOT TO STAY OUT IN THE COLD SO LONG!"

"Sissy, will you be better by tomorrow? I wanna go sledding again!" Serif asked, crawling from her brothers arms and into your bed beside you. She had a book that seemed like the monster version of Dr. Seuss in her tiny phalanges, and was still wearing her galaxy-print feetie pajamas, which hilariously matched your galaxy yoga pants. You wondered if she took after Bro's laziness or Russ' energy.

"I should be fine," you assured the tiny skeleton. "It's just a cold, but the guys are being overprotective."

You punctuated that statement by glaring over at Red and Stretch, who were lounging on the chaise across the room as if on guard duty. Red just grinned and winked, and Stretch chuckled.

"well, doll, truth be told i think we might just like how ya look *in bed* ." He said, tapping his phone against his skull pointedly with a raised brow. You felt your face get warm as you realized he was referencing that picture you had sent in the wee hours of the morning.

"CHILD PRESENT," Russ groaned, rolling his eyelights, but Serif seemed unaffected, crawling up into your lap with her book.

She insisted on reading it to you, and to anyone who would listen. Russ joined immediately, and Papyrus and Sans when they brought the soup. Red and Stretch ended up vacating the chaise in favor of cuddling up to you. It wasn't long before your bed was piled high with skeletons listening

to her read “Fluffy Bunny and the Friendship Bracelet”, and then “Fluffy Bunny Goes to the Market”, and then “Fluffy Bunny Makes a New Friend”--Edge at your back, Blue by your feet, Bro lazing about with his head on your lap.

You couldn't help but yawn and begin to nod off as she read through “Fluffy Bunny and the Scary Something”, your sleep-hazed mind enjoying the small circles someone’s fingers were drawing on your arm, and the way someone was petting your hair affectionately. Only one word echoed in your mind as you drifted off…

...Lucky.

~Poff~

You groaned and rolled over, careful not to wake Serif as she snored beside you. Whatever the soft noise was that had woken you, it was gone now, so you didn’t bother to open your eyes.

~ Poff ~

The sound of something wet and sloppy hitting glass confused you, and you groggily cracked an eye open just in time to see a third snowball hit the window.

You yawned and carefully untangled from Serif’s tiny fingers, patting her gently as she adjusted to clutch a pillow instead. A fourth snowball hit the glass as you approached, rubbing the sleep from your eyes and blinking to try and make out what was outside.

The snow was glowing ethereal in the moonlight, a serene atmosphere backing the familiar visage of your oldest skeleton friend as he stood a few yards from the window, poised to throw another snowball. When he saw you, he grinned and dropped it, hands finding his pockets as he strode over to you.

You unlocked the window and pushed it open, shivering as a gust of cold wind hit you before you leaned forward on your arms.

“So, should I be quoting Shakespeare right now?” You asked as he came to a halt less than a foot from the window. “Let’s see… ‘Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo? Deny thy father and refuse thy name, or if thou willst not, be but sworn my love’!”

You giggled, but Sans snagged one hand with a wink.

“heh… ‘i take thee at thy word. call me but love, and i’ll be new baptized; henceforth, i never will be romeo’.” He recited flawlessly, kissing the back of your hand tenderly and making you blush.

“Well...you've done your reading.” You stated curtly, lips curling just slightly in amusement.

“never know when there might be a pop quiz.” He shrugged, dropping your hand. “how you feelin’?”

You brushed your hair from your face thoughtfully. “Better. Sorry I couldn't come hang with everyone in the snow today.”

“who says today is over?” He asked, holding his arms out expectantly. “c’mon, i got somethin’ to show ya.”

You surprised yourself a little with how quickly you began to jump out the window, but he caught you easily with a chuckle, squeezing you close and nuzzling your neck affectionately.

“you're always ready to go with me, sweetheart. one'a my favorite things about you.” he purred, a deep sense of wonder in his words. You wrapped your arms easily around his shoulders with a giggle, nuzzling him right back.

“I’d follow you anywhere, Sans.”

“even if it means freezing your cute little toes off?” He asked, raising his brow bone and jiggling your legs.

Oh.

Right.

You hadn't put any shoes or anything on. Not even a jacket.

“....That’s embarrassing.”

“nah, s’cute.” He said, eyelights inspecting your yoga pants as if judging if you’d be warm enough. “besides, i think this look suits you best. i mean, i always thought your ass was *outta this world*, so these are perfect. call me galileo, ‘cause i’ll could write a whole new scientific theory from staring at these stars.”

You groaned and went deadweight in his arms in protest to his awful pun, but you were smiling and he knew it.

“Just take me away, *Galileo* ,” you sighed dramatically.

“ain’tcha gonna be cold?” Concern laced his words, thinly veiled by a teasing tone.

“Nah,” you giggled, wiggling your toes and pressing a smooch to his temple. “You’ll keep me warm, right, ‘Romeo’?”

His turn to blush, but he grinned at you regardless, tightening his hold. “alright, then. hold on tight, my ‘fair juliet’.”

You both exchanged funny quips and witty banter as he carried you away from the lodge, resting your head comfortably on his collarbone. So comfortably, in fact, that you didn't even realize you had fallen asleep until he woke you gently.

“hey. we’re here.”

You blinked and looked up to see the towering visage of Mt. Ebott’s peak looming above, a dark crater covered in caution tape mere yards from you. For several feet from the crater, the snow was melted, and when he set you down, your toes were met with warm earth, and the pleasant crackle and hum of magic.

“The barrier?” He nodded, and you noticed the meek way he slipped his hand into yours for comfort. “Are you sure you wanna go in there? I mean...I know how you feel about the underground.”

“it’s open, for good, and...i have you with me. if there’s one place that's safe…” He looked up and winked at you, a sincerity in his grin that you hardly ever saw. “...it’s wherever you are.”

You could only squeak a little in response, squeezing his hand reassuringly before he started off toward the caution tape. You followed along, watching him intently as he shouldered past guardrails and helped you over cement blockers. You quietly marveled at the throne room, the yellow flowers growing everywhere that for some reason reminded you of Asriel, the huge stained glass windows. He looked back and you promptly shut your jaw, making him chuckle.

“it’s okay to be impressed. you can talk about it.” he said, dropping your hand to kneel in the patch of flowers.

They cast a buttercup glow on his bones that made him look like an angel, ethereal and heavenly, and your breath caught in your throat.

“...It’s gorgeous,” you finally whispered.

You weren’t talking about the room, and he knew that, blushing a deep navy as he rose with several of the flowers. He produced a small tin from his pocket and put some of the flowers in it, and the last one found its way into your hair, tucked behind your ear.

His hand lingered on your cheek, and your faces were centimeters apart as he leaned his forehead against yours.

“right back atcha, sweetheart.” He breathed as your fingers curled into his sweatshirt, a happy hum building in your chest as you looked into his eyelights, a fizzy white contrast to the darkness of his sockets. Funny how something so symbolic of death could be here with you, and never had you seen something look so alive.

He kissed you, and you sighed into it, his hand holding you tightly around the waist as the shortcut made you dizzy...or maybe it was just him, and this kiss, and the flower in your hair and the buzz of magic on your skin and the underground.

“We shortcutted,” you mumbled against his teeth, and his chuckle vibrated from his ribs, leaving a pleasant tingle in your chest...again, that might just be him. The shortcut had landed you right against the chilled ground, grass tickling your shoulders as he weighed down on top of you carefully. He pulled away just enough for you to lock eyes again, and you were struck with the realization that this wasn’t the first time he had showed you the underground, nor the first time he had tucked a golden flower behind your ear, nor the first time he had said the words he was about to say.

“next was the judgement hall...nothin’ but bad memories there. hope it's alright...this is one of the places i really wanted to show you.”

He moved off of you so you could sit up and look around.

Your jaw dropped as you surveyed the cavern, bathed in a blue-grey glow exactly like his soul. The glow came from the hundreds of flowers, gorgeous blue daisies sprouting from every surface, even the ceiling in places.

You turned to exclaim your excitement to Sans, but found yourself gaping at him for the second time that night.

If you thought he looked like an angel before, you had clearly been on some kind of drugs, because he looked easily 50 times as beautiful right now. The blue light of the cavern suited him, obviously, and gave him an ethereal look that teetered on downright dirty when you reminded yourself that it was the same beautiful color of his soul. He was similarly speechless as he stared at you, his blush hard to see but definitely there as he thought the same thing...his color looked good on you.

“You're--”

“--so beautiful…” he finished, and for a long moment nothing more was said.

The cavern itself had a feeling like a spring day, warm but still with a slight chill. You must have shivered, because within seconds Sans was at your back, arms wrapped around you as you took in the view.

“Echo flowers?” You asked, remembering the small patch you had seen at the Royal Residence, the patch that Asgore worked tirelessly to keep alive...apparently they don't do so well outside of the underground. You guessed if they were here that meant this was Waterfall.

At his house they had been full of children's laughter and puns. You reached a hand out to see what these ones had to say, only for him to stop you.

“careful, these hold the wishes of the underground. some of them cross dimensions, some of them carry the feelings with them. red said in his world they held only dying wishes of monsters as they fell...stretch said they were always whispering to him. me…”

He reached out and touched the flower you had been reaching for, and it’s light waved like a drop of water in a still lake as his voice repeated back to you.

“i’m tired.”

“can’t take it.”

“do it for pap.”

“do it for her.”

“so tired…”

He retracted his hand, letting it rest on your knee as the whispers died down. “for me they were always a reminder of my powerlessness. but somehow, some way...this one...always…”

He gestured to another flower to the right of you, taller than the rest and with deeper blue on its petals.

“...it reached across the timelines.” He said as you reached for it, hand brushing the petals.

Your own voice echoed back through the cavern, and you couldn't breathe.

Your hand touched your lips, tingling as if trying to remember the feeling of these words on them.

“...I love you. I love you….ove...ou...lo...you…”

His skull was resting against the nape of your neck, his breathing slightly uneven as he tried to control his emotions. You could feel how he felt every time he heard these words.

Joy. Sadness. Longing. Home. These words got him through hard times, lots of hard times, things he didn't think he could survive.

“thought i was insane the first time i heard it. dug it up and put it in a pot in my room. listened to it every day.” He admitted quietly. “every time there was a reset it was back again, the beautiful sound of your voice echoing across timelines, transcending death itself to tell me…”

He sucked in a breath. He wasn’t ready to say it. Dammit, he brought you all the way out here and he was just gonna pussy out? Even Pap can say it.

“....anyway...it helped me a lot. thought i should thank you.”

“But I…” It wasn't me, you wanted to say. It was y/n. He nuzzled your neck and kissed you sweetly behind the ear.

“nah, it was you.”

Damn mind-reader. He laughed a bit, and you let out a disgruntled sigh knowing you were talking out loud again. He didn’t seem to mind, though, snuggling you closer the more you tried to wriggle away. You huffed and flicked your hair in his face, only for him to gently catch it, running his fingers through it. The golden flower fell out but he put it back on the other side, still enjoying the feeling of your hair on his fingers.

“it’s getting long.”

“That’s what she said,” you teased, and shared a laugh. “Do you like it better shorter?”

“mmm...nah. i like it how you like it. in the other timelines i used to spend hours playing with it...i, uh, even taught myself how to braid it.” He admitted this fact so quietly you almost didn't hear him. He almost sounded embarrassed. “got pretty good, so i can even do it on short hair.”

“Whaaaaaat, you can braid hair? And you haven't been braiding mine this whole time? Having someone braid your hair feels amaaaaazing!” You fake pouted, and you could feel his eyelights rolling behind you.

“fine, fine, message received. i’ll do something quick.” He chuckled behind you. “know what a dutch braid is? they're pretty fast and practical.”

“I want neither fast nor practical,” you sniffed. “I want your hands on my hair for hours until I look like a elven princess.”

You shot him a joking smile over your shoulder and he chuckled.

“medium difficulty, because we gotta get moving... *princess* .”

You sighed and relaxed your shoulders, allowing him to gently tug your hair into place. You wiggled your toes, the grass tickling your feet.

“That feels nice.” Any time he touched you felt nice.

“i remember when we were human that one time, the way your hands felt in my hair.” He mused, phalanges deftly brushing through and selecting pieces to add to the braid. “s’a very specific feeling. i’m a-*braid* i might never have the luxury again.”

You could practically feel his smug smile. “Booooo, you worked way too hard for that one.” You giggled, trying to keep your head still.

“alright, point taken. no need to get all *twisted*, i just wanted to lighten up this…”

You gasped. “Don't!”

“... *hairy* situation.”

And now you were stifling your laughter with one hand, the other gripping his knee for support so you didn't shake your head.

“but the ultimate pun, of course...is the hair itself.”

“What do you mean?” You asked as he pulled his hands away. You looked back at him and he just shrugged and handed you his phone as if to say ‘go look for yourself’.

Narrowing your eyes at him, you reluctantly plucked the device from his hand and turned on the front facing camera.

“You...oh my God, Sans,” you snickered.

A waterfall braid. In Waterfall.

He was already taking the phone and snapping selfies of the two of you: you trying not to laugh and him grinning like he won the lottery.

“I hope you're proud of yourself,” you scolded, before smiling and leaning back to press a kiss against his mandible.

Click!

You’ll definitely have to send that one to yourself, his blush was unrivaled and the tender moment was perfectly captured.

“if *that* is my reward for the king of all circumstantial puns, then yes, i am *very* proud of myself.” He purred, squeezing you gently and returning the kiss with one on your temple.

There was more comfortable quiet as he hummed against your hair, fingers drawing circles on your shoulders, your arms, wherever they could reach that was decent. You wondered if the flower with your voice was going to continue talking after you were gone, if it would have anything else to say.

“Can’t we just stay here forever?” You sighed, feeling him begin to draw back.

“sorry, beautiful, got a schedule to keep.” He stood and you let yourself slump back against his legs bonelessly, a childish and grumpy refusal to move evident in your every muscle. “pfft. hey, if you aren't ready, i got somethin’ to check on real quick if you wanna check out the flowers some more.”

“I can't come?” You asked, cocking your head curiously as you looked up at him.

“...you wouldn't like it. i’m grabbing some stuff for al from her lab.” His hesitation was obvious and not unwarranted in the least.

“I have zero desire to see a lab in any way, shape, or form for the rest of my unnatural-born life.” You confirmed, and he relaxed at your humorous deadpan. He shucked his jacket off and draped it over you, and you seized it immediately to pull it over your face.

When you peeked up at him, he was smiling more genuinely than ever.

“thought so. i’ll be back in a jiffy, don’t go anywhere, okay?”

And he was gone.

You sighed and rolled over, pulling the sweatshirt on over your frame and snuggling into its warmth, fingers immediately running over the petals of the nearest flower. It happened to be Papyrus’ voice, telling (likely Sans) to stay strong because “I BELIEVE IN YOU!”

You giggled and replayed the echo a few times, thinking about your best friend and wondering if he was thinking about you right now.

The next flower sounded like Alphys, stuttering a sweet confession to Undyne through the flowers. You hope you can confess one day soon.

Speaking of…

Your voice echoed back to you as you replayed your own message from across time. It sounded so natural, and you can imagine Y/N whispering it hurriedly to the flower while Sans’ back was turned, smiling and giggling as he probably prepared a message of his own. You could hear all the little things it implied.

“I love you.” *Forever and ever.*

“I love you.” *No matter what happens.*

“I love you.” *Across space and time, in any form and any shape.*

“I love you…” You sighed quietly, the words tumbling past your lips, surprising yourself with how natural they felt after listening to it over and over.

“heh. love you, too, babydoll.”

You near jumped out of your skin, whirling around at the sound of Sans’ voice with your face burning with embarrassment.

“Sans, I, uh, uhm--”

Before you could blink he was on top of you, the familiar flash of blue coming towards you as he planted his hands on the ground next to your face. The pull-tie of his sweatshirt tickled your neck and…

Wait.

Weren’t *you* wearing his sweatshirt right now?

He chuckled as you stared up at him, red and purple swirling in his sockets where plain white used to be.

“what’s that look for, babydoll?” Not-Sans purred. “aren’t you just *dyin’* to say it again?”

((Fanart by winke77e on tumblr! Thank you so much!!))

Chapter End Notes

Mwehehehe
Wonder who THAT could be?
But we all know who it is...what shenanigans could we get into next chapter?!

Q&A CHAPTER COMING UP! LEAVE QUESTIONS FOR ANY CHARACTER FROM THE WHOLE STORY IN THE COMMENTS!

I Can Almost Remember Your Taste

Chapter Summary

This is not Sans.
...and neither is that.

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for your continued patience with me and this story.
I am not done with this at all, but rather trying to take it slow.
After some deliberation I've decided to post this chapter now, instead of waiting until I finish the rest. I think I've reviewed it enough times, lol.
I'm trying to write the whole thing out before I post more, so I might post slowly and ask for input.

TW for this chapter: Blood/Bloodlust(?), Gore

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"what's the matter, babydoll? aren'tcha just *dyin'* to say it again?"

This was not Sans, you knew logically. His grin was too wide, his eyelights too dilated, a nauseating shade of crimson ringed with purple, and he shimmered slightly in a way that made your skin crawl. His tongue was sliding over his teeth, a deep mauve where blue should be, almost as if his blue had been corrupted by the color of dried blood, and he was leaning more of his weight on you by the second as he leaned down to press the tingly magic against your neck, making you gasp and shudder as he dragged the slimy appendage from your clavicle all the way up to your ear.

So yes, you knew this wasn't him. But it still... *felt* like him. From the tingle of his magic on your throat to the desperate way you leaned into him, your soul and body were not on the same page as your brain, clearly recognizing him the same as you would recognize Sans and reacting accordingly.

A startled moan escaped your throat, and he grinned, curling his tongue around your ear in an effort to prolong that noise. Yes, just the reaction he wanted. He pulled back to observe, muddy purple saliva trailing along your artery as you stared up at him in confusion.

"there, see? no need to--"

SMACK!

"....that's fair."

He seemed genuinely nonplussed, maybe even a little impressed, with the slap you unloaded against his cheekbone. You stared dumbly at him, not even having realised you had raised your hand against him and having absolutely no idea what had possessed you to do so. Something deep in your chest had whispered the urge to do it, as if you knew this particular skeleton deserved it above all others.

That same overwhelming urge that was whispering now, prompting you to act again.

He made a surprised noise when you grabbed his sweater and pulled him down on top of you, a noise that turned into a pleased purr when he found you were kissing him desperately, and he happily returned the action. He probably had no idea why you had suddenly decided to slap and then kiss him, but he certainly wasn't complaining. Gift horses and all that.

Instead he pushed back, phalanges curling around your wrists to pin you and tongue flicking across your lips experimentally. You gasped, arching against him and he took the opportunity to shove his tongue past your lips, enjoying you as you turned into a panting mess beneath him.

“W-wait,” you breathed, but he hardly heard you, moving to trap your legs between his with a growl, returning to the kiss with ferocity. “Wait, Sans, wai--ah!”

You tried to move your hands to push him off, but he had a deathgrip on your wrists. Why did you kiss him? You...well, you *are* enjoying it, quite a bit, if you're honest. But you had questions, and you were beginning to panic at the way he was ignoring your pleas and the way his grip tightened so you couldn't wiggle against him.

“Sans, *please* !” You whimpered, and it was as if something clicked in his brain and he froze. You seized the chance, tearing your hands from his grip to curl defensively at your breast, rubbing them gently. You could feel the bruises forming, but it wasn't painful. “Thank you…”

He drew himself up slowly, a look you couldn't quite place on his skull as he regarded you. Guilt? Regret? Pain?

“Sorry, I, uh, sorry,” you continued, mumbling. “I didn't...I don't know why I...I mean, you're Sans, but you're clearly not...Sans...as well...and I don't actually know who you are?”

He sighed, hand coming up to rub his skull through the fabric of his hood, looking a little ways away. Dammit, he had almost convinced himself you were the same, that he could make up for lost time...but it had been you begging him to please stop that had really woken him. Images of you chained to his dresser, clothing tattered and torn away, covered in his marks and scratches and...how satisfying it had been to see you marked as his, and only his...he felt himself cringing at the memory now, the sting of regret still fresh from the moments after you had explained to him what it was he had done.

You seemed to take his prolonged silence as a queue to slide out from beneath him, moving slowly as if not to startle him. Once free from underneath his weight, you pulled his luckier double’s sweatshirt closer around your shoulders, looking him over curiously.

“take a picture, it’ll last longer,” he gibbed, and you actually *laughed* ...and *blushed* . Holy hell, you were easily a million times cuter up close. He found himself nervously picking at the loose thread on the hem of his sweatshirt, trying to decide how he felt right now.

He was either very lucky or very unlucky, he decided, since you didn't seem to remember him beyond basic feelings. This meant, obviously, that your basic feelings were still positive for him, which should have made him ecstatic but honestly...worried him a bit. After all that he had done, how much he had violated your trust, killed all the people you loved...*violated you*...

You cleared your throat a bit, and he snapped back to reality. You were looking up at him expectantly, and he realized you were waiting for him to introduce himself.

He grinned back at you.

“who do *you* think i am?”

You scoffed and chuckled. “Well, you're a Sans, but so is Blue and Red and Hunter. That doesn't help me much.”

“nah, think harder,” he purred, reaching out to gently caress your cheek. You sank into the touch with an automatic sigh, and he could see the confusion in your face as your body reacted to his bones. “sure, i’m a sans. but is that all i am? some interplanar copy?”

“....No.” You admitted, a little blush playing on your cheeks. “You...feel just like him, but different? It's hard to explain. Like you *are* him, but different. Augh! I don't know!”

You buried your embarrassment in your hands and he laughed, his deep chuckle sending a thrill through you as he reached out to grasp you firmly by the arms.

“well, i got someone you needta meet and then maybe you’ll understand what you're looking at.”

Sans took a deep breath as the elevator doors opened, blanching as the lab came into view.

So many memories, terrible and dark, resided here. Memories of the torture Gaster put him through in the hopes of creating a monster strong enough to break the barrier...memories of the centuries he spent wandering the void the night he almost fell at the scientist's hands. Such a small monster, just a child, and yet he had been granted wisdom in that darkness, wisdom the likes of which no monster had ever seen before, or will probably ever see again. Knowledge of not only the universe, the stars, the earth, but of all the universes, all the versions of himself and his brother (whom had not yet been born to his world) as they navigated the secrets for themselves.

He remembers brushing hands with Red when he passed by, and as small as he himself was somehow Red had seemed so much smaller, kinder, and more fragile, with a smile that nearly broke his heart if he had one. He had seen a truly happy person for the first time when he spied the sharp-toothed double, grinning and raising his hand to brush again...his other hand occupied by being wrapped around his mother’s fingers.

He remembers Stretch fighting to enter the void, a fire in his eyes and a large crack making its way across his soul as he broke himself, over and over again, breaking and mending until it was the right shape for the magic to flow properly through his soul. When he saw him, Stretch cried out and doubled over as the void took its place in a soul not meant for its power.

He saw everything and nothing all at the same time, the end of the universe and the beginning of time, enough knowledge to split his skull and it felt like it might until--

Sans sighed and closed his eyes, running a hand over a softly whirring old computer screen as he remembered the most amazing part. All the rest he had been seeing started to fade away, and he had thought he might drift away into nothingness but instead the world around him burst into a billion stars and galaxies, beautiful beyond anything he had ever seen. It was only when he found the astrology textbooks when he was older that he realized it was the universe he was seeing...and it was the reason he had studied it so fervently.

But more life-changing than that was the soft touch of a reassuring hand, a small being he didn't recognize with his eyes, but knew with his soul. She glowed with stardust in her hair and galaxies in her eyes as she reached for him.

She called him “Sans”.

He had never had a name before, had always been referred to as S-1 or “it”, but the second she said it, he had begun to weep among the stars, for he knew that this was *his* name, from somebody he did not want to let go of, ever.

But then he had woken to the gentle, smiling face of Queen Toriel as she healed him, and Gaster calling him his son.

He had always known that presence was you, but he had never felt it so strongly in the previous timelines as he did from your soul, as cobbled together as it was.

Perhaps there was something there to begin with that nobody had seen, a glimmer of your own that just needed an extra push to find him again. Maybe you hadn’t been soulless after all, and instead had come to this world through some divine means.

He looked at the door, the door that shouldn't be there, and thought of the feeling he gets when he passes through the void. The feeling that someone is watching over him. He sighed again, running a hand over his solemn face and bringing back his grin to smile over at the door.

“when will you tell me your secrets, old man?”

You felt...warm. As if you were sitting in front of a roaring fire, a cup of cocoa in your hand and a blanket snuggled around your shoulders.

When had you fallen asleep?

“...so you just...kidnapped her?” A familiar voice asked. Sans!

“i prefer the term ‘forcibly relocated’, but okay.”

….that was...also Sans? The same voice, the same fluttery feeling in your gut when it spoke, but it was clearly coming from the other side of you.

“why is she unconscious? what did you do?”

“i...may or may not have forgotten how to account for a human’s need to breathe during void jumps. it’s been a long time, so sue me.”

“hey, no complaints here. looks good enough to eat, lyin’ there like that~”

“that ain't funny.”

“what, the idea of someone doin’ somethin’ to her while she can’t consent...does that bother you? does it... *remind you of someone* ?”

Two Sanses, your mind supplied, and suddenly you were flooded with perverse images of Sans and Sans taking advantage of you in all the best ways and...well, it wasn't an unpleasant thought, you’ll put it that way.

In fact, before you could help yourself, you let out a little whimper at the thought, and their chatter stopped immediately.

A sharp couple of slaps shocked you, making your eyes shoot open as you yelped, hand flying up to cup your pained cheek.

“What the hell, Sans?” You squeaked, only to freeze when you made eye contact with those red pupils.

The time in the echo flowers came rushing back to you, the strange way this Sans felt and spoke, as if he were really Sans but not like Red was really Sans...damn, it didn't even make sense in your head. He had said he needed you to meet someone before you would understand what he really was...right before he had taken you on the most terrifying shortcut you had ever experienced.

You immediately scooted back in confusion, turning to bolt the other direction but--

--you yelped as you ran (crawled?) headlong into someone behind you, bumping your face harshly on their hard chin. They made a frazzled noise in return, and bony hands gripped your shoulders to push you roughly away, sending you careening back into the arms of the first one, who was more than happy to wrap his arms around you as Sans had before he left you in the echo flower field.

You couldn't even bring yourself to care about the one wrapped around you, though, as you were too busy staring at the one who had pushed you off.

A single, dilated red eyelight was rolling over you, a tight grin tugging at the corners of his mouth. The strange emptiness of both his smile and his right socket might have been unsettling enough already, or maybe the stains on his blue sweatshirt and white t-shirt that may very well not be ketchup, but what was really making you hold your breath was the literal gaping hole in his head, jagged and cracked. If he were human you were certain you would be able to see brain in there.

But the weirdest part...

You should be *terrified* .

You should shirk away from the one behind you, scream at the one in front of you, bolt to the nearest exit and run far away. But you don't even twitch.

You should call Sans to help you. But you don't even whisper.

“yeesh, an’ here you have her wake up to a livin’ fucking nightmare. good going.” The one with the gaping wound hissed, crossing his arms.

Who are these people? Are they brothers? Some kinda nightmare twins?

“she’s fine, she’s seen worse,” the other one purred, ribcage vibrating pleasantly against your spine and making you shiver. “haven’t you, babydoll?”

“S...Sans?” You managed to squeak. Then, turning slightly to the one at your back: “And...Sans?”

“bingo, sweet pea.” HeadWound growls. Sans...2? Eh, counting the real Sans, and the echo flower friend, should you mentally refer to him as Sans 3? Sir Sansington the third?

“uhh...well, have to admit, that’s the first time anyone’s called me that.” Sans #3 said, chuckling a little bit with humor that barely reached his eyelight.

Curse your habit of talking out loud.

“yeah, normally they just scream and run away,” Sans 2 said from behind you. Sans 3 bristled noticeably, a deep rumble of a growl growing behind his ribs as he narrowed his sockets at the other. “if they stick around, they call him ‘axe’.”

“sit and spin, *dusty* .” Axe grumbled, flipping him the bird. He clearly didn't like the nickname. It *did* feel strange to label him that way in your head...but for the sake of keeping the two of them straight you decided to stick to it.

Now for the messy business of figuring out *what* exactly they are.

“Okay, so...you’re both Sans. But different than the others.” You stated frankly. Might as well start with what you know.

“got that right, lambchop,” Axe said, hooking one phalange into his socket and giving it a sharp tug. It unsettled you to see him handle his skull that way...somehow you knew that must feel really weird, like touching your eyeball...that kind of thing always kind of squidged you out. “we ain’t some cheap copy like baby blue or red.”

“nah, we’re the real deal, the originals. numero uno.” Dusty confirmed, fingers digging into your flesh slightly through your shirt.

“BROTHERS!”

You nearly jumped out of your skin at the loud voice, but found yourself grinning at Papyrus’ unmistakable voice. It came from the other room, and you relaxed with a sigh upon realizing that at least he was here. You instantly felt safer knowing this unscheduled visit with these two hadn't been completely unsupervised...it was kind of like having a chaperone or something. Pap won’t let any harm come to you while waiting for Sans to collect you, that much you knew.

“CAN ONE OF YOU COME ASSIST ME WITH THE FINAL TOUCHES ON DINNER? I DON'T WANT TO KEEP OUR GUEST WAITING!”

“i guess it’s my turn this time,” Dusty shrugged behind you, and you toppled backward onto the couch as he teleported away without warning. You sat up quickly, looking around to see him disappear into the room Papyrus’ voice had come from.

“Kind of late for dinner, isn’t it?” You said, mostly to yourself. It was probably about...2, 3 in the morning? Axe only grunted, and you sneaked a glance over at him.

His eyelight was trained on the doorway where Dusty had absconded, a grimace present on his skull, not listening to you at all.

Good, distracted. You took the opportunity to take stock.

You were still underground, you knew that much. Sans had once told you that the lingering magic of the barrier still made it impossible to teleport past it, which was why you both had entered on foot this evening. The living room you were in was sparsely decorated, but it was obvious who it belonged to.

Pictures of Sans and Papyrus (*your* Sans and Papyrus, the ones you really knew...you think) cluttered the walls, with several awkward blank spaces that suggested they had chosen specific pictures to take to the surface. You wondered how many of the ones taken had Sans in them, since it looked like he wasn't in many of the ones still present.

A sock with a small army of post-it notes on it lay abandoned in the corner, no doubt Sans'. The archway that Dusty had disappeared through was probably the kitchen, and the banister above you was strung up with Christmas lights, casting a soft glow around the small open house, and behind said banister you could see a second floor with two bedroom doors. It didn't take long to figure out which was which, and you made a mental note to sneak off and check out their old rooms if you had a moment.

One thing that struck you as odd is that while these two Sanses appeared comfortable here, they didn't seem to live here. The house had the feeling of a guest house of sorts, with little to show in the way of active use--no clothes strewn about other than that sock, no cups on the tables, no blankets draped over the couch looking slept-in. Theoretically...they probably live somewhere else.

The house felt so familiar to you that you couldn't help but relax, fingers absently tracing the pattern on the arm of the sofa. It was surprisingly plush, and you get the feeling that you had spent many hours on this couch, probably all across the universes and with all the different versions of the boys.

It felt almost tranquil, like it was so natural you couldn't help but smile.

It felt like home.

Sans... *Axe* is tapping his foot, you realize. Anxiously. You can hear the muted *thump* of his slipper against the carpet, and you wonder what he's so anxious about. If he really is the same Sans, then he only does that when he's worried about somebody important.

Who's important to him here? Dusty? Papyrus?

….you?

Axe was definitely Sans. Your Sans. In a way. Right down to the nervous tics, it seemed. From the side you couldn't quite see the hole in his head, and it was uncanny how he looked just like him. Every part of you wanted to reach over and playfully shove him, to tell him to wipe that angry look off his face, to tell him to relax and stop tapping his foot.

Sans had said...that no matter how many times the timeline restarted, that echo flower was there. If the timeline was always restarting...well, then it would only make sense if Sans didn't end up quite the same in every one.

And in *that* case…

“take a picture, it’ll last longer.” Axe growled, and you jumped slightly as he trained his eyelight on you suddenly. You could almost laugh at how similar him and Dusty were, right down to their catchphrases.

“Sorry, I didn't mean to be rude…”

His gaze lingered on you for a moment longer, but then returned to watching the kitchen door.

Silence.

Not the comfortable silence you had grown used to, but the silence of someone who gave up on talking things out a long time ago. This silence made your heart hurt.

You can't breathe.

He glanced over at you, sitting politely on the couch without an inkling of fear in your posture or face. Didn't you understand you had just been kidnapped? Didn't you understand the danger you're in here? Any normal, *sane* person would be terrified, and rightly so.

His foot tapped anxiously, as if counting down to the moment the shock would wear off and you would freak out.

He's not sure how he knows you, frankly. It's a...feeling...in the back of his mind. It's the knowledge that your voice is that of the echo flower he had kept in a pot by his bed, the repeated promise of something more...over time he couldn't remember whose voice it was. It told him it loved him, and it filled him with a hope that he clung to desperately over the years, in the dark spiral that became his life.

And here that voice was attached to Sans’...pet. And you were sitting so familiar with him. And you weren't running away. And you...you smelled *so fucking good*, and his soul was going haywire, and his eyelight was expanding and contracting as he tried to control himself.

He wanted to treasure you, covet you, *claim you* .

He wanted to kiss you, to bear his fangs down against your soft lips and dig his claws into your soft flesh.

He wanted to kill you, to rip out your beating heart and see if it beat the same time as the soul pounding in his own chest.

He wanted to taste you.

“Let’s start over?”

He jumped slightly at your words, incredulous gaze meeting your eyes as you extended a hand toward him.

“I’m y/n. It's nice to meet you, Sans!”

...Cute.

But stupid.

He gripped your hand with his own, a wicked, snarling smile working onto his skull, his vision blurring as he imagined you screaming in terror, the excruciating pain of your mangled hand releasing the sweet, coppery smell that served as a lullabye for him.

But…

You twitched slightly, your grip tightening and your smile faltering as the telltale whir and rumble of the razor buzzer squelched against your hand. The smell of blood was thick in the air as you stared into his sockets, not a single scream sounding as you knit your brows, confused, but not upset.

He blinked in surprise.

What?

...Why?

He could feel the blood trickling from where your hands remained joined, so it was obvious it had injured you, and yet you simply looked at him, as if he hadn't just torn your hand to shreds. A pit formed in his chest, tightening with regret as his senses returned slightly.

Unflinching, your other hand was slowly placed on his right cheekbone, and warmth exploded from the point of contact, drowning his skull in a blue flush that rivaled the sky on a sunny day.

“Sans...what happened to you?”

Your voice sounded so worried. It took him a moment to process the fact that the worry was for *him* . Not a hint of concern for yourself, or your open wound.

“...i...don't know.” He found himself saying, a tremble overtaking his words, and his frame.

The pain...it didn't even make you flinch. Your uninjured hand was tracing the lip of his socket, the shape of his cheekbone, the edge of his smile...while your other hand still gripped his, the blood slowly dripping from the spaces between his bones to stain the galaxies on your sweats.

You...had felt a lot of pain in your life. So much so that something like this was almost insignificant. And yet you were sitting there smiling at him. Forgiving him.

He felt...sick. For the first time in a long time it was as if his mind was clear.

And it all made him...sad. It made him... *angry* .

“i can't tell if you're optimistic or just an idiot,” he growled, squeezing your hand even harder until you sucked in a breath...then releasing it.

The buzzer clattered to the floor, blood splattering onto the carpet as you let out your pained breath. He moved away from your hand on his cheek, but you followed without hesitation, until his fingers closed around your wrist. The sticky blood on his bones felt weird against your skin, but it hardly registered with either of you as your eyes exchanged stories.

no, don't resonate with me. there's nothing good here. there's only nightmares.

“seriously, how are you not getting it? do you have no sense of self-preservation or are you just really good at acting?”

He didn't like the way his soul hummed when you touched him. He didn't like knowing you could feel his being on such an extreme level. He didn't like how angry your pain made him feel, the compassion swelling in his chest, or how good your blood smelled--sweet, like candy.

He didn't like the way you were looking at him.

He didn't like how you were answering all his statements with that smile that made his chest tight.

“just be scared of me, already,” he snapped finally.

It's alright to be honest and run away. It's easier that way. He's used to that. Even the humans he finds himself tangling with from town eventually confess that he scares them. That part of the thrill of being with him is because he’s scary. None of them actually like him, no sane person would find him cute or lovable...Nobody’s that stupid.

“Sans…”

He held his breath as your hands came to cup his cheeks, the warmth of your fresh blood trickling from your wound onto his skull.

“I could never be scared of you...” Your voice was velvet-soft, like honey drizzling over him, and it was everything he had never known he was missing. “...dingus.”

Thump-thump

Your heart is beating so fast, and you're dizzy from the blood loss. You swoon slightly but he supports you effortlessly.

Thump-thump

He's looking at you with wide eyes, and his own hand comes up to curl into his socket...but he doesn't tug. Instead he lets it slip back down, leaving a sticky, deep red trail that looks like tears.

Thump-thump

For a moment he looks like himself again, and you can see his jaw clench.

Thump-thump

He reaches up to cover the hand on his cheek, and the other finds a spot on your own.

Thump-thump

He almost remembers. It's there, pulling at the corners. His whole body is aching to hold you and what's left of his wits is screaming at him to get as far away from you as possible. Even as he tells himself that, he finds himself leaning closer without hesitation, unable to stop himself. He can hear your heart beating faster as you lean in yourself, just as entranced as he is in the moment.

Thump-thump

Thump-thump

"...sweetheart…" He mumbled, breath ghosting across your lips as they touch his teeth so lightly he thought he might really go insane. He pushed back firmly, the taste of copper barely present beneath the sweet and bitter taste of your blood, like a poison, intoxicating and threatening to lull him to sleep, or destroy him completely, or maybe make him throw himself on the floor and cry. "i...i think..."

**i think i might remember this*

**i think i might remember you*

**i think...*

Thump-thu--

"**g e t y o u r h a n d s o f f o f h e r.**"

Chapter End Notes

What does Axe know?
Who might have come in all angry?? :)

Notes on Axe: I love him. I love him so goddamn much it hurts. I have read several really great fics including him, so I would like to dedicate my portrayal of Axe to TyrantTortoise and sonamyluffer (skelesansation on tumblr).

Special thanks to Winke77e on tumblr for that fanart I linked on the first line. It really made me happy, and I really wish more people would link me to their fanart so I could find it easier! Check out all the fanart I've received in the end notes!

If I set up a patreon, would you guys be interested in paying a small price for one-shots? Trying to find a good way to balance work, life, and all this without feeling guilty.

Something Just Like This

Chapter Summary

Sometimes you aren't sure what goes on in Sans' head.
Sometimes Sans isn't sure what goes on in yours.
It's funny how similar you are, in the end, isn't it?

Chapter Notes

I have some chapters stacked up, so I thought I might dump one every couple of days to keep interest up. I've been sitting on them for so long, I think that this one at least is ready to go.
Thank you to everyone who has drawn me Fan art or promoted me on Tumblr, it makes me really happy to see people helping out where I can't be! If you make me Fan art, please remember to tag it as:
#SSIYC (or) #six skeletons in your closet
So that I can find it when I do check in. Or you can link me directly in the comments!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The bar was busier than usual, but Sans didn't mind. Grillby always saved his seat, so he slid onto the stool quietly and ordered the usual while his eyes darted around to check out the scene.

Humans. Drunk, college age humans stumbling this way and that way, cheering loudly and discussing test scores.

“Seems finals are over,” Grillby mused with a slight bit of humor as he set the ketchup bottle down. “They all herded in here at once and it hasn't stopped since.”

“life experience is just as important as books and essays,” Sans chuckled, watching a gangly kid with red curls pound three shots in a row. “and it looks like some of these kids are gonna get *schooled* tonight.”

He laughed at Grillby’s exaggerated sigh, crackling and popping with disapproval of his pun, and then turned his attention to his drink and his...predicament.

It had been about a year and a half ago when they had all...appeared. The other versions of himself and his brother. It was shocking, to say the least...not that he hadn't theorized their existence (or personally experienced a handful of them before), but more that they were *here* , with no idea how it came to pass. After several nights in the workshop with the ones he had deemed Red and Stretch, the three of them had discovered an anomaly of sorts...but it was untrackable. They were taking turns tinkering around to try and get a read, especially Red--his darker double, while surly and annoying, seemed to have the magic touch when it came to mechanics, so Sans mostly left him to it.

In the meantime, he was grateful for the large house he had kept hold of when they first moved up to the surface. With the royal family now moved out, and Undyne and Alphys in their own place as well, there was more than enough empty bedrooms to fill. Some had gone to travel (despite his best efforts) and some had opted to live a little bit more secluded (fine with him, of course) and some...well, some of them he didn't even want to mess with.

“maybe if i run the numbers one more time in the morning, i’ll be able to cancel out that feedback that’s been blocking our tracking signal,” he muttered to himself, reciting statistics under his breath. “if i take account for the skewed curve of the alternate timelines, then i--”

He was abruptly cut off by a pair of hands roaming over his clavicle, eliciting a surprised noise from him as he was suddenly left spinning on the barstool, *sans* one blue sweatshirt.

He stopped himself abruptly, slightly dizzy as he sought the thief.

“hey!” He growled out at the girl, who turned her head nonchalantly. “you can’t just take my jacket like...that…”

He trailed off as he looked at her, wondering if he was seeing wrong.

It was *you* . He stared a bit as you sheepishly sat next to him, drawing his jacket closer to your frame.

“Sorry, guess I should have asked. I spilled something on my shirt. You don't mind, right?”

At the sound of your voice, he found his own was being shy so he only nodded.

“I'm y/n, nice to meetcha,” you practically purred. He continued to just stare, and you giggled, a pure, adorable noise.

It was definitely you. Your hair was much shorter, and you were thinner...possibly even a few inches shorter than he remembered. You looked like you hadn't gotten much sleep, but there was no denying the sound of your laughter. You were here, plain as day, in front of him.

But…!

This was almost two years early, meeting you. And it had never been at Grillby’s. Had the timeline altered so much because of his alternate selves to do *this* ?

“Just let me know when you want it back, okay, cowboy?” You laughed, before getting up to move away.

say something, you egg!

“sans!”

You turned back to him, surprised, an eyebrow quirked in curiosity. He hadn't realized he had left his stool to grab your arm. He swiftly released you, shoving one hand in his shorts pocket and extending the other.

“heh. uh. m’sans, sans the skeleton.” He said, regaining his composure and his trademark grin. No way was he going to fuck this up now. “n’you can keep the sweatshirt as long as you want...so long as i can get your number?”

You smiled and slid your hand along the back of his, sending a chill up his spine as you turned it palm-up to reveal the whoopie cushion buzzer in his hand. You slid it off and into the sweatshirt pocket, and then took his hand for a normal shake.

“Don't have a phone, unfortunately,” you said, sounding genuinely disappointed. “But I can promise to be back tomorrow night?”

“deal.”

Something was off. He couldn't help but overanalyze, but...you didn't recognize him at all. Sure, you wouldn't know his name, but usually you said something like “have we met?” or “you look so familiar, you know?”...something that showed your soul recognized his even through the shroud of death, space, and time.

But nothing. Just...nothing. Not even a little bit. You were completely different, and early at that.

But that's okay, he thought, as he squeezed your hand a little tighter and unloaded a pun for good measure. Different is good.

Different means...he might be able to save you this time.

He had to know.

That's why he was down here.

But as Sans stared at the core, whirring and turning like an impossible puzzle as if they had never left, his hand was frozen in mid-reach.

What did he think this would accomplish?

Did he want to know whatever the void would have for him this time? Did he think it would offer the insight that Dusty apparently had? Did he think it would cure this bad feeling in his bones, the fear of losing you, the sense of mounting tension?

Maybe...he thought it would rid him of this feeling that time is running out.

He sighed and went to stick his hands in his pockets, only to pause and chuckle at himself as he remembered he wasn't wearing his sweatshirt.

Managing his anxiety had never been a strong suit, especially when it came to you. He tried, over and over, to convince himself he was just being paranoid. That it was silly to worry so much. Who wouldn't be paranoid after the number of times he had seen you die before? Who wouldn't be anxious when in this timeline alone he'd almost lost you twice already?

...who wouldn't be nervous about your well-being with a soul made like yours is?

Because that's the thing. He can't figure out out how it works. He can't understand what's holding it together outside of pure, stubborn tenacity. By all calculations, you should have fallen apart years ago, and yet you're stronger than most...which is either a blessing (gift horses and all that) or an omen of something terrible.

Some of the equipment down here is mirrored in his own workshop, a torture chamber by your standards but a necessary evil to him. DT extraction machines, void accelerators, *the Machine* . He wondered how much of it your father had access to, and *how* . As far as he knew, *his* father was the only one capable of building them besides him and his alternate selves.

He doesn't understand...and that upsets him.

“relax, you worrywart,” he mumbled to himself finally, tearing his sockets away from the core at last.

Past lives don't mean nothing can be done here. Just because you died in every other timeline doesn't mean he can't do something now. Maybe it's as simple as pouring his whole soul into the time he does spend with you.

With a wary glance at the impossible door, he blipped back to the echo flowers. He should start by shedding his anxieties...it's time to tell you how he really feels. Out loud.

...or he would, if you were here.

He bristled, anxiety welling up anew as he frantically looked around the cavern to see that you were nowhere to be seen.

Hadn't he told you to stay put?! He hadn't been gone long! You wouldn't have known where you could go anyway, not without…

“...not without *me* ,” he growled.

He knew *exactly where you were.*

Within seconds he was at the door of the Snowdin house. Nostalgia weighed down on his shoulders like a sack of flour, and he tried not to look too hard. His anxiety was buried beneath his fury, but even so, he tried to calm himself as his hand twitched at the doorknob.

**relax. give them an ounce of trust.*

**they are you, after all. and she has such an effect...*

**even the worst can be gentle with her. she’s fine.*

**she hasn't been calling for help, there's no reason to think she’s in...danger…*

Blood.

He smelled it before he saw it, and he knew it was yours. It made him sick to know just how much he liked the smell, the sign that you are alive…

Then it all went black as he saw **that murderer’s hands on you.**

“ **g e t y o u r h a n d s o f f o f h e r.** ”

There was a clatter as he slammed Axe to the wall, and the nightmare double actually *laughed* , gripping Sans’ wrist.

“look who decided to show up,” Axe drawled, words slow and precise, as if his very goal was to rile his copy up. “n’here i was gettin’ ready to throw the lady a *bone* already, seein’ as *you* haven't gotten around to it.”

“ **s h u t y o u r m o u t h.** ”

It was all over him.

It was on his clothes, his skull, his hands, his hands, his hands...it flowed there the most as he tried to staunch the wound, desperately crying out to you to hold on. But as his hands grew redder, your cheeks grew paler, and there was no denying you had been gone before you hit the ground.

“hey, relax, classic,” Axe growled as he blocked Sans’ fist. “i didn't do nothin’ *you* wouldn't do, now did i?”

“ *i’m not you.* ”

“not this time, at least.”

“not *ever* !”

“whatever helps you sleep at night, you sick freak.”

It was all over him.

It was on his coat as he slaughtered them, face set in stone, mind lost. When Frisk reset to save him, to salvage what they could of this world, he woke up without a drop in sight. He woke up without you but it didn't matter because he could feel your light, and he sobbed in relief.

He was drawn to your echo and it gave him hope, gave him something to hold onto, and when Frisk finally came back he raced through it all as fast as he could, waiting for years impatiently to see you again.

“whatsa matter, eh? does it...bring back memories?” Axe asked, his red eyelight boring into Sans’ sockets, seeing right through him. “golly, wonder what that’s like.”

It was all over you, radiant and ethereal, and he was enraptured as the moonlight bathed you.

He reached out to touch you, and you were really there.

From somewhere far away he might have heard your voice. Or Papyrus'. Axe's grip on his wrist was the only thing grounding him, and it was fleeting. At some point Axe slipped away from him, but he didn't even notice.

It was all over him.

It wasn't supposed to be this way this time. He had stopped the bullet but it didn't matter because one of them had a knife, and the words "monster whore" had already been carved across you when he got there.

It was all over him.

Again and again and again.

It was so hard to breathe, and the world was spinning. It was like before, when he had thought your blood was on his hands after he had grazed your soul, but this time the blood was real, tangible. He could smell it and it was proof of your fragile life that made him nervous, so nervous.

Every timeline. Every reset. It all ended with your life splashed across white bones.

Maybe he was crazy after all.

He kept resetting, as if it would change, as if there was some tiny chance that it wouldn't end up that way. He created them, because he couldn't accept his fate.

Damned if he stays underground. Damned if Frisk kills everyone again. Damned if there's a peaceful way out. They say insanity is repeating the same mistakes and expecting a different result...

Maybe that's why Axe and Dusty bother him so much.

He's just like them.

A madman.

"Sans?"

Warmth spread across his hands, and into his chest as you whispered his name.

He blinked, and for a moment he panicked at the sight of the floor of his old house, wondering if there was a reset...but then he felt your hands on him, and he was back to reality.

You were gently cleaning your blood off his hands with a rag. He looked up at you hesitantly, and saw that you had tried to do the same to your face, but there were still smudges where Axe's hand had cupped your cheek.

“...sorry…” was all he could muster, a mumble as his eyes darted away from you, noticing the empty living room, and then your bandaged hand. He could tell it was significantly healed. Almost as good as Papyrus...must have been Axe’s Papyrus. He hoped you hadn't been scared.

“...how long have i...how’s your…” he paused, and sighed. “...what happened?”

“Well, first I got kidnapped by you, then I fell for a razor buzzer prank by you, and then you showed up and fought with that other version of you until you kinda stopped functioning.” You recited, a note of humor in your tone. Then, more seriously: “...are you okay? It looked like a really bad one.”

So he had had an episode after all. He could see that various things in the room had been knocked over, your blood smeared in several places (likely from Axe catching himself on things with the hand covered in it).

He didn't answer, instead gently taking the bandaged hand in his own, peeling back the bandages hesitantly.

You sat still as he examined your hand, the skin freshly stitched with magic and the small but deep scabs that threatened to scar it in almost a lightning strike pattern. You watched his face, gauging his worry and his frustration.

“Sans, I barely even felt the pain,” you reassured him. It was true, your nerves were so dead that lacerations hardly made you blink anymore. You were certain it had freaked out Axe at the time, so it's no surprise when Sans didn't seem to take it well. “Really, I'm okay.”

“ *okay?* ” He snapped incredulously, eyelights meeting your gaze. He clicked his jaw shut, then sighed and looked back down to rewrap the hand. “sweetheart, nothin’ about this is *okay* .”

“I've had way worse, I'll survive.” You teased, but the humor fell flat as his hand covered yours.

“that's not the point.” He muttered, almost to himself. “don't you get it? the only thing that i wanna do is make sure you never have to say ‘i've had worse’ ever again.”

His thumb brushed over the skull bead on your bracelet, guilt riddling his features.

“Sans…”

“it's just...for all we’ve been through i guess this is the first time you've actually been physically hurt.” He sighed, and you understood.

You’d probably freak out, too, if it was the first time seeing *him* seriously injured. Hell, you remembered how you felt seeing Red on the cusp of life behind Grillby’s, and that was before any of you had grown as close as you were. You weren't entirely sure what to say, so you just gave his hand a gentle squeeze.

“where’d everybody go?” He asked suddenly, abruptly changing the subject.

“...Kitchen. To give us some space. Papyrus’ idea...er, Axe’s Papyrus.”

“crooks.”

“Wow. Harsh name for how sweet he is.”

When had you ended up embracing one another? The thought was a passive one, that at some point he had hugged you, pulling you into his lap, and you had hugged him, and now he was petting your hair absently, your head tucked securely under his chin.

“...They aren't like the others, are they?” You asked finally, and you could feel him stiffen.

He was silent for a long moment.

“...no.”

Short and forced, but it answered your questions once and for all. You leaned back slightly in his embrace, studying his face. He looked like he wanted to say more, or ask you for more specifics on what went down.

Truthfully? It was all a little hazy. Which, honestly, isn't that surprising; the blood loss mixed with the sudden resonation with Axe...all you remembered was raw emotion, and none of them being fear. Affection, confusion, thrill, and even, admittedly, a dash of arousal...but no fear.

Axe wasn't as crazy as he seemed, or as scary. He just...needed love. He needed somebody to believe in him, because he had stopped believing in himself a long time ago. He needed just a little bit of faith and a lot of patience. He needed...forgiveness.

“Don't be mad at Axe, Sans,” you said finally. “It could have been me...who ended up like that, you know?”

He knew exactly what you meant. He knew you were counting your blessings for not totally losing your marbles and being able to enjoy life with all of them the way you do...just like he counts his that he ended up not being either of them, despite having been there in other timelines.

It could have been him that tore your hand up. It could have been him that could only feel normal when he was with you.

It could have been him that lost his mind.

“...yeah.”

“Maybe we should go?” You offered, as he requisitioned the rag from your hand to wipe the rest of the blood off your face.

“...yeah.”

He pulled you close, and you closed your eyes and held on tight as you disappeared.

Axe watched you blip away, sitting silently on the kitchen counter so his brother didn't have to bend down too far as he wiped at his face with a rag in an attempt to remove your blood from his bones. Crooks and Dusty chatted idly, but he was barely listening.

The tall skeleton turned to re-dampen the cloth and Axe clutched the buzzer a little tighter, his still-bloody fingers making a gentle click as he pressed them to his teeth.

The sensation of your lips on them still lingered...along with the feeling that he was already forgetting something very important.

Sans stirred awake to the soft glow of the echo flowers, blinking away the sleep in his sockets.

The first thing he did was check that you were still there, which wasn't hard because he was already practically wrapped around you.

An angel in blue, he couldn't help but think. He'd be inclined to think the whole thing with Axe and Dusty was a nightmare if it weren't for the bandaged hand resting on his clavicle. He hadn't the energy to port you both the the cave entrance, and you had insisted on visiting the echo flowers a while longer anyway, so somehow he had allowed himself to give into exhaustion, the sweet lullabye of your fingertips on his skull providing a pretty strong case to do so.

He sat still a long moment, just listening to your breath rise and fall, drinking in the sight of you illuminated by the flowers. He wondered what the void might have told him if he had given into the temptation to touch the core...if he would still feel like something was off.

He'd felt that something was off since the moment he met you in this timeline, but ever since he learned your story he had thought that must be it...but your soul had always been this way since he had known you, and the feeling was only becoming more and more bothersome. Like he was forgetting something important.

“Sans?”

Your voice was still sleepy as you shifted quietly in his grip, and when you had settled once more, you drew his arms tight around you so that he was pressed against your back. He hummed, pleased, and nuzzled the back of your head affectionately.

“what’s up, buttercup?” He answered, twirling the drawstring of your sweats around his finger absently.

“What was y/n like?”

He paused, wondering how to answer that. “uh...you’d prob’ly know better than me.”

He could almost feel you rolling your eyes.

“Sans, we don't have to pretend that I don't know anymore. About timelines, about who I really am.” You said quietly. “You've casually talked about all that in passing, and so have I...we both know by now, I think, that I *know* .”

Damn. You're right. Somewhere along the line, without him noticing, he had started to assume you knew unconsciously and acted accordingly. Talking about the echo flower, his panic attacks, the way he must look whenever you mention the y/n from previous timelines...you're too perceptive not to know.

...he hoped you didn't think it made him love you any less. Although, how could you know if he can't work up the courage to say it?

“i bet the others have already told you about their versions, huh?”

You nodded, shifting a little to meet his gaze over your shoulder. “Yeah. Red said I was a soul of kindness, that I was too nice for my own good and kind of a pushover. And Stretch said the

opposite! He said I was a hardass with ‘a tongue like a knife and a wit just as sharp’ or something like that.”

“stretch’s world is pretty topsy-turvy, it wouldn't surprise me if you were pretty sarcastic there.” He shrugged. “but, uh...you...y/n...wasn't really like either of those.”

You turned fully in his grasp, propping your arm under your head and setting your attention on him. You were so curious as to what would have happened to your better version...if not for you.

“she was...kind of silly. always teasing. she was a bit of an airhead…” He shook his head with a slight chuckle. “sarcasm went right through her, and sometimes she took forever to process a joke. but...when she finally got it she would laugh, just like that cute laugh of *yours* , and i couldn't get enough of it. still can't.”

Something in his sockets flashed, and he grinned wider, as if he was on a roll.

“she never remembered to empty her pockets before laundry, and her room was always a mess. she used to quote that one musical so much i thought she mighta secretly wrote it...be more chill? i think that was the name. i think i heard the song ‘michael in the bathroom’ more times than i can count. she got irrationally angry at the moles in the garden, yet refused to get a cat for the purpose of catching them, and every year she would forget her birthday was coming…” he trailed off, looking at you a little guiltily as he appeared to remember himself.

“It's okay,” you prompted. Hearing about her this way...from the eyes of someone who adored her...it almost made you feel better about replacing her. Almost. “Um...and...her family? Were they...did she...talk about them at all?”

The look on his face betrayed that he had figured out the real reason behind your inquiries, but he didn't press you.

“nah. not much. mom was nonexistent, and dad was...a monsterphobe workaholic. but he wasn't…”

“Abusive.”

“...yeah. just a jerk.” He frowned. “i’m sorry...i have no idea what changed.”

“No, I'm just glad she never…” Never had to go through that, you thought. It sounded like her life was...a lot better, before you. And that she lived it a lot of times. You weren't sure if that made you feel better or worse.

“...i remember, every timeline i asked her why she put up with me. she always said the same thing.” He said suddenly, and looked at you fondly. “why do *you* put up with me, sweetheart?”

He caught you a bit off-guard with that, including you in the conversation. You thought a moment, and then grinned at him.

“...because if I didn't, I wouldn't have a player 2 for Splatoon.”

He laughed out loud, and dragged you back against his chest in a hug. “heheh, yup, same answer as always...sounds even better this time, though…”

You let yourself laugh a bit as you clutched his shirt, feeling safe in his arms as you rested against his sternum.

“I guess I'm still her, a bit. She sounds really great...I bet you miss her.”

I bet you wish I was her , is what you meant.

“nope, not allowed,” he chided, squeezing your face. “you ain't allowed to feel bad for being here. it's against the law.”

“No ish not!” You mumbled, words as squished as your face, blushing slightly. He totally saw right through you.

“yup. i just decided. time police code and all that. i’d show you my badge, but i left it in the bronze age.”

You were laughing in spite of yourself, and he grinned.

“You aren't the time police!”

“am too. just ask fred flintstone.”

“Sans, that is a fictional character.”

“are you positive? cause i think a time cop like me would know that better than you.”

“...So, is he?”

“how should i know? that's *ancient history* .”

You let out an unladylike snort, and then covered your mouth in embarrassment.

Oh, God, his eyelights were already flashing mischeviously.

“did you just--”

“No!” You objected, mortified.

“you totally did.” He chuckled. “oh, no, no, you can't just be that adorable and think i’m not gonna exploit it. c’mere, you--”

You shrieked as his phalanges tickled at your sides, drawing more laughter from your lips as you attempted to shove him off of you. He kept slinging puns at you until you finally snorted again, causing him to outright laugh at you.

Before long, he had you pinned to the cool cavern floor, one hand tangled in your hair to pet it and the other holding his weight up off of you. You were still avoiding his eyes out of embarrassment.

“hey. seriously, though.” He said as the giggles subsided, nuzzling your neck affectionately. “don't you ever feel bad about bein’ here. you didn't choose this, and you are worth every bit of affection you receive. yeah, you have her face, and her laugh, and her ability to flirt without realizing it...but you're sharp as a tack, you're witty and funny and smart and kind...you're stubborn, you're beautiful, and you're all your own. y/n…”

You met his eyes, surprised by the affectionate gaze he trained on you.

“...i wouldn't trade you for anything.”

...you're blushing. God, you probably look like a stop sign, and you can feel the tears coming, but…

“...It's not right,” you said quietly. “To get all this affection, to have all these friends...to do it all with her face is bad enough, but I even stole her name!”

“that ain't your fault, sweetheart,” he reassured you, brushing your hair out of your face. “it's who you are, yeah?”

“I don't know if that's true,” you sighed as he rolled slightly off you to bring you to his chest once more. “I mean, I'm not her. Or any of them, really. And I think...part of coming to terms with all of that is realizing I'm not really *anyone* .”

“now, *that's* bullshit,” he snorted. “you *are* somebody, and if you say that again i'll have to punish you with more tickles.”

You giggled, but it was short-lasted. He studied your face, watching the tiny hint of a smile linger, not reaching your eyes.

“I guess...what I mean is, I feel weird when anyone calls me y/n. You guys mostly use nicknames on me, so it doesn't really matter, but...it’d be unfair to her memory to keep pretending. You know?”

“so what? nicknames for the rest of your life?” He asked seriously, chucking you slightly under the chin so you would look at him. “we could probably handle that, honestly. dunno how we’d introduce you to new people, though. ‘ *hey, how ya doin, this is our human friend. we call her sweetheart or kitten or angel or doll or just plain* ***human*** ’ is considerably longer than ‘y/n’...and it makes it sound like we own you or somethin’.”

You snuggled up under his chin and shivered slightly, and before long he was sitting up, drawing you to his chest and wrapping you in his sweater. It seemed so much bigger than usual, but maybe it was a magic thing? Regardless, you leaned back against his chest and slipped your arms through the sleeves alongside his, sliding gently down the length of his bones until his fingers curled around yours. It felt so natural, and neither of you commented on it.

“so?” He asked after a long moment of silence. “what’s the word, bird? is there somethin’ in particular that you wanna stick with?”

“Mmm...I don't know. I've never had my own name before. How does one even pick a name?” You sighed. “How did you and Papyrus get your names?”

“paps was given his at birth, i think.” He recalled. “by toriel, actually, if i remember right.”

“Who gave you yours?” You mumbled, sinking into the warmth of his jacket.

you , he thought, remembering the girl in the void that felt like you. “...i’m still figuring that one out.”

The both of you lapsed into silence at that, and he rested his cheekbone against the top of your head, humming in satisfaction as your fingers squeezed his gently, resting against your thighs.

“...you’re warm again.”

“You make me that way,” you giggled, and he chuckled in return, pressing his cool skull against your ear.

“not what i meant. i meant your fever.”

You shrugged dismissively, not very concerned about your fever. You'll probably be better by morning anyway...was it already morning?

“...we should probably head back soon. pap is gonna freak out if he finds you missin’ when he wakes up.”

“But I'm with the best bodyguard ever~” you giggled, leaning back against him.

He squeezed his arms around you with a laugh, but it sounded a little empty. His hand gingerly squeezed your wrapped one, indicating he didn't think so.

“C’mon, let's stay out a little longer. Don't you have a truth or dare ticket to use while we're alone?” You wiggled your fingers in his grip, and you could feel him grin against the back of your ear.

“alright, you little troublemaker. just a bit longer.” He chuckled, and you blushed as the laugh rang in your ears and tingled in your spine. “but only ‘cause i got a dare in mind that requires echo flowers.”

“Oh?” You raised an eyebrow and shot him a look over your shoulder. A dare requiring the echo flowers? What exactly is he hoping they’ll repeat for him?

“yeah. s’a little silly, and i’d do one, too...eh, but if you don't want, uhm…”

“No, it sounds interesting,” you said, retracting your arms from his sleeves so you could face him instead. “Lay it on me, baby!”

“don't mind if i do,” he chuckled, swooping down to land a kiss on your cheek.

“Haha, laaaaame,” you teased, though you could tell you were blushing. He grinned knowingly at you, and you blushed even harder. “Any...anyway! What's this dare you have? And where’s your ticket?”

“uh...i didn't keep the paper. did everyone else keep the paper?” He asked, surprise evident in his features. You giggled, glad at least one of them had a normal thought process.

“Yeah, but that's okay. I know what you have.”

“okay, good, that woulda sucked,” he chuckled, standing and helping you up with him.

“So, dare?”

“okay, so...i was thinking about your echo flower and…” He glanced around, before his eyes settled on you, his hands enclosing yours gently. “i want one from you. specifically you, just as you are now.”

You raised your eyebrows in silent surprise, and he blushed a little, eyes sliding down to look at your joined hands.

“you were right earlier, you know. you aren't any of them, and you aren't y/n...but you are *you* , and that's just as important. so i want one from you. i don't care what you make it say as long as it's genuine.”

This was it, you realized. This was the moment in which y/n had created the flower that surpassed the timelines, while Sans was busy leaving his own message. He squeezed your hands affectionately, then dropped them and ported several yards away and, with a wink, turned and knelt down in the patch to pick one.

Your heart was pounding as you knelt next to the one with the message. Can you repeat history? Can you say what you want to say? Or should you say something else, anything else?

“I love you,” the flower murmured as you brushed its petals. You bit your lip, letting it play again as you mouthed the words.

Say it .

But what if it breaks the spell? This delicate balance that's keeping you here?

It won't. Say it.

But what if it makes it hurt more when you're gone? What if he'll resent you for this later?

He won't. Say it.

Sans glanced over at you by the tall echo flower, looking contemplative, and wondered if he should give you the one that he made.

“*you are the sun, the moon, and all my stars*,” it whispered from his hand, and he smiled. Yeah, that was a good one. It wasn't too much, but at the same time it was more meaningful to him than “I love you”. He wondered if you were also struggling to find words beyond “I love you”...

“Uhm...I'm ready.”

He turned to you, gaze softening at the sight of you in your pajamas, shuffling sheepishly, a small flower in your hands.

“me, too.” He said, holding his echo flower out to you. You exchanged yours for his, and he watched as you listened, and you erupted into that cute red blush, and your smile curved the way the sun breaks over the horizon, and he couldn't help but marvel at your beauty. His own voice whispered across the cavern, and before he knew it, he was tucking your hair behind your ear and saying it in tandem with the echo, and kissing you tenderly.

You shuddered at the gentle way he caressed your jaw as he parted from you, and through the haze of affection you could hear your own voice echoing from the flower in his hand. It was better than saying “I love you”, it was your own unspoken way of doing so, and as he kissed you again, you sighed the words against his mouth along with the flower.

“*You are my home*.”

Chapter End Notes

Gosh, I just love me some classic. Mmmm mm-hmm.
There's so much going on in this chapter, some Sans backstory and some comfort and some sweet, sweet fluff...as well as strange and uncomfortable mysteries ooooooo
I really hope you guys like this chapter, I rearranged it a few times and I think it turned out good. Good job to all of you who guessed it was Sans original flavor who came in haha

Reminder that I might do a q&a chapter at some point...so please leave your questions in the comments!

Crimson Snow

Chapter Summary

> What was supposed to be a quiet morning gets hijacked by surprise guests that turn out to not be guests at all, but rather, they live there.

Chapter Notes

> I have several more chapters stacked up, and I think I like the direction I'm going so I might start setting them to uodate on a schedule. For now, Saturday seems to be the day, but no promises once I run out of chapters.
> I also removed the chapter limit because my original ending plan might be changing, and some things are taking several more chapters than I had originally planned.
> Anyway, thank you all so much for the sweet, kind words of encouragement about the last chapter! Sans definitely deserved that time, it was looooooong overdue. My favorite comments are the one where you guys are really analyzing it, it makes me feel like its worth it if you're that invested ❤❤❤

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The commotion downstairs woke you with a clatter, and you popped your head off the pillows with a start. Sans groaned beside you, his arm slung across your middle, and you remembered clambering in through his window in the wee hours on the morning and falling asleep together as you both struggled to keep talking.

“why are they so loud?” He grumbled, attempting to pull you into the mess of pillows on his bed.

“Probably because you never returned me to my room this morning,” you said with a yawn, allowing him to draw you back.

“you had a fever, didn't wanna leave you alone.” He cracked one socket open sleepily, lazy smile gracing his exhausted skull as he blushed a bit. “can ya blame me for wanting to have you to m’self a little longer?”

“Hmmm...I guess not,” you giggled, drawing a breath as his fingers pressed into your lower back ever-so-gently “Well, you have me all alone, and this time I'm not tired or feverish. Whatcha gonna do about it?”

“mmm...i might have an idea or two, but it requires a lot less clothing and a lot more kissing.” He teased, the sleepy quality of his voice sending a tingle through you. “whaddya say, beautiful? before i really wake up and get embarrassed by my own forwardness.”

“I say...kisses sound great.”

“glad we’re on the same page~” He muttered, gently pulling you closer until you were lined up against him, his movements still heavy with sleep as he kissed you, a sense of need piercing through his tired demeanor to leave you breathless.

“Sans…” you panted quietly, his hands sliding up over your back and down over the swell of your ass, feeling the gentle give of your curves. Your hands, in turn, gently caressed his arms, dipping beneath his shirt to drag your nails against his ribs and draw a pleasured groan from his teeth.

“tell me...what you want, gorgeous…”

Jeez, as if he didn't know. But the way he breathed that small question of consent in your ear made your lungs weak, and you quivered in his grip.

“I want--”

“SANS!”

You both groaned audibly and flopped into the blankets as Papyrus came bursting through the door, wearing an apron and holding a frying pan. The smell of burnt bacon permeated the room immediately.

“SANS! YOU LAZYBONES! YOU HAVE BEEN SLEEPING ALL MORNING, AND I WILL NOT WAIT ANY LONGER TO MAKE BREAKFAST FOR EVERYONE! Ah, Hello My Dear, Are You Feeling Better This Morning?”

“Peachy-keen, Pap,” you giggled. “Sorry if I worried you by being gone this morning.”

“AH, YES, I WAS SURPRISED TO SEE YOUR BED EMPTY, BUT THE OTHERS FILLED ME IN THAT SANS TOOK YOU TO THE UNDERGROUND LAST NIGHT! AND SO I WASN'T TOO WORRIED, AS I FIGURED HE HAD STAYED WITH YOU SINCE YOU ARE NOT FEELING WELL.”

“yeah, uh, actually, pap, she’s still really beat from the whole experience, so if you cou…” Sans started, but stopped himself, sitting up straight. “wait. who told you that?”

“WHY, CROOKS DID OF COURSE! HE SAID YOU BOTH STOPPED BY FOR DINNER LAST NIGHT!” Papyrus said, placing one hand on his hip. “AND I THINK YOU HAVE OCCUPIED AXE’S ROOM LONG ENOUGH, DON'T YOU? HE'S BEEN VERY PATIENT, BUT I THINK HE WANTS TO PUT HIS STUFF AWAY NOW.”

“Axe’s room?” You asked, and then realization hit you. Axe, Crooks, and Dusty had been temporarily staying at the Snowdin house, as you had observed--and the true residents of the lodge had gone on ‘vacation' because they didn't like people. “Oh my God, I'm so dumb. I didn't even consider it!”

“what the hell are they doin’ here? we got two days of our trip left,” Sans asked, grimacing and reaching over to squeeze your hand.

Papyrus cocked his head confusedly. “SANS, WHY ARE YOU SURPRISED? DUSTY SAID YOU INVITED THEM LAST NIGHT WHEN YOU VISITED! FRANKLY I'M JUST HAPPY TO HEAR YOU ARE GETTING ALONG WITH THEM AND LETTING THEM BE A PART OF THE FAMILY!”

“i--but--” Sans stammered, looking back at you, and then at Papyrus. “why the hell would i invite them here after what they did to y/n’s hand?!”

“WHAT? WHAT HAPPENED TO HER HAND?”

“she--”

“--fell!” You interjected quickly, waving your bandaged hand. “I tripped and fell in the house and landed on a broken floorboard. It hurt like a bitch, but Crooks healed me up partway. Sans is just mad because he doesn't think they did everything they could to prevent it.”

Sans was glaring at you, you could see it from the corner of your eye. You ignored it, keeping your eyes on Papyrus, who visibly relaxed.

“AH, I SEE! WELL, WORRY NOT, I WILL SPRINKLE SOME EXTRA HEALING MAGIC INTO YOUR BREAKFAST SO THAT WE CAN FIX IT THE REST OF THE WAY!” Papyrus cheered, bringing his fist to his chest in a wholehearted salute. “BREAKFAST IS IN 20 MINUTES! DON'T BE LATE COMING DOWN!”

And with that, he swept out the door, and Sans used his magic to swing it shut behind him, before sighing heavily and pinching his nosebone as if trying to keep himself from yelling.

“...Hey, we still have 20 minutes~” You teased, trying to bring the mood back. “We could get a lot done in--”

“why did you lie to pap about your hand?” He asked, dropping his hand to level a stern look on you.

“Hey, I thought you were the acting leader of the protect-Pap’s-innocence squad,” you huffed, crossing your arms. “I didn't think he needed to know all the gory details, and I don't want him to be angry with Axe over it.”

“but why? look at your hand, sweetheart.” You weren't sure how, but even without yelling you still felt thoroughly lectured. “you can't just go about pretending like it didn't happen.”

“I can, and I will,” you responded, a little ticked off. “Axe and Dusty should be able to be included, just like everyone else. I'm not upset about the hand, so you shouldn't be either.”

“yeah, well, news flash, sweetheart--i’m pretty fuckin’ upset about it. i’m going downstairs, and you are gonna stay right *here* until i get them to leave.”

“No,” you scrambled to follow him as he stood from the bed. “That isn't fair, I want them here!”

“you don't even know what they're capable of. axe is only the tip of the iceberg, he's unstable and dangerous, and Dusty’s a million times worse, and i don't want them around you. end of discussion.”

“ *End of discussion* ?” You balked, levelling your own glare at him.

“yeah, end of discussion,” he repeated, retrieving his sweatshirt from the bedpost. He paused, then pointedly held up the bloodied garment with disgust before throwing it into his bag and pulling out his other one with the black sleeves. “clearly you don't have a sense of self-preservation.”

“Really? *I* have no sense of self-preservation?” You caught his arm to prevent him from porting without you. “Sans, all I have ever *done* is try to survive! That's been my entire *life* !”

He slowly pulled his sweater on all the way, his grimace set in stone. You could see your words had an effect, if a small one. You released him.

“For once in my life, I want to trust someone. I want to trust *you* .” You urged, and it made him pause.

He sighed, tucking your hair behind your ear tenderly. “...then trust me when i tell you to stay here until they're gone,” he said quietly, in a way that sounded like he already knew you wouldn't listen.

“I can't let you kick them out of their own house because you're paranoid,” you stated, a tone of finality in your voice. “I'm going to get dressed, and I'm going to go downstairs for breakfast. You won't stop me, and you won't make them leave.”

You placed a hand on his cheekbone, leaning up to press a soft kiss on the other one. After a moment's hesitation, you pressed your lips to his teeth as well, and he melted beneath your touch.

“...i just want you safe.” He admitted slowly, as he reluctantly pulled away.

“One breakfast, you worrywart. Wherever you are is the safest place in the world, right? With all of you here, what can go wrong?”

He sighed, sliding his hand over yours to hold it on his skull. “...one breakfast. but if they try anything, they're gone. and i ain’t happy about it.”

You gave him a reassuring pat before heading out the door, wondering what his real worry was. It wasn't as if you couldn't handle a little pain, and even if they got crazy you have no doubt the guys would have them in check quickly.

Sans, on the other hand, lingered in the doorway, watching you go, knowing there was a great chance that disaster waited around the corner.

Quiet clapping caught his attention, and Dusty grinned at him from his spot just around the bend of the hall. Look at that, disaster *was* right around the corner.

“bravo, solid performance,” his double sneered. “almost had me thinkin’ you might actually have some balls there. turns out you're just whipped as fuck.”

“i could kill you,” Sans snarled suddenly, fingers curling into a fist.

“ooh, scary,” Dusty chuckled, sliding around the corner. “only thing is…”

He checked Sans shoulder, his stats flashing in the air to boast his undeniably high LV.

“...i'm not sure you really could, classic.”

It was warm in the house, despite the cold outside, so you threw on the first shirt you could find, which turned out to be a tank top. You hesitated, looking into the mirror at the scars that were clearly visible on your shoulders and shoulder blades. The worst of it was covered by the tank top’s high back, so maybe...

“knock knock, pizza delivery with *extra sausage* ~”

You suppressed a giggle. “Come in?”

Red appeared behind you in the reflection, and you leaned back readily into his embrace. He had forgone his usual sweatshirt, and was instead wearing a baggy red letterman style cardigan. You couldn't help but think it was cute as hell, especially when your mind supplied an image of him dressed as a cheerleader.

Oh boy, you'll have to file that idea away for later.

“mornin’, kitten.”

“Back atcha, Red.” You said, squeezing his arms as they encompassed you, one hand tracing a scar on your shoulder lightly. “Be honest. You came to escort me down because you don't trust Axe and Dusty, didn't you?”

He chuckled, a low purr against your back. “guilty...you gonna wear this today? do you want my sweater?”

“That's what I was trying to decide. What do you think?”

He leaned down to kiss the scar he'd been tracing tenderly. “whatever you want, kitten. for the record, i think you look sexy.”

“You always think I look sexy,” you laughed, shoving him with your shoulder a bit.

“guilty as charged once again. least you know i ain't lyin’.”

“I don't think you could lie to me if you wanted to.”

“hm. prob’ly not. i’d probably get all sweaty and stuttery and bitch out.” He stepped back a bit and shed his sweater, draping it over your arms. It dwarfed your frame, and you felt like one of those girls from the 50s that wears their boyfriend’s class ring and stuff. “whaddya think?”

“Just what the doctor ordered, I think,” you said, blushing slightly as you slid your arms into place and hiked it up your shoulders. You turned and batted your eyelashes innocently. “Golly, Red, does this mean we're goin’ steady?”

He grinned, sticking his hands in the pocket of his sweats, and for the first time you noticed the tight black t-shirt he had been wearing underneath the sweater.

...aaaaaand you're staring.

“i would say take a picture, but i kinda like it when you stare at me like that, kitten.”

“Uhhhhh staring? Pffft, who’s staring? I was just assaulting you with my eyes.”

“heh. kinky.”

You shared a little laugh as he wrapped his arm around your shoulder, steering you out the door. You exchanged a few choice jokes about him “pinning you in the back of the bus” and “hitting the

drive thru theatre after school", so you were in a legitimately stellar mood when you hit the bottom of the stairs.

"what the--who ate the chicken soup in the fridge?"

Red's arm around your shoulders tightened and his grin fell. The kitchen was mostly empty, except for Sans leaning against the counter and whoever was obscured by the door of the fridge.

"does it matter?" Sans growled in return, arms folded across his chest and a scowl on his face.

"does it--uh, yeah, it kinda does. there was a specific post-it note on it saying not to fuckin' touch it."

"That was probably me," you interjected, stepping fully into the kitchen. "I was sick and they made me some to make me feel better."

The demeanor of the room shifted when you entered, with Sans' scowl lifting into an easy grin and the fridge slamming shut to reveal a familiar skull.

Admittedly, it took you a moment to recognize him. Axe had put a beanie on, obscuring the large hole in his skull, but his dilated red eyelight was a dead giveaway. He looked like he was about to say something, but he froze when he saw you and his jaw clicked shut.

"...Sorry, Sans. I didn't know," you prompted.

A moment of silence, with Sans appearing tense after calling Axe by his true name, and then Axe coughed a little, blue dusting his cheekbones slightly.

"uh...i guess it ain't your fault." He dismissed, and Sans and Red both looked at him in surprise. Red's hand on your shoulder loosened just a little, and Sans let his arms fall.

Papyrus took the moment to pop his head in.

"BREAKFAST IS READY!" He said cheerfully. "CROOKS AND I MADE A SPECIAL HEALING PLATE FOR YOUR HAND, MY DEAR, IT'S RIGHT NEXT TO MINE!"

"hand? what happened to your hand?" Red quickly sought and retrieved the said hand, and you snatched it back before he could get a good look. Axe dropped his gaze, and Red didn't miss it.

"Fell. On a broken floorboard." You repeated dutifully. Lies like those were easy for you, but the only person you were fooling was Papyrus. Axe looked back up in confusion, and Red watched Papyrus leave before turning back to you.

"bullshit." He said pointedly, glaring at Axe. You could feel him puffing up for a fight, and Axe didn't bother to look at him, instead boring his crimson eye into you as if trying to solve the mysteries of the universe.

"Hey, it's fine, I'm fine," you insisted, gently catching Red's arm. He proved much easier to disarm than Sans, surprisingly, because he immediately let out a huff, but relaxed. "Let's just get along, okay?"

"...if you say so, kitten." Red relented, leaning down slightly to accept the quick smooch you gave before you turned to leave the room.

The three didn't follow immediately, but you were preoccupied by the crowded table and the tiny skeleton who all but launched herself at you.

“SISSSYYYYYYYY!” Serif squealed, and you laughed as you gave her a squeeze, allowing her to cling to you koala-style as you tried to make your way to the table.

Breakfast was lively enough, though a sense of tension was obvious between the older skeletons at the table. The younger ones were more than enough to cut through with a more positive attitude, though, and so you ended up smiling wide as you picked through the burnt bacon and eggs.

The pancakes were flawless, and you found that Crooks had made those, though at present he was nowhere to be seen. Axe briefly explained that they don't really like to eat in front of people, and you noticed that he was watching everyone else eat and cleared the table almost singlehandedly. When you asked to help, he just chuckled.

“what? a guest clearing the table? no thanks, sweet pea, i can handle it.”

“I'm at least doing the dishes!” You interjected, and he laughed again, but this time relented that he'd call you when he was ready for you to do that.

The table was dispersing slowly, some of them to the living room to set up a board game, but most stayed lounging around the table and chatting. You idly wondered if Crooks was able to eat his breakfast wherever he was.

“HUMAN!”

You jumped a little as Crooks appeared suddenly at your elbow, as if summoned by your thoughts.

“SORRY! I DIDN'T MEAN TO FRIGHTEN YOU! I JUST WANTED TO CHECK YOUR HAND. MAY I?”

You held your hand out, feeling the eyes of several of the others on you, and he happily unwrapped and inspected it. In the meantime, you were able to finally get a better look at him--last night was a bit of a blur, but now the differences between him and Papyrus were clear.

Crooks was taller, much taller, and a bit more awkward, with long limbs. He probably towered over even Green, who was the tallest one you had met so far, but unlike Green, he didn't keep good posture, choosing instead to hunch over and make himself as small as possible. Despite his long fingers, his movements were deft and calculated, though you expected this wasn't the case when he was walking. The poor baby probably trips over himself a lot, if the chips in his bones were any indication.

The biggest difference between the two was the teeth: his smile was as cheerful as ever, but Crooks probably got his nickname from his huge, crooked teeth, that looked like somebody had deliberately beaten them that way. Besides the actual physical difference in the dental bone and jaw, there was one other obvious difference with his teeth that had you thinking one word: *cute* .

“Hey, Pap?”

“HMM?” Crooks looked up from your hand, smile widening a bit more.

“Uh, I just wanted to say you look really cute with your braces.” You smiled sweetly at him as he turned a sweet clementine color, covering a little laugh with his gloved hand.

“OH, UHM...THANK YOU, NEW HUMAN FRIEND. SANS INSISTED THAT THIS BE THE FIRST BIG PURCHASE WE MAKE WITH THE MONEY HE GOT FROM HIS ODD JOBS.” He grinned happily at you, the metal reflecting the morning light just a tad. “PRETTY SOON MY TEETH WILL BE BACK TO NORMAL! THEN IT WILL BE DIFFICULT TO TELL ME AND PAPYRUS APART!”

Except that Crooks is clearly over a head taller than Papyrus, but you kept that to yourself.

“It suits you,” you cooed gently, patting his face affectionately. Despite the chatter, you could feel yourself being watched as Crooks went back to examining your hand, so you turned your head and caught Stretch’s eye from his seat at the other end of the large table.

He raised his brow bone as if to ask “you good?”

You raised a brow back as if to say “Aren't you worrying too much?”

He seemed to receive the message because he chuckled a bit, leaning back in his seat and mouthing something at you that you didn't quite catch. You were about to tilt your head questioningly when he punctuated his silent statement by blowing a kiss and winking at you.

...and you're blushing. He probably said something like “only ‘cause i love ya, doll” and even hearing it in your head was enough to make you stutter and turn away.

“I AM GLAD WE WERE ABLE TO HEAL IT PROPERLY,” Crooks sighed, patting your scarred palm gently. He sighed and gazed down at your joined hands with a melancholy smile. “PLEASE DON'T BE MAD AT MY BROTHER...HE ISN'T ALWAYS LIKE THAT. THINGS WERE...DIFFERENT. UNDERGROUND. IN OUR TIMELINE. FOOD WAS VERY SCARCE, AND MOST OF US WERE STARVING...HE HAD TO DO A LOT OF SURVIVING, HUNTING...AND HE HAD THAT ACCIDENT, AND HE HASN'T BEEN THE SAME EVER SINCE...AND I...I WAS OF NO USE AT ALL. HE HAD TO BEAR BOTH OUR LIVES ON HIS SHOULDERS AND I COULDN'T EVEN HURT A MOUSE.” He looked up, a little surprised with his own admission. “AH...S-SO, JUST, UHM…”

“It's okay, Papyrus,” you reassured, patting his hand. “I get it. I may not understand fully, not yet, but I'm not upset. And you shouldn't blame yourself for not wanting to harm anyone, that's just how you were made to be.”

“great speech, lambchop.”

You and Crooks both jumped, and Axe chuckled a bit, his sudden appearance seemingly a normal occurance for him. He wasn't nearly as shy about teleporting as Sans was.

“dishes are ready for washin’. you said you wanted to.” His eyelight traveled over to your hand, his smile growing tight. “but, uh...you might not wanna submerge your hand, so…”

“i’ll help her,” Red offered, leaning across the table to insert himself in the conversation.

“nah, not necessary,” Axe replied hastily. “dusty has the washin’ covered. sweet thing, you only gotta dry them.”

“hell fuckin’ no.”

“what? do you think she’ll drop ‘em?” Axe asked, feigning innocence with a knowing grin. Red drew himself up taller and was suddenly standing between the two of you, looming over an unperturbed Axe.

“listen here, you little--”

“No, Red, it's fine, I'll be fine.” You jumped to placate the surly skeleton, who was threatening a low growl in the bottom of his ribcage. “You go play some board games, I'll be done in no time. If I need you, I'll just call, okay?”

He didn't budge, or even look at you.

“...Red.” You pleaded sweetly, saccharine dripping from your words. “Come on.”

His crimson lights flicked over to you momentarily, then back to staring down Axe. After a long moment, he grumbled some sort of assent and shoulder checked Axe as he stalked out of the room.

“Sorry…” you trailed off, not sure what to say. Axe shrugged.

“s’okay. used to them bein’ a bit antsy around me.”

It wasn't long before Crooks pulled Axe out into the living room, and you finally went to the kitchen where, sure enough, Dusty was already there, next to a huge stack of Tupperware that contained every scrap leftover from breakfast. The over-full fridge and Axe’s insistance to clear the table himself made more sense to you now, knowing what you did about Axe and Crooks’ timeline. Dusty didn't seem to notice you, and was humming idly to himself as he rinsed a plate.

“...What up?”

Dusty bristled all over, the plate in his hands cracked, and before you knew it there was a small army of sharp bones inches away from your face. You squeaked and held your hands up, and they were gone as quickly as they appeared.

“shit, babydoll, don't scare me like that,” Dusty huffed, tossing the broken plate in the garbage. “i coulda hurtcha. s’like sneakin’ up on a loaded gun.”

“Sorry, I was just trying to be silly,” you giggled, mostly unperturbed by the almost-attack. You grabbed a towel, pushed the sleeves of Red’s cardigan up, and pulled a plate out of the suds to dry it. “You looked so focused. Do you like doing dishes?”

He turned back to the sink with a shrug. “used to it i guess. axe hunts. pap cooks. i gotta contribute somehow.”

You pushed your sleeves up again, but they were so baggy they kept slowly slipping down. “I usually shop, cook, *and* do dishes at the house. Somehow, it just worked out that way.”

“pffft. lazybones. makin’ a sweet thing like you waste your life on domestic shit.”

“Well, it isn't like I do it all alone.” You admitted, struggling not to dip the sweater in the sink water. “Stretch, Sans, or Blue usually come grocery shopping with me. Pap and Edge always want to help cook...though sometimes it's harder when they do...and Red always helps with dishes. Or

cleans the kitchen while I do them. For all his laziness, he's actually pretty good at cleaning when given the right incentive."

"incentive?" Dusty's grin curved as he chuckled, probably thinking something dirty.

"N-not like that," you sputtered, shifting nervously as you tried to work the sleeves up again.

"why don't you just take it off?"

"For incentive?!" You gasped, scandalized. Dusty laughed, an endearing snort escaping him.

"no, the sweater, dummy. you keep pushing the sleeves up." He clarified.

"Oh...oh." You wiped your hands on the towel thoughtfully, trying not to over-think. "Uh, I have a tank top on. And...I have these scars. It's stupid, but...I've always kept them hidden."

"that it?"

Movement caught your attention, and you turned to see him shedding his sweatshirt to reveal a black tank top...and his bones were covered in scars, chips, and nasty cracks.

"there. see? ain't nobody here who cares, right?" he asked, holding his arms out so you could see them better. You inadvertently moved closer, inspecting them. Some appeared to have been made by blunt objects, and some by sharp ones. Whatever had happened, it had clearly happened over several different battles.

He grabbed your hand and placed it on a particularly bad crack on his radius.

"don't worry, y'can't hurt me." He purred, and you took the invitation to run your fingers along the crack, feeling the magic fizz beneath your fingers as you pressed gently.

Sans didn't have scars like these, and yet Dusty and Axe both had these obvious, horrific wounds to this day. What in the world happened in those other timelines? And what about y/n? Where was her place (your place?) in all of that?

"What happened?" You muttered, mostly to yourself.

His chuckle vibrated against your chest, startling you back to reality as you realized you were pressed flush against him, fingers running over the curve of his clavicle.

"nightmares happened, babydoll." He mused quietly. He looked away a bit, cocking his head as if listening to someone speak from beside him. "insanity. hatred, love, all sorts of stuff. but don't worry...i deserved every one of 'em for all the shit i did."

He reached around to grip you around the waist, and you felt unwarranted panic well up in your chest.

"Wait, uhm…"

"wait, wait, wait," he sighed, but removed his hands to hold up at his side. The next part was so mumbled you barely caught any of it. " *how long have i been waitin'? how many nights did i stay up wonderin' if you even exist?* "

“What?”

“nothin’. alright, tit for tat, babydoll, let's see them shoulders, eh?”

You took a good step back from him, hesitating. Part of you really didn't want to take any clothes off in front of this guy right now, but you supposed that was the anxiety talking because the other part was begging for you to kiss him. This whole thing was so confusing…

You slowly let the cardigan drop from your shoulders, bundling it neatly in your hands and bringing the bundle up to your chin self-consciously. His eyelights appraised you for a moment, and a dark look crossed his skull for a split second…

“...nightmares?” He asked, and you nodded slowly. He sighed, looking a little tired. “...difference is, you didn't deserve ‘em.”

The dish towel obscured your vision for a moment, and when you fumbled to remove it, he had turned back to the sink, humming again. You felt naked, the warm air of the kitchen hitting your bare shoulders in a way you aren't used to...but he acted as if it was normal. It was strangely comforting.

Setting aside the cardigan, you got to work drying in relative quiet, peeking over at him every now and then and trying to make sense of your feelings.

So this is Sans. Your Sans. Just...different. Which explained the way your soul leapt when you saw him, and the little flutter in your stomach when he touched you. It was almost the same feeling as when you had kissed Axe momentarily last night, as if it were second nature to be with him.

But...there's differences. An apprehension in your abdomen that feels like you swallowed a rock, ebbing and flowing and twisting whenever you caught a glimpse of a glitter from him. Dust. Probably monster dust. Probably old, and the kind that doesn't go away with a shower. No, this was the kind that had settled into his bones, providing power and energy...LV.

He held out a kitchen knife for you to dry, and you took it absently...only to gasp and let it clatter to the counter.

Blood .

You blinked, and the blood was gone. The knife was soaked only in sudsy water. What the hell?!

“somethin’ wrong?” He asked, pausing his scrubbing.

“No! Uh, no, just...a trick of the light.”

You hesitantly picked it up again, inspecting it, but you didn't see anything out of the ordinary. You dismissed it, shaking off the strange vision. Nerves, because you were feeling exposed. That's all.

As soon as the towel hit the blade, however, you saw it again.

Blood. Smeared along the blade, dripping onto a white t-shirt as you watched yourself wipe it off. The kitchen was gone, Dusty was gone, and you were alone in the snow, surrounded by trees, and it was almost as if everything was black and white except for the *red* .

The *red* covered everything. The knife. The snow. Your shirt. But the red that had you immobilized came in the form of eyes, deep crimson like arterial blood. They glared at you, and you knew they were hers, that awful witch--but that wasn't the only red, because the body she occupied was covered in it, too…

Frisk's body.

You wanted to shout, or scream, or cradle Frisk as they bled out in the snow, but you couldn't. You could only watch yourself raise the blade again.

"I'm sorry, Frisk." Your own voice was saying, and the red eyes ran black as you ended Chara's reign, body numb to the shock as the world stuttered...and reset.

It was dark, it was cold, you felt naked and bare and angry. You wanted to know where Sans was, where had he gone? All you could feel were shackles as your hands ran over dusty floorboards, as they clawed at Papyrus' scarf around your neck.

"woah, babydoll, relax, it ain't real!"

Liar .

"let's j-just...put the knife down…it doesn't have to be this way."

Liar!

"come on, it's still me, i'm here, sans is here--"

" *Liar!"*

"HUMAN!"

A gentle, yet firm hand on your wrist snapped you back to yourself, and you heard something metallic clatter to the floor. Your face was wet, and it took a long, silent moment for you to realize that you were crying.

The water was still running, but Dusty was backed up against the opposite counter, less than a foot away from you. You seemed to have been in the middle of moving when Crooks had grabbed your wrist, as he also had an arm around your waist.

The knife was on the floor in front of you, still soaked in sudsy water.

Did you try to hurt Dusty? His face had sheer panic written all over it, one hand reached out as if to grab you before you could get to him.

"HUMAN, ARE YOU ALRIGHT?" Crooks asked. "YOU...WERE ABOUT TO...HURT YOUR SOUL."

Oh. He was right. Your soul was drawn from your chest, shimmering in the morning light that poured through the kitchen window. Dusty's hand was inches from it, and from where Crooks was holding your wrist, it seemed like the knife had been even closer.

You were starting to shake a little, and Crooks released your wrist, coaxing your soul back into your chest. When it disappeared, you gasped for breath, sagging in Crooks' strong grip, and Dusty

dropped to the floor with a clatter, covering his face with his hands.

“get out,” he croaked, voice so heavy with grief that it made your tears start new.

Crooks looked between you and Dusty warily, but obediently helped you up and steered you out into the dining room, leaving Dusty to gather himself on the floor. You thought you saw Papyrus bending down to help him, but when you blinked, there was no-one else there.

You wiped feebly at the tears as Crooks guided you slowly towards the sound of games and laughter, and soon he paused to wipe them for you.

“DEAR FRIEND...ARE YOU ALRIGHT? DO I NEED TO TAKE YOU TO BED?” He asked, wiping the last of the tears away as his other hand held your trembling frame upright.

“N...no...no. I just...have been sick, so...I must be tired.” You sighed, leaning into his embrace. “I'll be better after some...games...maybe…”

He tutted softly, but didn't argue, supporting you in place until you felt the shaking subside and were able to stand on your own. You rubbed your face one more time, and sighed, trying to relax as you stepped into the living room…

...which was an absolute shit-show. You gaped openly at the scene in front of you, trying to comprehend what you were seeing.

Monopoly appears to be what they were *attempting* to play, although it hardly seems like they were successful. Red was sprawled face-down on the board, groaning angrily as he clutched a measly one bill in his hand; Stretch, on the other hand, was raining Monopoly money over his brother as Blue pretended to shower in it, wearing sunglasses and gloating; somebody had made a cardboard jail cell and shoved both Edge and Sans in there, and you couldn't quite hear Sans making awful jokes at him, but you knew Edge's “pun shriek” anywhere; Bro and Russ didn't seem to be present, but Serif was sitting atop the jail box with a paper hat that read “warden”, barking orders at them to quiet down; and to top it all off, Axe was still rolling his dice and moving his token as if none of this was happening.

It looked like a disaster area, monopoly money and tokens everywhere, people shouting at each other, but it immediately brought a huge smile to your face as you stepped into the room.

And a hush fell over them, and all eyes were on you, some in quiet contemplation and others in awe.

“Um...hi?”

“MY DEAR, YOU ARE WEARING A TANK TOP!” Papyrus exclaimed, appearing from behind the jail with a roll of tape. Well, at least you knew who made the jail now.

Your hands flew up to cover your shoulders, feeling a bit embarrassed that you forgot. “Oh, uh, right...um...I just forgot to put the sweater back on...uh…I'll just--”

“DON'T!” Papyrus said, hastily crossing the room in two long strides to gather you in his arms. “You Look WONDERFUL!”

“YES! Y/N, YOU’RE SO PRETTY!” Blue added, making a show of taking off his sunglasses and doing a mock double-take.

“no need to be embarrassed,” Sans said, appearing at your elbow. “you look--”

A sharp gasp from Serif interrupted what would have been a sweet compliment, and she hopped to her feet atop the box and pointed at Sans.

“Jailbreak!” She shouted. “Uncle Red! Uncle Stretch!”

Red perked up from where he was still lazing across the board, and popped a paper hat on his head that said “Prison Guard” in crayon. Stretch produced a similar one with a wink at you.

“Capture the prisoner!”

“yes, ma’am,” Stretch drawled, cracking his knuckles as Red pushed up to his feet.

“m’on it, boss!”

And with that, suddenly the ruckus was back, with Red chasing Sans around the room in what you were sure was the closest thing to exercise you had ever seen him do, and Stretch trying to fake Sans out at every turn.

Papyrus laughed behind you, pulling you safely up into his arms to keep you out of the way, and you were secretly grateful for the comfort.

You saw over Papyrus’ shoulder that Dusty was standing in the doorway, and when you caught his eye, he winked as if nothing had happened.

The image of Frisk covered in blood in the snow reappeared in your mind, and you lay your head down on Papyrus’ shoulder. First Asriel, and now Frisk…

You would never let Chara get her way again.

Chapter End Notes

Once again, if you want to know what the fuck went down between Reader and Dusty, check out Optima_Chama's story Dust to Dust and Crimson Snow

Thank you to Optima for letting me use her one-shot as backstory and for all the inspiration, you da best sweetie ❤

Leave any questions for characters in the comments, and also any suggestions on who you really want to see get alone time next!
Who should get alone time next?

A) Papyrus
B) Blue
C) Edge

D) Red
E) Stretch
F) Other (specify)

Triple Axe-l

Chapter Summary

After your rough morning, you discover there are plenty of things left for you to fail at.
Oh, and also you find out that Axe used to eat people.
...Why aren't you scared?

Chapter Notes

Still posting through some piled up chapters. Wednesday and Saturday is my current schedule it seems.
Happy Valentine's day! I super wish I could just up and post the chapter I just wrote yesterday, because it's fit for Valentine's Day, but instead we get some more time with our boys in the snow. And who can say no to that?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The whole visit was a blur. You remember nothing but the feeling of Drew's hand in yours as you clutched it tightly, afraid to let go.

The table was cold beneath you, and you were shaking when the cold stethoscope hit your skin.

"We'll need to run some more tests," you heard the doctor say. "And there might be a need for surgery if my theories are correct."

"Tests?" You squeaked, mouth dry. "S-surgeries?"

"Dear...why don't you take her to the waiting room while I talk to the kind man?" Agnes' touch was gentle on your wrist. You met her eyes with apprehension, but it melted with her smile. Even the surgical environment around you didn't change the effect she had on you.

"Yeah, good idea. C'mon, Chickadee. Let's go." Drew drawled, his smooth voice inches from your ear as he moved to support you. You closed your eyes, trying to follow him as he led you back into the warm waiting room, trying not to look at the jars and the steel and the medical supplies.

"Are you tired?" He asked, and you shook your head, but it made you dizzy, so you spoke instead.

"Not tired, just…" Apprehensive. Anxious. Terrified. "...well...yeah, a little." You admitted as he guided you to sit. You opened your eyes and there he was, brushing your hair from your face, frowning slightly as his own messy brown hair fell in his face. His eyes, usually a vibrant pair of blue opals, were dull, tired, and puffy. From lack of sleep and crying probably. You probably looked the same.

You may be a lost cause, but he was too young for this kind of stress.

“We can rest out here. Don't worry, y/n...we’ll figure out what’s wrong and the doctors will take care of you.” He echoed his grandmother's words, though they sounded a bit emptier coming from him. “They won't hurt you, they'll help. There's no need to be afraid.”

“...Are you afraid?”

He smiled at you, lopsided and sad. “Maybe I get that way sometimes, because it's about you. If I do, will you promise to hold my hand?”

You smiled. This had always been what the two of you had said to each other. *Hold my hand, so I won't be scared.* Horror movies, wandering the dark town at night, the times your panic surpasses your logic.

“Always, you idiot.” You teased, relaxing as he finally sat down next to you on the comfy loveseat.

“Good,” he sighed, picking your hand up again to place a sweet kiss on your fingers. He threaded his fingers with yours and you leaned against his shoulder. “Because...the thing I'm the most scared of…”

He paused, sucking in a breath. His voice wavered when he spoke again, and it made your heart clench.

“...Is losing you.”

You woke up so slowly that you almost didn't realize you had been asleep, the fog of your dream clinging to your vision as you slowly tried to blink the dream away like tears.

Your body felt heavy, arms tired, back aching from the strange position you had decided to sleep in. You've had these naps before, naps that made you feel like you were outside looking in, that made you wonder…

“Are you awake, my dear?”

Papyrus’ voice rumbled beneath you, surprisingly quiet as if you were an easily started animal, and you barely began to register that you were wrapped up in his arms. The heaviness of your limbs was not only a product of your nap, but also the blanket-burrito you had been trapped in. You lifted your head slightly from his shoulder, which he had graciously padded with a pillow, and the room began to focus in slowly like a sunrise.

“...What year is it?” You grumbled jokingly, and his soft chuckle threatened to lull you right back to sleep.

“Sans says that's how you know it was a *really* good nap,” he joked, beaming down at you as you struggled to free your arms.

You finally managed to loose them from the blanket prison, and stretched out with a groan.

“I didn't even realize I had taken one,” you mumbled, looking around the empty sitting room. There was noise from the other room, but it sounded far away. You glanced through the window, which was essentially the entire wall and ceiling like a greenhouse, into what you now knew was Crooks’

garden. A blanket of snow covered various root vegetables, winter seedlings and other things that grow in the cold. Despite there being no crops to eat, a single crow perched atop the friendliest scarecrow you had ever seen. It felt like it was staring right at you.

“YES! YOU SUDDENLY FELL ASLEEP IN MY ARMS AFTER EVERYONE PLAYED MONOPOLY. IT WAS VERY CURIOUS, BUT SANS SAID YOU HADN'T GOTTEN MUCH SLEEP LAST NIGHT, WHAT WITH THE TRIP TO THE UNDERGROUND.” He mused, helping you unwrap your blanket nest to stretch the rest of you. “I BROUGHT YOU INTO THE SITTING ROOM FOR SOME QUIET SO YOU COULD REST.”

You sighed as you stood, stretching upward until you heard something pop, and then down, down, down to touch your toes with a groan. Papyrus coughed quietly, and when you stood to look back at him, his cheekbones were dusted a light orange as he averted his eyes.

“ARE...ARE YOU FEELING BETTER AFTER...AFTER YOUR NAP?” He stammered, making you raise an eyebrow in suspicion.

Stuttering? Blushing? Averting his gaze? If you didn't know better, you would think he was trying to cover up being aroused. But this was Papyrus, not Sans. You wrote it off with a slight shrug. You're probably thinking too hard.

“Mmm...kinda.” You said, flopping back onto the strangely large couch and placing your head atop the blanket folded neatly in his lap. “Still feel kinda weird.”

“WELL, THEN...WE CAN STAY HERE A WHILE LONGER.” He reassured you, patting your head gently. You hummed contentedly as his fingers carded through your hair gently, untangling so softly you hardly even noticed.

“But won't they get antsy? I'm worried about leaving Axe and them with the others...they don't seem to like each other very much.”

“DO NOT FRET! I HAVE BLUE SENDING ME UPDATES ON THE GOINGS-ON, SO IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, I CAN INTERVENE!”

As if on queue, a loud crash sounded from the other room, along with startled voices...followed by unsettling silence.

“...So…”

“SO…”

“Intervene?”

“YES I BELIEVE THAT WOULD BE BEST.”

You were so terrible at this that you were convinced it was all a very elaborate prank by the guys and that it wasn't an actual thing.

You crouched on the ice, skates still wobbling even though you had lowered your center of gravity as much as possible, and glared at Sans as he whizzed past, chuckling, for the *third* time.

They were all very good at ice skating, even Serif, who was straight up figure skating with Russ like it was nothing! They glided around the crowded rink as if it were more natural than walking, leaving you barely able to move for fear of falling on your ass once more.

Edge, Papyrus, and Blue had engaged in a race almost immediately, and by this point had lapped past your measly, wobbly one lap at least 50 times already. You thought about asking one of them to help you, but decided they were too focused to hear you anyway as they lapped you a 51st time...and a 52nd.

Sans had been casually skating past you with a wink as if you were doing just fine without him, and you feel like if you asked him for help you would just get a really shitty ice pun so instead you simply stuck your tongue out at him as he went by.

Dusty had opted to stay at the lodge and finish the dishes, but you were pretty sure it was just an excuse to not be around you for a bit. This morning's episode had shaken you pretty hard, too, so you supposed you understood. Crooks offered to stay with him, as well, which Axe had initially objected to but eventually conceded was fine, even though he went ahead and went with you guys.

Red wasn't even skating anymore, though he had more than proved he could by skating literal circles around you earlier. Now, he was sitting with Bro at a nearby table with a gigantic mug of cocoa, silently teasing you to give up and waving lazily at you every time you looked. You stuck your tongue out at him, too.

And, then, of course, there's…

"That's cheating," you spat bitterly as Stretch slowly skated past, clearly using his magic to hold him upright if the extreme angle of his backwards lean was any indication.

"can't cheat if there's no rules, doll," he chuckled, lifting his skates completely to prove your theory. "though i can say it's generally easier if you *stand* ."

"I'm tryiiiiiiiing," you whined, hugging your knees as you inched along, squeaking as the force of the energetic racers passing for a 60th time sent you spinning in slow circles. "Of course you're all amazing at this...you have magic."

"ouch, that's *cold* , honey." Stretch drawled with a gentle laugh, skates clicking gently to the ice as he straightened up, holding a hand out to you. "c'mon, up you go. no more cheating."

You let out an exaggerated groan at his terrible pun, but accepted the hand anyway. He pulled you to your feet and your skates immediately slid out from beneath you, causing you to shriek and fall against his chest. He laughed again, easily supporting your weight as you death-gripped his sweatshirt.

"I have a good feeling I was never meant to be on ice," you declared, trying to straighten up as he slowly started skating backwards (show-off) and pulling you along. You felt topheavy in the puffy galaxy print jacket Sans had bought you this morning (saying he couldn't resist, it was just too *far out*), and you had absolutely no idea how anyone could be expected to stand on these thin skates, on top of slippery ice, in the freezing cold, without falling on your ass.

"don't be so hard on yourself. it's your first time. it's bound to be a little *hard* until you warm up to it."

“Ewww,” you giggled, relaxing just a tad. He twirled you effortlessly, and somehow you didn't fall on your face. From behind, he continued to guide you, hands on your elbows as he wrapped his arms around you and leaned in to mutter in your ear.

“what? little late in the game to try and convince me you don't wanna go a round in bed with me, doll.” He purred, squeezing your arms just enough to emphasize how much he also wanted that. You felt your face get warm as you stuttered a quiet excuse, but you knew he knew he was right.

Suddenly he let go of you, and you shrieked, immediately squatting back down into your defensive skating stance. The sudden change, however, upset your balance too much and you tried to right yourself--only to overcorrect and eat total shit in front of everyone with a strangled cry. You could hear him cracking up behind you, and you were pretty sure that was Red’s cackle you heard as well.

“You ass! Why'd you let go?!”

You felt a tug in your chest, and his magic pulled you to your feet as he skated around in front of you to face you.

“you were supposed to keep going, not throw yourself on the ice.” He covered his smirk poorly with the hand not raised to keep you upright.

“Y/N! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?!” Blue gasped, skating up beside you with a worried expression. Edge and Papyrus had both also stopped racing in favor of casting you worried glances, skating a few feet away.

“I'm fine, Blue.”

“BUT YOU'RE BLEEDING!”

Oh, look at that, he was right. The knee of your yoga pants had been ripped open, and there was a significant amount of blood pooling around what would probably be a very nasty bruise in an hour.

"Dammit, I liked these pants," you grumbled, dusting yourself off.

“shit, i’m sorry, honey…” Stretch released his magic to catch your arm. “let’s go get blue or pap to heal that.”

“Nah, no need to waste magic on a little cut,” you shrugged, waving him off. “Just help me get to where Red is and I'll put a bandaid on it.”

“you just want an excuse to sit out from skating,” Stretch teased, already pulling you over.

“Oh noooo, you’re the skeleton but it is I who has been seen through!” You exclaimed dramatically, earning a hearty snicker from him.

“that was an *ice* show you put on, there, twinkletoes,” Red teased as Stretch helped you step off the ice. You rolled your eyes and plopped down next to him, shucking your skates immediately with a relieved sigh.

“here, i have extras,” Bro said, nudging your arm to hand you a bandaid he produced from his...fannypack. Wow. How “Dad” can you be?

“Thanks, man.” You tried to take it but Stretch snagged it instead, giving you a wink as he knelt down to stick it on. “I *am* capable of doing some things myself!”

“yeah, but it's my fault you're hurt, so just let me take care of ya.” He soothed, patting your uninjured knee reassuringly.

You sighed and silently assented, flopping to lean fully on Red’s shoulder. He leaned his skull against your head and his hand came up to affectionately squeeze the back of your neck as if returning the sentiment.

“you alright? looked like it hurt.” Red asked pointedly.

“Mmm...nah. Didn't really feel it.”

You closed your eyes contentedly, completely missing Stretch and Red exchanging a look as the taller skeleton straightened up, bandaid affixed gently to your knee. You peeked an eye open at their silence, and Stretch looked like he was about to say something.

“PAPY! THEY'RE DOING THE CHICKEN DANCE!”

He paused, and his unreadable look broke into that familiar smirk. “sorry, honey, my people need me.”

He shot you some finger guns as he hopped back onto the ice and twirled away flawlessly.

“Show-off!” You shouted after him.

Red poked your arm and then pointedly pretended to lick his finger. “hmm. this one’s a little bitter.”

“I am not bitter, I'm salty. There's a difference!” You sniffed insistently, crossing your arms and leaning away from him playfully.

“yeah, bitter people have a real reason, salty people are just jealous,” Bro interjected, chuckling at your playfully indignant scowl. He looked about to add something, but stopped, concern in his features. “hey, kid, you ok?”

“Fine, why?” You asked, turning in your seat to face him.

“shit, kitten, your nose is bleeding,” Red added, exasperated as he handed you a napkin.

You accepted and held it to your nose, pulling it back to see that, sure enough, it was. You put it back with a shrug. “Well, I did use up like all of my poise on that swan dive on the ice. If not that then I'm sure it's just the cold.”

“jeez, you're a hot mess, darlin’.” Bro chuckled. “you always like this?”

“Only when I'm surrounded by cute monster boys. Soooo pretty much every day.” You shrugged, earning a chuckle from Red, who slipped an arm around your waist subtly.

“if someone cute was all it took, then none of us would be able to function around you at all,” Bro teased, grinning as your face flushed. “we'd all be fallin’ on our faces every day, or hitting our heads on cabinets because we’re staring.”

“Aha, ha...nah. I'm average,” you mumbled, sinking into your coat a little at the compliments.

“oh, my *god* , you gotta be *ribbin’* me,” Red groaned. “that's a bigger lie than what pap thinks happened to your hand.”

Ouch. Called out. You look up at him, sheepish smile met by one with humor, and you're happy he at least doesn't seem to be angry about your lie. You clench your right hand, feeling the smooth scars across the palm. Maybe he understands why you lied, or at least that you have a reason...you're grateful.

Bro, on the other hand, doesn't look that amused. His smile is tight, eyelights flicking between you and where his siblings are skating beside Axe. You follow his gaze, and it looks like Serif is asking a bunch of questions. Axe looks just as enamored by her as every other skelebro, but Russ’ grip on her hand ensures that she doesn't leave his side.

As if sensing your look, Axe looks up at you, shooting a lazy wink with his empty socket that makes you look away hurriedly, embarrassed.

“It's not a big deal, my hand is fine,” you dismiss, and although that doesn't seem to relax Bro any, he doesn't say anything.

“want some of my cocoa?” Red offers, pushing his mug over to you to change the subject. It's so sudden that you're suspicious, and one inspectory sniff of the mug confirms that he's spiked it with something.

No wonder he's in such a good mood.

“Dude, it's midday.”

“i’m on vacation, so sue me.”

You rolled your eyes, standing gingerly from the table. “I think I'll get my own, thanks.” His arm slips from your waist but gently grasps your hand instead.

Red starts to stand. “i’ll co--”

“i’ll go with you.”

Sans’s voice startles you, especially once you realize it isn't Sans, but Axe. His skates are slung over his shoulder, leaving him in just socks like you are.

“Jeez, you startled me,” you squeaked, aware that Red’s hand around your wrist tightens a bit.

“i got this, *axe* .” Red rumbles, teeth obviously ground tight. Axe bristles at the name, but barely glances over.

“it’s fine, you already have your drink, and i want a drink, too. so it makes more sense for me to go. i know you *hate* having to make unnecessary trips.”

Red’s grip on your wrist tells you he doesn't think it's unnecessary.

“Red, my wrist.”

He jumps to release you, and you can already see the small bruising near your thumb. He looks a little guilty.

You use that guilt to slip away.

“I’ll be fine,” you said, popping a quick kiss on the top of his skull. He sinks back into his seat, and you can feel his eyes on you as you walk away with Axe.

Axe is, for the most part, quiet. It's more comfortable than the silence from last night, but you feel as though he’s waiting for the right moment to speak.

The small food counter is packed with pretzels, pizza slices, chips, and hot drinks of all kinds, and the person working there doesn't seem at all surprised to see you with a skeleton. You suppose since they live nearby, the three must come here often, if only to appease Crooks.

You order a cocoa, and so does Axe, and the person disappears to make them.

“...you ain't gonna order food?” He finally asks, after a long moment of waiting.

“Hmm? Oh, no, I'm alright.”

He hums thoughtfully, and his socked foot makes a tiny thumping noise as he taps it rhythmically against the wood of the snack house.

“that's why your nose is bleeding, you know.”

You gave him a look, one that he returned with a raised brow.

“not eating, i mean. fevers, nosebleeds, dizziness, fatigue. you aren't eating right.” He explained. “saw it a lot in the underground. the effects of skipping meals. probably low on iron, and protein. you barely touched your breakfast this morning, and you didn't eat the spaghetti pap made last night when you visited. and hot chocolate isn't a meal.”

Having explained himself, he fell silent and looked away, seemingly leaving no room for discussion. You felt a little chastised, but if anyone knew what malnourishment looked like, it was probably him. The thought of Sans and Papyrus slowly starving to death underground made your heart hurt.

“Isn't monster biology a little different?”

“there were humans there, too. sometimes.”

Oh. So he did know what human malnutrition looked like. “Crooks told me a bit about your underground...sounds like a hassle to take in fallen humans, too.”

He was silent for a long moment, and when he spoke, his voice was so quiet you almost missed it. “...they usually didn't stick around more’n a few days at a time.”

“Huh? But wh…”

It clicked. It takes humans 30-40 days to starve to death, and if there was no way back through the barrier...that means the humans were dying a *different way* .

Axe was pointedly avoiding your eye, but you now had a good idea why everyone had seemingly avoided the food that Crooks had made at breakfast, despite it being a hundred times more delicious than Papyrus'.

You clear your throat and try to change the subject.

"Guess I've been a little sparse. Not much of an appetite with my...uhm. I've been busy. I forget."

"bullshit," he snorted, catching you off guard. "nobody cooks three square meals a day for an entire house and then forgets to eat themselves. but by all means, sweet pea, lie to me. i'm sure it's easier that way."

Again, it didn't seem like an invitation to argue, so you fell silent, and it was an agonizing few more moments before the cocoa order was ready.

"Here you go, Sans!" A cheerful girl appeared suddenly, and she was definitely not the middle-aged man who had taken your order. Axe started a bit at her appearance, but grinned anyway, giving a little half-wave in return. Well, they clearly know each other. Her nametag read "Jessie" with several emojis and heart stickers around it, crowding the letters. "Sebastian told me you were here, so I had to come say hi myself! Are you here with your brothers?"

"nah. they stayed home. showing around some other family and a…" he trailed off, looking over at you as if just realizing you were still there. "...a friend."

The word was strained, like that wasn't what he wanted to call you, and it kinda made you feel a little bad. Was he embarrassed to be caught with you or something?

"Y/N, nice to meet you," you said, and Jessie shook your hand. She looked between you both for a moment, until Axe coughed and grabbed her attention.

"uh, go ahead an' gimme a double order of 'dogs, too, jess." He asked, producing his wallet. You didn't even have a chance to tell him not to pay before he had handed her the money, giving you the same scolding look as before.

"Comin' right up," Jessie said, straightening up a bit. "Sans-style?"

"on one. however she likes on hers," he jabbed a thumb at you.

"No, I'm really o…" God, he wasn't even looking at you and you still felt like he was burning holes in your head. "...that is, ketchup, no mustard. And cheese."

"No problemo. Oh, and Sans…"

Axe looked up from putting his change away curiously. Jessie leaned over the counter again, fluttering her lashes slowly.

"We still on for tonight?"

Axe nearly dropped his wallet, but otherwise seemed stoic. "nah...family in town and all."

"Booooo," the girl groaned, flipping her sandy brown ponytail back over her shoulder as she pushed the finished hot dogs towards you both. "Call me later?"

Axe paused, jaw set tight as he looked over at you, an undeniable look of irritation on his skull. Shit, was he upset that you were in the way of his flirting? Was he upset about that kiss you had shared last night when he was clearly something more to this girl? Better get out of here so he could talk…

You stammered a quick excuse and snatched your hot dog, retreating as quickly as your injured knee would allow, leaving him startled behind you. He responded to her in a voice too low for you to hear the words, but her response sounded cheery enough as he jogged to catch up to you.

“wait up, lambchop.”

You stopped obediently, and he almost ran into you.

“...you always that obedient?” He asked, a mischievous grin growing on his skull as he brought his ketchup-drenched ‘dog up to take a bite, before rethinking it and settling for holding it instead. That's right, he's not a fan of eating in front of people.

“I'm sorry,” you blurted, and he raised a brow. “Uh, for...just now. Getting in the way. And for kissing you last night without thinking you might have a…”

You glanced up at the snack house, where Jessie was absently twirling her hair around her finger and blowing a gum bubble. She looked confident and happy...unlike the mess of a person you were.

His chuckle caught your attention, and you noticed his hot dog was gone when you looked back. “who, jess? nah, we were just gonna go drinkin’. nothin’ goin’ on there. honestly, i think she’s scared of me deep down.”

Yeah, because she had looked *so scared* when she was giving him bedroom eyes a minute ago. You had to remind yourself that it wasn't really *your* Sans, but for some reason the jealousy didn't want to acknowledge the difference.

“what about you?”

“What?”

He was staring at you with a tight smile, a smile that felt like his soul might break if you answered wrong. You set your plate down on the nearby picnic table, appetite gone at the discussion, which you supposed is a natural reaction. He was behind you now, hands slipping underneath your coat to grip your waist and pulling you close until he could whisper in your ear, his breath fanning against the back of your neck.

“last night...you said you could never be scared of me. you’re a lot of things, but you aren’t stupid...you know what i meant when i said the humans never stuck around for long.”

You did.

“so, i’ll *bite* , sweet pea...still think i’m not scary?” He muttered, sending a shiver down your spine. Before you could answer, his hands spun you around and he had you pinned against the wall of the snack house, just behind the building so you were both out of sight of nosy skeletons. He snarled, sockets pitch black as he slammed his hands into the wood on either side of your head. “you still think i won't rip your neck out? still think i'm gonna stop myself from *eating out* ?” His voice was lower, more bitter, as if he'd already decided your answer.

“Sans…”

He seemed surprised by the genuine tone of voice, and the snarl disappeared as you cupped his skull gently. His crimson eyelight faded gently back into view, small and soft, buzzing like white noise. It was like a heartbeat if he could have one, and you wanted to hear it. There was a soft thunk as he leaned over you, resting his elbows on the wall of the vendor instead of just his hands.

“I'm not saying you aren't scary, just that I'm not afraid. There's a difference,” you snorted, sliding your fingers gently over the damaged skull, avoiding the edge of his beanie as if you knew he didn't want you to touch the hole. “and as for the humans...you had no choice, right? It was that or let Papyrus starve?”

“...yeah.” His voice was hushed, reserved, with a small hint of awe in his breath.

“You did what you had to. You don't do it anymore, right?”

“no!” He was quick to protest, fear in his voice. “no, hell no. i hunt, but...deer, and rabbit and stuff. never humans.”

“Then you are forgiven,” you cooed, kissing his nasal bone softly. That familiar blue glow bathed you as he blushed, searching your face for a hint of a lie.

Forgiven? *Forgiven* . His breath caught in his chest. He had never thought... *understood* , he had maybe expected. *Reluctantly accepted,* more likely. But…

“forgiven,” he chuckled slightly, disbelieving. “ *forgiven* . you are so *dumb* …”

You rolled your eyes. Gosh, you were cute. There was that feeling again, the same as last night, like he already knew you and wanted to make you his. You dropped your hands from his face in favor of wrapping your arms around his ribs in a hug, and while it caught him off-guard, he wasted no time returning the embrace.

With one arm protectively around your shoulders, the other tangled in your hair as he nuzzled it with his face, he took in your scent slowly...what a lovely scent, like the ocean on a chilly spring morning, and some sort of fruity shampoo that made him want to take a bite...but for the first time in a long time, it wasn't a hunger that could be satiated by eating.

It was a hunger that needed you, and only you. It demanded affection. Closeness. ~~*Ownership*~~ . *Companionship*.

He no longer had the patience he had once had, but you...something pulled at his memory, and his skull ached from your touch, and he tried to think about what that thing was...that very important thing he had to remember before he could let himself go.

Shit...what was it? No, it was fading, again, all over again…

...just focus, get back to reality.

“...let's get back to the others before they hunt me down and dust me for disappearin’ with ya,” he purred softly, reluctantly pulling away from the hug.

“Oh, shoot, you're right,” you giggled, and he suppressed a whine as you removed your body, slipping from between him and the wall to grab your hot dog from the nearby table.

He watched you walk away, noting with mild interest that your knee was still bleeding.

You still sucked super hard at this.

It was comical, really, and you have no idea how they convinced you to get back on the ice, but at least this time you had Blue holding your hand.

“YOU’RE DOING GREAT!” Blue beamed up at you, but you dared not look away from your wobbly steps to reciprocate.

“Th...thanks, Blue...I still feel like I'm gonna fall.”

“DON'T WORRY, UNLIKE PAPY, *I* WOULD CATCH YOU!”

You had to chuckle at his jab as he led you slowly across the ice. You were starting to get the hang of it. Step step, slide, step step glide, glide, glide...

“THERE YOU GO! LOOK AT YOU, DOING IT ALL BY YOURSELF!”

“Huh?!”

He had released your hand at some point, you realized as you looked up. Dirty traitor! Like brother, like brother!

You continued to glide forward, but now you were screeching like a pterodactyl and going entirely too fast, knees locked because you didn't want a repeat of earlier. Skaters were diving out of the way as you zoomed across the ice, right past Sans and Red, who lifted Serif high in the air between them so you wouldn't slam into her, but unfortunately did absolutely nothing to catch you as you clipped Red in the side, hard, and continued on, spinning from the force.

Axe finally caught your hand, but with a mischievous glint in his sockets he only used it to spin you and propel you on, leaving him in the dust as you screamed profanity at him.

“MY DEAR, YOU'RE SO GOOD AT SKATING NOW!” Papyrus praised as you went shrieking by. He raised his voice even more to be heard as you zoomed away. “YES! I, TOO, WOULD SHRIEK WITH JOY AT SUCH NATURAL TALENT!”

You were sure you were crying by now, but the wind whipped the terrified tears right off your face as Bro and Russ nonchalantly sidestepped you.

...is that the edge of the rink that is rapidly approaching? You had no idea how to stop or what to do, frozen quite literally into position. You had no hope of Edge or Blue helping you, since they had instead crashed into each other in their hurry. You could hear Stretch shouting something at you, like “turn out” or whatever he was saying, but he was off the ice watching the stuff and taking a break so you knew you were doomed to crash. Well, it was nice having all your brain functions while it lasted, you supposed.

You cut your scream off and instead slammed your eyes shut, waiting for the force of the impact to knock the breath out of you…

...only to feel your body glide gently to a stop as an arm wrapped around your waist, and a hand slid gently into yours, spinning you out safely. The slight screech of skates sliding to a stop

reminded you what “turn out” meant, and you stopped moving.

Your eyes opened slowly, finding your face buried in a soft green down jacket that definitely didn't belong to one of the skeletons.

“Whew, that could have been really bad. It's a good thing I happened to be near. Are you alright, miss?”

That voice...it couldn't be…

You looked up slowly, disbelieving, but you were indeed met with the eyes of your savior…

...very familiar eyes, like blue opals, and messy brown hair that never stayed flat no matter how much he combed it.

Chapter End Notes

There's some more Axe for you guys...I really truly love writing him. I imagine he's kind of a player like he is in Tyrant-Tortoise's fic, Skeleton Squatters and the Landlady.
Who's this mystery guy ooooohhhhhh
Oh snap things are about to get super real. The realest. Who's gonna take this guy's appearance well? Who's gonna freak the fuck out? Oh boy. I've been working on this one day in the story for like, six chapters, and three IRL months.
Thank you for all the comments and votes, I love to hear your guy's theories and ideas!

Stuck in Colder Weather

Chapter Summary

I said I wanna see you again
But I'm stuck in colder weather
Maybe tomorrow would be better
Can I call you then?

He's the same as always, and you're a rambling soul. Still, your heart can't help but leap.
Red disagrees with the choices you're making, and you're too tired to pretend you aren't upset.

Chapter Notes

Most of y'all guessed our mystery guest pretty fast.
I'm excited for this chapter, because it's the beginning to some really intense buildup...it's mostly talking, and exposition. Ahhhhh its all coming together...
Thanks for all your guy's patience!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You weren't sure if a hush fell over the rink or if it was just your own heartbeat hypnotically drowning the noise out as you openly gaped at the sight in front of you.

It was Drew.

There was no doubt about it, you knew that crooked smile anywhere, and those sparkling sapphires he called eyes were unmistakable. If those and his signature cowlick weren't enough, his own features were now imitating your own shock as he obviously recognized you.

Drew. Your first everything. Your biggest regret was supposed to always be leaving like you did, you were supposed to die with that regret in your heart and an apology on your lips.

What in the everloving fuck was he doing here.

"...Y/N?" His voice was soft and smooth, with a tiny breath of disbelief as his arm tightened around your waist.

"Drew." Yours wasn't a question, your voice hoarse from screaming and your fingers curling to grasp his jacket. He gently squeezed your hand that he had initially grabbed, and that smug smirk found its way back to his face.

"See...I told you I'd always hold your hand when you were scared," he murmured, a slight waver to his words as he began to shake slightly, pulling you as close as he could to hug you, which you

returned by resting your head on his shoulder.

Your body was numb, adrenalin pulsing from your crazed skating experience, dizzy from confusion and excitement and...Drew.

“What the hell…” Drew was muttering into your hair. “God, I thought I'd never see you again…”

You couldn't think of what to say so you just nodded slowly, trying to remember what came before this moment…

“sweetheart!”

“kitten!”

“jeez, doll, are you okay?”

Oh. Right.

Drew froze up defensively around you, and you sensed danger if he didn't let go. Luckily it seemed to be Papyrus who stepped up to defuse. His gentle hand lay on your shoulder as he addressed Drew.

“THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR SAVING OUR FRIEND!” His voice was very disarming, and you felt Drew’s grip loosen. “YOU MAY RELEASE HER NOW, IT'S ALRIGHT.”

“...Do I have to?” He muttered into your ear, and you stifled a giggle.

“Unless you want the ones in black to straight up murder you, I suppose so,” you whispered back, and you could feel his grin against your hair as he finally released you.

Red was in between you and the stranger immediately, a protective hand curling around your shoulder as he glared back at the human behind him.

“you okay, kitten?”

“I'm fine.”

“you always say that.” He protested, and you seemed to notice him throwing another glance back at the newcomer.

“Y/N…” The guy started, reaching towards you.

Bad move.

Instantly Edge was now between Red and the guy, sharp bone in hand as he brandished it at him.

“WHO ARE YOU AND HOW DO YOU KNOW HER NAME?”

The young man skated back a few steps defensively, hands raised in surrender as the tall skeleton loomed over him threateningly. Red smirked. Edge was always on the same page as him. If this guy knew your name, but they didn't know him, then he might be dangerous. Someone from your past. From the lab. Even Papyrus seemed to stiffen up a bit.

“Edge, relax,” you said, wobbling on your skates and clutching Red for stability. “He's a friend.”

Red looked down at you in surprise.

“besides, we can't just go around pointing magic at people in public,” Sans growled, smacking the bone down. Edge gave him a huffy look, then crossed his arms, dematerializing the bone.

“I COULD STILL KILL HIM WITHOUT MAGIC.”

“we know, but not in front’a the kids, eh, killer?” Stretch soothed, leaning on the edge of the rink from his spot on the other side. Edge only grunted, boring holes into the dude’s head with his eyes.

“Let's start over, at the tables?” You suggested, and Red glared at you. You responded by pouting and fluttering your lashes up at him. Damn. He can't resist you.

“...fine.”

You couldn't stop staring at Drew as Red guided you off the ice. A million questions were running through your mind all at once, some happy and some terrifying.

Drew tried to hang back and skate beside you, but Edge blocked you bodily, and when everyone stepped off the ice and removed their skates, Stretch slid an arm around his shoulder to steer him towards the tables. It looked friendly enough, but you knew the laid-back posture was faked. When you all sat, Stretch purposefully sat Drew at the end, occupying the seat next to him so you couldn't sit there. You wanted to slap him for being an idiot, but you're in public so you restrained yourself. Instead, you sat at the table across from them, between Red and Axe, who were both staring Drew down. Russ took a walk with Serif, and Sans stood between the two tables as the others took their seats, seemingly uneasy about both sides of the situation.

You tried to avoid too much backstory, as Axe and Bro had not yet heard your story, but you explained that after you left home you had met Agnes, and she was the reason you adjusted as well as you did. After a vague description of your life on her farm with her and her grandsons, you seemed to lose a little steam, sensing Drew’s questioning eyes as you glossed over your relationship with him.

The others seemed to relax towards him as they realized he was indeed not a threat, and you clammed up completely when it came to…

“seems an awful long time to go without talkin’,” Red muttered. “you coulda at least told us about them.”

“Let me...get my brothers,” Drew offered, standing slowly so as not to startle anyone.

Everyone could see that you lit up at the notion. You were so happy that they all immediately dropped their guards for a moment, even Drew.

“Eli and Jordan are here?” You asked softly, and Red hated how small and guilty you sounded. He reached down and squeezed your hand as Drew leaned back on his heels, smiling softly.

“Yeah. You know what today is, right?”

“Jordan’s birthday,” you said, nodding slightly. “Sixteen...right?”

“Yeah. He was almost twelve when you left.”

The words hung in the air as he left to find his siblings, and you sighed and dropped your face into your hands. There was some talking around you, and it sounded like some of them left to get the lodge ready for guests, leaving you with Red, Stretch, Sans, and Papyrus. Even Axe begrudgingly left, mumbling about how Crooks would flip if he didn't help. On one hand, it was nice that they wanted to entertain your important guests without you asking, but on the other...it's going to be difficult to face them and you're not sure if you're ready.

“Red?”

“mmm?” His voice rumbled in your chest as he rested his head on yours gently, rubbing the back of your neck.

“Can you go with the others? I need to talk to Drew alone.”

His hand froze, and you heard him sigh. “not happenin’. sorry, kitten.” You started to look up but he held your head firmly in place by your neck. “an’ don't be tryin’ those puppy eyes on me, not this time. i’m not budgin’.”

“nah, red, she's right,” Stretch sighed from across from you. You looked up at him, surprised, and he didn't meet your eye right away. When he did, it was as if he stared right through you. “you left without saying anything to them...didn't you? ran off, and you feel guilty?”

You nodded meekly.

“i don't care if you left them an autobiography or a gum wrapper, i ain't leavin’ you alone with them.” Red huffed, an edge to his words. “i’m fuckin’ tired of being told to sit back and let shit happen when it don't sit well with me--”

“To be completely honest, Red, nobody asked you to be my babysitter!” You snapped suddenly, and he withdrew his touch as if you shocked him. You stood up quickly, pointing an accusing glare at all of them. “Goddammit, I am not made of *glass* ! This is exactly why I never wanted any of you to know about my--”

You stopped abruptly, and the words hung in the air. You could tell by their rigid postures that they were daring you to finish.

“...about my past. I knew you would get this way and I am just...so sick of walking on nails. I just want to be trusted to do something for once in my life. I just want to be able to decide who I'm friends with--” You glared pointedly at Sans, then at Red. “--and whether or not I get to be alone with someone. Or whether or not I'm okay with injuries *I* sustained, or if I can take care of myself, God, I'm waiting for the day when you guys start blocking out my schedule to the minute.”

“we're only worried about you, doll,” Stretch said softly, trying to soothe you. “we just--”

“Want to take care of me,” you sighed, cradling your elbow with your opposite hand and shirking his touch slightly. “I get that, but...sometimes I just...I feel like it's getting harder to breathe, with all of you fussing over me.”

“we’re only fussin’ because you have a tendency to find trouble wherever you go,” Red countered, standing up and turning you to face him. “leave you alone for a second, and you end up with a

fuckin' hole in your goddamned hand, or bein' dragged off drunk at some rager you snuck off to."

"red, those things aren't really on her," Sans said, trying to get between you. Red batted his hand away sharply.

"aren't they? because last time i checked, these were things she snuck off to do on her own against our best advice." Red snapped, a very clear 'this doesn't concern you' tone in his voice. "it's the same thing every fuckin' time. i ask you to not do something, and you fuckin' ignore me, like with g's stupid mark on halloween, or withholding crucial information like that stuff about your soul. you sneak around and ya lie. you lie, and you ignore us."

"I didn't *ask* to get dragged off drunk at Colin's," you huffed, crossing your arms. "And I didn't ask to get marked by G, and I didn't ask for my soul to be this way!"

"sure, but the least you can do is let us try to protect you! you're always hiding somethin', i can *feel* it, we can all feel it, but you're too goddamned *stubborn* to fuckin' share your troubles with us, like it's some *chore* to keep us in the loop! like it's a goddamn *hassle* to just *let us love you* !"

"Maybe I don't tell you things because it wouldn't make a difference!" You were blinking back tears now, emotion welling in your chest. "Because if I tell you or don't, I'm still never going to be trusted to do anything for myself! Maybe I just want to be a normal person for a while, without being constantly checked over like some...some…"

You grunted in frustration, unable to find the right word, and chose instead to turn away from him, ignoring the shocked faces of the others.

"I just want you to *leave me alone*!" You said finally, with a little too much venom, and the tension in the air snapped just like that.

You didn't mean to be so honest, but these feelings have been bubbling up for a while. You're patient, but nobody's *that* patient, and if they don't stop poking around your business then you won't be able to hide your condition from them at all, and then they'll only get worse.

There was some silence, punctuated only by the heavy breathing from Red, and you didn't dare to look up at them as they processed your words. You sat again, and leaned back against the table, crossing your arms as you looked down, biting your lip.

You shouldn't have snapped at him. You should have been...nicer about it. Red especially has been pretty good about listening when you ask him to stand down, even with his natural possessiveness. It wasn't fair of you to be so upset at him. You wanted to apologize, but--

"...you wanna be left alone? *fine*. i'll leave ya alone." Red's voice was flat, humorless. It was angrier than you had ever heard and it sent a chill down your spine. You felt a crackle of magic and you knew he had left.

You looked up meekly, and Sans was avoiding your gaze. His posture was tight, his grimace obvious.

"...i'm headin' back to help set up. c'mon pap, let's go." He said quietly. Papyrus looked at you for a long moment, but you avoided his gaze, and he slowly went to join Sans, and then they were gone as well. Stretch still sat across from you, looking deeply thoughtful as he studied your face.

He removed his cigarette, huffing out a cloud of smoke slowly. He tapped the palm of the hand holding the cigarette against his forehead as he watched you, just thinking...before finally stubbing it out in the ashtray on the table.

“...come here,” he beckoned, and you hesitated before answering him, standing and slowly scooching to stand in front of him, miserable. Even standing over him, his eyes were nearly level with yours, and you felt like a child when standing like this with him.

He threaded his fingers with yours gently, kissing the back of your hand.

“i know i call you ‘doll', but that doesn't give me the right to treat you like one,” he sighed against your knuckles. “i’m sorry that we’re difficult. that *i’m difficult.* i just love you, so much...i never want to see you hurt. but it doesn't excuse my behavior.”

“It's not really...you so much…” you mumbled, embarrassed by the way he dropped the L-word so casually...but even you weren't sure that was true.

“even so. i know you have your own reasons for staying quiet about some things...i just hope you know you can always come to me when you're ready to talk.”

“...I know…”

“good. now...i’m gonna stay right here, but only because i want to walk you back.” He wrapped his arms around your waist, and you leaned into his hug. “you go have your talk with drew, honey. i’ll wait and make sure nobody gets lost on the way back.”

You clutched the back of his sweatshirt as you returned the embrace, tears pricking your eyes as you laid your head on his shoulder. His scent calmed you, so you breathed deep, the noise in your head slowly being replaced with the smell of smoke and honey. Who would have thought he’d be the one to understand all of this? Now you felt *terrible* about withholding about your...life expectancy.

Somebody cleared their throat and you jumped, and Stretch released you, sitting back against the table. He raised a brow as if to say “go on”.

You turned slowly, tears already starting to form before you even laid eyes on the boys who were essentially your brothers.

“Eli...Jordan…” you sighed, as they gaped from where they stood on either side of Drew.

“Holy shit,” Eli whispered, disbelieving. His hair was longer, with several wild streaks of color, and he had tattoos now, and several risky piercings in his ear and eyebrow. You wondered how much you were allowed to scold him for those, but it was only momentary as he rushed forward to embrace you, and you finally let go of the sob you’d been holding back.

Jordan stayed where he was, hands in his pockets. He was tall, taller than both of his brothers which both surprised you and didn't surprise you. He was huge, too, built like a linebacker. The disbelief had faded from his face, but it didn't look like he was all that happy to see you. Drew elbowed him, and he hesitantly stepped forward as Eli finally released you.

“Jordan...ah...happy...uhm...happy birthday,” you muttered, and his face seemed to melt at that. Seems he remembered your aversion to birthdays, or at least your own, because he sighed.

“...you left,” he said quietly, his voice low and strong, not unlike Sans but with a lighter tone. “You disappeared and we...we thought you were dead.”

“Jordan--”

“No, Drew, it's okay. He's right,” you sighed, cutting Drew’s warning off. “Yes. I left. There was somebody chasing me and I thought...if I stayed then...they would hurt you.”

“But running off on your own only gets *you* hurt,” he sighed, exasperated. “I...I wondered where you went. If you were safe. If you were getting the care you needed. Gram told me not to worry, that you could care for yourself, but…”

His eyes were starting to glisten, and he tried to hide them, but the brilliant cognac color only shone brighter with the tears.

“I believed you would come back. For a whole year I believed. I thought, ‘she'll come back. Marry Drew. We’ll be a proper family for good.’ But you...you never did,” the last part came out a little broken, and you were shaking. Stretch stood behind you, and you could feel the crackle as he teleported away quietly, probably somewhere near just to give some privacy. “You never did, and it *hurt* . It felt like someone had ripped out a piece of me. Godammit, it took me three years to get used to smiling for real, and now you're just…”

He gestured to you.

“Here. Enjoying life without us.”

“Jordan, that isn't fair,” Eli warned. “We don't know anything.”

“Because she never told us anything!” He snapped back. “For those three years she lived with us, what do we know about her? Mysterious girl from a mysterious place, and even Drew never knew a damned thing and he was...!”

“Jordan,” you reached out and grabbed his arm before Drew could step forward. “You have every right to be angry at me, I know I just left and it was fucked up...but don't take it out on them.”

He fell silent, and didn't seem to want to look at you. You looked at Drew, and when you released Jordan he mumbled something about getting their things and took off. Eli went with him, after stopping to give you a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

“He's very passionate,” Drew said quietly, approaching slowly. “This is really...sudden...and I think he took it the hardest in the end, being younger...he didn't know how to handle it emotionally.”

“Neither did I,” you admitted. “At first I tried to forget...but I couldn't. Not you. Not them. Not Gram. I just...tried to drown it out after that. Convinced myself for a while that you had probably forgotten me by now. I'm honestly surprised you guys actually *do* remember me, let alone recognize me.”

“Recognizing, now that was pretty difficult,” he laughed a little. “It wasn't until I had you in my arms that I knew it was you. Your hair...it's so long. It was so short when you came to live with us, and then again after the surgeries...never seen it like this.” He gently brushed your long hair behind your ear. “You're beautiful.”

You felt like you were 18 again, butterflies fluttering in your tummy as he said that. With Jordan it was easy to pretend to keep your cool and be calm, but with Drew it was so...difficult.

“Pffft. You're just trying to flatter me,” you teased, but it was a weak laugh that escaped you.

“No, I mean it. You look great.”

You look great. It felt like one of those cheesy romantic movies Pap watches, where the characters break up and meet up again.

“You, too. Whoever you're with now is a lucky girl.”

He laughed a little, pushing his hair back. “Ah, nobody on that front, actually. I tried, for a while, but...still not over you I guess…” He paused, looking you directly in the eyes with a sad smile. “...clearly.”

Same, actually. Sort of. You don't really know how to respond, and you find yourself glancing over to where Stretch is sitting several tables away, reading nonchalantly as if he doesn't care what the two of you are talking about.

“...I'm guessing that one’s your boyfriend?”

You turned beet red and snapped your head back to look at him, and he laughed at your face.

“What? Uh, uhm, not...exactly…”

“Relax, Chickadee. I'm not mad. It's been four years...only silly romantic fools like me stay hung up on their high school sweetheart this long.” He teased, and then, more seriously: “...besides, getting involved now...as much as I would love to be with you...there isn't much time left, is there?”

You glanced back at Stretch, who still seemed to not be listening, but you shook your head without speaking anyway.

“...Can I take a look at your knee?”

“Huh?” The question caught you off guard, so you stared dumbly at him, making him laugh.

“Your knee. You bled through the bandage, let me replace it.” He paused, studying your face. “You had a nosebleed today, too, didn't you?”

“Who are you, Gram?” You scoffed, but took a seat anyway. He produced a bandaid box from the inside pocket of his coat and handed it to you. You replaced the old one, and you saw that he was right--it was hours old, but still fresh without clotting. “I should have had Pap heal it after all.”

“Which one is that?” He asked, looking away nervously as you inspected your wound. You bandaged it and he visibly relaxed. He never did blood well, but he always wanted to help. Dummy. “You, uh, never actually introduced me to any of them. Or told me anything about them. I have no idea what's going on right now, *tibia* -nest.”

“Booooo, low-hanging fruit! God, the guys’ll love you,” you laughed. “But uh...after I left I kinda had to keep running. I ended up living with the guys, somehow, or at least six of them...the rest kinda just pop in to stir up trouble. Papyrus was the tall one who stayed standing. He's basically my

best friend. And the other one who stayed standing is his brother, Sans. He's my oldest friend out of all of them."

"Blue scarf?"

You shook your head. "Blue *sweatshirt* . Blue scarf is Blue, and he's Stretch's brother." You nodded in Stretch's direction, and as if he sensed it, he looked up and waved. You waved back, wondering what he'd heard.

"Ah. What about the walking hot topic advertisement that pointed a bone at me?"

You giggled, imagining Edge blown up on a wall in a mall somewhere. It would actually be really effective, you think. "Edge, ironically."

"I'm assuming he's related to the one with the gold tooth that wouldn't let go of you?"

"Red, they're brothers."

"Is *he* your boyfriend? Because I was thinking it was either him or sweatshirt guy there. Eh, Slim? Stretch?"

You wonder if Sans would be offended that he isn't on the list. You know Edge and Blue would.

"Uh, not exactly. Complicated."

"Okay, what about the guy who looked like he was thinking of all the different ways to separate my head from my body?" He asked, taking a seat next to you. "The one that was sitting across from me? In the beanie?"

"Axe. I actually only met him last night, so no."

"So, you aren't dating *any* of them?"

You thought for a moment. "Well, I went on one date, but I wouldn't say I'm dating him. And he's not even here."

Good thing, too. Black might have killed Drew on sight. Or had Mutt do it.

"But...I suppose I don't exactly know what the real definition of 'dating' is...I've only dated you." You admitted, and it felt silly to admit that. In four years you have only ever...hooked up.

"Then, comparatively to what we used to do," Drew shrugged. "You know, kiss, hold hands, spend alone time doing stuff like reading or watching movies, cuddling...that kind of stuff. You know, the first person you about in the morning and the last one you think about at night."

You thought about it, face screwing up in contemplation. That sounded like...everyone. You sat quietly in the early morning reading with Stretch, or cooked with Edge, or gardened with Papyrus, or played games with Blue, or cuddled with Red on the couch, or fell asleep watching Netflix with Sans. And kissing, holding hands...nobody was exactly shy about those, especially lately.

"By that standard...I think I'm dating all of them," you laughed, shaking your head. "Sounds crazy, I know, but they're all very dear to me...but nothing is official, I think."

Drew seemed to quietly digest this, and you wondered how much he had changed in four years. So far he seemed the same as ever, but a little quieter. He seemed even more like Stretch than you had initially thought, which made your feelings even *more* confused.

“So can I say something, then?”

“Sure, I guess.” You shrugged, expecting some lecture on being a tease or something. Or something about not wasting their time when you were going to leave in like, ten months. It certainly wouldn't be unwarranted.

“I love you.”

You both fell silent, and you froze as his hand reached over to grab yours.

Those three words, the ones you had never allowed him to say. He snuck it in there, the prick! Your face flushed immediately, and you stared down at your joined hands.

“I...more like, I *still* love you. I mean, I'm not stupid,” he muttered, shrugging. “I know you have something going on with those guys, something beyond anything we ever had...and really, it looks a lot more complicated than I think I'll ever really understand, so I can only move past it. I see you, looking amazing, and happy, and I suppose...that's all that matters. But I wanted to say it anyway.”

You slowly returned the grip on his hand, relaxing slightly. You glanced up at Stretch. You're pretty sure he would have done the same thing if he was in this situation.

“Can I ask some personal questions?”

You snorted. “You're going straight to that from the L-word?”

“...Lesbians?” He asked, humor evident in his voice. You couldn't help the gross laugh that escaped you, and you slapped a hand over your mouth. *Exactly like Stretch*.

“I think you and Stretch are going to get along great,” you managed through giggles. “Ok, lay it on me.”

“How's your...health?”

You snorted, having half-expected that. “Fine.”

“Bullshit.” You raised a brow at him and he shook his head. “Yeah, I was surprised by how good you look...but your knee is proof. And you had a nosebleed today, you said so yourself. Maybe you aren't doing so bad, but it's getting steadily worse...isn't it?”

You were silent, staring at your hands. You didn't want to tell him about your comas, or the dizziness, or the headaches. It would only fuel his fire. He inhaled slowly, and when he spoke again, it was gentler.

“What about sleep? Are you sleeping at night?”

“Uuuuuuuuugh,” you groaned loudly, slumping in your seat. “This is exactly what I *didn't* want.”

“Y/N. Please.”

You huffed and crossed your arms. “I've never slept well at night, Drew, you know that. I nap, though...and I can sleep through the night sometimes with the guys.”

“What about your meds?”

“Okay, *Gram.*” You teased, but found that his face was somber. “...no meds.”

He looked almost offended. “What do you mean, ‘no meds’?”

“I mean, no meds. I'm not on any.”

“*Please* tell me you're joking.” He gripped your arm and leaned over to search your face, finding all your guilt as you avoided his eye. “What kind of doctor wouldn't prescribe...you *are* going to the doctor, right?”

“Sort of!” You sputtered defensively. “I have a...private physician. One of the skeletons. He's really good.”

“So what, he's doing some magic treatment instead?” Drew prodded, brows knit in worry as he tried to comprehend it. “Is there a donor in the area?”

“...No. No treatment. And you know there's no donor for me, Drew. Not anywhere.”

“Regardless, you should at least be receiving regular tra--”

“No, it's fine, I'm fine,” you insisted, cutting him off. “I have everything I need and want here, I don't need any of that.”

He sighed and released your arm, standing up to pace in frustration. He always used to do this when you didn't want to do these things. “You can't just...you're looking at your *life*, here, Y/N.” He sighed quietly, brushing his hair from his eyes. “This isn't a game, you have to--”

“I know! I just want to be normal for a while, okay?” You cried, standing up as well. You noticed behind him that Stretch perked up at your distress, standing and trying to catch your eye. You lowered your voice. “Look, we’ll...we’ll talk more later, okay? For now, just...come have dinner with us. All of you.”

Drew looked across the way where his brothers were returning their skates, backpacks packed and ready. He looked behind him, where Stretch shot a lazy wave at him. Then he looked back at you, and sighed, eyes looking tired already. You hated when they looked that way. You reached out and gripped the hem of his coat, a silent plea.

“...Alright. Later.” He assented, wrapping one arm around your shoulders to pull you in for a hug. You slid into the embrace gently, naturally, burying your face in the plush down coat as he softly kissed the top of your head. “If you promise to do something about it, we can talk later.”

You nodded gently, appeasing him.

You stayed like that for a long moment, until you heard Stretch approach, and the footsteps of the boys, and he slowly let you go, smiling sheepishly as he stepped past to talk to Jordan and Eli a few feet away.

Stretch stopped about a foot from you, hands in pockets, studying you.

“everything okay?” He asked, reaching out to brush your hair over your shoulder, caressing you gently. You nodded, leaning in to accept his half-hug, tucking your head underneath his arm as he pulled you in. “good. looked like it got a little tense at the end. you guys had a thing before, huh?”

“Pffft...how’d you know?” You giggled, muffled against his sweater.

“even exes have certain body language around each other.” He shrugged. “you kinda acted like he was g, body language-wise. so i took an educated guess.”

“He's nothing like G, he's more like you,” you said honestly, pulling back to look up at him. “You know, personality wise. I think you'll get along.”

Stretch looked over to where the brothers were all standing a ways away. “...maybe. let’s head out, and stop for groceries on the way. don't want axe up my coccyx for all these extra mouths.”

“Okay, sounds fair. Oh,” you caught him before he could really move away, beckoning for him to lean down.

He cocked his head questioningly, but bent over anyway. You placed a gentle kiss on his cheekbone, intimate and sweet, leaving a soft buzz inside his skull and causing him to light up a soft amber as he pulled away.

“...what was that for?”

You smiled bashfully at him, and he thought he might melt. All you would have to do to make him do whatever you wanted would be to smile like that.

“Trusting me.”

Chapter End Notes

Survey check in for all your conspiracy theories and input

Lost Boy

Chapter Summary

Drew and his brothers spend the evening getting to know everyone.
Well, everyone except Red.

Chapter Notes

Oh boy. This chapter.

It's so exciting!

BUT FIRST CHECK OUT THIS FANFIC BASED ON THIS STORY:

Existence by Musecookie
It's based on a theory they had about reader before the reveal, and it's perfect and wonderful and heartbreaking.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sans dismissing your apology was not what you had expected when you walked through the door, but it hadn't been unwelcome. He seemed to have cooled his heels a little, or maybe, you think, talked to Papyrus and gained some insight.

In any case, your private conversation upon re-entering the lodge had been short, but intimate and sweet, ending with a kiss that left you feeling a little giddy.

If only Red could see it the same way...but he hadn't come out of his room, or at least nobody had seen him do so, and it would probably be an all-night drag out fight if you went up now. So you tried to brush it off, feeling the weight of it on your shoulders as you thought of what he said.

“fine. i’ll leave you alone.”

He couldn't mean it. Not really...right? There was no way he meant to actually leave you alone. No, you think, you shouldn't let it bother you.

…..okay, it *was* bothering you. Quite a bit. You shot him a text, just to be sure he knew you *did* want to talk...when he was ready.

He never responded.

Red was *not happy*.

He was not happy, and he was not going back to the lodge.

Fuck that.

You want him to leave you alone? *Fine* . He'll leave you the fuck alone. It's not like everything he does is out of love and a healthy sense of worry, nah, he's just a controlling asshole apparently. Is it so much to ask that you just keep him clued in on the things that weigh your heart down?

He paused to kick the head off a snowman on the side of the path. He didn't even know where he was going, but it was somewhere with alcohol. He wasn't going through this bullshit sober, he'd done enough of that lately.

He hated this.

He hated the way he quickened his pace to pretend his heavy breathing was from exercise. He hated feeling tears sting his eyes, he hated the lead weight holding his chest down, he hated the way he still wanted to turn around and grovel at your feet just so he didn't feel this way anymore. Jeez, it just wasn't fair, how weak you made him…

...he hated your stupid adorable laugh, and when he worried about you. He hated the anxiety that boiled beneath his ribs whenever you went somewhere without him. He hated the way your touch could make him dopey, as if the only thing he needed to get drunk was your hands, or your lips, or your voice.

He hated the way he could tell that dumb human guy had been with you in a way he hadn't. He hated the stars in your eyes when you looked at the guy, fuck, he could handle it with Stretch or Sans or even his brother but this guy was *nobody* . He hated that this stupid kid knew a you he'd never know, that he had been the one to hold your hand when you were fresh out of hell, that he had been the first to kiss you, cradle you, care for you. He hated that he knew all of that without even asking, that he was so far deep that he couldn't *help* but know.

He hated how you didn't want him to stand by you right now. He hated that you wanted to be alone, you wanted to suffer in silence, you wanted to pretend nothing was wrong, *still* , even after all this time. He hated how he *knew* there was something he wasn't seeing, that there was something hidden beneath your smile, and the feeling that something's wrong. He hated the nightmares that confirmed this terrible pit in his stomach, that had you dying alone, scared, hurt, confused, and thinking he'd forgotten you.

...but mostly he hated that he didn't hate *you* . Not even a little bit. Not even at all.

So he stopped at the first bar he found, tipped the bouncer, and made his way to the bottom of a glass. If he couldn't hate you, he would drink until he forgot, or until he couldn't feel the stormclouds in his skull, or until he wasn't able to stay angry.

Or maybe until he died. Whichever came first, he supposed.

Jordan loosened up fast around the skeletons, who made it their mission to make the brothers feel at home. It wasn't long before the teen was sitting with Papyrus and Russ, discussing something inane like football.

Eli was quick to get on Edge's good side, having apparently matched his music tastes to a point where they were blocking the rest of the dinner party out by sharing a set of earbuds while Eli showed off his playlist. Edge returned by playing some recordings of their band that you had snuck onto your iPod, and gained a new fan. You learned that Eli was now a drummer, and a musical theory major, which made you smile; he had always been a talented singer, and had probably played every classic rock song on Agnes' pots and pans at some point.

And Drew was finding a foothold in nearly every other place, bonding with Crooks about cooking, and Sans about his favorite TV shows, and Axe about *fishing* , of all things. Bro returned from putting Serif to bed and joined the conversation, surprisingly.

Blue was eager to show you that you weren't forgotten, asking questions about your "before-family", and Stretch seemed to be content to just watch.

Until the four of you were on the deck, and it came out that Drew played guitar, and he seemed to perk up.

"...you play?"

"Yeah, I've been playing for years, since I was a kid." Drew said, looking up from his chess game with Blue. Blue took the opportunity to pull a triple-capture, giggling at Drew's distraught face. "Do you play?"

"yeah. have a band with edge and another cousin of ours, actually." He may be humble-bragging, but it was nice to see him engaged. "we've gotten kinda popular in ebott. even played at the glamarena on new year's...though i lost my voice, so red had to fill in on vocals."

Blue and you exchanged a look, and before he knew it his brother was pulling you inside, waving at him and mouthing "make friends!" as you both disappeared into the house.

"Man, I've never done anything as cool as play at a real gig," Drew laughed nervously. "I've only performed in front of small groups, like this."

"eh, for some it's a hobby, others a living," Stretch shrugged. "i only do the band on the side as well. i get most of my money from novels, and my inventions."

"Novels? Inventions? Woah...you are way more interesting than me." His companion shook his head. "I can see why she likes you."

"if it makes you feel better, i can see why she likes you, too," Stretch consoled, bringing his cup of honey up for a sip. It was starting to buzz a bit inside his skull, and he was feeling honest. "you're gentle, and normal. she probably needed that. interesting wouldn't have done much for her at that point in her life."

"I guess you're right." Drew sighed, sipping on the hard cider he was holding. "She only told me pieces...I just can't believe somebody could do that to their own daughter. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen her scars with my own eyes."

"...same."

There was a long silence between them. Stretch thought about you, a young, sixteen year old you, scared and alone in the world as you board a bus to anywhere. He wondered how long it took you

to accept that you were allowed to be happy.

“You know, it was three months before I ever saw her longer than ten seconds.” Drew mused quietly. “And then, six months before I ever heard her speak. She had the quietest, meekest voice, and always looked like she was afraid I would hate her. Her body language just screamed ‘don't touch me’, and the only ones who could get near her were Gram, because she's a kind old lady who couldn't hurt a fly, and Jordan, because he was nine.”

“she does love kids,” Stretch said quietly. “that's very like her...enjoying the bittersweet things in life. you should see her with serif in there.”

“So you know...that she can't…?”

“have kids? yeah, she told me,” Stretch sighed, taking a seat on the deck steps. Drew followed suit. “but i think i’m the only one. i tried to console her...she could always adopt or something, the right person won't care...all those things. i don't know if she ever really listened to it, but i think it was appreciated.”

Drew was quiet again, and Stretch could feel him staring at him. Maybe he had kind of overshared...but it didn't feel like that kind of look.

“somethin’ wrong, pal?” He asked, turning to meet his gaze. Drew surprisingly didn't flinch, but his face did melt from a concentrated one into a tight-lipped smile.

“Lots of things, but the main one being that I know I'm beat.” He laughed, and Stretch could feel the humor in it. “I'm just...after finding her after all these years...I thought she was dead, you know? And it ate me alive, the thought of, like...her being alone and scared and...having her alive, and so well cared for...I guess I couldn't ask for a better outcome.”

Stretch smiled, but it was strained. There was that bad feeling in his figurative gut...the one that had been gnawing away at him for a while.

“Can I ask some weird questions?”

Chuckle. This kid. “i’ll do what i can to answer them, sure.”

“What kind of things can monster magic heal?”

Stretch raised a brow, but Drew’s face was determined. “hmm...be better off askin’ my brother, or papyrus. but...it depends on the monster’s skill level. papyrus is the best here, with blue and edge a close second. they can all heal most wounds, so long as the person isn't already in the throes of death. papyrus once pulled a guy from a car wreck that had basically been gutted...i could hardly watch, but by the end the guy was stable enough for paramedics to take to the hospital, and he didn't need to be in the i.c.u. either. it was the most amazing thing i think i’ve ever seen.”

“Could it heal diseases?”

“diseases? what, like the common cold? flu? cancer?”

Drew nodded, an intense expression on his face, and Stretch sighed.

“...no. no, i don't think so. it can relieve some symptoms, but...viruses an’things have to run their course.”

“What if it's genetic?”

“jeez, you writin’ an article or somethin’, buddy?” Stretch chuckled, lighting a cigarette and taking a long drag. “we can't change genetics. now *that* would be magic.”

Drew hummed thoughtfully, hands running through his hair as he stared up at the stars. “Damn. Thought I was onto something, I guess.”

He looked at him, studying his face closely. This human...was so expressive. His eyes betrayed a hurt he would probably never know, and his smile was the happiest sad smile he had ever seen. He wondered if he would look like that if he lost you, and then found you again. He hoped he never had to find out.

“you seem to be...okay with all of this. us, monsters, and all that.”

Drew laughed a little, tapping the side of his bottle. “There's nothing wrong with monsters. The real monsters are regular humans like her father.”

“well, i mean, you haven't even asked what she's doing here with all of us, or if she’ll go back with you.” Stretch explained, watching his face carefully.

“...Do I have a choice? I'm not taking her away from you, if that's what you mean. I just want her to be happy...and you guys seem to really care about her, and she cares about you more than I think she knows. I just wish that she'd put that same amount of care towards taking care of herself.”

“i definitely hear that,” Stretch sighed, shaking his head. You were always trying to give, give, give...but never take. “she still thinks she doesn't deserve it. every time i tell her i love her it's like it's the most surprising thing i could ever say, even though i’m sure she knew it was how i felt long before i told her.”

He can't believe it's only been a month since Christmas, when he told you for the first time. It felt more like years.

"Yeah. She's certainly something else, isn't she?” Drew sighed fondly, his tone so soft and amazed that it made Stretch realize why you thought they were similar.

“...yeah. she is.”

His phone buzzed on the bartop, but he growled and hit ignore.

Edge had been calling and texting him for hours, but you had only texted him once.

kitten: When you're ready, I want to talk this out. I don't want to lose you.

He shook his head and went back to nursing his drink. He didn't want to lose you, either, but dammit, he was mad. He was *hurt*. He didn't want to see you, knowing all you had to do was flutter your lashes and he'd be putty.

He sighed, rubbing his sockets, and finally looked at his brother's messages. He didn't need Edge calling the whole fucking family out to look for him.

6:46pm

boss: WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?

boss: IT'S INCREDIBLY RUDE TO DISAPPEAR WHEN WE HAVE GUESTS.

7:08pm

boss: SANS! ANSWER ME! DON'T MAKE ME COME TRACK YOU DOWN!

boss: I TOLD THE HUMAN YOU WERE IN YOUR ROOM AND NOT TO BOTHER YOU. YOU OWE ME, I HATE LYING TO HER.

7:23pm

boss: WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU NEVER LEAVE WITHOUT TELLING ME FIRST.

7:58pm

boss: YOU BETTER NOT BE DEAD

8:35pm

boss: SANS SERIF ASTER YOU ANSWER ME THIS MOMENT!! WORRY IS NOT GOOD FOR MY BEAUTIFUL FACE! IF YOU GIVE ME CRACKS I'M GOING TO MURDER YOU!

And the three little dots indicating he was typing. Jesus on a cracker, this is why he never went anywhere without telling him. He shot back a dismissive acknowledgement of the texts just so he wouldn't blow a gasket, and tipped back the rest of his drink.

He ordered another, turning his attention to the crowd that had gathered in the bar over the last few hours. It had been a long time since he had lingered so long in a bar, he almost forgot the feeling of watching the room change.

There was the couple that had been smiling when they walked in, and now the girl was sobbing alone, while the guy walked out in a huff.

There was the group of young women that seemed to be business types, who had looked clean-pressed upon entering but were now slowly losing their jackets and buttons, their hair falling out of their updos and French twists as they laughed together.

Then there was the late crowd, the spent-an-hour-on-my-makeup-and-pregame crowd, with more ladies than men, who were already pairing off for drunken endeavors back at whatever ski resort they were staying at. Among them was a girl that reminded him of you, the you from his world, with long black hair in a perfect gentle curl. She sat and laughed with the other unpaired girls, who were casting glances at the rest of the bar, eyes lingering on him.

They'd probably been whispering about him for over an hour, and before he knew it he was pressed against her in the tight throng of dancers, wondering how he got here. She was giving him *the eyes* , and man, before you they would have made his soul faint, but now they looked ridiculous and dull. They didn't have your sparkle, or your mystery, and her smile was too wide and forced and not nearly as endearing.

He'd been with a dozen girls just like this, meaningless and void of defining features, trying to fill the hole in his soul you left when he was wrenched from his universe. Back when he had thought he would never see you again. It always cleared his head for a moment, but never long enough to put down the pain.

Maybe that's what he needed. Maybe he needed something meaningless to clear his mind and refocus him. Maybe he needed to feel like he was in control again, to release the tension and remember what it feels like to be numb for just a little while.

Maybe he needed this.

At least, that's what he told himself.

“What do you think you're doing?”

Stretch was surprised by Drew’s serious tone as he slid the back door closed. They'd shared several drinks on the deck, and had been pretty jovial when they decided to come inside, so the sudden demeanor shift was strange.

The receiver of his stern question was you, having just started out from the kitchen holding hands with Blue. At first he thought it was about how you were holding hands, which irked him, but then he watched you jump slightly and quickly shove the drink in your hand into Blue’s instead.

“Nothing.” You said, entirely too fast. Even through his own drunk-vision, he could see that Drew was upset you were drinking.

“You're drinking.” Drew stated, confirming his suspicion.

“I'm old enough,” you huffed, though it sounded like a hollow excuse, your eyes shifting between Stretch and Drew.

“That isn't…” Drew sighed, lowering his voice. “...that isn't the problem and you know it.”

“Lay *off* , Drew,” you hissed, almost too quiet for Stretch to hear. You were still casting him nervous glances.

“Do you do this often?”

“I said, *lay off* .”

Getting no answer from you, he turned to Stretch. “Does she drink often?”

Stretch thought for a moment. He can't recall specific times where he had seen you drink. Once? Maybe twice? The only one that stuck out in his mind was the party you had gone to with Colin way back in Spring of last year that Red had brought up earlier. He shrugged.

“no, not really.”

Drew relaxed, but only a little, turning his look back to you. It was as if an entire conversation went on between your eyes, because eventually Drew sighed again, this time in frustration.

“hey, man, relax.” Stretch offered, patting him gently on the shoulder. “we’re all among friends here. it’s safe.”

“But she’s sick,” Drew objected. Stretch snorted. Was *that* his worry?

“ *chill* , dude, it’s just a little *cold* ,” Stretch chuckled. “and her fever went away this morning. no big deal, one drink won't kill ‘er.”

Drew’s deadpan made him think that it really might. “No, I meant--”

“Drew!” You piped up, cutting him off. “I...I wanna sing. I've been wanting to for a while...Lost Boy...if you haven't forgotten.”

Drew stopped, and it was as if the entire previous conversation had been wiped from his mind. He slowly smiled. “Yeah. Yeah. You know, I was thinking about that earlier, ever since we started talking about guitars. I could never...I thought *you* forgot.”

Your smile was tired, but happy and relieved. “Never.”

“what's the song? i might know the chords.” Stretch offered, but you shook your head.

“No, ha, you won't know it. Drew wrote it.”

“Only the music,” he said, blushing and rubbing the back of his head. “You wrote the lyrics.”

You wrote a song? Color him stunned and impressed. He had no idea you had ever done anything like that. In fact, he distinctly remembered you saying you were garbage at that kind of thing.

“Can Drew borrow your guitar, Stretch?” You were asking. When had you sidled up next to him with that sweet pleading look? He chuckled, patting the hand you had laid on his arm.

“anything to finally hear you sing, honey.”

There was that adorable rosy blush he loved so much. He wasn't usually one to step-and-fetch, but he wasn't lying when he said anything for you, so he went to do just that as Drew murmured an apology in your ear. He glanced back to see the two of you talking in low voices, wondering what that all had been about.

It wasn't long before everyone had gathered in the living room to watch the performance. Edge even had his phone out, which was more enthusiasm than he thinks he's ever seen him have.

You and Drew were discussing and humming in low voices, giggling as you stumbled slightly over lyrics and chords together. Finally, it appeared you were ready.

“So, uhm, this is a song we wrote together. Gram had said it might help my healing process, or to...come out of my shell.”

“It worked,” Drew snorted, and you blushed a little. “I'm serious. I had never seen you crack a smile until you described this dream. See, she based it on this dream she had after the first time we read Peter Pan to her--”

“Okay, okay, just play the music, jeez,” you shushed insistently. Drew laughed, leaning back to comply.

The opening chords were...slower than he anticipated, and when you opened your mouth to sing he was struck by a resonation so strong it brought tears to his eyes. He could feel it, the pain you were feeling when you wrote it...the sense of a new life, freedom, family...everything.

There was a time

When I was alone

Nowhere to go and no place to call home

My only friend was the man in the moon,

And even sometimes he would go away, too…

Then one night, as I closed my eyes
I saw a shadow flying high
He came to me with the sweetest smile
Told me he wanted to talk for awhile
He said, "Peter Pan, that's what they call me
I promise that you'll never be lonely, " and ever since that day…

Stretch didn't have to look around to know he wasn't the only one feeling this. The tears on his face hardly registered, his brother clutching his leg with a muffled sob.

He would personally make sure you never felt lonely ever again. That much he knew for sure.

I am a lost boy

From Neverland

Usually hanging out with Peter Pan and

When we're bored we’d play in the woods

Always on the run from Captain Hook, oh…

Run, run, lost boy

They say to me

Away from all of reality

How long did you run? Edge wondered, trying to control the shake in his hands as he recorded the scene. He doesn't cry as a rule, but then again, you always make him break all the rules.

Neverland is home to Lost Boys like me
And Lost Boys like me are free

Where is Neverland for you now? Papyrus hoped it was home with them. He wanted you to be free, free to live and love as you pleased.

Neverland is home to Lost Boys like me
And Lost Boys like me are free

God, was he shaking? Axe stared at his hands as he trembled slightly. He needed to get out of here before he did something stupid. You and your song, and your soul, and everything...you had turned him upside down and inside out. But it was more than that...you had given him a freedom he had never thought possible for him.

He sprinkled me in pixie dust and told me to believe
Believe in him and believe in me
Together we will fly away in a cloud of green
To your beautiful destiny

Your face was the calmest he had ever seen it, and all he could do was stare in awe as you sang. Sans had never seen you like this, not in any timeline, and it was making his soul ache. He wanted to touch you, hold you, press his skull to your chest and listen to the sound of your heartbeat.

Maybe it wasn't the song you shared between his soul and yours, but this was a song that definitely came directly from your soul. And it was beautiful.

As we soared above the town that never loved me
I realized I finally had a family

Not a single skeleton missed the feeling in their soul when you sang that. *They* were your family.

Soon enough we reached Neverland
Peacefully my feet hit the sand
And ever since that day…

I am a Lost Boy from Neverland
Usually hanging out with Peter Pan
And when we're bored we play in the Woods
Always on the run from Captain Hook
Run run Lost Boy, they say to me
Away from all of reality
Neverland is home to Lost Boys like me
And Lost Boys like me are free
Neverland is home to Lost Boys like me
And Lost Boys like me are free

Drew was smiling, Stretch could see. His brothers were staring in awe. You were glowing, and he didn't just mean you were happy--you were *literally* glowing. He wasn't sure if it was just him, or the lighting, but you looked like the most brilliant star in the entire universe. He wanted to bask in your light forever.

Peter Pan, Tinker Bell, Wendy Darling
Even Captain Hook you are my perfect story book
Neverland I love you so, you are now my home sweet home
Forever a Lost Boy at last
Peter Pan, Tinker Bell, Wendy Darling
Even Captain Hook you are my perfect story book
Neverland I love you so, you are now my home sweet home
Forever a Lost Boy at last
And for always I will say...

I am a Lost Boy from Neverland
Usually hanging out with Peter Pan
And when we're bored we play in the Woods
Always on the run from Captain Hook
Run run Lost Boy, they say to me
Away from all of reality
Neverland is home to Lost Boys like me
And Lost Boys like me are free
Neverland is home to Lost Boys like me
And Lost Boys like me are free

Red watched the tears as they dripped numbly from his sockets and down the sink of the hotel bathroom. On his phone screen, you were smiling as you gently wrecked him with your sweet voice, and the soft tingle in his chest made him regret not being there in person for a moment.

The moment passed, and he was left staring at himself in the mirror, face streaked red with tears as he stood there in his white t-shirt. He sniffed, scrubbing at his cheeks to get rid of the tears. The video his brother has sent him started to play again and he fumbled quickly to turn it off, but instead dropped it behind the toilet.

He cursed, trying to reach around the tank as your voice echoed through the room, haunting him.

“shut up shut up shut *up* ,” he pleaded, finally seizing it and trying to turn it off. Frozen screen. He growled and smacked it, but it kept playing. “come on, come on…”

He sniffed again, rubbing his cheekbones with his elbow briefly. No, no more tears goddammit! He had told himself he’d never cry once he got to the surface. He was strong, he was capable, he was somebody his brother could be proud of. He couldn't take it anymore, this power you had over him, this control, and yet wanting him to let you do whatever you fucking pleased like it wasn't--

“ *I promise that you’ll never be lonely…”*

“i said *shut up!* ”

SNAP .

...Oh. Well, that's one way to turn a phone off. He stared at the destroyed object, cracked screen flickering a display of his brother’s latest texts before finally going black.

There was a knock on the door, and the voice of the girl from the bar called through it. What was her name again? Jenna? Jamie?

“Are you okay in there?”

Red sighed, turning to his jacket on the back of the door and rustling through the pockets for another bottle of that cognac he’d bought.

“Hello?”

“m’fine.” He responded as he pounded down another double shot. He splashed some water on his face and grabbed a towel, and then looked in the mirror again, tears gone now. He plastered on a hungry grin, one he had practiced for years.

He used to think it looked real, but now it looked so plastic. It didn't look anything like the grin you got him to wear.

“i’ll be out in a second, dollface.”

Chapter End Notes

RED. RED, WATER YOU DOING. RED STAHP.

....I told you guys Red would get laid soon...I never said it was by reader *evil laughter*

The song is Lost Boy by Ruth B, and I'm obsessed with it.

Please comment your anger with Red and tell me how this chapter made you feel! I worked pretty hard on this one...things are gonna get a little crazy from here, so I'm very excited!

Relieve the Pain

Chapter Summary

Red knows one thing: he loves you.
And you find out exactly how magic can make you feel, in a very unexpected way.

Chapter Notes

Please continue to check out Existence by Musecookie!
They've written some really awesome AU's for this story with a theory they had before they found out what reader was.

I realized that I posted on Tuesday instead of Wednesday, so I figured since I had chapters built up I would stick to my update schedule and you guys just get a bonus this week *shrug*
I'm loving all your guy's responses to Red and Reader, by the way! Some of you are telling Red it's ok, and some are angry, but my favorite part is how many of you just feel bad for the poor thing. He doesn't have good coping mechanisms and he has no reference for what a healthy relationship looks like, and a lot of that mirrors with Reader due to her abuse. Two peas in a pod, as they say.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The night came to a close shortly after your little performance. Jordan apologized sheepishly for his earlier reaction, and clutched you close when you hugged him. You couldn't help but sob with him, as he stuttered about just wanting his sister back...Eli eventually peeled him off to give you a hug as well, telling you not to be a stranger this time.

Drew lingered in the doorway, making you promise to talk to Green about treatment options.

“You worry too much,” you had said, patting his hand and pushing him gently out the door.

“I'm serious,” Drew pushed back, clutching your hand. “I noticed, you know. That none of them know. It isn't up to me what you tell them, but just...don't turn 10 months into two just because you aren't managing symptoms...please.”

“Okay, okay, promise,” you sighed, leaning up to give him a peck on the cheek. “You have my number now, so I might as well or else you'll blow my phone up every day.”

He laughed, and turned to go, but you grabbed his arm.

“Drew...if you see anything weird, let me know immediately. I don't want anyone getting hurt.”

“Alright, I'll keep an eye out,” he assented, patting your hand. “And I'll have Gram call you...I know she wants to. It'll be a chore and a half to keep her from getting on a bus to go find you now.”

“I could totally see that.”

“And…” Drew brushed your cheek with his hand gently. “I'm sorry. Four years, and all I could think about all night was your health. Probably a pretty shitty reunion on your end...next time we’ll talk about something else. No more mother hen, I promise.”

You laughed as he kissed your forehead, and waved as he walked away, leaning against the door jamb. One last glance from his perfect sapphires reminded you exactly how exhausting today had been, as your heart began to ache in a way you had been putting off all day.

You had missed this. You had missed him. There was a special place in your heart for him that nobody else would ever be able to fill.

“hey.” Sans said softly, his hand caressing your elbow ever-so-gently. “ready for bed?”

“Yeah, I think so,” you sighed, turning to lean against the shoulder he offered. “I just wish Red would stop sulking...I hate going to bed with all this animosity in the air.”

“i’m sure he’ll get over it come morning. c’mon, we gotta go save your stuff from crooks’ room before axe or dusty tries to finagle their way into sleeping with you.”

You giggled, allowing him to lead you up the stairs as the door swung closed behind him.

He had it made.

The lights were down, the girl’s robe hanging off her petite frame, there was music and cognac and…

...and he felt nothing.

Jamie’s hands weren't the same as yours. They were too eager, too dominating, and not in the sexy nurse way yours were. Her perfume was definitely not bad, but it was a little overpowering to his monster senses as she pushed him back against the headboard. He couldn't help but think that your natural scent was a million times better.

She certainly wasn’t lacking in assets, in fact her measurements appeared to be the same as yours from what he could tell. Her skin was perfect, unmarred, completely smooth but for a single endearing little mole on her clavicle. He didn't think he would ever think of perfect skin as a negative, but he had to chalk it up to the fact that it wasn't *yours* .

Her kisses were impersonal, heated but without igniting the flame in his soul, exploring his bones. He was making the motions, kissing her back and running his hands over her smooth skin, but he felt numb. He wanted to enjoy it, really, and normally he would. Normally this would be thrilling, the idea of owning some little human girl for a night and never talking to each other again.

“wait, no, that's not…” he sighed finally, removing her hand from his sternum. It just felt *weird* when she did it. “i think i made a mistake comin’ here.”

Jamie sat back, pulling her robe back tight over her shoulders and breasts as he pulled his shirt back down.

“Let me guess, you have a girlfriend?” She asked, cocking her head slightly. “Or maybe, someone you love, but she isn't yours, so you thought you would see if it felt the same with someone else?”

“very perceptive,” he said, suddenly very tired as he dragged his hand over his skull. “you oughta be a detective.”

She moved so that he could get up, and he retrieved his jacket from the back of the bathroom door, pulling his phone out and staring at it for a long moment. He chuckled, clutching the shattered object. It was still playing the song, very quietly, flickering...your voice was obviously full of love...

He was such an idiot.

He pulled his jacket on and disappeared without another word.

Somehow you had ended up in Papyrus’ room, despite your best efforts to assert that you could take care of yourself, and even reminding them about being too protective. They didn't seem to really care, and you ended up sharing with Pap anyway.

This was due to a combination of:

1. Dusty and Axe really were trying to sneak into your bed
2. Crooks was a little too passive to stop his brothers and
3. Everyone agreed that Papyrus was the best choice, because he was a gentleman and also very capable of defending you.

Edge and Blue were sulking a bit, but as they were already sharing rooms with their brothers it was easier this way. Not to mention you needed a little bit of time to recharge, and who better to do that with than Papyrus? He was refreshing to be around, gentle, kind, and considerate.

And so Papyrus’ room it was.

“THIS WILL BE JUST LIKE A SLEEPOVER!” Papyrus enthused, armful of blankets as you walked down the hall with your stuff. You giggled, hugging your pillow to your face. “WE CAN TALK ALL NIGHT, AND I CAN BRAID YOUR HAIR, AND...WHAT ELSE HAPPENS AT SLEEPOVERS?”

“Talk about crushes?” You joked, and Papyrus laughed a little, his cheeks glowing a light orange.

He opened the door for you, somehow.

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING?” Papyrus asked, as you dumped your pillows on the bed. “AT SLEEPOVERS, YOU MAKE A BLANKET FORT!”

You smiled, but it must have looked tired, because he smiled understandingly right back.

“Perhaps we could relax before we do that, though,” he offered, surprising you with a genuinely soft voice as he lifted you in his arms and plopped onto the bed. You giggled, hugging him right back as he leaned against the headboard. “How are you feeling?”

“No fever, so I'm good,” you mumbled, and his little laugh surprised you.

“I didn't mean that, silly. I meant, emotions. You were feeling really conflicted about your before-family, weren't you?” He asked, rubbing your back gently as you smushed your face against his soft t-shirt. You blew a raspberry childishly.

“You're too perceptive. Stop that.”

“Okay!”

Silence.

“I was joking, Paps.”

“Oh,” he laughed, squeezing you. “Then, please share, if you will? Are you...alright?”

You hummed thoughtfully. “I'm...surprisingly okay. I'm sorry for just dropping these people on you guys...I was a little ashamed that I left them like that…” You leaned back in his grip to look at him. “I didn't want you guys to think I'd do the same to you.”

You were essentially straddling him now, which didn't really bother you. He seemed not to notice, anyway.

“You were scared, and facing something much stronger than you. You did what you had to do to protect the ones you care for.” He said softly, patting your cheek reassuringly. “If left no other choice, I might do the same.”

“You're just saying that, but thanks anyway.” You shook your head. Papyrus would never leave anyone behind. Ever. Period.

You sighed and sat back on his femurs, unknotting your robe.

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING?” He squeaked, hands flying up to hold your robe in place and surprising you.

“Woah, jeez,” you shrieked, catching yourself on his chest. “Uh, I was just gonna take my robe off because I'm wearing PJ's?”

“...OH.”

He flushed a sweet clementine color as he dropped his hands into his lap, allowing you to continue what you were doing.

“Um...just...you said I looked nice in a tank top,” you said as you removed it slowly. “So...I tried again. I mean, uh, I wore one. Again. So…so I just wanted to wear another one because I thought it might be--”

“You look *beautiful* .” He reassured you gently, moving to gather your robe and slip it from your frame. “See? Nothing bad will happen to you with m…”

He trailed off, eyes roaming over your now-bare shoulders and arms. You shrunk back a little, pain lighting up in your heart. Why did you think this was a good idea? They were so ugly, you shouldn't have--

“My dear, these bruises are really awful,” he said softly, fingers brushing over your clavicle and arms. “I had no idea you were hurt like this!”

You glanced down, remembering all the bruises from where you had broadsided Red on the ice earlier. They looked a lot worse now than they had when you had changed, with approximately a quarter of your shoulder and upper arm covered in deep purple marks. You let out a sigh of relief, mentally chastising yourself for ever believing *Papyrus* would find your scars unsightly.

“Oh, yeah. That's from when I collided with Red while skating earlier,” you shrugged, ignoring the dull ache in the injured limb.

“I can't believe they're this bad,” Papyrus whispered, face wrought with worry as he brushed your hair away. Then, a determined look overtook his features and he firmly pushed you down, down, down, until you were laying flat on the bed.

“P-Pap--”

“Shh! I'll have no resistance, or I shall be forced to restrain you. And I do not want to do that!”

You shut your mouth, face growing incredibly warm as you thought of Papyrus tying you to the bed like this. Oh, boy, you aren't supposed to think such naughty things about this cinnamon roll!

He traced your bruises slowly, leaving a soft tingle of magic behind as he went. “The damage isn't terrible, but it seems to be steadily growing worse. I should probably just heal you, before it gets too tender...are you in pain?”

“A little,” you managed to breathe as he sat up, removing his gloves and placing them on the bedside table. “Uh... My physical pain tolerance is kinda high, I guess.”

“Oh, dear, these are everywhere,” he muttered to himself as he slightly pulled down the shirt to inspect the damage. He realized quickly what he was doing and let go immediately, trying to hide his blush.

“Yeah, I kinda hit him with this whole side,” you said, pulling the shirt up to show him the bruises marking your ribs and hip. “Red is very sturdy, and I am very *not* .”

“Well, uhm...I guess I'll just start. Healing, that is. Eh, you need to lay flatter than that so I can see. I have to see it to heal it or else it might not heal completely.”

You spread yourself flat underneath him in compliance, and you thought he might actually turn into an orange at this point. He hesitated, staring at you.

“Everything okay up there, big guy?” you asked, nudging him gently with your knee.

He jumped, stuttering slightly. “Y-yes, everything is fine! But, uhm, oh dear...how do I put this...I can't see the ones under your shirt?”

Your turn to blush. “Oh.” You hesitantly sat up against the pillows, pulling your shirt up to the top of your ribs. You're pretty sure you're flashing some underboob, especially if his face is any indication, but to his credit he tried not to let it distract him.

“I'm going to...touch you now,” he said cautiously, and you nodded. His fingers, coated in orange magic, brushed against your bruised skin with a tingle that surprised you. You'd never really been

healed by magic before, save for a few scratches and burns that he had cared for before. There had never been anything as bad as these, but as his fingers gently caressed your side, you felt the warmth spreading from his hands slowly outward, until you were practically buzzing. It was very obviously different from those times, and you flashed back to Sans telling you that magic was all about intent--that is, the way you were feeling was because Papyrus *wanted* to make you feel that way, instead of just wanting to heal you.

You suppress a moan as his fingers brushed a scar on your shoulder, the tingle intensifying the feeling...and sending a signal straight to your heat. Ooohhh boy, you were definitely getting warm, and for Papyrus of all people. Your interrupted definitely-something with Sans this morning came rushing back to you, along with all the pent up stress from the day. Suddenly, it was all-too-obvious to you that it had been *six months* since you got laid, and you only prayed that Papyrus wouldn't notice the way you were squirming underneath his touch.

“Alright, I'm…” Papyrus started to say he was finished, but he caught a glimpse of your face and the words died on his teeth. He was naive, sure, but he wasn't stupid enough not to recognize the signs:

You were breathing heavily, squeezing his arm as you tried to hide your rapidly reddening face behind your other hand. Barring that, you were also squirming a bit beneath him, and he could tell by your tightly pressed thighs exactly what was making you squirm. Had *he* done that to you?

“Are...are you done?” You asked, clearly suppressing the urge to moan the words, and suddenly it was very, *very* hot in here.

“...No.” He lied automatically, feeling terrible about it as soon as he said it. “Ah, uhm, I mean, yes, with the ones on your shoulder, and ribs, but...it seems you are still...stressed. Is there anything I can do to help you...relax?”

“Oh my God,” you squeaked and covered your face with your hands, clearly mortified. “Pap, please. You don't know what you're saying.”

“I do, too!” He huffed, a little annoyed. Did you think he was a baby bones? “I'm not a child, you know.”

You peeked up at him with curiosity, so he continued.

“Sans told me that when somebody you love is distressed, there are certain things you can do to relieve tension. Granted, I think he meant something like backrubs or cuddles, but then again he also sees me as a child most of the time.”

“You…” You looked up at him with wide eyes, and he gazed back down at you questioningly. You cleared your throat and continued. “...uhm...you used the L-word.”

“Love?”

Something about that seemed to be funny to you, as you let out a little giggle. “Uh, yeah. That one.”

“Well, that's because I love you, silly. Very much so.” He asserted, leaning down to smooch your forehead affectionately, complete with “MUAH” sound effect. He took note of how sweet and

surprised you looked. “In fact, I don't think I have ever loved anyone in quite the way I love you, you know.”

Suddenly he gasped as he realized what your surprise meant.

“Wait! You mean that I have never told you before?” You shook your head. “Goodness! I apologize, my dear, I have been a very poor lover!”

You gave a stunned silence. Wow, he didn't think he had done that badly. He’ll just have to love you twice as much to make up for it!

“Well, fear not, my little human, for that stops now. From now on, the GREAT PAPYRUS will be the best lover you have ever had!”

“...I'm not sure that means what you think it means, contextually.”

“Sure I do! It means, take off your pants!”

“What?!”

He rolled his eyelights. “Y/N, dear, how am I supposed to heal the bruises on your thigh if you do not take them off?”

“Wait. What?” You asked again, feeling dumb.

“Take your pants off, so I can help you relax,” he repeated, sitting back on his heels over you. His posture didn't look that different than if he was offering to watch TV with you. *Was* he only offering to watch TV? Then what was that about not being a child? If he was offering more...

Okay, breathe. He’s sending some mixed signals, you can't help but think. The stress of the day is weighing on your shoulders and you're too tired to puzzle it out on your own.

Best to just be blunt.

“I'm too tired to try and figure this out, so just tell me straight up,” you sighed, making eye contact with him. “Papyrus. Are you offering me sex?”

His little clementine blush lit up, and he smiled softly at you.

“Well, my dear, I suppose that depends.”

“Depends?”

He cocked his head slightly, curiously, and dropped his voice an octave for a timbre that thrilled you immediately.

“Do you... *want* to have sex with me, y/n?”

Red stumbled in the dark of his room, cursing as he sent something crashing to the ground. Fuck, he shouldn't teleport drunk, he knows better.

The lights flicked on, and he froze, knowing exactly where this was going. He braced himself for the screaming.

“Where have you been?”

...he had to turn around to confirm that it was actually his brother who was talking to him. He had never heard him talk that quietly before.

He had also never seen him look so worried before.

“...out.”

Edge scoffed, and Red relaxed. Now *that* looked more like his brother.

“Out? Out where? Tonight was very important to the human, you know. And the whole time, she kept looking at the stairs like you were going to come down any minute.”

Ouch. That made him feel even more awful. When he stood there silently, Edge crossed the room, grabbing him by the hood with a grumble.

“Leave it to me to have to do everything. She's in Papyrus’ room, you should go talk to…”

He paused, hand hovering over the doorknob, before turning slowly back to him with an accusing glare.

“You *stink* ,” he growled, and Red instinctively shrunk back into the fluff of his jacket, but it was too late.

Edge snatched him by the front of his shirt and tore his jacket off of him, eyelights scrutinizing his appearance. He reeked of alcohol, but also some sort of perfume he didn't recognize, and as if that weren't incriminating enough, he was covered in tiny lipstick marks. He ignored Red’s protests as he pulled his shirt up to find more marks there, as well.

“You're disgusting,” he spat, tossing his brother aside. “Go clean up, you idiot...You'll break her heart if you go to her like that.”

He wanted to say he hadn't done anything, but it was a lie. Maybe he hadn't actually boned the girl, but he was going to, and he had acted accordingly. He had kissed her, he had touched her bare skin, he had done something that couldn't be undone. Betrayed you, it felt like.

He sniffed, wiping away the tears before they could betray him. God, he hated this.

“You know, it's none of my business what you do, or who you do it with,” Edge began slowly, crossing his arms. “But...I think this is the first time I have truly been disappointed in you since she’s been around.”

“...i get it.”

“She doesn't deserve this.”

“i know.”

“I love you.”

“i said, i get i…” Red paused, halfway through snapping at his brother for ribbing him as the words sunk in. “...what?”

“You heard me,” Edge sniffed, face burning in embarrassment. “I just thought that...I haven't told you enough. And...maybe because of that, I'm partly to blame for how you run off to handle everything your own way, which, by the way, sucks.”

It was supposed to be humorous, but Red wasn't laughing. In fact, he was just staring at him, wide-socketed and shocked.

“Are you going to sit there or are you going to wipe that lipstick off your ribs?” Edge snapped, and Red started slightly, his hand coming up to clutch the front of his shirt. “...And it wouldn't kill you to say it back, either, you idiot.”

“...’course i love ya, pap.” He sniffed, and Edge turned a shocked face at him.

“Are you *crying* ?”

“i’m sorry, boss, i just…” The tears rolled down his skull even as he tried to wipe them away. He was too drunk for this, too upset. The words just spilled out of his mouth like a waterfall. “it's just that i never...heard ya say that to me. i never...and all because i...i just love her. i *love her so much* and-and i just...i want her to be happy but i wanna protect her, and she isn't letting me do that, and i don't wanna lose ‘er but i can't let go of all this anxiety in my chest!”

Edge stared dumbly at his slobbering mess of a brother, and his first instinct was to smack him and tell him to man up...but then he felt bad for thinking that, because he knew that was only a remnant of the life he had been forced into in their world. What would Papyrus do right now, if it were Sans?

“and-and, i feel so goddamn *weak* around her, but so strong at the same time, like she makes me feel like i could do anything but also like i’m completely helpless--” He squeaked as suddenly his brother’s arms were around him. *Him* . Being hugged by his brother. How long has it been?

He hesitantly brought his hands up to clutch at the back of Edge’s sleep shirt, and it wasn't long before he was cradling his sobbing form like he used to do when they were young, like they had seen Papyrus carry Sans before, like they had seen the others comfort each other…

Red sobbed into Edge’s shoulder as everything melted away, all the pain, the weakness, the fear...he had almost made a huge mistake tonight, and instead of casting him aside or telling you directly himself...

...Edge was actually loving him, and showing it, and even if it was only for tonight, it was enough to last a lifetime.

It was hours before they both stopped crying, and Stretch lay awake in the next room listening to the sobs through the wall.

“Papy?”

“...yeah, bro?”

“I'm grateful for the world we grew up in.” Blue said quietly, and he felt the mat dip as Blue joined him in his bed. “Otherwise, we might be like them.”

“if you wanna get technical, we’d be black and mutt.” Stretch mused. Blue sighed.

“That's not funny.”

“wasn't a joke.”

The noises in the other room had quieted now, and all he could hear were low voices. Talking things out, it seems. He had no idea what the whole debacle was about, but from what he could tell Red had come home very drunk and very upset. Man...he had never heard the two of them cry like that, nor had he ever heard them say they loved each other. He told Blue he loved him every day, sometimes twice a day, and his brother told him the same even more often. He can't imagine not having that. It would be like living in a genocide timeline where only Blue was gone, but with no resets...except, he concluded, it would be worse because he would be there, but he wouldn't care. It made his bones shiver, and for the first time…

...for the first time, he thinks he might actually understand Red.

Chapter End Notes

So, in the end, Red makes the right choice for his sanity.
IF YOU'RE PROUD OF RED AND EDGE CLAP YOUR HANDS

Also...we might be FRICKLE FRACKING with PAPYRUS???

Tune in next time for...the long-awaited *smut chapter?!*

eagerly awaits confused, outraged, and genuinely surprised comments

Love Me, Love You **

Chapter Summary

It's been a long time coming.
Pun intended.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! I won't have time to post tomorrow, so here's an early chapter for you!
Wow!
So many of you were SO STOKED for Pap to get laid. I love it when you guys get so into it, it really makes my day to see all the people freaking out in the comments.
As promised, this chapter is smut! Explicit smut! It's finally happening! There will be a summary in the final notes if you would rather skip it.
Warnings: explicit smut, p in v, making love, etc

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You woke up ridiculously early with a stuffy nose, which you very quickly realized was from the dried nosebleed on your face. You tried to get up to take care of it, but Papyrus was wrapped around you, hugging you gently against his soft sleep shirt as he snored.

And so you were trapped.

You sighed and gave in to your fate, allowing him to pull you back in, mumbling in his sleep about pasta. You managed to finagle your arms around him so you could stroke his skull affectionately, thinking about last night.

You had been considering his offer in stunned silence when your nose had started to bleed, and *really* bleed. Papyrus, naturally, went full nurse mode and the moment was ruined, if there was ever a moment to begin with. You found that you were actually terribly disappointed...a fact you'll probably have to think on later.

After the bleeding slowed, and finally stopped, you had been too dizzy and tired to do anything, sexual or otherwise, and thus, after he finished healing the bruises on your hip, you settled for snuggling with Pap while you watched cheesy Rom-coms on Netflix. Halfway through *P.S. I Love You* , you nodded off against his chest, and that was that.

You stretched your free arm as far as you could, snagging your phone from the bedside table to see if there were any messages from Red, and a heaviness settled in your gut when you saw that there weren't. Having slept on it, you felt awful about the way you spoke to him. Yeah, you needed your space, that part was true, but you should have had a calm, collected conversation at a later time instead of a screaming match at the ice rink.

And honestly...deep down...you knew that you actually loved the attention. You felt shitty admitting it to yourself, but if you didn't have secrets like Red had pointed out, you would be basking in their fussiness and enjoying every second. You especially love Red's attention and protectiveness, the way he makes sure you know you're safe with him, the way his hardened asshole exterior melts into pure adoration when he sees you. There's something about being prized in such a way...well, when you spend the majority of your life being a thing to be ignored...it feels nice to be acknowledged as something worth worrying about.

The problem is, with that adoration also comes scrutiny. He knows exactly when you're acting weird, they all do at this point, and it seems to bother him more than the others.

Ding!

You glance down at your phone, surprised to see Edge's nickname on the screen.

2:25am

SugarDaddy: hey kitten u awake

(xxx): ??? Red?

SugarDaddy: oh yeah this is red

SugarDaddy: sorry

(xxx): Why are you using Edge's phone?

SugarDaddy: long story, but mine's broken

SugarDaddy: hey...can we talk?

(xxx): yeah...meet me downstairs in 5?

SugarDaddy: u got it kitten

You breathed a sigh of relief, the tension in your shoulders uncoiling slowly as you realized he didn't, in fact, completely hate you now. This was good.

And now, for your next trick...getting out of Papyrus' grasp.

"Hey, Pap...if you roll over, I think there's somebody who wants an autograph." You cooed softly, and his skull perked up sleepily.

"Hmm? Where?"

You giggled, nudging him slightly. "Over there."

He flopped over and muttered something about adoring fans, and you quickly swapped yourself for a large pillow and slid off the bed. You made a short pit-stop in the bathroom to clean out your nose

and wipe your face (nothing says sorry like a bloody face, right?) and then you quietly snuck down the stairs.

The lodge was pitch black, and you didn't know it very well, so you held tight to the banister as you creeped down the steps. You didn't run into Red on the stairs, or see him coming down the other set, so you assumed he must be waiting downstairs already.

You stepped out into the spacious living room, as big as a hotel lobby. 18 hours ago this room had been alight with life as everyone played monopoly...now it was empty and silent, washed in moonlight as it poured from the huge cabin-style windows.

You felt a hand softly brush your shoulder, and you turned to find Red behind you, crimson eyelights and golden tooth glowing in the moonlight.

“Hey,” you breathed softly, and your whisper sounded so loud against the silence.

“hey.” He repeated back, hands twitching away from you. He shoved them in his pockets, casting his eyes downward.

“listen, i--”

“I just--”

Pause. Then you were both laughing a little, quietly.

“...Can we skip to the part where we make up?” You asked sheepishly. You knew the answer was no, and his slight shake proved it.

“no...i...i need to talk about it,” he said. His voice sounded hoarse, like maybe he’d been crying. “before you say anything...i’m sorry i reacted so poorly. m’not exactly good at feelings that aren't horny, hungry, or *survive* . never have been...it just wasn't important where we came from. but...i do trust you. it's everything else i don't trust.”

He sighed, hand coming up to cup your cheek.

“you gotta understand how it feels for me. seein’ you get hurt every time i turn my back...i feel like i’m failing to protect you.”

You nodded slightly, leaning into his touch. “Sans said something similar when I hurt my hand...that he wanted to make sure I never have to say I‘ve had worse. It's like that.”

“yeah. like that.” He practically purred, sockets half-closed. “except i come from a world where if you leave your lover alone for a minute they could get killed...or worse. the kinda world where if you loved someone, you put a collar on ‘em like a dog so people didn't try anything stupid while you were gone...especially if your loved one has low hp. like, say, only 1.”

He jangled his collar, flipping the dog tag over. You had to squint to read it in the moonlight: ***PROPERTY OF PAPYRUS*** .

Well, that explained a lot.

“now, i ain't gonna collar ya like an animal, (‘less of course you're into that) but i still...get anxious. i’m sorry if i come off as a bully, or overprotective...i just...i love you, a lot, you know and...and i

jus’ wantcha safe.”

He murmured that last bit into your ear, the both of you realizing at that moment that you had gravitated toward each other and were locked in an embrace, his arm firmly around your shoulders and the other cradling your head as you buried your face in his red turtleneck sweater, embarrassed by his admission of feelings. You aren't sure you’ll ever get over that thing with the L-word.

There was a moment of silence before he chuckled.

“thought you wanted some space?”

You shook your head as well as you could in his grip. “Space is just a word made up by someone who was afraid to get too close.”

His grip tightened, and he nuzzled the top of your head. “...yeah.”

“...I'm sorry, too, by the way,” you said meekly, surprising him. He hummed in confusion, and you answered. “For yelling at you...telling you to leave me alone...and being a cunt.”

He suppressed a snicker, poorly. “i accept the apology...and i appreciate the valiant attempt at using the most beautiful word in the english language...but you definitely used it wrong.”

“Oh?” You leaned back a little to look at him curiously. “How so?”

“well, 'cunt’ isn’t supposed to be an insult,” he shrugged. “it's supposed to be sexy.”

“ *Sexy?* ” You said incredulously, a giggle in your voice. “I'm sorry, I fail to see how that's possible.”

“oh, really?” He hummed, leaning down to whisper next to your ear. His voice was low and came out almost in a growl. “so, if i told ya that i *know* how badly your cunt is achin’ for me, and how i can't *wait* to fill it up...that wouldn't be hot? not even a little?”

Even in the low light of the room he could see your blush, and it was so sweet and innocent. He just wanted to take a bite out of you.

“N...no. Definitely...definitely not,” you stammered unconvincingly. You pressed against him, just a little closer, and he exhaled slowly. “But, uh...feel free to try and convince me some more...or maybe...pair it with a kiss and see if I change my mind?”

Oh, he would love to. He would ravage you in a moment if he thought he deserved it. The way you were caressing his skull and the ridges of his spine, the way you were leaning into his touch, the warmth of your breath on his neck...it was everything he had been seeking earlier, everything that was missing back at the hotel.

“...no.”

“No?” You pulled back, confused and slightly hurt. “You...don't want--”

“no, jesus fuck i *want to* ,” he corrected quickly. “nothin’ on earth could keep me from takin’ care of business with you if i deserved it.”

“And you don't?”

He exhaled in a sigh. “listen...let's go sit and talk?”

The sitting room next to the deck was warm, despite the walls and ceiling being entirely made of glass. Red’s strong hand guided you to sit on the couch, even as you continued to stare at the stars through the glass ceiling. It was beautiful...so perfect.

“kitten...i wasn't sulking in my room all night like edge said.”

You snapped out of your daze, turning your attention back on him. He was sitting on the couch with you, leaned back against the arm with a tired look on his skull.

“i went to a bar. thought, you know, get my mind off it. tired of dealin’ with things sober, i guess. boss says he thinks it's his fault i handle my issues so poorly, but i don't blame him.” He sighed, running a hand over his skull as if he knew he was avoiding the point.

“Okay, so you went to a bar,” you shrugged. “No big deal.”

“yeah, i thought so, too. thing is, i let myself get carried away, you know. drank a little too much. and...and i was angry, at you, and i was frustrated and hurt, and i kept starin’ at your text and gettin’ angrier, and i just wanted to not *feel* anything, or feel *everything* , fuck, i don't know…” he paused, taking a deep breath. “...i went back to some girl’s hotel room.”

...Oh. You just stared at him, unsure what to say. You had no idea how you were supposed to feel about that. You're pretty sure a normal person would be upset, but you weren't sure if you were.

“look, i’m not gonna make excuses. it was dumb, and selfish, and i hated myself every second it went on. even broke my phone because boss kept sending me that video of you singing, and it was burning me from the inside out. and i...you know, i was there, and i was going to do it, but…” He reached out and slid his hand into yours, which you hesitantly accepted, still unsure. “i realized the second she put her hands on me that i never wanted to be touched by anyone but you ever again.”

The feeling tingled where his hand met yours, and you knew he wasn't lying. He looked at you in a careful, worried manner, and you realized he was waiting for you to get upset, maybe even yell at him. You kept it to yourself, but you had literally been moments away from boning *Papyrus* last night, so it wasn't like you could judge. It did feel weird, and kind of empty, thinking about him with that other girl...but he hadn't actually done anything, so...

He watched your face closely, but for once it was unreadable. He knows you don't handle emotional things well, just like him...physical pain, sure, but emotional pain hits you closer to home.

“listen...i’m prepared to wait for you,” he said. “however long it takes. days. months. years. i don't care, i’ll prove how sorry i am for this and when you're ready to forgive me i’ll--”

You mumbled something he didn't quite catch.

“...come again?”

“I said, ‘forgiven',” you repeated, leaning forward and throwing yourself into his arms. He caught you easily, surprised as you pressed your mouth against his teeth.

“mmm...jus’ like that?” He mumbled against your mouth.

“Just like that,” you confirmed, kissing him again. He let out a surprised moan, and drew you closer, pulling you fully into his lap and reveling in how lucky he was.

“i guess i just...don't understand,” he panted as you parted for a moment. “why?”

You laughed a little, leaning your forehead against his shoulder. “Because life is too short. I can't waste days, months, or years stewing over some girl from the bar that clearly meant nothing. You said you didn't want anyone else to touch you, so I believe you.”

“not that i’m not happy, but you're just gonna take me at face value?” He chuckled, and then sucked in a breath as you kissed his neck gently.

“You didn't even have to tell me about this, you could have just pretended it didn't happen,” you pointed out, breath ghosting against his neck and making him shiver. “And besides...you've never been able to lie to me, right?”

“...heh. ya got me. i’m always honest with ya.” He agreed, hands tightening on your waist. “almost to a fault, i guess.”

“No fault in that,” you sighed. “I wish I had the courage to do the same all the time.”

He slid his hand up your back to tangle in your hair, leaning to press his forehead against yours.

“it’s okay to have secrets. you keep your secrets. i’m a big kid, i’ll manage.” He muttered. “just know i’m here when ya need me to be, and i’ll always protect you.”

And then you kissed him again, slower this time. The feeling tingled through his body, drawing a groan from his chest. It felt like fire everywhere you touched, eating him alive and *fuck,* if he didn't love every second of it.

“I know,” you whispered sweetly, pulling away just long enough to smile at him. “Believe me, I know.”

He was already purring beneath you, like a pleased cat, hands slipping down to cup your ass and hike you high on his femurs, until there was no possible way to be closer to him...but it still felt like it wasn't enough. You wanted to be closer.

“Red…”

“yeah, kitten?” His voice was breathless, low and sensual, and you arched your back slightly under his touch.

“I want you.” You said bluntly, twisting your hands into his shirt and pressing against him. “Please…”

“jeez, like ya have t’beg,” he chuckled, prying your fingers from his collar. “it should be *me* beggin’...but we’ll save that for another time.”

After all, he had wanted *romantic* , hadn't he? And what was a more romantic setting than keeping each other warm underneath a sea of stars, at three in the morning with snow piling up outside, when everything is still and silent except you two?

And with that, he moved to push you back, laying you flat on the couch. He was grateful for it's awkward size, because it was easy to get comfortable as he leaned down to pepper your mouth and neck with kisses, moving slowly over every inch, memorizing you, like this, beneath him.

He kissed your neck, and felt your whimper on his own.

He kissed your clavicle and marvelled at the way your breath caught and shuddered.

He nuzzled his face into your shirt, nudging it away gently to lay his head down, listening to your heartbeat quicken and thump rhythmically, calling his name in a language only the two of you understood.

Then he drew away from your breast, sitting back on his heels to look at you.

“you're beautiful,” he whispered. “like a star, you shine so bright that i can't see anyone else...you're the light of my life, kitten.”

You flushed that cute pink he loved so much, and he felt his face get warm in return. He kept saying he didn't do emotions well, but he seemed to do alright when it came to loving you.

You covered your face, a small giggle escaping you. “Was that a pun?”

He hadn't meant for it to be, but… “heh. yeah, sorry.”

“Don't be,” you cooed, peering at him from behind your wrist. “I like that you're being yourself.”

“careful, now, or i might think ya like me, kitten.” He laughed, and then paused, remembering himself. “you really want me, huh?”

“Yeah, I really do.” You were looking at him, and he swore there were entire galaxies in your eyes. He could explore them his entire life and never get bored.

And for the first time, he was nervous about having sex. Should he just...get undressed? He could only stare at you, wondering if this was real. Wasn't it supposed to happen really naturally, or in the heat of the moment or something? Was he thinking too hard? Would you be weirded out by his dick piercings?

...in hindsight, that really is something he should have brought up earlier, or probably asked about before he got them two months ago, but there was no time for that now as you sat up beneath him, dropping the shoulders of your robe and tossing it aside, tugging your tank top over your head.

He let out a little whistle as the fabric fell to the floor, and you giggled nervously. Your scars were glowing silver in the moonlight, like a beautiful tattoo, and you had your hands clasped shyly at your breast.

“I'm a little nervous,” you admitted.

“me, too, kitten.”

“It's silly, but it's kind of like…”

“surreal.”

You nodded, and then reached one hand out slowly, tugging at the hem of his shirt.

“oh, shit, i’m sorry,” he laughed a little, tugging his shirt over his head eagerly and tossing it to the floor beside yours. His collar clicked gently against his bare bone.

Along with the moonlight, you were now bathed in the soft red glow of his soul, and it was instantly a million degrees hotter in this room. You looked so good in his color.

“shit, you got me all kindsa messed up, don't even know where to start.”

And then you had that smile, that coy smile he knew and *damn* ...for how weird you've been acting lately, finally, *finally* ...there was she was. The girl he fell in love with.

“You could start by kissing me.”

“with *pleasure* ,” he purred, leaning in to accept your invitation, and then there was no more talking as one hand grasped his collar to anchor him, and the other hand slid over bare bone to grasp his bottom ribs and make his knees weak. He traced a hand over one of your scars, and you whimpered, but he could tell it wasn't from pain. His hand traveled down your bare torso, tracing your clavicle, then finally sliding down to cup your breast in his hand, squeezing softly and enjoying the shuddering noise you made.

He forgot about his nervousness, instead focusing on finding out how to make you keep making those noises, dipping his head down to circle his tongue over your sensitive nipple, making you squeak and squirm. He hummed, pleased by the response, and gently nipped your skin as he moved to do the same to the other breast.

And you were already halfway gone, his touch and kiss and tongue rendering you completely useless. You were growing needier and needier by the moment, but you didn't dare to interrupt his ministrations to demand more, and so you could only hold onto him, nails digging in and loosening against his bone as he gently abused your breasts, leaving them swollen with arousal.

Fuck, you were so nervous a minute ago, but now you were just staring up at the stars, nervousness waning in favor of a pleasant heat below your belly.

Finally, his fingers brushed over your stomach and looped into your pajama pants, and you lifted your butt obediently so that he could slide them off. He was panting, pink in the face as he gazed up at you, silently asking permission to continue.

You answered by lifting your hips to grind against his pelvis, and he groaned, bowing his head to rest on your chest as he composed himself. You could feel his own arousal had taken form in his shorts, a soft red glow that matched his soul emanating from his pelvis, hiding just out of sight.

He slid one hand down to press against your entrance, through the fabric of your panties, and you made a surprised noise that made him grin. Yeah, he definitely wants more of *that noise* .

“Red…” you whined as he pressed his hand against your heat. You stifled a moan as he slowly increased pressure, testing your sensitivity.

“i know, kitten, i know…” He shushed gently. “just let red take care of ya, okay?”

You nodded, and he teased you through the fabric a moment longer, kissing your forehead, your cheek, your lips, your breast, your stomach...before long your panties were soaked, and he was humming pleasantly against the curve of your neck, the vibrations sending a buzz straight to your quivering sex. You suppressed another whine, desperate for some real touching, and it seemed like he got the message.

He gently nudged your panties aside, and slid two fingers over your soaked lips, eliciting a shudder from you as you clung tightly to him, hands wrapped around his ribs for dear life. How he wanted to just whip it out and fuck you hard and fast...to claim you and wake the whole house with your screams for him...but he wanted to explore, he wanted to claim you with his touch, not just his cum, and more than scream his name, he wanted you to gasp it so that only he could hear. He was past bravado, past trying to prove what you had together to the others, and now he just wanted it to be the two of you…

“anything you don't like, just tell me, kitten,” He sighed into your ear, slipping two fingers gently into your folds. You swore gently as he pressed past your entrance, and within seconds you were pulling gently on his collar again, bringing him down for a kiss, moaning around his tongue as he moved slow, testing you, palm curled to cup your sex as he went. You have no idea where your panties went, but it was probably similar to when Stretch teleported your other pair.

Close isn't close enough. You want more of him, so you tried to arch upwards as he explored you, fingers dancing over his ribs until his breath comes in gasps and his fingers finally withdrew.

“fuck…” he swore softly, your hands already at the front of his shorts before he even sat up. He said something else, but you weren't listening, just fiddling with the pull-tie on his shorts until you heard the word ‘piercings'.

You wanted to ask, but you decided against it. Lord knows how an ecto-penis can have piercings, but you chalked it up to magic. Besides...

He pushed his shorts down, and you sucked in an anticipatory breath.

You were not disappointed.

The glow was softer than his soul’s, but it did nothing to hide the fact that this boy had *girth* . G was long *and* thick, but it hadn't come close to the girth Red was sporting. And sure enough, there were three sets of small gold studs on the underside of it.

“s’not nice to stare at a dude’s junk,” he teased. “thought you would think piercings were hot?”

“They are! They... *definitely are* .” You breathed, and he chuckled a low laugh. “Uhm...I'm just...you are *very* big.”

“thanks, kitten,” he said proudly, leaning back over you.

“Like, scary big? Will you...fit?” You squeaked sheepishly. Even as you said it, you were lying back and straining to get him to touch it to your sex.

“always have before,” he shrugged. Then he leaned down to mutter in your ear. “don't worry...i’ll be gentle.”

You moaned as he slid his length against your outer lips, piercings dragging against you in a way that almost sent you over the edge. When you felt his tip press against you, you sucked in a breath and he was in your ear.

“relax, kitten. i got ya.” He soothed, and his voice helped you untense. As you let out a breath, he began pressing into you slowly, slowly...you gasped as his girth stretched you pleasantly, and what little pain there was was remedied by his sweet words of encouragement and the way he pressed kisses to your brow, gentle and firm.

Just when you thought you couldn't possibly have any more room, he hissed out a breath and pressed the rest of it in to the hilt.

“hoooooly *fuck* …” he cursed, panting as he smiled up at you. Fuck, you felt good, so tight and warm, and you were breathing heavily and swearing softly as he paused, letting you get used to his girth. He knew he was big around, and the first time with you in the other timelines had required some training. This time, though, you were the absolute perfect size, and you were already squeezing him pleasantly with every breath, which made him groan and shut his sockets for a moment.

You had your hands in front of your face, so he slowly pried then away, pressing feather-light kisses to your blushing face and hair as you shuddered, relaxing slowly as you adjusted to the intrusion with a moan.

Breathe...and move.

“Ah, fuck,” you keened, senses lighting up when he pulled out about an inch before sliding back. His piercings dragged over your inner walls in a way that made you almost scream, but he shushed you gently, capturing your mouth with his.

It wasn't long before he picked up a natural rhythm, and you gasped and panted as he went.

The resonation was so natural that neither of you noticed it at first, the feelings of pure ecstasy and adoration mirroring each other in a perfect loop. Tears pricked the corners of your eyes as the magnitude of his love washed over you, and your feelings for him returned the sentiment. He knew what you felt, he knew it, even if you couldn't say it.

You couldn't say it, but he could.

“i love you,” he murmured between grunts. “ *fuck* . i love you, and there's nothing that'll change that.”

“Red~” You squeaked out, followed by a moan.

Pretty soon the only sound was heavy breathing, murmured encouragement, and the combined noises of pleasure as he ran his hands all over you, squeezing, doing his best not to lose control and bite you.

At some point, he adjusted so that he was supporting your knee, bending your leg back to touch your chest and stifling your cries with his teeth. It felt amazing, and the words of worship that dripped from his mouth only served to push you over the edge further, until you clutched him close, hooking your legs behind his pelvis as you felt the coil inside winding tighter. A well-placed kiss on your chin…

“cum for me, kitten,” he begged, in a voice so utterly wrecked that you couldn't help but oblige. The coil sprang loose and your head was full of white noise as he slowly rocked against you, riding through your orgasm to earn a second one almost immediately. You don't know if you screamed, but it didn't matter because Red was there, kissing you gently on the forehead as he continued to massage your sensitive sex, thrusting at a slower, more calculated pace.

Fuck, that was hot. You, undone beneath him, moaning his name into his mouth as you came around his cock. He wanted more, but he wasn't sure he could last much longer as the aftershocks threatened to undo him. Refractory period, not a thing, but he was going to be exhausted when this was over, and from how utterly *wrecked* you looked, he assumed you would be, too.

So he slowed down to a near-stop, taking in the view.

You didn't mind the slow-down, especially once his hand was gently brushing your sweaty hair from your face. He scooped you up, leaning back against the couch with you in his lap as he ran his hands over your body, and you his, desperation to cum replaced by the need for affection. With shaky legs, you spurred into a slow pace in the new position, euphoria taking you over in a post-orgasmic bliss.

He was slowly tracing your scars, kissing your breasts and shoulders, before leaning his head up to meet your lips.

“you’re perfect,” he whispered breathlessly.

“*You make me perfect,*” you corrected, earning a chuckle from him before he wheezed in surprise from a particularly brave thrust. You gasped as that thrust caused him to hit that perfect spot inside, and suddenly it was back to the races, and he was pistoning you up and down on his shaft as you gasped and panted in pleasure.

It was only a couple of minutes before you were digging your nails into his skull, and he bit down into the soft flesh of your shoulder slightly, just enough to release you into that high once more.

You cumming made him groan deeply against your shoulder. “kitten, i’m gonna--”

He started to pull you off, but you gently removed his hands, looking him in the eyes as you hilted him inside of you, and you felt tingly warmth spread inside as he came. He swore, melting against your chest, sharp phalanges digging into the meat of your thighs as he came, a broken moan of pleasure punctuating his release.

And then you collapsed against him, content in his embrace as you both basked in the afterglow of your first time together. His teeth kissed your shoulder lazily, unable to reach anything else without effort, and in turn you peppered his skull with similar affection.

He could hardly even think. All he could think about was ‘ *did that just happen? am i dreaming?* ’ The only other thoughts were variations of the word ‘wow' and similar feelings. His magic dissipated, and he wanted to move somewhere to clean you up, but couldn't bring himself to care.

“i...can't believe that just happened,” he chuckled, earning a breathless laugh from you.

“I can't believe Edge didn't come barging in to interrupt us,” you mused, fingers drawing small circles on his skull. “Though, I suppose *you* wouldn't have cared much.”

That made *him* laugh, and soon you were both sharing a fit of giggles, panting and sweating and utterly spent.

Slowly, as if his arms were made of lead, he wrapped you up and plopped you both down sideways, pulling the blanket off the back of the couch to wrap comfortably around you both, nuzzling you close. You giggled and sighed, letting him squeeze and nuzzle you, and looking up at the stars.

There was content silence as you stared into the sky together. For a moment, you wondered if Red's version of Y/N had ever seen the stars with him like this. You had concluded a long time ago that the little voice in your head you called mistress was probably her...but the closer you got to Red the less you heard her. She used to be a constant, but ever since you drank that weird potion from Black, she had gotten quieter and quieter.

Come to think of it, there aren't *any* voices left. You realize now that you had been the only one in your head for a long time...no idea if that was good or bad or what, but that's how it was.

You glanced over at Red, his face aglow with a soft pink hue that put Paps' perennials to shame, looking up at the sky with the most pleased smile, a look of awe in his sockets. His collar, as much a part of him as his golden tooth, reflected the moonlight in a certain way that made your breath catch...and you couldn't help but think he was beautiful, in his own way.

"what's your favorite constellation?" Red asked suddenly, and you remembered you were supposed to be looking at the sky.

"...Huh?" You said dumbly, and he chuckled, the most heart-meltingly genuine smile on his face as he reached up to pinch your cheek.

"constellation, dumbass. as in, that thing you study in college. what's your favorite?"

"Oh. Uhh...I really like Eridanus. The river of stars."

"hmm...where's that one again?"

You pointed to the sky. "It starts at the foot of Orion, with Cursa. Then it goes west, then east, then south." You zigzagged your finger across the sky before pointing to the horizon. "Only the southern hemisphere can see the whole thing...it's a shame I'll never see it all."

You mumbled the last part mostly to yourself, but he didn't miss it. "we could always take a trip down there."

"Just so I can see a constellation?" You giggled.

"no, so you can see your *favorite* constellation." He corrected. "keep goin'. try lookin' north of delphinus."

You almost forgot that Red has a pHd in Astrophysics, what with how he was having you show him Eridanus like some newbie.

You located the dolphin constellation, only a few stars over from Sagittarius. You blinked in confusion, noticing a star you've never seen.

"Is that a Nova?" You asked, mostly rhetorical. "Wow. I never thought I'd see one."

“s’new. thought you'd like that. reminded me of you, since ya like astronomy stuff and all, too,” he purred, pulling you flush to his chest and running his fingers down your back.

“It's beautiful,” you whispered.

“not as beautiful as you.” He said honestly. He nudged you with his skull, and you leaned up to accept his kiss. He sighed against your lips. “damn. before you i never woulda thought i was ever gonna feel like this...i was afraid.”

“Afraid of what?”

“of being so gentle.” He was quiet as he spoke, the words curling in the air like sweet smoke. “of touching you with these dirty hands and soiling you...i was afraid to let anyone in. underground...people used me, abused me, beat me, called me names...and i let them because i was worse than them. i...i killed people. humans. *children* . boss...pap did, too, because i couldn't save him from that side of our world. the first day you appeared in my world, i almost killed you on sight. in fact, i woulda if your soul hadn't been green...we already had one, so i thought i didn't need ya.”

“So what’d you do?”

“...you don't wanna know.” He said, quiet but firm, avoiding your gaze.

You were quiet a moment before pressing a kiss to his sternum. He relaxed, fingers unclenching from the blanket and coming up to cradle your head instead, fingers gently sliding through your hair.

“forget about all that. let’s get cleaned up, huh?” He murmured, begrudgingly nudging you to move. “can't stay here unless we want chaos when we're found in the mornin’.”

“Yeah, I smell like a barbeque,” you noted with a laugh, playfully wiggling in his grasp before sitting up.

“uh, ‘scuse me. you smell like a *bonfire* , not a barbeque, there's a difference,” he said, smacking your ass as you stood and making you yelp in surprise. “for instance, only loser mutts who let their brother lead them around on a leash smell like a barbeque. *my* scent is a bonfire, ergo, a bonfire’s *better* .”

“So what, I smell like you because we had sex?"

“that's how it works,” he purred. “don't worry, i didn't mark ya...yet...so it’ll come off in the shower.”

There was a hungry note to his words, like he was daring you not to shower it off.

“Well...suppose I better go shower it off, right?” You asked, smiling coy over your shoulder. “So, you coming?”

“oh, hell yeah!”

You laughed at how fast he jumped off the couch, picking you up and teleporting you to the bathroom in the blink of an eye.

Chapter End Notes

Summary: You weren't able to sleep with Pap due to a boner-killing nosebleed. After a few hours of sleep you get a text from Red.
He confesses to everything, talks about his world and his anxieties, and you decide to forgive him without a second thought. After you make love and make up, he shows you a Nova star in the sky and promises to take you to see your favorite constellation in the southern hemisphere.

Ooooooooh boy. There it is. Gosh, I've been sitting on this for sooooooooo long!
Dedicated to Llama_Goddess because, well, RED. Also dedicated to Amashi_Zaino because SMUT.

This was surprisingly natural to write. I think it's because I'm so invested in their relationship, and I've spent so much time building them up...it was easy to write it as an emotional thing rather than just dirty sex. It was like this was just the natural progression, like it was meant to happen.

Also, I listened to Closer by Nick Jonas ft. Tove Lo while I wrote this!

Things are going to get pretty crazy from here on out, I know I keep saying that but really. Man. I'm sweating just from reading this.

What do you think is going to happen now? How will the others react? How did you react? Let me know all this and more in the comments!

I Lied

Chapter Summary

You knew there would be some fallout after you coupled with Red...you just didn't expect this.

Chapter Notes

Okay, screw update schedules!
I'm just going to update whenever I finish a chapter so I'm always four chapters ahead!

You guys were so happy for Red and it made me happy, too! It was so natural to write, those geeks deserved it.

Only problem is, not everyone is as happy as we are that Red got his dick wet tbh

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stretch woke up annoyed.

He didn't even know why, but he was irritated. Maybe it was lack of sleep. Maybe it was that stuff he overheard between Red and Edge last night. Maybe it was the way Blue woke him with a morning divebomb.

...maybe it was whatever the fuck was wrong with Red.

Because Red was...happy. Too happy. Happy like, he didn't spend half the night crying with his brother. Scary happy.

He even said good morning to Stretch, instead of “sup asshole.” or “fuck off.” He even called him Stretch, instead of ‘ashtray’.

He paused by his bedroom door as Red swept past. The guy didn't even rib him for not responding, just kept walking away with a little dazed look, *whistling* .

Maybe he just felt that good after talking things through with his brother?

A door down the hall opened, and you appeared from Papyrus’ room, looking half-asleep and a little pale. You were wearing one of Papyrus’ shirts, much too long and hanging off you like a dress. He could see your tank top underneath, so you must have just gotten cold last night. Stretch felt his irritation melt a little, taking a backseat as you shuffled down the hall to flop forward against his chest.

“Baffroom.” You mumbled, snuggling against his sweatshirt drowsily.

“to your left, honey.” He laughed, steering your shoulders toward the mentioned bathroom.

“Come,” you groaned, tugging him behind you.

“...to the bathroom?” He asked incredulously, but followed anyway. He was glad he did, because you swayed and he caught you just inches from slamming your head on the counter. “jeez, honey, wake up a little.”

You gave the slightest shake of your head as you moved over to the toilet...and proceeded to retch up what remained of last night's dinner.

He sighed and sat on the edge of the tub, gently pulling your hair back and rubbing your back. So that's why you wanted company. Did you drink too much last night? No...you'd only had the one drink. He flicked his wrist, and the medicine cabinet opened, a little cup for water floating down to fill itself at the sink before settling in his hand.

“feel better?” He asked as you slowly straightened up. You nodded, taking the cup from him to drink and rinse your mouth. He slid one hand along your forehead, feeling the warmth radiating from you with a frown. “jeez, maybe we should get you home. your fever’s back, too.”

“No, I'll be okay for today,” you insisted. “Just woke up nauseous.”

“clearly.”

He pulled you to your feet, and you smiled sheepishly up at him before turning to wash your hands.

You had hoped there would be no nausea today, because you had intended to pointedly eat a lot at breakfast to appease Axe...but you knew that wasn't going to happen now, and it irritated you a little. You supposed you should have expected it, after your...rigorous exercise last night. Especially how icky you've felt lately.

Also, you ache. Red hadn't exactly been gentle (though you suppose he'd been as gentle as he was capable) especially when he had interrupted your shower for a second round. Papyrus had been perplexed by your bruising around your hips when the both of you woke this morning, thinking that he had healed all of them. You played it off and borrowed his big shirt to replace your robe before he could notice the fat, purple bite mark on your shoulder.

“you sure you're okay, doll?” Stretch asked quietly, reannouncing his presence and breaking you from your thoughts to realize you were staring at the mirror. “lookin’ a little weak in the knees.”

You turned to him and leaned against his chest, and he readily wrapped his arms around you. “There. Now I'm good.”

He chuckled, playing with your hair a little as you nuzzled his sweater. “can't argue with that.”

“Carry me!” You commanded playfully, throwing your hands up to wrap your arms around his neck.

“sure thing, honey~” He slipped his hands down underneath your butt and pulled you up to plant you on the counter. “but you gotta pay me first. three kisses.”

“Stretch, I just threw up.”

“i don't mind.”

You giggled, wrapping your legs around him and pulling him in for a kiss.

One, playful and sweet: you shared a giggle.

Two, deeper and sensual: he hummed against your mouth as your fingers tightened on his sweater.

Three, breathless and fevered: your back leaned against the mirror, and he braced himself with one forearm planted on it as well as he laid claim to your tongue.

The familiar crackle of static electricity began to well up, but instead of a shock, it played out in a pleasant buzz, tingling all over and making you dizzy all over again.

“there you go...the most important part is the way you *shine* , like starlight,” he sighed against your lips. He pulled away, dazed, and paused...before he reached up and wiped the blood from his cheek. “uh...you have another nosebleed.”

“....Uh-huh.”

He laughed, handing you a tissue, which you mechanically placed in the correct spot. Then he gathered you up, still buzzing from your head to your toes, and carried you out of the bathroom.

You could *feel* Axe’s eyes on you as you pushed around the eggs on your plate.

You took a bite, trying to appease him, but he just kept staring. You had worked your way slowly through half of the breakfast Papyrus had served you, before Axe had surprised everyone by instructing him to give you another helping.

“you don't have to finish it all, honey,” Stretch whispered in your ear, but you shook your head.

“No, I should.”

“but he’ll be angrier if you throw it all up,” Stretch pointed out, putting his hand over yours to stop your fork. “don't push yourself.”

You considered this, and chanced a glance up at Axe’s face. He didn't even pretend he wasn't watching you.

“I'll...save it. I'll try again in a little bit.”

A beat...another...and then Axe sighed and stood, plucking your plate from in front of you.

“i’ll put it in the fridge. and you--” he nudged Stretch sharply with his elbow. “don't be talkin’ her outta eating. she needs to eat better or she'll stay sick.”

Stretch just stared at him as he walked away, grumbling. “...he's like a mother hen. what the hell.”

You giggled, and he smirked, rolling his lollipop between his teeth. You had stuck pretty much by his side since he brought you down, and it felt nice. Nobody was trying to get in his way, not even Red, who continued to hum contentedly all through breakfast and even cleared the table himself. In

fact, Red had been in a stellar mood all morning, helping Papyrus serve and even holding an actual conversation with Dusty. Also, he was doing dishes without being asked...maybe *he* was sick.

Ugh. There's that irritation building up again. He still didn't know what was irritating him, and it only served to annoy him more. It was like something was different in the air today.

But he shouldn't let it bother him. Not with you by his side, your hand resting on his femur as you leaned your head against his arm.

Sighing, he slipped his arm around your shoulder, giving it a little squeeze. You inhaled sharply, which caught his attention.

“woah, sorry. did i hurt you?”

“Uh, it’s just a bruise,” you said, suddenly turning a vibrant shade of crimson as you covered the shoulder he’d squeezed. “From...from skating.”

Lie. That was a lie. He could tell. He didn't even have to use his super lie detector powers to read that, because he remembers all the times you fell or bumped into someone, and there's no way that particular shoulder was hurt from that.

“...who hurt you?” He asked sharply, and you flinched at his tone. “tell me, or i will find out on my own.”

“Nobody hurt me,” you said quickly, and that was the truth, he could tell. “It, uhm...it’s really just a bruise.”

“okay. i believe you.” He said, dropping his hand. “so show me.”

“What?!” You squeaked.

“show me. maybe i can heal it.”

You stuttered a moment, before standing up quickly. “Actually I--I'll have Papyrus heal me, g-good idea!”

The irritation worsened tenfold as you fled the room. What the fuck was going on? He'd never seen you so flighty, not unless you were hiding something. You hadn't pointedly redirected his questions like that since before he learned about your past.

He sighed and lit a cigarette, his head starting to pound, and as he exhaled...it struck him.

He knew why he was so irritated.

He knew why you were jumpy, and why Red was so happy.

His fist clenched, before striking the table with a clatter.

He'd need something stronger than a cigarette to calm him down now.

“Sans, you really don't have to do this,” you mumbled as Axe unloaded the bag of tupperware into your arms.

“yeah, i really do.” He responded, leaving no room for argument. You glanced back to where everyone was waiting in the car, and then to where Dusty was watching from the upstairs window. “i wrote the recipe down on one of the containers. one a day, blend it up with greek yogurt. i will *know* if you skip.”

“Don't you think this is a little extreme?”

He glared at you, and you snapped your mouth shut. “just do it. if you can't eat a whole meal, then you need to at least have one of these. i told the comedian, too, so don't be tryna weasel outta it.”

He paused, and then sighed.

“...and text me sometimes.”

You giggled, kissing him on the cheekbone. “Okay, *Mom* .”

He blushed blue, unconsciously moving with you about an inch in an effort to keep your lips on him.

Dusty appeared beside him, shifting uneasily from foot to foot. He had avoided you all day yesterday, and at breakfast...but now he looked like he wanted to say something.

Crooks appeared from the foyer with a neatly wrapped box. “COOKIES! FOR THE RIDE!”

“Thanks, Pap,” you cooed, beckoning him to bend down so you could kiss his cheek, too. He blushed an adorable orange, and then kissed your forehead with a “MUAH” sound, careful not to catch you with his braces.

Now Dusty was really fidgeting. You raised an eyebrow at him, and he blushed that mauve color that used to look so sickening...but now, it looked soft and gentle...like cranberry wine.

He cleared his non-existent throat and tapped his cheek. Ah.

You kissed his cheekbone, too, and he seemed surprised that you actually did it.

“It was nice to meet you guys. Really.”

“AND IT WAS LOVELY TO MEET YOU!”

Crooks elbowed his brothers, and they both mumbled something.

“What?”

“i said, sorry about your hand.” Axe repeated.

“...and sorry for kidnapping you,” Dusty added reluctantly. You giggled, waving goodbye as you thanked them and headed down to the car.

You squeezed into the back of Papyrus’ car, noting that Red was there instead of Stretch.

“You switched with Stretch?” You asked, confused but not upset as his hands slid around your waist to snuggle you. Blue slid into the window seat and closed the door.

“SOMETHING ABOUT WANTING TO TALK TO EDGE, BUT NOT WITH RED AROUND,” Blue said. “AND HERE I THOUGHT HE'D DO ANYTHING TO SNUGGLE YOU FOR TWO HOURS!”

“his loss, my gain,” Red chuckled, pulling you closer to adjust comfortably.

Well...whatever it was must be important, you thought. In any case, you settled against Red’s chest, feeling drained and ready for a nap. It only took a few minutes of driving and his fingers caressing your shoulder for you to be out like a light.

Stretch was definitely avoiding you.

At first, you thought it was just a coincidence, but Edge swears they didn't have anything to talk about on the ride home, and after the third time he disappeared when you entered the room, you began to wonder what was going on.

“MAYBE HE IS EMBARRASSED,” Blue offered, not sounding too sure. “MAYBE HE THINKS HE DID SOMETHING TO OFFEND YOU? I’LL TRY TO TALK TO HIM.”

An hour later, and now Blue is avoiding you, too. When you tried to ask him if he talked to Stretch, he just stared at you, blue in the face, and gave you a curt answer to leave it alone and ran off.

You tried to keep your mind off of it by doing chores, but everywhere you went, someone waved you off to go rest. Papyrus practically chased you out of the kitchen, and Sans was actually doing his own laundry, and told you to lay down as he kissed your forehead gently. Even Red agreed you looked a little pale, catching you in the hall to steer you away from the garden door. “weeding can wait,” he had said, depositing you in your room.

There was only so much resting you were able to do, though.

You tried everything. You tried to nap, but the long nap in the car made you restless now. You tried on outfits, but you didn't really have the energy to keep it up. You texted Hasani, but he had family in town so he was short in reply. You texted Hunter, who was more than happy to talk to you, but had to go somewhere with his brother after a while. You called Drew and talked to Agnes, which was long overdue, but eventually she had to hang up.

And so, you were finally out of options, emotionally exhausted, and still wide awake.

With a frustrated sigh, you grabbed one of the books Stretch had recommended to you and headed down the stairs to try and rest in the living room.

Fortuitously, Stretch was already there, book abandoned at his side and cigarette between his teeth. Even though he shouldn't be smoking inside, he made no move to disappear as you entered, which made you smile. Your heart ached at how he had been avoiding you.

“Can I sit with you?” You asked tentatively.

He let out a puff of smoke, and it smelled weirder than normal.

“i dunno. *can* you?”

Okay, rude.

You plopped down next to him anyway, trying to puzzle out the strange smell rolling off his cigarette.

“...Is that weed?” You asked, after several minutes of silence.

“yup.” Was all you got in response. You waited for him to explain, but he didn't.

“...I didn't know you smoked weed.”

“yup.”

Okay, this was more frustrating than avoiding you.

“does it bother you?” He asked, taking another drag.

“Well, not really. I mean, the smell is unusual and...you're not supposed to smoke inside.”

He snorted. “well, that's *ash* -ame.”

He made no move to put it out, or to continue speaking, so you quietly opened your book and tried to read. Maybe talking about the book he recommended would get him to loosen up?

“I'm reading the book you gave me.” He hummed a bit. “...I like it so far. The main girl is really kickass, and the mob boss is surprisingly endearing. It's really good.”

“yeah.”

You sighed, the smoke making you a little dizzy. “Sorry. I actually do mind the smoke.”

“well, then i guess you’ll just have to deal.”

“Can't you put it out for now?”

“what are you, my girlfriend?” He snapped, startling you.

“...I guess not…” You said quietly, slowly closing the book and standing. You can tell when you aren't wanted.

“wait.” He sighed, stubbing out the joint and rubbing his sockets. “sorry. you're right.”

You slowly sat back down, staring at him. He looked tired, and irritated. “Are you okay?”

“oh, just peachy, actually.”

“Because you seem irritated.”

“do i? darn, i wonder why.” He leaned back in his seat, the irritation on his skull growing in intensity. “but it's not like it matters.”

“I think it matters,” you said, trying to disarm him.

“awesome. good for you.”

“What is your problem?” You sighed, irritated yourself now.

“oh, i dunno. maybe i'm just tired. or maybe, maybe it's the fact that i’m out of smokes now.” He leveled a despondent glare on you. “or maybe it's the fact that you're pretending that you didn't have sex with red last night.”

“Wha-what?” You sputtered, dropping your book before bending to retrieve it. “What does that have to do with anything?!”

“ah, so you admit it. nice of you not to lie to my face a second time.” He said, standing up to leave.

“Wait a second, I didn't...that isn't fair,” you said, standing with him and catching his arm. He yanked his arm from your grasp.

“oh, it isn't? that's funny, doll. really funny.” He growled. “because i certainly don't think it's fair either. i mean, after everything, *everything* we've been through together? the pain we've endured? and i have to find out secondhand that you made your choice? that you chose *him* over me, when just the other day i thought...i thought you might feel the same?”

“I...I didn't ‘make my choice’,” you tried to reason. “I don't--”

“oh, for fuck's sake, y/n, *grow up* ,” he snapped. “you knew you couldn't do this forever. you knew what sleeping with him meant to the rest of us, don't even try to pretend you didn't think about it. so you're done...and if you're not, then...maybe i don't want to be dragged around anymore. maybe *i'm* done.”

“What is that even supposed to mean? You aren't making any sense!”

“i….just, i’ve put too much effort into this to let you fuck with me like this anymore, so i’m just...done.”

“Stretch, are you even listening to me?! I didn't choose Red over you or anything like that,” you tried to say, reaching out. “I just--”

“save your breath,” He sighed in frustration, running a hand over his skull in annoyance. “just...just...sometimes i think that... *it would be better if you left after all* . it's what you're *good at* .”

You gaped at him. He grew rigid under your stare, and a flash of guilt passed over his face.

“...wait, i didn't mean--”

“No. No, no...message received,” you muttered through a clenched jaw. “Sorry I'm such a *hassle* to be around.”

“don't put words in my mouth,” he hissed, voice finally raising a little as he threw an arm out to stop you.

“Don't put words in mine!” You huffed, crossing your arms.

There was a moment of silence as you both glared at each other. Then he squared his shoulders and set his jaw.

“do whatever you want,” he said in a flat voice. “i can't do this anymore. not with you. from now on...we’re just housemates.”

“You can't be serious.” You asked, dumbfounded, and he shook his head slightly. A numbness began to tingle in your fingertips as his expression barely changed, resolute in his words. You felt a traitorous quiver in your lip. “I thought...that...you…”

Your mouth pressed into a thin line as you struggled to get the word out, trying to ask with your eyes if he loved you...and a dark look crossed his face.

“yeah, well…” he sighed, shoving his hands in his pockets and looking away. “i lied.”

He didn't look at you, but he didn't need to. He could hear you start to sniff, and then you flew past him and up the stairs, leaving your book abandoned on the coffee table. When he heard the door to your room slam, he clenched his fist, angry tears threatening to spill from his sockets.

As it finally sunk in, he felt the anger sapped from his bones...he covered his mouth to stifle the startled sob that escaped.

He just broke up with you .

The house was eerily quiet.

Neither you nor Stretch had come down for dinner, even though it was your favorites from Grillby’s.

“WHERE IS Y/N? AND STRETCH?” Papyrus asked, worry ringing in his tone.

“kitten looked pretty pale earlier, so i sent her up to bed,” Red explained, plopping down in a seat and pulling a bag towards him.

“no, i saw her since then,” Sans said quietly. “she was in the living room with stretch...at least for a minute.”

“AND I DISTINCTLY HEARD HER SLAM HER DOOR ABOUT AN HOUR AGO, AND THEN STRETCH SLAMMED HIS,” Edge scoffed. “IT'S AS IF NOBODY CARES ABOUT HOW EXPENSIVE DOOR HINGES ARE.”

“They had a fight.” Blue said quietly from his spot, and everyone looked at him, surprised. “It...was really bad. I heard it from the kitchen.”

“a fight? about what?” Red scoffed, shoving his burger in his mouth. “those two were thick as thieves this mornin’, cuddlin’ all over their eggs.”

“I think you *know* why, Red,” Blue spat, surprising even himself with the venom in his words.

“woah, hey, tone it down, there babyblue.” Red growled, sockets narrowing. “the hell is that supposed to mean?”

“IT *MEANS* THAT THEY WERE FIGHTING BECAUSE OF WHAT *YOU* DID, AND IF YOU MAKE ME SPELL IT OUT, I'M GONNA...” Blue made a frustrated noise, unable to find the right words, then slammed a hand on the table and stood up. “I'M NOT HUNGRY ANYMORE.”

With that, the small skeleton stalked out of the room, fuming.

“WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO THIS TIME?” Edge accused, glaring at his brother.

“what makes you think i did anythin’?” Red countered defensively. “dude’s probably just salty that kitten hooked up with me last night instead’a him.”

He shrugged like it was nothing, but paused his burger eating when he saw the stunned stares everyone was giving him.

“...what’sa matter?”

“EHM, UHM…” Papyrus stuttered a little, turning bright orange. “ARE YOU SAYING THAT...THAT YOU HAD... *RELATIONS* WITH Y/N?”

“yeah, nerd, we had *relations,”* Red repeated, rolling his eyelights. “why? what's the big deal? i mean, yeah, it was a big deal for *me* , but i can't be the first in the house t’ve done it.”

There was a stunned silence.

“...holy shit. i am, aren't i?” He asked, voice laced with awe as he stood. “holy shit, holy fuck, i had no fuckin’ clue! i thought...not even you?”

The question was directed at Sans, who shook his head wordlessly. Red whistled, dropping back into his chair. He had no idea, he really thought that you had been there and back with at LEAST Sans and Stretch, and here he was finding out he was the first one across the proverbial finish line.

No wonder Stretch was salty.

“...i’m gonna go talk to her.” Sans said quietly, pushing his burger away. “i think we have some things to sort out.”

“hey, wait, you aren't gonna be upset with her, are ya?” Red asked, concerned as he stood with him. “listen. we *all* knew this was an everyone in sorta thing, right? we all agreed. if you blame anyone, you should blame me.”

“m’not mad,” Sans said, albeit slightly forced. “i just wanna check on her.”

Red hesitated, but eventually moved so that Sans could pass.

The stairs seemed to be a lot bigger in his muddled state, as he carefully absorbed the information he had just learned. Granted, until a minute ago he’d been on the same page as Red, assuming some of the others had...danced the horizontal tango with you...but hearing it, now that was a whole different thing.

Was he jealous? Oh hell yeah. Angry?...no. He couldn't say he wouldn't have done it himself, and he also couldn't say he hadn't expected it. He knew your feelings for everyone were *very* intense, just as intense as your feelings for him. With your soul made the way it was, how could you not love everyone? Red’s blasé attitude about it was surprising and yet somehow totally expected from him.

By the time he reached your door, he was asking himself the real questions: does he *really* care? Is this going to (ugh) ruin you for him? Is this going to make him look at you differently? Is this going to make you look at *him* differently?

….no. No, he decided. This changed nothing. Just like your thing with G hadn't changed anything. He still loves you, with all of his soul, and nothing will ever change that. Even Red getting his dick wet doesn't bother him. It doesn't even bother him that it happened to Red *first*--it'll happen for the two of you when the time is right, and when that time comes he'll be ready, and he'll be happy it didn't happen a moment sooner.

"hey...sweetheart?" He asked quietly, rapping on your door as he squeaked it open. He heard sniffling, and then silence. Probably trying to control your breathing.

"...Yeah?"

"can we talk?"

"...Yeah."

You wiped at your face, even though you didn't plan on turning to face him. Your tears left a salted taste in your mouth, and your eyes were tired and aching. Your chest felt heavy, as if covered in a weighted blanket, and your frame still trembled from the sobs you'd endured in the last hour.

You felt the mattress dip and his fingers began to glide through your hair affectionately.

"you okay?"

No.

"...yeah."

"don't lie to me, now, sweetheart," he said softly, and you heard the telltale *thunk* of him leaning against your headboard.

"...no." You corrected weakly, turning to press your face further into your pillow.

"thought so." He moved you as easily as if you were a sleeping cat, until you could rest your head on his lap, sprawled between his legs as he returned to petting your hair. "...heard you fought with stretch."

Tiny nod.

"...heard about why, too."

You froze, surprised and...a little anxious. Is he upset as well? You felt the tears returning as you thought of losing two of your best friends in one day...you'd die. You couldn't live through it. And yet...you felt even worse because it all made you so angry for ruining a perfect memory.

"m'not angry," he cooed reassuringly, and you relaxed all over, pressing your face into his shorts to try and stop the tears from flowing. "it doesn't change how i feel about you...and you for me, i'm sure. stretch just...he's prone to jealousy. needs more time. that's all."

You stayed silent. You weren't sure if time was the answer, not for this. You weren't sure if anything was the answer. Everything you knew, the comfort and love you had built up with him...it had all fallen down like a house of cards in an instant. You can't fix a tumbled card house just by waiting.

“c’mon, don't be so glum. he’ll probably feel so bad that he’ll be over it by the morning,” Sans offered, trying to cheer you up. You made a weak noise of acknowledgement, but remained listless. “...wanna watch something dumb on netflix? they got a whole bunch of new b-list horror movies on there now.”

“...yeah. okay.” You muttered, lifting yourself up long enough to crawl into his embrace fully.

He sighed as he closed his arms around you, and you laid your head on his shoulder. He felt your sorrow resonating through him, a broken heart that may never fully recover. He tried not to think about how he really felt, since you were resonating at the moment…

...because truthfully, he was livid. How *dare he* make you feel this way, and over something as stupid as sleeping with Red! He was certain that he would be avoiding Stretch in the upcoming days, because if he didn't…

...he was going to beat the shit out of him.

He sighed, arms tightening around you. One thing at a time. With a flick of his wrist, he turned on Netflix.

"alright. vampires or slasher films?"

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry this is so long, or maybe I'm not if you like how long it is lol.

Oof. This hurt so much to write. Stretch...my big fat jealous baby. Hitting where it hurts by implying she should just leave. Lying about his feelings to hurt her.

On the one hand, I believe he had the right to feel hurt...but on the other, he went way too far with it.
I still don't know how this will turn out for them, and it makes even me anxious!

Please comment your favorite parts or even just to scream at Stretch!

Carry You

Chapter Summary

You decide that Drew is right.
You're going to talk to Green about options...but in the end, you don't want to do it alone.

Chapter Notes

OKAY FIRSTLY
Don't forget to swing around and check out Existence by Musecookie, it's an AU one-shot series for this fic, and it's awesome!

sigh
The big reveal.
Thanks to everyone who commented on the last one! Stretch is definitely in the dog house, not just with reader and housemates, but also with you guys! I'll be honest, I haven't decided exactly what to do with them just yet...it'll work itself out. Maybe.
ANYWAY.
There are more important things right now!
Like...who are you telling about the whole "gonna die" thing???
ALSO
Some people are saying stuff about fanart, but I can't find it? Reminder to please link me in the comments so I can credit y'all!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Papyrus dusted off his hands and looked at his garden triumphantly. The weeding was done, all prepped for spring planting, and all by himself! You had offered to help, but since Green was coming by for a checkup today he had insisted you rest. You weren't running a fever anymore, but you were still looking quite pale and tired...though that might be due to the pressure he feels between you and Stretch.

His smile fell a little. You and Stretch barely talked to each other anymore. It had been several days since the debacle at the dinner table, and neither you nor Stretch had made any move to reconcile. Blue had calmed down shortly after dinner, and had tried to talk to Stretch, but...well, it was like talking to a brick wall, he said.

He personally had no qualms with how you and Red had coupled. In fact, he was happy for you! Although he may be considered naive, he could tell there was a certain level of tension relieved between the two of you, both in your individual bodies and your manner towards each other. Despite Red having a lot going on this week, a fact that would normally put him in a terrible mood, Papyrus would often catch him smiling softly into the distance and spacing out. And you, whenever you had the chance to catch a quick kiss from him, your obviously low spirits heightened enough to

make Papyrus relax. Sans seemed completely unaffected as well, and after his initial outburst Blue revealed he was only upset about how it went down with Stretch.

Edge...had had a harder time warming up to the idea of the two of you. Papyrus had ended up on the receiving end of multiple one-sided conversations where Edge chided you two for irresponsibility. He was sour for a few days, but it immediately stopped when he noticed how the stuff with Stretch was affecting you. He didn't want to add to that, and had come to terms with the whole thing upon realizing it didn't affect how you felt for him, a fact that Papyrus had been *trying* to tell him for days.

As for you and Stretch…

You both insisted that you were fine, even though Papyrus could clearly see you were anything but. Stretch was in and out most of the day now, claiming to have publisher's meetings but coming home smelling like Grillby's and weed. He had overheard him and Blue fighting about his smoking several times, always turning into an argument about how he had spoken to you, escalating until one of them slammed the door and left.

You, in a similar fashion, had been doing little else but school work. Despite his repeated concerns, you waved him off and insisted on it, so there wasn't really much more he could do. Papyrus liked it when you were motivated, but working yourself sick isn't exactly what he has in mind.

Which reminds him, Green should be by any minute, he thought, pulling out his phone to check the time. Maybe he should check on…

He turned to see you pacing in the living room, wringing your hands nervously. Yes, he should probably check on you.

"HELLO, MY DEAR! ARE YOU FEELING WELL?" He asked, pulling off his gardening gloves as he stepped through the back door. The inside was warm, and a sweet scent filled the air...chocolate chip cookies. You always bake when you're nervous.

You jumped a little at his sudden appearance. "Uh. Yeah. Yeah, I think so." You mumbled, hands sliding behind your back. There was some paperwork on the table next to your computer, which you hastily stepped in front of.

He sighed and pulled you in for a gentle hug, sensing you needed his support. "IT IS ONLY GREEN. THERE IS NO NEED TO BE NERVOUS, HE WON'T HURT YOU."

"...I know," you sighed, a little sheepish as you buried your face in his thick white sweater. "But...it's more...the stuff we're discussing. I'm just nervous about it. He'll probably be upset I didn't say anything before."

"ABOUT YOUR FEVERS?"

"...yeah. Let's go with that."

He hummed thoughtfully, placing a skelekiss on the top of your head. "WELL...I COULD ALWAYS ACCOMPANY YOU, IF YOU NEED."

"No!" You asserted suddenly, pushing away from him. "Uhm, I mean...no...no, thank you."

Papyrus raised a brow, staring you right in the eyes. “YOU KNOW, STRETCH IS NOT THE ONLY ONE IN THE HOUSE THAT CAN TELL WHEN YOU ARE HIDING SOMETHING.”

He looked a little like you kicked him, and you realized this is the first time you have actively refused his help. There was a part of you...a part of you that decided without consulting the rest that you don't want him to look like that.

“...Hiding something?” You laughed nervously. “Like what?”

“NORMALLY, I AM NOT ONE TO PRESS,” Papyrus said with a sigh, crossing his arms. “BUT THE HOUSE SMELLS LIKE A BAKERY, SO CLEARLY YOU'RE VERY NERVOUS. AND YOU NEVER REFUSE MY HELP, SO OBVIOUSLY IT IS SERIOUS...YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE.”

What the hell is that supposed to mean...oh.

He's holding out his truth ticket, and his face is so serious you almost laugh. But if you laugh, you think you might throw up, so you just stare at him as he gently presses it into your hand, squeezing your fingers soothingly.

“WHATEVER IT IS YOU ARE HIDING, I WANT TO SHARE THE BURDEN,” He insisted. “YOU CANNOT GO THROUGH LIFE BEARING IT ALL ON YOUR SHOULDERS ALONE.”

You stared at your palm, at the ticket, and wondered if you had veto power. You didn't want him to know...but…

You cleared your throat, mouth dry and metallic tasting as you slowly closed your fingers over the ticket. He'd get the others involved if you refused the ticket, and...and you don't think you can do this alone.

“...Yeah. Stay with me for my visit and...and I'll tell you everything. Uhm...it's going to be...pretty heavy stuff though.” You mumbled, casting a nervous glance up at him. “And you can't tell anyone!”

Papyrus beamed, and you instantly felt better about what you're sure was ultimately a bad decision.

“OF COURSE! THE GREAT PAPYRUS IS THE BEST SECRET KEEPER OF THEM ALL!”

The silence was deafening as Green shuffled through your medical papers, brow furrowed in concentration.

Papyrus held your hand tightly, sitting primly on your bed next to you. He didn't like that look on Green’s face, or the one on yours. There was something he didn't know, something really big.

“What is Apocalyptic Anemia?” He asked quietly, recalling the words you had used briefly in the beginning of the conversation, just after Green had drawn a magic sound barrier around your room for privacy.

“ *Aplastic* Anemia,” Green corrected, just as quietly, as he set the papers down. He tapped the desk thoughtfully, as if trying to word it correctly. “It's...a genetic disorder.”

“Genetic?” Papyrus furrowed his brow. Where had he heard that word? Ah, yes, Eli had asked him at the dinner party...something about healing genetics. He didn't understand the question at the time.

“Passed down, from parent to child, through the DNA. Or...I suppose, in this case, from the...original...to the...clone.” Green's words were clinical, precise, calculated. He was trying not to offend you. “Genetic disorders can either lay dormant until passed to the next generation, or they can be triggered by something else. In this case, it was probably triggered by...chemical exposure.”

“It was triggered by my father pumping me full of whatever nuclear waste he thought to try out that day,” you hissed, and Papyrus realized you were shaking. He slid his arm around your shoulder as you aggressively rubbed your tears away.

“It's okay, my dear! Green will take care of you!” Papyrus cooed soothingly, and you paused to look up at him, a tiny smile tugging at the corners of your mouth. “So, what exactly does this genetic disorder do?”

“It inhibits the creation of new blood cells. Red blood cells, white blood cells, platelets...all are required for the necessary functions of the human body. Any type of anemia is a disease that affects one of these...aplastic anemia affects them all. Normal anemia is bad enough, even if it only affects one type of cell...In short, her blood cells are dying off faster than they are being replaced,” Green paused, taking a deep breath and removing his glasses momentarily to wipe at the tears pricking his sockets. “I...I'm sorry. This is unprofessional, but all this...it caught me off guard. Are you certain this is right?”

You nodded, and Green sighed, standing and opening his bag. Papyrus was still confused, but he kept his mouth shut and watched as Green moved to your side to do his usual routine.

“When was your last transfusion?” He asked, hooking his stethoscope into place.

You leaned forward so he could slip it just underneath your t-shirt neck, looking guilty. When you spoke up, you were so quiet that Papyrus had to lean in to hear you.

“...over a year ago.”

Green nearly dropped the thing, and suddenly he was more flustered than Papyrus had ever seen him.

“Wh...what?!” He asked, shock evident in his voice. Papyrus instinctively dragged you back against his chest protectively, despite knowing Green would never do anything to hurt you. “Y/N, my dear, you can't be serious?”

“...sorry.”

Green breathed deeply, covering his face with his hands for a long moment. “No. No. It is I who should apologize. You are clearly doing...well...so I shouldn't be upset.”

“I don't like transfusions,” you said meekly, drawing your arms to protect your chest. “All the needles...and the, and the blood bags. I hate it, it freaks me out.”

“Alright, never fear, just try to relax. We will work something out,” Green soothed, gripping your shoulder firmly in comfort. “There is...there might be a way that healing magic can replace

transfusions, if it is in regular doses...which, since you have been living with Papyrus, a little magic is probably in every meal you've eaten so far."

"That explains why I've been doing so well, actually, and explains why I've been feeling less than stellar...looks like Axe was right," you mused quietly. Then you beamed up at him, but it didn't reach your eyes. "...thanks, Pap."

"But, it appears to be getting…" Green trailed off, unsure of his wording.

"Worse. I know." You sighed, running a hand through your hair. "I can feel it."

Papyrus watched quietly, listening intently as you discussed numbers and used big words he didn't quite get. Green produced a small machine that pricked your finger to test your blood, and then he healed it for you despite how small it was. There was a little more explanation...that anemia means you bruise easily, or that your blood doesn't turn to scabs like most humans. Nosebleeds, nausea, rashes, pale appearance...every little thing that had ever worried him about you was explained. Something about blood cell counts, and donors, and an irregularity in your bone marrow that made you…

"Wait, untreatable?" Papyrus interrupted. "Apologies, but I thought the magic in her food was helping? I could always increase the amount, or directly heal if needed."

"Yes...I believe that will be necessary going forward," Green muttered, marking a few things on his paper. "If you are comfortable, Papyrus, I can train you in the procedure. It will be a lot easier to explain than having me visit daily."

"OF COURSE!" He beamed proudly, squeezing you. "ANYTHING TO HELP MY STARLIGHT!"

You giggled, and he was pleased that it reached your soul this time. He leaned down to fully capture you in a hug, and you were squealing as he swayed you from side to side.

"Then, I suppose...you won't need a hospital," Green said when you calmed down, and you heaved a huge, relieved sigh. "Granted, I would have worked a way around it anyway. Regardless, it's important that it happens regularly, as needed, so Papyrus, if you are ever leaving town for any reason, you need to let me know. My dear, you as well...you need to let him know if you are showing symptoms."

"...Yeah. Okay."

"WONDERFUL!" Papyrus clapped happily. "SO, HOW LONG UNTIL SHE IS CURED?"

The silence that fell over the room was unsettling at best, and Papyrus could feel his enthusiastic optimism draining as you and Green exchanged looks. You gave a curt nod, and Green cleared his throat.

"Hm. Ah...well, Papyrus...it's a genetic disease. That is, it's in her very DNA...It can't be cured."

"OH," He deflated a little, but smiled anyway. "WELL...STILL, I GUESS THAT ISN'T SO BAD, TO BE STUCK TOGETHER FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES, NYEH HEH HEH!"

"Yes, but…" Green seemed hesitant, and glanced at you.

“WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IS WHY YOU DID NOT SAY SOMETHING SOONER?” He asked, turning to you. “WE COULD HAVE HAD YOU ON A SCHEDULE--ER, A LOOSE ONE AT LEAST, SO THAT YOU COULD STILL DO AS YOU PLEASED UNHINDERED.”

“Pap, there's only so much that magic can do,” you interrupted, but he waved it off.

“NONSENSE! IF I CARE FOR YOU EVERY DAY LIKE THIS, THEN YOU WILL BE OKAY, RIGHT?”

Green coughed a little, turning his head slightly. Papyrus looked at him curiously, and when he spoke his voice wavered.

“It is not that easy,” Green sighed, clearly blinking away tears. “I'm afraid she's right, and at this stage, with no donor capable of matching her bone marrow samples…”

He trailed off, and Papyrus suddenly had a terrible feeling. That sounded like the kind of thing people said in movies, right before they said--

“I'm dying.”

Papyrus felt as if the world went black and white, and if he had a heart he was certain it would have stopped. D...Dying? Surely he had heard you wrong? There's just no way that his best friend, the spirited human that always seemed so full of life...could be...

“...WHAT?”

You wouldn't look at him, instead choosing to stare at your hands. “I'm dying. Even if I have the care we're talking about.”

“You...You’re *dying* ...?”

You felt hot tears threatening at the corners of your eyes as his voice stuttered over the words with disbelief. You felt his arms tighten around you, the slight shake. You thought he might cry...but when he spoke his voice was even, although slightly strained and more serious than ever.

“How long?”

Green was surprisingly composed, but the waver in his voice gave him away. “Eight months...perhaps ten, if we are lucky. We don't know what the magic treatment could do...so it might possibly be a few months longer.”

Papyrus was silent as he digested the new information, and you closed your eyes. It felt final to hear it from Green like that, that even with magic...there's only so long you can be allowed to live.

“But...but that's-that's just not p-possible,” Papyrus stuttered, and you felt something wet drip onto the back of your neck. He's...crying. Your eyes went wide...you knew he cared, but to cry over you...you still didn't think you were worth it. “It...she...you…”

He moved and you turned in his grip to look at him, orange tears welling in his sockets and dripping down his mandible. He sniffed, wiping them away a little as if trying to hide them, and then gave you his award-winning smile.

“IT'S...IT'S ALRIGHT, MY DEAR! AT...AT LEAST I CAN MAKE THE MOST OF OUR TIME AND MAKE YOU COMFORTABLE! AND WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THE MAGIC WILL DO, PER-PERHAPS I WILL SAVE YOU AFTER ALL!”

“Oh, Pap…” You whispered, reaching up to cup his cheeks and draw his forehead to rest against yours as he began to hiccup and sob quietly. “Can you see now, why I kept quiet? I never...I didn't want to hurt you.”

“N-No...it isn't your fault. You were...born with it, right?” He slipped his arms around you to pull you close, and you were reminded of the day that you found out you were untreatable as you hesitantly raised your arms to hug him back. “I am...happy I know. Now I can treasure every moment, yes?”

The only potential cure is a bone marrow transplant. And your bone marrow isn't even human, according to your doctor, let alone matchable quality. There wasn't another human on earth whose bone marrow looked like black sludge and monster dust...you were alone, unable to match with any donors, mostly unresponsive to immunosuppressants and stimulants, and puzzling every doctor you've come across. You had the tiniest sliver of hope with magic involved, but Green's words had been the confirmation you knew was coming.

You were destined to die.

Drew had broken almost in half at the news, while you sat there shell-shocked. At that point the doctor had given you five years, if constant medication and transfusions were done. This was, ironically, when Drew became a worrywart. It was funny, since that was the point at which he *couldn't* actually do anything.

You squeezed Papyrus closer as you felt the dam break, and the tears began to flow as he gently caressed your hair, muttering encouragement in your ear even though *he* was the one you should be comforting. You had known for years. Accepted it for years. And yet here you were, bawling like a baby between him and Green as they set their feelings aside to care for you.

Maybe this was your punishment for stealing the lives of all your alternate selves...a painfully short life yourself.

Papyrus stared into the sink absently, mind blank for everything but you.

You, who had always seemed so vibrant and full of life.

You, who had survived so much horror and pain.

You, who had always done your best to smile, despite how often you must have been in pain, how often you must have worried about your death.

This morning he had thought he had decades to love you.

Now he had ten months.

How was he supposed to keep this a secret? How can you just... *not* tell the others? You had explained that you don't want them to treat you differently...that you want to feel normal, and let

them love you just as they would if you were healthy, likening it to being “as if you died in a car crash”. In his mind, that was hardly better...but he had promised, and he never breaks his promises.

“pap? pap?” Papyrus slowly looked up at his brother, standing a little ways away in the bathroom doorway. “you okay? did y/n’s checkup go alright?”

“...YES. SHE HAS...A VIRUS. SHE WILL BE OKAY.” He lied, feeling his optimism fade slightly with every word.

“...you sure?” Sans asked quietly, looking at him worriedly. “you...you're cryin’.”

“THE COUNTESS IN *VICTORIAN HEARTS* DIED!” He blurted suddenly, wiping at the traitorous tears on his cheekbones and remembering the plot point you were talking about the other day. Sans looked shocked, and completely thrown off. “IT...IT WAS VERY SAD! I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT IT BECAUSE...GREEN MENTIONED THE SHOW AT THE CHECKUP!”

Sans stared at him for a moment before chuckling, his posture relaxing. “jeez, bro, it's only a show.”

“BUT EVERYONE LOVED HER SO MUCH!”

“...wasn't she, like, the villain?”

“DON'T TALK ABOUT HER LIKE THAT!” Papyrus hiccuped, sniffling and wiping his tears. “SHE'S AMAZING AND WITTY AND FUNNY AND BEAUTIFUL AND I'M GOING TO MISS HER SO MUCH!....ON...On the show.”

Sans stared dumbly up at him, before cocking his head to the side a bit. “y’know, maybe you caught y/n’s virus. you should rest.”

“....Yes. Perhaps I should.” Papyrus sighed. “I don't mean to be dramatic, but the news was quite a shock...Sans, can you make sure y/n eats dinner tonight and tell her I'm in my room?”

“yeah, sure, pap…” Sans said, scratching his skull as Papyrus stepped past him.

That was weird.

G was just about to take a sip of his first whiskey of the night when Green materialized in the kitchen, startling him. Green *never* teleported, not if he could help it, always said it was a lazy way to travel.

“Shit,” He sputtered, catching his drink before he spilled it. Green ignored him, striding past him and opening the liquor cabinet. He opened it, and pulled out a bottle of wine, which he stared at for a long moment before setting it back.

G watched with shocked interest as he instead pulled out the bourbon, and poured a glass. He sighed and removed his glasses, setting them aside and leaning both hands on the counter silently.

After a few silent moments, G figured he should say something.

“Hey--” G started, but Green held up a hand to stop him, and then, ignoring the glass he poured, picked up the bottle and took a looooooooooong drink.

The bottle clicked against the counter as he set it down again, and Green and his glass were in the chair across from him in an instant. He heaved a long sigh and sunk his head into his hands.

“...Everythin’ alright, bro?” G asked gently, and Green shook his head wordlessly. Up close, he could see now that he had been crying, translucent trails of chartreuse present on his skull. “...Did you lose a patient today?”

Pause. He shook his head haltingly.

Hmmm. “So...one of ‘em's terminal, huh?”

Small nod, and then he heaved another big sigh and dragged his hands down his face until they landed on his drink, which he tossed back almost as expertly as G.

“Bro, you can't let these things get to ya,” G offered, scooting his chair over to pat his back reassuringly. “Some people, you just can't save.”

“...Yes. And I was made *startlingly* aware of that reality today,” he said, voice a near-whimper. “I would...prefer not to talk about it. If that's alright.”

“Yeah...Sure thing, man,” G said, pulling out his phone. “I'll let Sierra know I'm stayin’ in tonight, and we can get drunk and watch Carl Sagan.”

“...Thank you.”

~End of Part III: Time is Running Out~

Chapter End Notes

Carry You by Union J (My song-spiration for this chapter)

Oooooohhhhh boy. I have been sitting on this a while.
Eventually I want to go back and change some things so that the symptoms are more obvious in some chapters. I didn't decide what she actually had until, like, 10 chapters ago.
Props to those of you who did some sleuthing on WebMD and came up with Anemia! You're correct! Aplastic Anemia is incredibly rare, and the only known cure is a bone marrow transplant, preferably from a blood relative. She has none of those, of course, and her marrow is all hecked up from the experimentation. As Green stated, it affects all three types of blood cells, causing a variety of symptoms, which is why y'all couldn't find it specifically.
Here is a great website for Aplastic Anemia and MDS resources. Please donate if you can, they are learning more about it every day!
Here is a survey so you can yell at me and make decisions to help me along.

High-jinks

Chapter Summary

Stretch has to stay
High all the time
To keep you off his mind

Chapter Notes

Oh boy, here we go. Part 4!
Damn. This this is longer than two epics.
I'd like to take a moment to thank everyone that has supported me so far. This story is the biggest, most ambitious writing experience I have ever had, and even though I have it all planned out it still continues to surprise me.
Your guy's survey responses are still helpful! Please answer the survey from last chapter HERE if you want to help me out. Don't forget to include some bucket-list ideas for reader!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

~Part IV: Before It's Too Late~

“I DIDN'T WANT TO BLOCK OUT YOUR SCHEDULE TO A TEE,” Papyrus said, hovering nervously as you looked over the paper he had given you. “I KNOW THAT IS THE LAST THING YOU WANT. AT THE VERY LEAST, THIS IS *MY* NORMAL SCHEDULE, SO YOU WILL BE ABLE TO WORK YOUR PLANS AROUND IT AND SEE ME WHEN YOU CAN.”

You smiled endearingly up at him, and watched as his whole body relaxed when he saw you weren't upset. He'd been so good to you since Green’s visit the other day, so sweet, and thoughtful, and surprisingly not overbearing. He made the smoothies Axe made for you each night himself, infusing it with your daily dose of magic, and now he was making sure you could find him if you were feeling ill...but also not forcing you to stick to any particular plan or diet or something.

He was respecting your freedom, and you were reminded why you considered him your best friend.

“Thanks, Pap, but I think I'm okay today. I have some schoolwork to do, so I will probably fake like I'm still sick and lock myself up.”

Papyrus hesitated, and sighed. “IS THAT BECAUSE STRETCH IS HOME TODAY?”

You visibly bristled at the mention of Stretch, eyes full of hurt that was still so fresh. From what he had heard from Blue, Stretch had essentially said he didn't want to see you romantically

anymore...and despite how obvious of a lie it had been, you seemed to believe him.

“...Stretch has nothing to do with it. I mean, we're just housemates, right? So I guess I have to be alright with him being in the house.”

“I COULD...TALK TO HIM FOR YOU, IF YOU LIKE?” Papyrus offered, laying a hand on your arm. “PLEASE. VALENTINE'S IS COMING UP NEXT WEEK AND...I DON'T WANT YOU TO REGRET ANYTHING.”

He was talking about the fact that it was your last Valentine’s Day, and it really did make you pause for a moment. *Should* you put a little extra effort forth because it's your last one? On the one hand, you would like to have as little regret as possible, and every moment spent like this was torture on your poor heart…

...but on the other, Stretch's decision had been made very clear to you. And he had even said that he...

“...No. It'll be...better if he gets over me before it's too late,” you sighed, resigned. “It'll hurt less for both of us, I think.”

Papyrus didn't believe that for a moment, but he sighed and kept quiet anyway. If nothing else, maybe Stretch will come to his senses during their upcoming heat.

Papyrus gasped suddenly, startling you.

“OH NO!”

“Jeez, what's the matter?”

“OH, I...I HAVE TO MAKE SOME PHONE CALLS. I'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT,” He said quickly, scrambling up from your bed and making a beeline for the door. He paused, looking back to you. “EHM, I AM *NOT* TELLING YOU WHAT TO DO...BUT TAKE IT EASY, IF POSSIBLE?”

You giggled, waving as he left. Green had told you to stay down until he was sure he had trained Papyrus fully for the magic transfusion, because he didn't want you to aggravate your condition or half-ass the delicate soul work on an equally delicate soul.

You waited until you heard his footsteps disappear down the stairs, and then finally the front door slammed. According to his little schedule here, he would probably be taking that phone call with him to Undyne’s.

When you heard the telltale sound of his mustang starting, you smiled.

Showtime.

With the nurse gone, you threw your covers off and walked directly to your wardrobe, tossing the doors open to survey your options. You should probably rest, but they've been telling you that for nearly a week, and you can only do so much resting before you go insane.

Your phone buzzed on the desk, so you snatched it up, hoping for a reply from Red about hanging out today.

RedFlag: sorry kitten, no can do. i gotta meet with some fancy rich people about renewing my engine patents.

RedFlag: they're lookin for some review on the blueprints, too, so i might be doing some extra work on the design the next few days. i gotta go over the legal ppwk and sign off on the safety concerns.

RedFlag: oh my god that sounded so boring i almost put myself to sleep

RedFlag: maybe if you aren't too tired tonight, i could come by~❤

You couldn't hold back your pout. You had been hoping to spend the day with him, since it had been kind of awkward...you think he blamed himself for you and Stretch's fallout.

But you're fine. Really. Honestly, it's a load off your mind. If Stretch can't handle the way you had all agreed to do this then this is simply the best option. If he wants to act like a petulant child over it, then you won't be…

...heartbroken.

You bit your lip, trying to think of anything but Stretch. Dammit! How does this always happen? Okay, you aren't fine. You're not even close to fine. It hurts, it hurts so bad you don't even know what to do with yourself. You're afraid that if you admit it, then you'll break completely in half, and you're petrified that he wouldn't even pause to look at the pieces. Also, there's that heavy dose of guilt piled on top from knowing that this is how you made Drew feel all those years ago.

You're a heartbroken mess in a nightdress and all you want to do is curl up in your bed and cry.

Which is why you don't want to spend any more time in bed. You can't give in to this, why should you? Why should he win? You slapped your face a little, perking up into that fake smile you know so well. You can't waste any more precious moments of this life, especially not over people who don't want to be a part of it. Even if you care for them a lot...and they don't.

But Red had been your only option today. Sans was out with the royal family, and had taken Blue along because the aquarium seemed to excite the little guy. And Edge, well, he had said something vague and disappeared this morning, which meant he was probably shopping for Red's birthday gift but didn't want to seem soft.

Which meant…

...the house was empty except for you and Stretch.

"Chores!" You said out loud, to nobody in particular. "There's nobody around to tell me not to do them, so I'll do some chores today!"

So you threw on a loose t shirt and your favorite yoga pants (the ones with pockets, yes, *pockets)* , and slid your iPod into the pocket and hooked your headphones in.

And you're off.

It had been several days before Stretch had been able to convince himself to get out of bed, and another several days before he convinced himself it was alright to stay in the house if he left his bedroom. He felt awful, tired and ornery and emotionally exhausted from how much you plagued his dreams.

He expected to ache for your touch.

He expected to miss your hands, your lips, the feeling of your body pressed against his...he had expected to feel devastated pretty much every day by the lack of contact.

Less expected, was the way he missed the smaller things. He missed the smell of your shampoo, and the way there was still a bottle of it in his shower. He missed the way you made his morning tea, because no matter how hard he tried and how perfectly he imitated it, it just didn't taste the same. He missed your laugh that you used for just him, and hearing you laugh with the others only compounded his hurt. He missed the way you used to fold his shirts into little hearts, and his socks into pinwheels, or whatever other ridiculous thing you got from Pinterest that week. He woke up late every day because you didn't knock a pattern on his door on your way down, and his routine felt incomplete without sneaking a kiss in the kitchen while you cooked.

Worst of all, he missed the quiet stillness of the morning, where both of you came down to the couch to read without ever saying a word to the other, just knowing you both can't sleep. He missed carding his fingers gently through your hair, while you hummed absently or played with the pull-tie on his sweatshirt.

And he worried.

He tried not to, but he worried so much. Are you sleeping? He's sure not. Are you eating? Because he hasn't been, really. He's seen Papyrus make those shakes Axe made, the ones for when you can't eat. Are you having nightmares? Your rendezvous in the early morning used to be a sanctuary for you both, where you could escape your nightmares.

But you probably just go to Red’s room instead now. And then he gets angry all over again at the thought, and remembers the other stuff.

The annoying stuff.

Like the passive aggressive way you're constantly reminding him of the breakup, and the way everyone *else* was treating him because of it all. Edge and Sans especially gave him a rough time, causing him to look over his shoulder constantly with the expectation of a surprise left hook.

The other day, you made everyone lunches to go, with cute little drawings on the bags and hearts...everyone except him, of course, which was s*o mature.*

When you went shopping with Papyrus last night, you had “forgotten” to restock the honey, and he had gotten lost in the store trying to find the damn stuff because they had remodeled since his last visit.

Blue refused to do his laundry, and since you couldn't be expected to do it, Stretch had to do it himself...and had ended up with pink shirts, courtesy of a rogue sock.

You still made enough food for him when you cooked, but you never plated his up anymore, and when he didn't do his own dishes he had ended up with them in his bed...although, since your chores have been minimal due to whatever virus you had, that last one may have been Sans.

He sighed as he gathered the plates from where he had deposited them on his desk last night. It wasn't as if he didn't realize he deserved all this. He knew what he said. He knew how devastating his words must have been. He knew that housemates don't get the same treatment as...whatever the rest of them are to you. All of it only added to his irritation, and he was likely to snap soon. He was already snappy, having fought with Blue twice. Everyone else in the house seemed volatile at best, which is why he spent so much time out of the house.

But today, he could relax. He had the house to himself, and he was going to use that time to get his bearings again and release some steam. He knew that Blue hated the weed, but it was the only thing that took his mind off of you for a little while, so he lit one up anyway, taking a long drag as he stared at the dishes on his desk. It was a long few minutes as he let the familiar numbness wash over him.

“alright,” he sighed to himself as he stubbed out the joint. “time to face the day.”

He slipped on his regular orange sweatshirt, trying not to look at the ones you bought him laying in the pile underneath it, then he checked his face in the mirror...and headed downstairs to get some damn breakfast.

He was busy listing the steps to make his tea in his head when he heard the unmistakable sound of humming from the kitchen and slowed his pace.

Wasn't he alone today? Blue had gone with you and Sans to the aquarium, and Edge was pretending not to care about his brother somewhere. Red had patent meetings...maybe Papyrus? Did he skip Undyne's today?

He peeked his head into the kitchen and locked up when he saw you standing at the sink.

His mind was racing.

Hadn't you gone to the aquarium? He could have sworn that Blue had said you were going. Maybe Papyrus had vetoed it, seeing as he seemed to have made himself your nurse as you got over your virus.

Whatever the reason, he was too high to think of what he should do at the moment, so he stood rooted to the spot, just watching you as you did the leftover dishes from breakfast. He had spent the last week and a half trying to convince himself that he was fine, but seeing you standing there...he knew he wasn't.

“...y/n.” He breathed quietly, emotion overwhelming him for a brief moment. You didn't seem to hear him, and he couldn't stop himself from stepping into the kitchen to repeat himself. “y/n.”

...nothing.

Are you...ignoring him?!

Alright, moment of weakness over, and he's irritated again. How petty can you be?! He took another step in, about to give you a piece of his (admittedly high) mind, when you suddenly turned

on your heel...and shrieked, dropping the plate in your hands and stumbling back several steps until you collided with the sink.

He watched you flail and catch yourself as the plate shattered at his feet, and you furiously ripped out your headphones.

...Oh.

“Jesus tapdancing Christ,” you hissed, standing upright and rubbing your wrist. “What the hell, Stretch? A little warning before you sneak up on me, please.”

He had a snarky response, but it died on his teeth as you looked up at him, apparently catching your own words in your throat as the both of you remembered yourselves.

“...sorry.” He said finally, tone sharp as he bent to pick up the pieces of the plate. “i thought you were ignoring me, but you just had your headphones in.”

“Funny how misunderstandings happen like that,” you commented dryly. You paused, and then sighed, kneeling down. “...Let me help.”

“i’ve got it.” He snapped, waving your hand away and standing up with the pieces. He tossed them in the garbage and shook his head, turning to grab his tea ingredients from the cabinet.

The silence was deafening as his mug clicked against the counter, and he went about his business. He pretended to be really interested in the microwave timer, which wasn't far from the truth with how high he was, but his mind kept wandering, analyzing.

You looked just as awful as he did. You looked tired, and pale, though it was probably due to whatever virus you had. You had bags under your eyes, nearly as bad as his. He usually admired the way your hair curled naturally, but today it looked frizzy and messy, like you hadn't bothered to care for it in days.

“You're doing it wrong.”

“y’know, silence was fine,” he snorted in response, slamming the honey back onto the counter.

“Sorry, just thought you'd like to know.” You said quietly, turning back to your dishes.

He stared at you, irritation building in his temples and giving him a headache...but damn if he wasn't curious.

“alright, i’ll ask. how in the world am i doing hot water and a teabag *wrong* ?”

You sighed and set down the plate in your hands, wiping the water on the towel over your shoulder. You went to the fridge and opened the top butter compartment and grabbed a small jar and half a lemon. You showed them to him pointedly, and squeezed the lemon into the cup. The little jar was apparently jasmine honey, and you added two small spoonfuls and a spoonful of sugar before swirling it all together in the hot water.

“Because it isn't just hot water and a teabag,” you said, holding it out to him. “You think after all this time, I'd be that half-assed?”

He's never thought of lemon. And he didn't even know that honey was there! He took it from you hesitantly, taking a sip. It was exactly right, the way he'd been trying to imitate…

“...it's a little bitter,” he lied.

“No, that's just you,” you said right back, throwing your towel back over your shoulder and pointedly sticking your earbuds back in.

His grip tightened on his mug as you slid past him and back to the dishes. Before, you might have lingered, might have pressed against him, kissed him on the cheek as you went…

Frustrated, he decided he was going to focus on writing today, and made a beeline for the living room.

Two hours. Two agonizing hours of staring at a blank page on his laptop.

He couldn't focus on anything except the sound of you humming and moving around. Even when he put his own headphones on to drown you out he couldn't stop seeing you when he closed his eyes.

Not to mention when he opened his eyes.

You had apparently gotten tired of your t-shirt getting in the way, because you had tied it up high on your hips. The subtle strip of skin was more than he was used to seeing on you, and as you went about your chores, he found himself staring.

He was trying not to think about how royally he had messed everything up with you. He watched you move from the corner of his sockets, so gorgeous and composed despite how you were obviously affected by the things he had said.

i lied.

What had possessed him to say that? Why did he see something so beautiful and have to ruin it? It wasn't like he didn't realize that you sleeping with Red didn't necessarily affect him...your time together that morning before he found out had been proof enough of that. The only person in the world that he had ever truly loved, besides his brother, and he had ruined it all with two words.

Then again, he was so high that he couldn't focus on those feelings long enough to feel bad.

So there's that.

Maybe he should smoke again soon, just to be safe.

“shouldn't you be resting?” He asked distractedly as you dragged the vaccuum in.

“Shouldn't you be minding your own business?” You replied curtly, slightly out of breath.

You squeaked as he materialized next to you suddenly, towering over you. His normal pleasant honey/smoke combo was overpowered by the smell of weed, but still there as he leaned down to look you in the eyes.

“...make me.”

There was a long silence, and the hint of a smirk on his face betrayed how red your face was.

You drew your short stature as high as it would go, placing your hands on your hips.

“*Fuck you.*”

He chuckled bitterly. “funny. i thought that was the problem.”

“Go be an ass somewhere else.”

“but i wanna be an ass to you.”

“Too bad we’re just housemates, then, isn't it?” You kicked the release on the vacuum and it whirred to life.

“that doesn't even make sense,” he tried to say.

“What? I can't hear you! Vacuum!” You enunciated loudly as you walked away with the vacuum in question.

He watched you as you walked away, smirking like you won.

Oh, it is *on*.

Salt in the sugar bowl, and you stared him down angrily as you drank the whole mug of coffee.

Cling wrap in the hallway, and you ducked it just in time.

Party poppers tied to the doorway made you shriek and an airhorn attached to the toilet seat made you jump three feet in the air and nearly piss yourself. You asked to borrow a pen and it squirted ink on your favorite shirt and then shocked you for good measure.

When you needed to go to the store, he had frozen your car keys in a block of ice, and when you went for your spare you found he had stuck them on the highest shelf where your short ass couldn't reach. Like hell you were asking him for help so you decided to walk. At least if you leave the house there weren't any more prank traps to--

Stretch smiled as he heard you screech in the hallway, followed by a dull thud, a clatter, and a splash.

“Stretch!” You wailed, making him double over in silent laughter from his spot on the other side of the wall before you appeared, soaking wet and covered in shaving cream.

“wow, you certainly seem to be in a *hairy* situation,” he snickered, admiring his handiwork.

“Shut up!” You were practically vibrating with anger, and he didn't even try not to laugh.

“oh, hold on, you're forgetting the most important part--” He flicked on the hallway fan. “--the way you *shine* .”

He stepped back as the glitter on top of the fan blades rained down on you, sticking to the shaving cream as you glared at him.

“pffffft, your *face*, it's *priceless,*” he chuckled, snapping a picture for posterity. You said nothing, but rather continued to glare at him. “oh, c’mon. don't be that way.”

You took a deep, shuddering breath as the glitter rain stopped, and shook your head.

“Fine. You win. I'll go take a shower and get back in bed and...and I'll leave you alone.” You said quietly, sobering him as you turned to go up the stairs.

Great. Now he felt bad. While that *had* been a masterful prank, it could have really hurt you...and as mad as he was at you, he didn't like hearing that defeat in your voice.

“honestly, would it kill you to laugh?” He sighed, following you carefully up the stairs. “it was a joke. they all were. but you're too busy being passive aggressive to even care.”

“Sorry,” you shrugged, and you were honestly apologizing. The sincerity made him even angrier.

“geez, lighten up a little,” he huffed, hanging back as you reached the stairs to your room.

“I'm just tired now,” you sighed. “Sorry if I'm no fun. Guess I'm not interested in joking around with my housemate today.”

You disappeared up the steps, leaving a trail of glitter and shaving cream behind you, and he felt annoyance knocking at his temples.

He grumbled and ported to the kitchen, where an open tin of koolaid was the only evidence to his final caper. Before putting it away, he swirled some of the purple powder into a glass of water for himself, smirking as he imagined you stepping out of your shower, all purple and sticky and even more furious. You might actually think this one was funny.

He lifted the glass absently and stopped, holding it out to inspect it incredulously.

It was red.

He double-checked the tin. It was definitely grape flavor, and the powder was definitely purple...oh. He sighed, setting it on the shelf. Leave it to him and his high ass to grab the only “magic color-changing” tin on the shelf. He drank his glass, hoping the joke was still funny if it wasn't purple.

After all, when it was red like this, it almost looked like…

He gasped and dropped his glass. It shattered against the counter unnoticed as your scream tore through the house, and he was gone from the kitchen in a flash.

Blood

There's blood everywhere. It's running over your body in waves, as if raining from the sky.

You're running your hands over your body and trying to check for wounds but it's no use--you're numb, and you're terrified. It's dark as your body buzzes unpleasantly, and you find yourself in a crumpled heap.

Somebody’s screaming.

Oh, wait, that's you.

The blood is everywhere, dripping from your chin onto your bare thighs as your breath comes in gasping heaves. Your nails rake along the surface of wherever you are, cold stone and chains marking all you know to be true.

“*Welcome home* ” you hear him say. You don't look. You can't look.

Hands are on you, and the blood stops pouring from the sky. You try to fight but they're so strong and you just end up sobbing.

“it's me,” the source of the hands say. “honey, it's me! it's okay!”

You see Stretch, but he doesn't look right. His head is at an awkward angle as he turns to dust in front of you.

“it’s okay,” he comforts you. “i deserved that.”

Your voice is broken hiccups and sobs as the dust runs through your fingers, a little honey-colored heart fading before your eyes.

“No...no, no no **no, *no Stretch don't leave me!***”

The little heart doesn't respond as you find your arms too heavy to reach out to it.

You muster the rest if your strength to scream for the one you know can help.

He swore as you clocked him right on the chin.

“okay, i deserved that,” Stretch said to you, trying to soothe you as he strong-armed you into a towel and pulled you out of the tub.

He'd found you hysterical, and you weren't any better for his presence. You couldn't seem to see or hear him, but you were death-gripping his sweatshirt as if he would fade away, and your sudden lunge toward his face sent him reeling, head knocking against the toilet.

“No...no, no no **no, *no Stretch don't leave me!***” You sobbed as you fumbled your grip.

He tried to respond as pain blossomed in the back of his skull, but you were still screaming, and all he could do was wrap his arms around you and hope that you could feel his soul calling for you.

Suddenly you went limp in his arms, a broken, defeated look in your eyes as you sobbed.

With one word from your lips, he instantly knew he was screwed.

“Sans!” You cried, desperation lacing your words. It was a broken wail, painful just to hear. “ *Saaaaa-aans!* ”

You were ripped from his arms a moment later, and the world seemed to focus back in. He shook his head and looked for you, finding you curled in Sans’ embrace as he whispered to you, wiping the koolaid from your face, petting your hair as you shivered and hiccuped in his lap.

“i told you, any time...i’m here, breathe deep. it's alright, it’s okay, i’m here, sweetheart,” he cooed, laying his sweater over your naked shoulders as the shaking slowed down. When you seemed to relax a tiny bit, he looked around at the bathroom, at the shower that looked like a murder scene...and then right at Stretch.

“...it was supposed to be purple,” he offered lamely. “the koolaid. i grabbed the wrong kind, i…”

“keep breathing, sweetheart,” Sans said gently to you, eyelights still trained on Stretch. “you, ***get out*** .”

Don't have to tell him twice.

“Wait!”

You surprised both of them by catching his hand before he could leave. There was silence as you ran a thumb over the back of his hand, and you let out a shaky breath.

Sans and Stretch exchange glances, and Sans carefully stands with you in his arms, towel and sweatshirt covering what it could as you squeezed Stretch’s hand.

“...I thought you were…” you managed, before you dropped the hand and curled fully into Sans’ embrace. “...I'm glad you're alive.”

He brings his hand back to his sternum as Sans slowly walks out, cradling you to his chest protectively. Sans only pauses to look over his shoulder a moment, and nod at the shower.

“better get to work cleanin’ that up.”

Chapter End Notes

Stretch, you done diddlydarned fucked up.
Don't do drugs, kids.

Sans is already pissed at Stretch, and this...well, let's hope it doesn't come to blows. Even Sans only has so much patience.

Comment to yell at Stretch or if you have ideas for her bucket list, or if you just want to tell me about your feels!

A Star By Any Other Name Would Shine As Bright

Chapter Summary

You don't need sex to feel how much he loves you.

Chapter Notes

Hooo boy.
Can I just say, you guys are killing it with your comments. A lot of you are arguing FOR Stretch, which I was surprised at--but y'all are right! He shouldn't be forced to accept terms he's uncomfortable with. If he doesn't want a poly relationship, if he wants it to be black and white, then he totally has the right to say no.
I definitely believe this is how reader feels, too.
In any case, here's some fluff for y'all. I've been so busy trolling the interwebs for skelepr0n that I forgot I was able to post this one now.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You smelled like grape koolaid, and you were sticky--like, really sticky. It had been a little over an hour since he'd found you naked and hysterical on top of Stretch, in your bathroom, your shower looking like a scene from Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho.*

It might have been a funny joke if it was purple, like Stretch insisted it was supposed to be, and Stretch obviously felt so awful about it that he couldn't really blame him. Judging by the stench of weed present on his friend, it was probably a 'high-dea', as was whatever glitter and shaving cream mess was currently in the hall, but he knew that no matter how angry he was, Stretch never wanted to make you get that way on purpose.

"hey. maybe we should get you into a real bath, sweetheart." His voice was gentle, whispered in your ear as you lay on top of him, breathing even and soft, tickling his neck with your hair. You nodded against his sternum, and he gathered the blanket around you and peeled you off his chest gently. You were so sticky that you both made little grunts of equal parts disgust and pain as he set you down. "i'll draw a bath. you rest here."

You nodded sleepily, snuggling into his pillows. He'll have to do laundry later, but he didn't mind. Did he ever mind, when you were naked in his bed?

You closed your eyes and breathed deeply. His sheets smelled like him, and it calmed you. A deep blue, like the ocean, and a sense of longing were found in this scent, and it was soothing. If you tried, you could smell the lingering scent of a crackling hearth and snow. You buried your face deeper in his pillows, trying to drown out the visions of Stretch disappearing through your fingertips. It's alright, he's alright...of course your father isn't here, and Sans came when you called, just like he always said he would.

Breathe deeply.

Count to ten.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5...

Sans is only in the other room, you can even hear the water running. He's humming. Some song that always seems to be stuck in his head. You laughed as you kicked off your shoes, stripping your work clothes quickly and quietly, ready to surprise him by waiting naked for him to return.

You thought he would laugh when he saw you covered in ketchup hearts, but instead his face went as pale as it could, and he dropped the container of bubble bath in his hands.

He rushed over to you, frantic, checking you for injuries until you finally convinced him you were fine by force-feeding him some of the ketchup from your finger.

He laughed then, but it was clipped and nervous, and it took a while for him to relax.

He said to warn him next time.

As he slowly returned to the bathroom, shedding his coat and asking if you wanted a bath...

...you realized he must have thought it was blood.

...6, 7, 8, 9, and 10.

You had fallen asleep while counting, it seemed, because you roused from the strange dream as Sans collected you from the bed, and you allowed him to baby you a bit as he carried you to his connected bathroom.

“holler if you need me?” He offered, but you clung tightly to him and shook your head. “...ok. i’ll stay.”

He set you down, sitting on the closed toilet and turning around as you stripped the sticky towel from your frame and stepped into the warm bath.

You sighed as you sunk into the warm, bubbly water. You wondered if maybe Sans used to draw baths for y/n a lot, because it was perfect--a light scent of wisteria blossoms filled your nose, replacing the grape smell that had pervaded your senses for the last hour. The water felt smooth, as if he had put some sort of oil in there. After you settled, you looked up at him, smiling when you saw that he had turned around politely.

You splashed him, startling him from whatever he was thinking about.

He didn't turn around, but he dropped his head into his hand and chuckled. “what, can't a guy be a gentleman anymore?”

You giggled as you scrubbed the koolaid residue from your body gently, a little bit of energy renewed from the warm waters. “Just thought you wouldn't want to miss out on this awesome bath you drew.”

He glanced back at you curiously, just barely.

“...you want me to join you?” He asked incredulously.

“Can't reach my back on my own,” you shrugged, smirking at the deep navy marking his cheekbones.

He rolled up the sleeves of his shirt to the elbows and turned to face you, eyelights wandering over you as if registering your nakedness for the first time, and he chuckled nervously.

“i think this is the most i’ve ever seen of you.”

You slid your hands up by your shoulders self-consciously.

He knelt by the bath, face flushed as he leaned over the side to press his teeth against your hair in a sweet kiss. “i didn't mean it like that. i just meant...you're beautiful.”

Your heart nearly skips a beat in its hurry to leap, and you giggle shakily, hiding your face with your hands, much to his amusement.

Then there's that perfect silence, punctuated only by his humming as he swirls a finger in the water, brushing your skin delicately. His other hand is in your hair, gently detangling it and brushing through. You rested your chin on your knees and hummed contentedly as he worked shampoo through your curls, so delicate and feather-light that you almost fall asleep.

*His fingers are warm and gentle as he washes your hair, admiring every strand. You jokingly ask if he would still love you if you shaved your hair into a mohawk--to which he replied "i won't split **hairs** with you, babe, i'd be disappointed."*

You laugh, and he pulls you close and whispers how much he'd love you even if you were bald, and you sigh and lean against him, enjoying the way his wet ribs rub against your back and the little moans he makes as they do. It isn't long before his delicate touches are redirected to all your best spots, and even though the water's cold by now, you both feel far too hot to get out.

After a quick rinse of your hair, he says he’ll be right back, so you lay your head on the lip of the tub and dangle your arms over, feeling a little dizzy but mostly happy, that sweet tingle flowing through your body. It's hard to believe that an hour ago you had been panicking so badly that you thought someone was dead.

You stared at your hands, swearing that they seem to glow, almost as brightly as the stars you study so fervently.

"like a star, you shine so bright that i can't see anyone else...you're the light of my life, kitten.”

"ANYTHING TO HELP MY STARLIGHT!"

"there you go...the most important part is the way you shine, like starlight."

“Sans, do you think I'm a star?” You asked as he coaxed you from the bath and into a fluffy, warm towel the size of a bed sheet.

“hmm? a star?” He asked, arm around your shoulder to guide you back to his bedroom. “i could see that...yeah. that fits. you're starlight in human form, pure and simple and beautiful.”

You giggled as you found yourself falling into bed beside him once more, his fingers drawing delicate circles on you through the towel. “You all are crazy. I'm not that great.”

“you don't see it, but do you think any star ever truly sees how brightly they shine?” He asked. “and, you know...sometimes you shine brighter than others. like a…”

He grew quiet, and you glanced up at him curiously. “What's wrong?”

“...i just...i thought of a name for you.” He said quietly, fingers running over your jaw to tip your face towards his and look you in the eyes. “...yeah. i think i got it.”

“Oh?” You whispered breathlessly, lost in his gaze as his grin grew, shy at first, then confident.

“i think...i wanna call you *nova* .”

Your breath caught in your throat, a flurry of emotions suddenly rising to the surface with a clatter.

“oh, shoot, no, don't cry! you don't, uh, you don't have to use it if you don't like it,” he fussed, suddenly guilty as the tears pricked your eyes. You shook your head wordlessly, bringing your hands to cover your face as a startled laugh escaped.

When you peeked up at him, he could see a sparkle in your eye, that little bit of *shine* , the exact effect that made him liken you to a Nova star. You were easily a million times more beautiful when you smiled, tears clinging to your lashes as you gripped the front of his shirt and drew him close. Your lips felt like velvet against his teeth, and he sighed and melted against you, dragging your body close, closer, until he was practically on top of you, the towel sliding off slowly to reveal your soft skin and rough scars, waiting for his fingers to explore.

But it wasn't sexual. It was a different intensity entirely, a need that went beyond your bodies. He felt like he was flying, and the soft tingle of your lips slowly spread over his entire body until he wasn't sure where you ended and he began.

When you finally parted, gasping for breath, he leaned his forehead against yours, sockets shuttered for a long moment as he tried to collect his thoughts.

“so...i take it you like the name?” He whispered, and you nodded slightly against him.

“It's perfect,” you gasped quietly. “It's perfect...because you gave it to me, and...and it's *mine* ...Sans... *Thank you* .”

Your voice wavered with your tears, and he opened his eyes to look at you, gaze soft and full of affection.

“just returning the favor,” he muttered.

“Hmm?”

“nothing, nothing, don't worry about it...nova.”

He grinned as you blushed and tried to hide your smile by pressing your face into his shoulder.

“nova,” he repeated, kissing your forehead. “nova... *nova* , my star…how’s it feel?”

“It feels...a little weird,” you admitted sheepishly. “But a good weird.”

“guess i’ll just have to keep repeating it until it doesn't feel weird anymore, eh?” He teased, before you silenced him with another kiss, one that made him shudder all over.

Eventually the two of you found yourselves buried beneath the covers, unaware or at least unabashed by your nakedness as you pressed your whole body to align with his, foreheads leaned against one another as you exchanged sweet kisses. Feather-light touches made you both shiver as you simply *existed* together, alone, for just a little while.

You wondered, as his hands memorized the scars on your back, if he had ever held y/n this way. Of course he had, you concluded, but this was *different* , you knew. You can feel it in your soul...the soul that had once seemed a mash of others, but now was starting to feel like it might truly be yours.

Sans wondered, as you drew him in again and again, if you had ever felt like this with anyone else. Of course you had, he concluded, but this was special. He could feel you singing, and it was further than resonation--it was that song, the one that harmonized with his own wavelength, and he had never noticed just how different it was from y/n’s. Unique...but it still fit him like a puzzle piece.

Now was the perfect time, he thought. He can't let his fears get in the way forever.

Screw what happened in the other timelines. That was then, this is now.

It's now or never.

“hey, sweetheart…” He started, then corrected. “....nova.”

“Hmm?” You hummed, face only inches from his, blush warming your face.

“nova, i...i-i lo--”

There was a loud knocking on the door before it swung open without prompting, revealing Papyrus with a stack of papers in his hands.

“BROTHER! STRETCH SAID YOU HAD Y/N, SO I THOUGHT I WOULD CHECK HERE FIRST! HELLO, MY DEAR!”

Sans seemed to practically fizzle out on top of you, slumping his head over your shoulder with a long, exaggerated groan as you struggled to wave back at Papyrus. Papyrus looked over you, shock apparently catching his tongue as he realized you were *very* naked.

“SANS! HOW CAN YOU EVEN THINK OF TAKING ADVANTAGE OF Y/N--”

“nova.”

“--AT A TIME LIKE THIS? SHE IS STILL RECOVERING FROM HER... *VIRUS* , AND GREEN HAS INSTRUCTED HER TO REFRAIN FROM ANY STRENUOUS ACTIVITY! HOW IS Y/N--”

“ *nova* .”

“--EVER SUPPOSED TO RECOVER IF SHE CANNOT EVEN GET A MOMENT’S PEACE? WHY, I'M CONVINCED THAT IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME, Y/N--”

“ ***nova.*** ”

“--WOULD BE-- *Why* do you keep saying that?” Papyrus finally asked, stopping just short of the bed and pausing his lecture to stare at the two of you in confusion.

“because that’s her name,” he shrugged, nuzzling your cheek as his hands pulled the towel back around you and sat you up in one fluid motion. “right, sweetheart?”

Still reeling from how quickly he sat you up, you clutched the towel to your body and nodded.

“Well, I'm confused,” Papyrus sighed. “I thought your name was y/n?”

“It was...sort of,” you half-explained. “But...it felt wrong, to keep pretending I was really her...so...Sans made me a new one.”

Understanding crossed his face and he straightened his posture with a soft smile. “Well, then, can't argue with that. Nova...YES, YES IT SUITS YOU PERFECTLY! I LOVE IT!”

You giggled, tugging at your wet hair a little in giddy embarrassment. “...Thanks, Pap.”

“THAT ASIDE, I HAVE EVERYTHING I NEED FOR YOUR...THING. THE THING THAT GREEN SAID YOU NEEDED TO GET OVER YOUR VIRUS.” Papyrus continued, and the normalcy with which he glossed over the name change was actually comforting. “ *NOVA* , I’D LIKE TO GET THIS GOING TONIGHT, IF YOU'RE UP FOR IT?”

You looked back over your shoulder at Sans, who shrugged, a soft grin on his face. “health first. talk later. i’ll have her up in ten, pap.”

You smoothed your hand over the dutch braid in your hair one more time, and Sans smacked your hand lightly.

“you’re gonna make it frizzy. i worked hard on that, you know,” he teased.

“I thought you said a dutch braid was the quick and dirty way to braid hair?” You accused, poking him in the chest. His eyelights were clearly not concerned with your hair or your frizz, you could tell, because they kept glancing down at the way his t-shirt fell against your chest...and only a third of the way down your thighs.

“well, can't say there's nothin’ *quick and dirty* on my mind,” he muttered, breaking into a shit-eating grin when you giggled. “hey. you okay?”

He emphasized his question by tracing your neck to the jaw, lightly as if you might break. You leaned into his touch with a smile.

“Yeah. Yeah, I'm alright, thanks to you.” You stepped closer, leaning up to plant a kiss on his jaw, and then fell into his arms for one of those hugs that always made you feel safe. “Thanks for coming when I called.”

“said i would, didn't i?” He sighed. “i always keep my promises.”

“I know you do,” you giggled, breaking reluctantly from his grasp.

He walked you to the door, but you insisted on going the rest of the way yourself, which prompted him to seize you for one more kiss that left you breathless as he gently closed the door.

Oh, gosh.

You laughed to yourself a little, spinning in giddy happiness. This just...felt so good. You felt good. Recharged. Like all you had needed was just...some time with your dearest, oldest friend…dare you even say...

...your soulmate.

On the other side of the door, Sans leaned his back against the wood, hand over his soul as it hummed loudly, drowning everything out that wasn't you. He couldn't stop smiling...so he didn't get to say it, so what? He felt it. You felt it.

It felt right.

That was good enough for him.

“Are you comfortable?”

You nodded slowly, unsure, as Papyrus came to sit across from you on the bed. The mattress whined under your combined weight, and you almost laughed at how absurd you felt, sitting together like you were going to start discussing boys or something.

“According to the papers, there may be some side effects the first few times,” Papyrus explained, setting the papers on your bedside table. “Nausea…”

You shrugged. “Used to that.”

“...cravings, especially for sugar…”

“Normal.”

“...mood swings, irritability, sensitivity…”

“Yeesh. But nothing new.”

Papyrus smiled at you, a little bit of worry still clear on his face.

“Green said I'll need to touch your soul directly...are you comfortable with that?”

You shrugged. “I don't see why not.”

“Well,” he said, suddenly flustered. “It's just...incredibly intimate. To touch somebody’s soul is to touch their very being. Some might even say it's...sexual.”

Okay. That was news to you. “But I touched Edge’s soul once and he didn't even say anything?”

Papyrus burst into a clementine blush, stammering. “Y-you...that is...I had no idea you and Edge were…”

“Like I said,” you waved, dismissing it. “He didn't say anything.”

“Oh...well...I suppose I shall have to scold him for taking advantage of you, then,” he huffed, crossing his arms. “The soul is one’s entire being. Every fear, every feeling, every tiny detail...touching it is like lighting up every sense at once, and peering directly into their life. If I am to be your nurse, then...I will know you *very intimately* .” He paused, peering at you. “...Is that alright?”

You considered this for a moment. He already knew your biggest secrets: your illness, your past, your scars. There wasn't anything left to hide from him, and besides...you didn't *want* to hide anymore. Ever since you had told him about your illness, you've felt a little bit more free. He was right about taking the burden off of you.

And if there was any one person you were comfortable sharing your soul with, it would be Papyrus. He's your best friend, and he has never been anything but considerate and kind to you. He's so perfect that you're pretty sure he's a figment of your imagination sometimes.

“...You said you wanted to share my burden. Is that true?” You asked gently, and he nodded vigorously. “Then...I'm okay. Do what you have to...I'm...if it's you, I'll be okay.”

He lit up at the notion, and leaned forward to give you a soft kiss on your forehead...and then his hand was at your sternum.

“Ready?”

“As I'll ever be,” you breathed, but brought your hand up to grip his wrist. “Just...be prepared. You might see some really awful stuff.”

He nodded, and his other hand slid around the back of your neck comfortingly.

You gasped as the tugging sensation seized the air from your lungs, but it was only momentary, and then...there it was.

The last time you had seen it, you had nearly stabbed it with a kitchen knife. Despite this, it didn't seem any worse for wear, and where the unusual coloring used to look like a Jackson Pollock painting, there was now a soft glow beneath the shimmery surface. Since they had settled into a color-fade technique, you could now see a myriad of scars criss-crossing the surface, perfect mirrors of the ones etched in your skin. You supposed there are some things that aren't only skin deep.

It wasn't as shocking as the last few times you'd seen it...it felt better this time. More...yours.

“WOWIE...You are...so very beautiful, Nova.” Papyrus said pointedly. “I have never seen a soul like yours. You are truly one of a kind...but I already knew *that* .”

“Are you...going to touch it?” You asked, a slight quiver in your voice.

“Only when you are ready,” he assured you. “...Would you feel better if I held you?”

“Yes,” you said quickly, crawling into his lap without hesitation. Your soul followed your movements, creating a mosaic of colors on your wall as it moved, but even though you were facing him, it stayed hovering over his hand. As soon as his arms were around you, you relaxed, collapsing against his chest. This was exhausting.

“Much better,” you confirmed as he squeezed you, pulling you closer. You could feel him gearing up with healing magic, a buzz against your chest that travelled from his ribcage to his palm.

“Alright. I'm going to touch you.” He whispered, arm tightening around your middle, the affected hand hovering inches away from your soul. “Bear with me, it's...my first time doing this.”

You had no words for the feeling that raced through your body as his fingers made contact with the little silver heart. You inhaled sharply, and it felt like his touch was everywhere, applying increasing pressure to dig deeper, even underneath your skin...below your muscles...straight into your marrow, your cells…

The room was dark, but wasn't it always? There was something grabbing at you in the darkness, but wasn't there always? You curled into yourself, allowing the hand to paw at you, patting your knee, or what was left of your hair. You had no idea what drove them to do this, but sometimes your siblings were gentle, sympathetic. The hands patted you awkwardly until you fell asleep, knowing the gentle touch wouldn't last long…

...and you woke up screaming when they yanked you aside by your hair.

Oh, well.

The heat spread all over your body, lighting every nerve, but you were too shocked to make a noise. When you finally found your voice, it came out in a tiny little moan, muffled by Papyrus' soft t-shirt as you clung to him desperately.

Drew was shaking you, trying to wake you. You felt groggy and your headache was easily the worst you'd ever experienced.

He shouted as you lost consciousness…

...and woke up in the hospital, with wires and needles sticking into you and you cried, you cried and you screamed and the nurses had to stick you with one more needle so you would sleep…

...rinse and repeat…

...then the pressure was gone and you felt warmth spreading through you. The scent of Christmas pine and cinnamon pervaded your senses briefly, and you felt giddy...The feeling spread through to the tips of your toes, and you knew it was Papyrus, filling you with adoration and making you feel loved. When you snapped back to reality, you felt energized, like you usually felt a few hours after a transfusion.

You gasped, unaware when or why you had stopped breathing, and Papyrus yanked his hand away from your soul with an uncharacteristic swear. You giggled, excited but totally exhausted at the same time. There were tears streaming down your face, and judging by his breathing above you, it was the same for him.

“Did you just...say ‘shit’?”

“Nyeh...Maybe.” He mumbled, and your soul was inside you again, filling you with warmth as he wrapped his arms around you. His head bowed to meet your shoulder with a sigh as he leaned back against the headboard. “That was...certainly an experience.”

“Yeah, you could say that,” you laughed, wiping the tears away and sinking into his embrace, face pressing into his sweater as he rubbed your neck reassuringly. “You weren't kidding about it being...intimate.”

You felt like you were a thousand times closer to him, like every happy feeling you had ever had toward him was magnified. And, judging by his death grip on you as he muttered encouragement to you, it was the same for him. His gentle kisses and nuzzles were both platonic and intimate, with a slow, deliberate pace now that he had some idea of the mistreatment you had endured...as if he wanted to assure you that he would never harm you.

As the tremble in your body subsided, you understood why he had said it was considered sexual. You were warm, flushed from your nose to your toes, and the sudden feeling of closeness was akin to that post-coitus bliss. With any of the others, you think it might have been a very sexually charged experience, but with Papyrus it was gentle and safe. Magic is all about intent, after all...and his intent was to make you feel loved and wanted...and safe.

Slowly, slowly, the two of you disentangle long enough for him to use Green’s little machine to test your blood counts.

“Holy shit!” You grabbed the thing from him to look closer, wondering if your eyes were wonky.

“Is that good?” He asked, gesturing to the numbers on the screen.

You laughed. “It's amazing! No wonder I feel awesome! Normally my counts aren't this high until a couple of *days* after a transfusion.”

His face lit up, and he whooped with excitement before pulling you closer to plant a big kiss on your forehead. “HUZZAH! IT WORKED! AND IF IT WORKED THIS WELL, MAYBE THERE'S...HOPE?”

You paused, staring at the screen, and then smiled up at him. He seemed to know what that meant, because he smiled sadly back at you.

“At least, there is hope that you can live normally for a while longer,” he cooed softly, placing his hand over yours. “And...I love you, Nova. Never forget it.”

You nodded, tears in your eyes as you leaned forward and into his waiting arms. Unable to resist, you pressed a kiss to his teeth that he accepted with glee, slow and meaningful. Then you both collapsed against each other and flopped onto the bed, and he sighed as he squeezed you close, as if he might lose you if he let you go, and you couldn't help but smile at it all.

No more hospitals. No more needles. No more blood transfusions, or invasive surgeries...

You have everything you need right here. Everything you wanted. You had friends. Family. Care.

And…

You have love.

Chapter End Notes

Oh, gosh, several things here.
Firstly...WE HAVE A NAME NOW! I wanted to call her Nova for so long, but I wanted it to be a surprise so I've been calling her Soul in the comments. Now it's Nova! IT's ours, and Sans gave it to us, and it feels so nice!!!
All that fluff with Sans, ack! My heart! She really needed that. Normalcy is especially important for people who suffer oanic attacks, and I think he made a very wise choice not to talk about what happened, since she didn't bring it up. And cock-blocking Papyrus strikes again! Except this time he interrupted Sans trying to say the L-word.
Secondly, ooooohhhhh boy. I was nervous about the transfusion requiring him to touch her soul, but then I remembered it was Pap. He's the only one it would work with, I think, because of his pure good intention. They are going to continue to get closer and closer as he does these transfusions...I wonder how that will go...
Don't forget to comment! I love hearing all your theories and stuff!

Dating Start???

Chapter Summary

You accidentally have a ton of Valentine's Day prospects...which was kind of expected?

Chapter Notes

Ahhhh the Pap and Sans fluff was so well-received! And everyone loves the new name, so I'm happy!
Support your favorite artists if you can! Even if it's only a comment!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You hummed to yourself as you ran your hand down the bookshelves of the library, looking for the one book you needed for your paper.

You were more than excited to be out of the house, having been given the all clear from Green that morning upon receiving your text with your blood cell counts. On top of the freedom of being (relatively) healthy, you were actually feeling really great. The little bruises from your tumble in the shower had all disappeared with Papyrus' healing session, and you had actually slept through the night for once with him wrapped around you securely, feeling closer than you ever thought you could be to someone without sex.

When the morning came, you both had been so incredibly cheerful and snuggly with each other that Sans had asked if he missed something, to which you both laughed and just responded that you were happy you were feeling better.

Finding the book you were looking for, you plucked it from the shelf and began to head back to where you knew Hasani was waiting with the study materials. Turned out he had the same class, just in person instead of online, and you felt like it had been *years* since you had spoken.

"Hasani~!" You squeaked happily when you finally set eyes on him. He stood just in time to catch your enthusiastic hug, giving you a big squeeze.

"You don't have any clue how much I've missed you," he sighed.

"I missed you, too," you agreed, separating to sit across from him. "God, it feels like it's been a thousand years or something."

"I know the feeling," he chuckled, brushing his hair from his eyes. It had gotten a bit longer since the last you'd seen, and he was able to sweep it back into a messy ponytail. "You look really good. And happy. I guess everything with Stretch is resolved?"

Your smile faltered, and you looked down at your book. “Uh, actually...I think it's worse.”

“Sorry, I...assumed.”

You waved him off. You'd already talked about Stretch over text, you didn't want to focus on it and put yourself in a bad mood. “No, don't. Whatever happens with him...it'll happen. No point in wasting time thinking about it.”

He nodded, and thankfully changed the subject. You weren't sure you could keep up that facade for long if he had pressed. “What's your paper going to be about?”

“Eridanus!” You said proudly, holding up your book. “It's my favorite constellation, so I'll at least keep interested. What's yours on?”

“Polaris major.” He explained, tapping the map in front of him. “It's one of the northern stars that only exists on really old maps. They say that it disappeared from the sky with no evidence of its existence, not even a supernova. But, there's no instrument good enough to truly have tracked it at the time.”

You nodded, remembering seeing the third star on the old star maps Sans had given you. “I have some really old maps at home you could look at if you need. Polaris Major is on there.”

After a while of helping each other research topics, the books found themself on the wayside as you caught up on things too long too text to each other. He changed your name in his phone to the new one, complimenting you on it and making you blush. You, in turn, snapped several selfies of the two of you and put ridiculous filters on them...for posterity.

His family had stayed through Christmas and New Year, and for some reason all the way to just the other day. He supposed they enjoyed sightseeing where there were so many monsters.

Halfway through showing pictures of said family, you gasped and grabbed his phone.

“ *No way* .” You breathed, zooming in.

“What?” He laughed, trying to take it back.

“Oh my God. Is this your cousin?” You asked, pointing to the picture.

“Yes, that's Khalid. He left shortly after New Year’s, but he was interested in the culture around here. Why?”

“I know him,” you admitted, cheeks burning as you admitted it. “We, uh...hooked up once. Er, a few times. A long time ago.”

You knew those eyes anywhere, and those eyes had charmed you out of a bar on Christmas three years ago. You had left him shortly after New Year, you remembered.

There was a clicking noise, and you realized with horror that he had snapped a picture of you.

“No!” You squeaked, and he laughed and held the phone out of your reach, typing.

“ *Yes* ,” he chuckled, and you knew he had hit send. “He’ll be surprised that I know you, I wonder what he'll say?”

You groaned in embarrassment, covering your face. Hasani continued to tease you, even when Khalid didn't respond, so you found yourself laughing as you tried to kick him under the table for revenge.

Finally, it was about time to go, and you knew Red or Sans would be waiting outside any minute, so you accepted Khalid's number from Hasani and, after one more squeeze, got ready to head home.

"EXCUSE ME, MISS!"

You stopped and looked around in confusion, trying to find the source of the voice.

"YOU DROPPED THIS!" You squeaked as the voice came from the other side of you this time, and you found yourself face-to-face with a tall man with a big smile. His hair was snow white and neatly combed, and everything about him, from his kind amber eyes to his bright red boots, reminded you of Papyrus. He held out your wallet, which you suddenly realized was gone, and you accepted it.

"Gosh, thanks," you said lamely. "That could have been bad."

"NOT A PROBLEM AT ALL!"

"pap, quit shouting, this is a library."

The new voice came from behind you, a low baritone that sounded all too familiar, but when you turned around, it was only another white-haired young man instead of Sans.

"sorry, he's always excited. you dropped this, too." He held out a folded piece of paper, which you took. Weird, you didn't remember having any paper…

...oh gosh. It has a phone number on it. There's a poorly drawn picture of a white haired guy dropping a bunch of limes.

*sorry. i'm bad at pick-up **limes** .*

(xxx) xxx-xxxx

You let out a snort of amusement, and the first guy groaned.

"Brother, I hope to the heavens that you didn't write a *pun* on there."

"well, guess i'm goin' to hell, then." The quiet one shrugged, winking at you. "m'sans. this is my brother, papyrus."

"Oh, God, I should have known," you scold yourself. "Of course you're Sans and Pap, duh! It should have been obvious."

He raised an eyebrow, and then chuckled. "i take it you know the skeletal counterparts?"

“Yup. My housemates, actually.” You explained. “Sorry, but, don't you guys have nicknames? To make it easier on me, at least?”

“YOU MAY SIMPLY CALL ME PAPS!” The new Papyrus claimed, putting one hand to his chest and bowing formally. You called *Papyrus* Paps, so it didn't *really* help...but you didn't dwell on it.

“i’m *guy* ,” The new Sans said. “i don't really care which one you call me.”

“Nova,” you said, enjoying how the name felt tumbling from your lips as you shook both of their hands. “So...human, huh? Are you like, magic human?”

“nope. regular human.” Guy shrugged. “guess we drew the short stick...only the monsters have magic where we’re from.”

...why did you have a hard time believing that?

“WE SHOULD HAVE REALIZED YOU ARE SANS’ HUMAN FRIEND!” Paps said as they accompanied you out the door. “YOU JUST...SHINE! JUST LIKE THEY SAY!”

“he means you're exactly how they described,” Guy translated, falling into step beside you. “so we should have guessed.”

“Oh, no, I get it. There's probably a hundred girls that look just like me at this school alone.”

Guy’s eyes lingered on your face for a long moment, and you realized he had heterochromia: one blue eye, one brown. He grinned at you. “nah. there really isn't.”

You laughed nervously, looking down at your books. This one was definitely a smooth talker. He had zero hesitation when it came to flirting, and you can't help but blush.

Paps seemed to have forgotten something, because he peeled off to jog back inside, leaving you to wait for Sans with Guy.

“It's strange, seeing you human,” you admitted. “The guys were all human for a while about six months ago, but they didn't look like you.”

“yeah, i remember that. turned me skeleton for the whole time...it was really weird but strangely cool.”

You wondered what he had looked like as a skeleton, if he just looked just like Sans or if he had looked unique.

“question.”

“Possible answer.” You responded, making him grin.

“...you got a date for valentine’s day, gorgeous?”

You nearly dropped your books, your face burning. “Wha...huh?”

“valentine’s...tiny babies with wings shooting people, candy, hearts...you got a date that night?”

“No?” You looked up at him with wide eyes and he laughed.

“why is that a question?”

“Uhh…” You tried to think, but nobody had revealed any plans for Valentine’s Day so far. “Because I'm not sure? I think they might have all forgotten.”

“well, you got a date now,” he said confidently as Paps came out with an harmful of pasta cookbooks. He waved a little as he began to back away, following his brother as he chattered excitedly and walked briskly away. “call me, and we’ll set something up.”

You waved at him, confusion lifting as they disappeared. You had met this Sans literally ten minutes ago...and you already had a date.

Oh boy. This would be interesting.

“HUMAN! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?!”

You flinched as Black’s loud voice assaulted your ears from across the house as soon as Sans closed the door behind you.

“we can still escape?” Sans offered nonchalantly, but you shook your head, laughing, as you stepped closer to the source of the noise.

Black met you halfway, coming from the living room to meet you in the hallway. He held a bouquet of purple and red roses, and was wearing what looked like an official uniform of some kind. Sans shook his head, slipping past and into the kitchen.

“I THOUGHT YOU WERE ILL?” Black accused, free hand on his hip and irritation on his skull. “IF YOU'RE ILL, YOU SHOULDN'T BE OUT IN THIS COLD! YOU'LL ONLY GET WORSE!”

“Hello to you, too, Black,” you said, kissing him on the top of the head before turning to remove your coat. “And I'm fine now, but thank you for the concern.”

“I--! I CERTAINLY W-WASN'T CONCERNED! ANY HUMAN SUITABLE TO BE MY QUEEN IS CERTAIN TO BE ABLE TO CARE FOR HERSELF!” He stammered, and you covered your giggle with your hand. He held the flowers out at arm's length, vibrant violet marking his cheekbones. A far cry from the confidence of the first time he asked you out. “A-ANYWAY! THESE ARE FOR YOU! BECAUSE YOU WERE ILL!”

“Aww...you're so sweet, Black. Thank you,” you said sincerely, taking them from him. Your sincerity seemed to melt him, and his shy smile was so cute you wanted to kiss him again. “Did you come all this way just to check on me?”

“YES! WELL, YES *AND* NO!” He said, drawing himself as tall as he would go. “MUTT!”

“present,” Mutt practically purred from behind you, surprising you. You turned to see him leaning against the wall. He must have just appeared there. Black snapped his gloved fingers impatiently, and Mutt produced a card from inside his leather jacket, kissing it with a wink before slipping it into the breast pocket on your shirt. “you know what this is, don't you, pet?”

If memory serves, it was a card telling you where a date would be. “A date?”

“CORRECT!” Black praised, standing with his arms behind him, almost formal in posture. “AS THE SILLY HUMAN LOVE DAY IS COMING, I THINK IT IS ONLY RIGHT THAT I, YOUR DATEMATE, TAKE YOU SOMEWHERE NICE!”

“Datemate?”

“best to just go with it,” Mutt muttered, and you nodded.

“AND SO MUTT WILL RETRIEVE YOU ON THAT NIGHT FOR OUR DATE AT SIX O’CLOCK!”

“m’lord…”

“RIGHT! I FORGOT! *I* SHALL RETRIEVE YOU ON THAT NIGHT FOR OUR DATE. AT SIX O’CLOCK!”

“Uh, but I have a--”

Mutt shushed you, shaking his head, and you looked back at Black’s happy face. You saw so much of Blue in that smile that you couldn't turn him down.

.....there's room for two dates. Days are 24 hours.

“...Six. Got it.”

Pleased, Black clapped happily, and turned on his heel to go into the kitchen, saying something about doing the cooking for you. As soon as he was out of sight, Mutt was inches from you, pulling you closer by your belt loops.

“thanks for going along with it, darlin'.”

“No problem,” you breathed, suddenly very warm.

“maybe after you’re done with your date with my brother, we could do something a little more...private?” He suggested, hand tracing your jaw to tip your face upwards. “it's been too long since we’ve been alone.”

“down boy.”

Mutt released you, hands up in false surrender, and you turned to see Stretch at the bottom of the stairs, looking annoyed.

“sorry, didn't realize you had a horse in this race, slugger.” Mutt goaded. “aren't you *just housemates?”*

“shut up before i wipe that stupid grin off your face myself,” Stretch growled.

Mutt pointedly wrapped an arm around your waist, chuckling as he leaned down to whisper in your ear “don't worry, pet...i won't get petty when you sleep with someone else. i’ll just make sure you scream louder for *me.* ”

He stepped back, looking mighty pleased with himself at the shocked, blushing mess of a face you were sporting. Stretch stared coldly at him as Black came back into the hallway.

“WELL, I WAS GOING TO MAKE BURRITOS, BUT I REALIZED THANKS TO RED THAT I SHOULD REALLY WAIT UNTIL VALENTINE’S DAY TO SPEND TIME WITH YOU,” He declared, snagging Mutt’s leash and absently twirling it around his finger. “AFTER ALL, ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER, YOU KNOW!”

“then you had better stay away a long time to accomplish whatever level *you’re* going for,” Stretch snorted, but Black elected to ignore him.

“ANYWAY, UNTIL THEN, MY QUEEN!” Black said proudly, closing his eyes and presenting his cheek.

You stared at him for a moment before Mutt made a motion that you should stoop down, and so you did, planting a kiss on his cheek that he accepted with a pleased hum.

Then they were gone, leaving you standing in the foyer awkwardly with Stretch, who seemed like he wanted to say something.

“well. congrats on your date, i guess.” He said finally.

“I'm not sure if I'm going,” you said, shaking your head. “They didn't really *ask* , they kind of just *told* .”

He stared at you as you finally shucked your shoes into the pile, and, feeling his eyes on you, you looked up questioningly.

“ah...are you...okay?” He asked quietly. “i mean...i didn't mean for that thing to happen. with the koolaid. well, i did, but it wasn't supposed to be...it was supposed to be purple and…”

“Apology accepted,” you said gently, and he paused, looking up at you.

How he wanted to hear those words for a completely different situation, he thought. Looking at you was like torture, but he didn't know if he deserved a chance to apologize after the complete ass he made of himself last night.

Sans called you from the kitchen, by the new name they’d mentioned he gave you, and you perked up and ran off without a second thought.

“how do i look?”

You paused at the bottom of the steps to look over Red’s button-up shirt, vest, and slacks combo. He was straightening a tie that you believe was beyond straightening, and a matching jacket was pressed and hanging on the rack next to him.

The real kicker of the ensemble that took it far from “mob boss” was the huge, round glasses he was sporting, that seriously looked like they were straight out of Harry Potter.

“...Like you're going to do my taxes.” You teased, stepping down to bat his hands away from his tangle of a tie and do it yourself. He chuckled, sticking his hands in his pockets and letting you fix it unhindered.

“well, that's basically what i’m doin’ today, so i guess that's a good thing,” he said, his voice a deep purr.

“I didn't even know you *wore* glasses,” you mused, revelling in his embarrassment as you slipped the tie into place.

“i know, they're dorky as hell. i didn't bother gettin’ fancy ones cause i almost never wear 'em. not much of a reader anymore.”

“Well, I think they make you look smart.”

“ouch. don't i normally look smart?” You tugged on his tie a little and he eagerly accepted your kiss, leaving both of you blushing at the fluffy domesticness of it all. “hopefully this’ll be the last of my patent meetings this year. may be one friday, if it doesn't get done today.”

“Friday?” You pouted slightly. Friday was Valentine's day, and you figured Red would never miss out on a chance to try and sweep you off your feet. “But...don't you have any plans for Friday?”

“hmm? no?” He looked at you with confusion. “uh, not really? i mean, edge has a concert or somethin’, right? i might go to that if all my work is done.”

“Oh. Okay,” you said, smiling up at him. It seemed a little hollow, but he couldn't quite put his finger on why. Did he forget something you had planned together? Impossible, the two of you had barely had the chance to sneak kisses in the morning, let alone make plans.

Just in case…

You squealed as he pulled you into the coat closet, clicking the door closed behind you as he picked you up and pushed you to the wall.

“Red, what--”

He cut you off with a kiss, and your words died out into a moan as he hitched your thighs up to straddle him, knocking several coats off the rack in the process. His hands slid directly up your pinafore skirt, cupping your ass through your thin panties. Your hand found his tie and you used it as leverage to anchor him to you, and you felt the growl rumble in his chest as he pressed against you.

Then he planted one more kiss on your lips, warm and slow, igniting a fire in your heart as his tongue gently pried your lips apart to swirl around yours, eliciting a soft moan.

Reluctantly, haltingly, he pulled away from the kiss and set you down, leaving you to clutch at his vest with weak knees.

He adjusted his glasses, grinning down at you.

“guess we shoulda named you ‘taxes’,” he purred. “because i wanna do *you* for the next few days.”

You stared up at him in shock, face red as an apple and still trembling with excitement. “Please do,” you breathed finally, earning a laugh from him.

He leaned down to press a final kiss to your hair before backing out of the closet.

“sorry, kitten. got a meeting to get to...so let's make pretend domestic for a little while longer.”

And then he was gone, leaving you flustered and alone in the coat closet. And smelling a bit like a bonfire, as if he was reminding you what he wanted to do to you.

...you could really go for some s'mores right about now.

Dickhead: heya doe long time no see

Dickhead: wanted to drop a line and cash in that raincheck for a date on v-day

You stared at your phone, wondering if there was a polite way to say "Sorry, I already have two dates and possibly a third maybe" without looking stupid.

It's true that you really did want to see Hunter. He was right, it had been a while. A month in skeleton time always feels like a year and a half.

(xxx): I don't know...

Dickhead: not sold, huh?

Dickhead: [1 attached image]

Dickhead: how about now?

You stared at the attachment, feeling the familiar question of whether or not you should open it. Any picture from Hunter is 50% chance memes, 50% chance nudes.

...you kinda hope it's nudes?

You click the *open* option, and the odds appear to be in your favor...sort of.

He isn't nude, but it is a selfie. He's fully dressed, but almost completely obscured by red roses and a huge heart-shaped chocolate box that says "Doe Eyes" on it in curly script.

...not nudes, but that chocolate had you salivating anyway. You loved chocolate, almost more than life itself and definitely more than you loved yourself, and holy crap it sounded so good right now and gosh diddly darnit you would get your hands on that chocolate if your short life depended on it!

...but you gotta play it cool. Make sure he doesn't know it's all about the chocolate, or else he'll use chocolate to goad you into doing whatever he wants.

(xxx): You think you can bribe me to date you with chocolate?

(xxx): 35%

Dickhead: oh-ho, a 15% increase and i'm fully clothed. must be something else in the picture.

Dickhead: doe, if you go with me on valentine's day, you'll get more than this box of chocolate. i got brownies, cookies, cake, what-have-you all over the house.

Dickhead: my bro has been preparing for valentine's day for three weeks

Dickhead: [1 attached image]

You didn't hesitate to open this one, and he really was not kidding. The kitchen counters were covered in chocolate confections, from cakes to mousse to caramels.

Oh, fuck, you want it. You want it so much.

(xxx): does it have to be V-day? It can't be another day?

Dickhead: mmmm nope. limited offer doe.

You huffed in annoyance at his insistence, but thought about it anyway. If you spent the morning with the guys in your house, you could have lunch with Guy, and early dinner with Black at 6, and then you could still hang out with Mutt and make it to Hunter at a reasonable time. Hunter seemed like the kind of guy to like a late-night date, anyway.

(xxx): 10 o'clock date okay?

Dickhead: late night rendevouz? i'm definitely down for that. c u then.

These skeletons were going to be the death of you.

"HUMAN!"

Edge covered his laugh as you squealed, throwing yourself away from the freezer and fumbling the spoon in your hand until it landed directly on your chest, ice cream down. You pouted, and looked up at him in mock annoyance.

"Yes, Edge?"

"NYEH HEH, AT LEAST YOU HAVE ENOUGH ENERGY TO BE ENTERTAINING," he teased, taking the spoon and scooping the ice cream off your breast. Then he ate it, revelling in your blush. You were always blushing at the strangest things, and he loved torturing you.

Embarrassed was a lot better than the sad smile you'd worn a lot lately. “ROCKY ROAD. NOT A BAD CHOICE.”

“Not so loud!” you hissed, before Papyrus appeared in the archway to the kitchen.

He looked from the melted ice cream on your chest to the open freezer door, and placed his hands on his hips in a scolding manner.

“MY DEAR. DIDN'T I TELL YOU NO MORE SUGAR TONIGHT?”

Edge raised a brow bone as he looked at your pout. “IT'S MINE. I WAS JUST TEASING HER.”

“OH. WELL, ALRIGHT. I'M HEADING TO BED, THEN!” Papyrus said, immediately brightening up at the knowledge that you weren't disobeying nurse’s orders. How or why it was decided that Papyrus was in charge of nursing you, Edge didn't know, but he didn't particularly care. Seemed your little virus was on its way out anyway.

The creampuff version of himself bid them both goodnight and strode out of the room.

Edge immediately went to the cupboard and pulled out two bowls.

“What are you doing?” You asked curiously as he also removed the ice cream carton you'd been sneaking a bite from.

He found himself smiling at the hopeful gleam in your eyes.

“Well, it isn't any fun eating alone, now is it?” He winked at you, and you bit back a laugh. Winking was...not his forte. It looked like he had a mini-stroke. But the feeling was conveyed.

You happily sat at the kitchen table with him as he served you both some ice cream.

“So, what did you want me for?” You asked, mouth full of rocky road. “Or did you just want to scare me because you think it's funny?”

“WHILE IT *IS* UNENDINGLY ENTERTAINING TO WATCH YOU JUMP OUT OF YOUR SKIN, I WAS GOING TO ASK WHAT YOU WERE PLANNING ON WEARING TO THE SHOW. IF YOU HAVEN'T PICKED, I HAVE A FEW SUGGESTIONS FROM THE WARDROBE I PROVIDED YOU.”

“Show?” Your brow knit in confusion, and he rolled his eyelights.

“YES, THE SHOW. THE BAND? WE’RE PLAYING AT MUFFET’S ON VALENTINE’S DAY. I THOUGHT THE MONGREL INVITED YOU?”

You set your spoon in your bowl and fished around in your breast pocket for the card.

Huh. He was right.

“Huh. ‘Six o’clock, Muffet’s cafe and eatery. Wear semi-formal’.” You read from the card. “I guess you're right. I never thought Black would want his date to be at one of Mutt’s shows…”

“THE CRETIN IS OVERLY FOND OF HIS BROTHER, ALTHOUGH HE TRIES NOT TO SHOW IT,” Edge snickered, as if it was a bad thing. “HE’S ACTUALLY HIS BIGGEST FAN,

DESPITE PRETENDING TO HATE THE MUTT'S BASS GUITAR."

"I can see that," you nodded, recalling Black's pride for his brother on New Year's. "So yeah, I'll be there, I guess."

"EXCELLENT! I HAVE AN OUTFIT IN MIND, SO WE MAY MATCH!" Edge declared, collecting your empty bowl. "I SHALL SET IT OUT FOR YOU BEFORE I LEAVE FOR SET-UP. IS THAT ALRIGHT?"

"Well, I suppose it's only fair, since you bought the clothes," you shrugged, standing with him and reaching up to wipe some ice cream off his face. You popped your finger in your mouth to lick it off, winking. You hoped it was better than his attempt at winking, and judging from his face, it was.

"ARE YOU TRYING TO SEDUCE ME?" He teased, tipping your chin up with his free hand. "BECAUSE IT'S WORKING, AND ALTHOUGH YOU ARE STILL GETTING OVER YOUR SICKNESS IT IS DIFFICULT TO REFRAIN MYSELF FROM MAULING YOU...BUT THEN, *YOU'D* PROBABLY LIKE THAT."

You giggled, leaning up to accept the kiss he placed gently on your forehead. "I don't think you could bring yourself to truly maul me, Edge. I think you probably secretly fantasize about fluffy things, like cooking together and watching Netflix, or me smooching your skull all over when you come home from work."

He stuttered, a deep blood-orange appearing on his face like a sunset, "I--! I DO *NOT* ! I AM A FEARSOME MONSTER, YOUNG LADY, AND I...I VERY MUCH *WOULD* BRUTALIZE YOU, AND THAT, EH, THAT WOULD BE *ALL* YOU GET FROM ME!"

You giggled as he crossed his arms haughtily, trying to glare even through his blush. "Whatever you say, Sugar Daddy~" You cooed, tugging on his shirt to bring him down to your level for a real kiss. He squeaked, but before he could take control, you moved to pepper his skull with kisses.

"WHA--WHAT IS THIS?" He protested, pushing you away. You could see how flustered he was, and if he were any more orange he might actually turn into a tangerine. Although, you noticed, his orange was more of a rusty orange-red, unlike Papyrus' clementine glow or Stretch's honey hues.

"Affection!"

"DISGUSTING!" He huffed, crossing his arms in defiance...before leaning down expectantly, a tiny hint of a smirk pulling at the edges of his mouth. "...DO IT AGAIN."

You laughed, leaning up to oblige him by pressing more kisses to his cheeks and forehead, making him hum contentedly.

Looks like your edgy skellie is finally learning to open up.

There was a knock on your door, rousing you from your half-asleep state.

"NOVA? CAN WE TALK?"

"Blue?" You replied groggily, confused. "...Come in, sweetie."

The door swung open, and you dragged yourself upright and paused the show you'd been nodding off to. Blue shut the door behind him and was at your side in three long strides. The bed sunk as he threw himself down onto the bed with a sigh.

"Everything alright, sugar skull?" You cooed, stroking his skull gently. He sighed and leaned into it, nuzzling your hand with his face. "Haven't seen much of you lately...been missing you."

"Miss you, too," he sighed, rolling over and dragging himself across the bed until his face was nestled against your tummy, arms wrapped around your waist. You returned the embrace affectionately, kissing the top of his skull. "I've been hanging back because...well, you're so mad at Papy, and...and I'm not sure where that leaves us."

"What do you mean?" You asked, voice still heavy with sleep, rubbing gentle circles on his skull. "It doesn't affect us at all...unless you think it does. And...I'm not...really all that *mad* at him."

"Then why aren't you guys talking?" He asked pointedly, propping his head up on his hand to look up at you. "If you aren't mad, why don't you guys make up already?"

You hummed thoughtfully, leaning back down against your pillows. "It's kind of like...if he doesn't want to be involved, I don't want to force him. Kind of like...if a guy decides to stop eating junk food, then it's not like the junk food really has a say. Maybe it's a hard choice, but ultimately he's the one who chose it...I can't just *demand* he take it back."

Blue huffed, shaking his head. "You're ridiculous."

"What? Why?"

"Because you still think he really *meant* it," he clarified, laying his head back down on your stomach. "Papy would never want to be without you. Maybe he was hurt, and people say some mean things when they're hurt...but neither of us would ever *willingly* be without you. I mean, I love you! I can't imagine life without you!"

Hearing no response, he peeked his head up curiously, only to see you covering your blush.

"What is it?" He asked, concerned. "Am I too warm to be laying on top of you like this? Are you feverish?"

Your laughter was muffled by the sleeves of your sleep shirt as you shook your head. "You said the thing. The thing I can't believe."

"...That I love you?"

Another giggle escaped you, and he realized he'd never really said the words before. Certainly, he had said things that *meant* it, like "I WANT TO HEAR ALL ABOUT IT" or "I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOU ALL DAY" or even "I JUST LIKE TO WATCH YOU BAKE"...but he'd never said "I love you".

It didn't at all feel like the first time, but why should it?

"But, I *do* love you," he insisted, squeezing you closer as he scooched upward to be face-to-face.

"A horrible decision, really," you snorted, and he sensed you were using the humor to cover up nervousness. He wondered if he should press it, but decided against it.

“In any case, I think it's pretty clear how we all feel,” he sighed.

“These kinds of things are complicated,” you said, shaking your head. “There's a million factors on any given day...like I said, I won't force him to accept terms he doesn't agree with. I think he just...he realized that...it...that I wasn't what he wanted. And...I have to respect that…”

“But why?” Blue sighed, exasperated. “If *you* don't want this, then *why?* ”

“I don't know…”

“But I don't understand!”

“...Me either, Blue.”

He finally heard the waver in your voice, and he could see the tears forming. You buried your face in your hands and let out a tiny sob, and he instantly felt bad for coming here to guilt trip you.

“Oh...please don't cry,” he cooed softly, moving to pull you towards him. “I didn't mean to make you cry…”

“I'm sorry,” you sniffed, allowing him to sit you up. The tears only got worse as he tried to wipe them away, so he instead drew you to his chest. “I don't...I don't understand either. I don't understand anything...h-how can he say it was all a lie? How he can go about his day without breaking down every...every step he takes away from m-me…?”

“Shhh...everything will be alright,” he assured you as you broke down, clutching his pajama shirt as you sobbed. He felt like a real jerk, assuming you were allowing this to happen by choice.

“How?” You sobbed, face buried against his clavicle. Your voice was wrought with hiccups, and hard to understand, but he made out most of the words. “How can it be? How can I...how can I ever be alright? He was the first one to ever tell me...and I...I don't even know who I *am* , and...and he made me feel...like that was okay!”

“It *is* okay!” He insisted, squeezing you. “You're only twenty-three! You have time!”

For some reason this only made you cry harder, so he wisely decided to stay quiet and just hold you. You were done talking anyway, the sobs proving to be too heavy to speak through as he whispered small encouragements to you, pressing kisses to your hair.

Stretch thinks he doesn't remember, but he does. He knows you are, or part of you is, the same as the y/n from their timelines. He remembers the way you challenged Stretch’s wit every morning with a riddle. He remembers the way you kissed his forehead goodbye every morning when he went to work for the guard, and the way you always snuck him an extra muffin or slice of pie at Muffet’s, claiming a “best friend discount”. He remembers comforting you like this when your mother died, and you felt guilty about being relieved. And your father, though he didn't much like monsters, he recalls he would still include them in his invitations to family events, proud of you for finding your own way.

He doesn't know exactly when this all came back to him, it was sort of...bits and pieces over time, starting from the day your soul released and getting stronger after you told your story. He always played dumb to the timeline things, like he did when Chara was resetting the world underground, because Stretch always got so stressed about it all...and he knew there were things he didn't want

him to remember, like the way you died in the very last timeline before they ended up here, bleeding and in pain, struggling to tell Stretch you loved them.

His grip tightened on you as the hazy memories grew sharper, and he buried his face in your hair to ground himself. That was then, this is now. However, that didn't change how this whole debacle upset him. He *knew* Stretch loved you, and he *knew* he would give anything to have you in his arms, and it made him so mad, and sad, to see the two of you like this.

But it wasn't his choice. It was yours, and Stretch's, and although nobody involved seemed to understand *why* this was happening, he supposed it needed to run its course.

The least he can do is love you in the meantime.

Chapter End Notes

Plot twist: Blue, being a Sans, remembers the other timelines. Actually, most of them should at least remember the one directly before coming to this world. More detail on that later.

Anyway, hope there was enough fun and fluff in here! More fluffy times to come!
Let me know in the comments what you think will go down, and what you want to see happen in the near future!

Bucket What Now?

Chapter Summary

Papyrus insists you make a bucket list, and strikes a deal.

Chapter Notes

Alright. Filler-ish time.
The next few chapters might come out kind of slowly, they are long and have a lot in them, so I want to get it right.

Thank you so much to Chloe, who is my first patron! It feels really good to be able to say that my work is touching people's hearts, and I can't express how stisfying it is to see people are willing to donate for it. I've never been one to ask for money, but...dang. It definitely makes it all so much easier.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“A what list?”

“A BUCKET LIST!”

You stared at Papyrus, completely puzzled. You had never even heard of a bucket list before...does it mean, like, a list of types of buckets? You wouldn't put it past him, actually…

“I don't know what that is.” You said finally, deciding it was better to tell the truth than pretend to know what he was talking about.

He swiveled restlessly in your desk chair, having come to check on you after you texted him about your nausea this morning. He had checked you over, and checked your levels, and declared you were okay. Then he had made you one of the smoothies, and the magic was working slowly through your system, so now you were just hanging out until the nausea passed.

“IT IS A LIST OF THINGS YOU WANT TO DO BEFORE YOU...EH, ‘KICK THE BUCKET’, AS THEY SAY.” He was getting better at mentioning your terminal condition. He didn't even cry that time...although he obviously strained to say the phrase.

“So, like, a ‘no regrets’ sort of thing?”

“EXACTLY!” He got up and strode over to the bed in one large step, falling down beside you and placing his hand over yours. “WRITE AT LEAST ONE HUNDRED THINGS YOU WANT TO DO BEFORE...DO THAT, AND I WILL MAKE YOU A DEAL.”

“What kind of deal?”

He fidgeted slightly, squeezing your hand as his gaze softened. He lowered his voice, cooing softly, disarmingly. “If I can help you check everything off the list, you will tell the others about your illness.”

You hesitated, but allowed him to move your chin to look at him.

“Please, my dear,” he gently pleaded. “I've touched your soul, you cannot hide from me. I know that you really want to tell them.”

You melted a little at his tone, completely caught. You *did* want to tell them. Ever since you had told Papyrus and Green, you had felt a weight lift from your shoulders. You felt so close to Papyrus now, like you had been together for decades, and you wanted that with everyone...not to mention, now that Papyrus was by your side, you felt increasingly guilty for withholding it from those you cared about so dearly.

But...you were scared.

When you had first been diagnosed, Drew had been amazing. But Eli...as sweet as he was now, he initially had rejected you completely, terrified of getting close and caring when you were just going to leave. He had avoided you for months, and if it hadn't been for Drew and Agnes he might have avoided you forever. You suppose that was why he was so relieved to see you, so accepting of the situation...he felt guilty for how he had reacted before.

You didn't want that to happen with anyone else, not here, not them. You were terrified of it. It chilled you to your core, thinking...if someone who said they cared about you that much would do that over 5 *years* left to live, imagine how they would act over only 10 *months* .

“You're scared,” he said softly, pulling you into his lap and wrapping his arms around you. “That's alright. It's not a bad thing to be afraid. I'm here to help, so when you are scared...if you find yourself unable to move forward on your own two feet, then I shall carry you.”

“...Hold my hand?”

The demand was met with little question, and he immediately seized one of your hands to squeeze gently. You breathed slowly.

“BETTER?”

“Yeah.” You said, squeezing his fingers back. “We can...hold hands whenever we’re scared...right?”

“I *PROMISE* I WILL ALWAYS HOLD YOU HAND WHEN YOU ARE FRIGHTENED, MY DEAR.”

You felt your smile perk up and you grabbed his other hand, pulling his arms around you with a giggle. “Then there's nothing to be afraid of, right?”

“SO YOU WILL AGREE? IF I CHECK OFF YOUR WHOLE LIST, YOU’LL TELL THEM?” Papyrus asked, thumbs brushing over the backs of your hands affectionately.

This time you didn't hesitate. You nodded.

“Yeah. That's fair.”

It had taken you several long hours to write your bucket list, and you were iffy about some things...some of them were more difficult than others, and you weren't sure Papyrus could do them, and some were things that you could only do yourself.

Still, he insisted that you write exactly what you thought, and not make it easy for his sake.

In the end you could only muster 50 on the spot, with a promise to think about the other half. There were some things you had been reluctant to write down until you knew how he would react...you know, sexual things.

He didn't even read the whole thing before he had beamed down at you and exclaimed he would easily conquer your list, and not to be afraid to go bolder with the second half. In fact, he wanted to start right away.

Starting with one that you had to do yourself.

You stared blankly at the stationary in front of you. You know that you had put it on your own list, but...writing letters to everyone was *hard* .

What do you even say? Not to mention you don't know if you're writing with the assumption that they know about your illness. You snorted as several awful options crossed your mind.

Sorry I died.

Hey, cheer up, it was inevitable!

Miss you, too, boo.

*What a **sick** way to go, amirite?*

You decided to start with your letter to Agnes. That would be easy, since you'd been pretending to write to her like a journal already, and she already knew it was coming.

Hey Gram.

I don't know how to do this. To write this. I don't think anyone thinks about these things, about writing about their own death.

I'm okay, though. I feel as though, with every breath, I'm breathing more easily. Somehow, the idea of dying has set me free to appreciate living. I still struggle with the idea of deserving happiness, but I know the others around me deserve it for sure--so if some of that rubs off on me in the meantime, then I won't be upset.

But, to the point of this letter.

If you're reading this, then it means my time is up.

We knew it was coming, so I wanted to make sure to thank you for everything you've done for me. If it weren't for you, I have no idea what might have happened to me, or if I would have lived long enough to know I was sick.

You are the most amazing woman. You raised not only two wonderful children of your own, but also your three amazing grandsons...and you still took me in, still fed me and clothed me and called me yours, even knowing that there could be danger any moment if my father found me.

I can never thank you enough for the way you worked so hard to shut down my missing persons report, and how you helped me get the education I needed to get to college. You saved my life that day on the bus, and continued to save it just by caring about me.

I could write so much more...but I had at least a hundred letters I've written to you already, and they say everything I want to say.

My friend Papyrus has been instructed (Okay, he insisted) to give this letter in person, along with those letters, so if he is still there, I hope you will hug him for me and give him some of your famous iced tea. He likes his with a twist of lemon and, like, a buttload of sugar. Sweet. Just like him.

Just like you.

You are my guardian angel, and now, in death, I hope I can be yours.

Forever,

Nova

It flowed so easily from pen to paper, as if your hand was moving on its own, and you dared not read it over again. You stuffed it quickly into the envelope and sealed it with a sigh, wiping at the tears forming in your eyes.

It's real.

It's real, and there isn't anything left to do but say goodbye.

Your stomach twists, the nausea building once more as you unwillingly imagine Agnes reading the letter, and sitting with Papyrus for tea. He'd probably tear up, and Agnes would show him the pictures of you she had, and he would show her the ones he had, and they would talk for hours until he was too exhausted to speak. Then Sans...he'd collect him with barely a word, and you don't even want to think about him.

You're going to be sick again.

“Blue, it's freezing out. Why are we out here?”

“BECAUSE PAPYRUS SAID YOU HAD WANTED TO BUILD A SNOWMAN BEFORE THE SNOW MELTS!” Blue chirped, grabbing your gloved hand and pulling you further into the yard.

You felt yourself smile despite the cold--building a snowman was one of your bucket list items, and it was adorable that Papyrus had enlisted Blue discreetly to help. Sneaky skeletons.

“Alright, but you'll have to show me how. I've never done it before.”

Blue skidded to a stop, staring up at you with wide sockets. “WAIT, NEVER? AS IN, NEVER *EVER* ?”

You shook your head, and he smiled excitedly and started bouncing in place. *Cute.*

“WOWIE! I GET TO HELP YOU BUILD YOUR FIRST SNOWMAN! GOSH, I'M SO EXCITED! LET'S GET STARTED!”

And with that, he took off in a whirlwind of snow, and you had to run to keep up, pushing and pulling the snow until it was a lopsided pile.

You tried to follow his instructions, but yours looked more like a lump than a snowman. You shrugged, shoving a few sticks into the lump to give it a face and arms. Huh. Not bad. It kind of looked like Jerry, that monster that everyone seems to want to ditch.

You looked over at Blue’s snowman and your jaw dropped--it was practically a professional sculpture! It was supposed to be him, you could tell, but it had a ton of muscles and was at least a head taller than him.

Not to be outdone, you tried to draw some muscles on your snowman...aaaaaaaaand now it looked like Jerry with badly painted abs.

“Yours is way better than mine,” you giggled, making him look over curiously. He tried his best to suppress his obviously disgusted face, smiling tightly with a worried sort of look.

“UHHH...YOURS IS...CREATIVE!”

“Mine's shitty.”

“NO! IT'S PERFECT!” Blue insisted, hesitance gone. “IT'S PERFECT BECAUSE YOU TRIED YOUR HARDEST, AND ANYTHING *YOU* MAKE IS BEAUTIFUL!”

“Flattery will get you *everywhere* ,” you laughed, pulling on his bandana to press a kiss to his nasal bone. He flushed a bright cyan, stars in his sockets for a moment.

“GOODNESS…” He murmured, fidgeting slightly. “CAN...CAN I HAVE ANOTHER?”

“Hmmm…” You pretended to think about it, a coy smile spreading across your face. “...okay!”

He was prepared this time, so he grabbed *your* scarf first, pulling you down eagerly to press his teeth to your lips. Your fingers closed around the lapel of his jacket, and even though you were several inches taller than him he still controlled the kiss, much to his delight.

Was that a sigh? Is that a good sign? Whatever the case, the little noise that escaped you emboldened him, and he effortlessly tugged you down, dipping you (with an adorable squeak on your end) back, deeper, deeper, until your hair brushed the snow. Before you could react, he leaned down to plant another kiss on you.

This time your grip was tight on his bandana, and you practically melted beneath him. He sighed against your mouth, and before either of you knew it he had laid you down in the snow beneath his snow sculpture, kissing you fiercely.

Woah .

Your head was buzzing as his tongue gently pried your lips apart, exploring your mouth without hesitation. You were surprised, but also not surprised, because somehow you knew he was like this--your commanding, confident little Blueberry.

You were just starting to wonder where he expected to go with this, out in the snowy front yard for all to see, when you heard someone clear their throat.

The two of you broke apart, stars dancing in his sockets shortly before being replaced with irritation at being interrupted. With a cute little huff, and without moving from where he was laying on top of you, he glared up at the offending person.

Stretch. Of course.

“undyne’s been calling you for the last ten minutes. something about a new gauntlet to run.” Stretch explained, deadpan. He avoided looking at you, but you knew he was just as embarrassed to catch you two as you were to be caught.

He held out Blue’s phone, and you could indeed hear Undyne shrieking on the other end about “fire and sharp things galore”.

“OH YEAH,” Blue said, reluctantly pushing himself up off from you. “I FORGOT THAT WAS TODAY.”

You sat up, a little sheepish, and Blue smiled brightly at you, a question in his eyes.

“Oh. Yeah, go, of course. I’ll finish my...snow-Jerry...on my own.”

“OKAY!” He said, smile tight but not unhappy. Then he leaned forward and cradled your face in both hands, bringing you in to land one more exaggerated kiss on your lips that left you more than a little warm...before standing and brushing the snow off with a smug grin, winking at you, and turning to disappear into the house.

There was a long, awkward silence as you tried to figure out if you should follow or not.

“your snow-jerry is pretty gross.” Stretch snorted.

You laughed nervously, standing to dust the snow off your own pants. “Well, it *is* a snow-Jerry. It was supposed to be...somewhat passable. But instead I got this.”

Stretch shrugged. “hm. can't all be winners, s’pose.”

“Yeah. Guess not.” You crossed your arms to suppress a shiver, feeling very cold in your thin sweatshirt. In hindsight, you probably should have worn your coat, but you hadn't expected to be out here long, and especially not to be laying prone in the snow.

There was a weight on your shoulders, and you looked up, surprised to see that Stretch had taken his puffy coat and draped it over your shoulders without a word. You stared at him even as you

drew it around your shoulders.

“...don't stay out too long. don't wanna get sick again,” he mumbled, honeyed hues tinging his cheekbones, before turning to retreat into the house at a somewhat stiff pace.

As soon as the door closed behind him you drew the jacket tight around you, dashing behind the tree to fall to your knees as you took in the scent of honey and smoke with a shaky sob.

“You asshole…” you choked out, burying your face in your arms and leaning on your knees.

Why did he have to do that? Why did he have to be so *adorable* , with that sinful *blush* , and why did he have to be such a gentleman? Why did he have to remind you that he still cares? That *you* still care?

You turned and retched unpleasantly, mourning your breakfast now alongside your poor heart...

...why did he have to remind you of the man you fell for?

“what's all this stuff?” Sans asked, eyeing the travel brochures his brother had laid out across the table.

“RESEARCH!” Was his distracted response. He had his face buried in one about South America. “SANS, WHERE IS THE BEST PLACE TO SEE ERIDANUS?”

“anywhere below the equator. but it's best to see it between november and february...why?”

“OH MY! WE WILL HAVE TO GO SOONER THAN I THOUGHT, THEN!” He gasped, scribbling away on his little notepad. Sans craned his neck to try and catch a glimpse, but it looked like he was just mapping out pricing.

“sorry to bug you, but...why, again?” It wasn't like he didn't want to go, it was just weird that Papyrus was so worked up about it.

“BECAUSE ERIDANUS IS NOVA’S FAVORITE CONSTELLATION! BUT SHE CAN'T SEE IT ALL FROM HERE, UNFORTUNATELY. I WANT TO GIVE HER SOMETHING NICE.”

“s’long way to go for a little treat,” Sans noted, eyes scanning over the brochures again. “but...i guess i understand. life's been hard for her recently...maybe we should just wait until next year, though.”

“NO! IT HAS TO BE THIS YEAR!” Papyrus insisted, tutting softly under his breath. “INCIDENTALLY, WHERE IS THE NEAREST PET SHOP?”

“...corner of third.”

“WONDERFUL. IT'S CLOSE.”

“pap. we really need to wait until next year.”

“IT CAN'T WAIT,” Papyrus insisted, finally looking up at him. “BESIDES, WHY CAN'T WE GO NOW?”

“because, like, two days after valentine's day we’ll be in heat,” Sans reminded him pointedly. “won't be able to do much of anything like that.”

Papyrus stared at him for a long moment, before sinking back into his seat with a slump, and a distraught look. “BUT...IT CAN'T WAIT.”

“why not?”

His brother seemed to think for a moment. “I AM WORKING ON A HAPPINESS PLAN FOR NOVA, TO WORK THROUGH THE ANXIETY THAT SHE HAS IN REGARDS TO HER FAMILY.”

“a...happiness plan?”

“YES. I HAD HER MAKE A LIST OF THINGS SHE REALLY WANTS TO DO SO I CAN PROVE TO HER THAT SHE CAN BE HAPPY AND LET GO OF HER FEARS.”

That made no sense, but at the same time, it made perfect sense. “drown out the fear with positive things?”

Papyrus brightened at his confirmation, and nodded, before his face fell again. “BUT THIS THING...IS REALLY NON-NEGOTIABLE. UH, BE-BECAUSE SHE’S WRITING A PAPER ON ERIDANUS RIGHT NOW, AND IT'S DUE IN MARCH! MAYBE SHE CAN GO WITHOUT US--”

“she is *not* going *anywhere without us* ,” Sans said firmly, plopping down into the chair next to him. “especially not out of the country, while we’re all indisposed. *that* is out of the question.”

“I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT,” Papyrus mumbled, deflating. He brought his hand up to tap on his mandible. “IF ONLY THERE WAS SOMEBODY WE COULD SEND WITH HER WHO IS UNAFFECTED BY HEAT...LIKE MAYBE PINK AND BJ?”

“that's a *triple* no,” Sans snorted, though he actually had to stop and think…

...they were strong. Arguably just as strong, if not stronger, than him. And since they were always in heat, they wouldn't blink an eye at the upcoming cycle. Plus, having you out of the country would prevent any one of them from just teleporting wherever you were and wrecking you royally without permission...which, unfortunately, is a legitimate concern (*especially* with Axe and Dusty) this time around because A) your soul is released this time, and it would give off your scent a *lot* stronger and B) Red has already coupled with you, and it will be substantially more difficult for him to resist his urges. As pent up as they all were, if they *could* get to you, they would do so, and when they found you...you might not survive what happens next.

“crap. you're right...we might *have* to send her away.” He muttered reluctantly. “s’the only way to keep her safe.”

Papyrus beamed, triumphant. “WONDERFUL! I SHALL SEND PINK A TEXT AND TELL HIM OF THE PLAN!”

Sans sighed as Papyrus took out his phone, sinking further into his chair. As bad of an idea as it was to send you on a two-week vacay with the horniest of them all, it really, truly, sincerely was the only choice. The lesser of two evils, so to speak.

“so. this...happiness plan.” He said, shaking away the images of Pink and BJ and you. “what can the rest of us do?”

Papyrus paused, looking up at him thoughtfully. “YOU...WANT TO HELP?”

“well, duh.” He shrugged. It should be obvious. “what can i work on?”

“HMMM….” Papyrus hummed, tapping his fingers against his phone case. His smile grew as he apparently had an idea. “...I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU CAN DO.”

“i’m all ears, figuratively,” Sans gestured to his skull. Papyrus didn't even rage at the pun.

“YOU CAN WORK ON TELLING HER YOU LOVE HER.”

His skull lit up in a brilliant blue blush immediately. “wh...what?!”

“SHE ISN'T USED TO THE WORD YET. SHE'S AFRAID TO SAY IT, AND I WANT HER TO FEEL COMFORTABLE SAYING IT TO US. SO WE HAVE TO SAY IT TO HER AS OFTEN AS WE CAN, YES?” There was a mischievous glint in Papyrus’ sockets, revealing he knew exactly how hard Sans struggled with this exact thing. “SO, FOCUS ON THAT. SHE NEEDS IT...AND SO DO YOU.”

With that, he gathered the brochures in front of him and pocketed his phone, leaving Sans to have his crisis in peace.

He wanted to say it. He’d come close, despite his fears, but the anxiety always remained…

The previous timelines, you had always said it first. It had always been safe, because he already knew you felt the same.

But now you had the same problem as him. You can't say it either. You're scared.

He'll have to say it first this time.

And that scared *him* .

Chapter End Notes

What? Smooches with Blue beyond a tiny kiss? Oh, my! Scandalous!

And also, potential vacay with Pink and BJ...wonder how that will go? Lol!

And Stretch...still not normal. But will it ever be? Who knows...

Please remember to comment your thoughts on this chapter!

Birthday Kisses*

Chapter Summary

There's one more important day before Valentine's Day

Chapter Notes

You guys are so awesome. I love reading all your comments!
Special thanks to LittleBlue5mcDork, who took the time to analyze their feelings about every character we've seen so far...it was quite masterful, and man, did I enjoy reading it!

See that asterisk? There's a tiny bit of smut ahead! It's brief, so just skip it when you see it if you don't like it. Don't worry, you'll know it's coming.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sans prepared for the annual ambush, burrowing deep in his blankets and waiting for Papyrus to come flying through the door to pounce on him, singing happy birthday at the top of his voice and waking the entire house.

Oddly enough, it hadn’t happened at the crack of dawn like he expected. He'd already woken naturally, wondering if he should just get up or fall back asleep until Pap came looking for him.

He was on the brink of the latter when he heard the door creak open, and felt the mattress compress beside him.

“Happy birthday to you~”

He hummed in contented surprise at the sound of your voice next to him, pretending to be asleep as you rolled him over.

“Happy birthday to you~” you cooed, hands sliding up to cup his cheekbones. He couldn't help but grin, cracking an socket open to look up at you. You brightened immensely at the attention, and got louder. “Happy birthday, dear Sa-aaans! Happy birthday to yooouuu!!!”

And before he could make a pun, you were showering his face in kisses until he laughed, pushing you over playfully so that he could pin you down.

“damn. that's a hell of a birthday wakeup, sweetheart,” he purred, leaning down to nuzzle you gently.

“Just wanted to do it right this year, since I missed it last year,” you said, and he nodded, remembering your strange disappearance last year. Apparently you had been to a hospital, which he

knew now must have been terrifying, but it hadn't really been anything big.

It wasn't long before you were wrapped together in a sleepy embrace, and he woke up enough to realize what was going on.

“how'd you convince pap not to wake me up at the asscrack of dawn?”

“Easy. Just told him I wanted to make this year memorable and special. He's kind of a sap that way.”

“every day with you is memorable and special,” he admitted seriously, cradling your head gently. “but this...this is definitely top ten.”

“Agreed,” you sighed, and kissed him gently. “Now for your present!”

“what, this isn't it?” He joked, pulling you flush and kissing you again, harder this time. You moaned a little, and giggled, reluctantly pushing away and kicking off of him to roll and disappear off the edge of the bed with a soft *thunk!*

You popped back up immediately, grabbing a wrapped gift off the nightstand and tossing yourself back down on the bed to present it with a giddy smile. He drew himself up to sit back against the headboard, accepting it with a quirked brow of amusement.

“didn't realize i was a hunter.”

You raised a brow in response. “What?”

“i mean, you got me a birthday *pheasant* .”

You let out a surprised laugh, devolving into those cute giggles he loved so much, and he couldn't help the proud smirk on his face.

“you know, age is a relative thing,” he said slowly. “...all my relatives keep reminding me how old i am.”

You laughed even harder, burying your face in one of his pillows, and he was on a roll.

“why did the birthday cake go to the doctor?” You shook your head. “cause he was feelin’ *crumby.* ”

Finally he had earned that adorable snort, and he laughed as well, taking pity and deciding to unwrap the present. At the sound of paper ripping, your face reappeared from behind the pillow, a wide grin marking your excitement.

You watched with satisfaction as his amused face fell, sockets widening as he pulled the sweatshirt from the box. He whistled low, fingers running over the smooth jacket, admiring the constellations that dotted the fabric. It was deep navy, like his blush when he was really embarrassed, and stitched with a lighter blue that very nearly matched his soul. Heavy, but not overly so, and lined with a super-soft fabric that felt like heaven. There was fluff sewn around the hood, which had never really been his thing, but it definitely pulled it all together.

“I felt bad that I ruined your signature blue sweatshirt,” you said, picking at a stray thread on his comforter. “Papyrus told me the blood didn't come out.”

He hadn't even thought about that. Honestly, even though he'd had that jacket for so long, it hadn't even occurred to him that it was gone. Or to blame you.

“this is awesome. where’d you find this?” He asked, pulling it out fully and unzipping it to slide it on without delay.

“I made it,” you admitted, blushing a little.

“wait, you *made this?* ” He asked, awe in his voice as he zipped it up. He couldn't help the grin that formed on his face. You *made* this. For *him.* You saw this fabric and thought of him, and then took the time to sit down and actually make it! He couldn't believe how much thought you had put into it.

“I messed up a little on the side seam and zipper but it should still be fine.”

He hadn't even noticed those things. Even looking, he couldn't see what you were talking about. “you're full of it.”

“What?” You asked, quirking a brow curiously.

“it's perfect.” He elaborated, grinning up at your shy smile and opening his arms. “c’mere.”

You grinned as you crawled into his embrace. He wrapped you up in his star-covered arms, pulling you close as he could, nuzzling you. He didn't know how to convey how awesome this felt...not just the gift, but you, here, with him.

“Do you like it?”

He laughed at your insecurity outright. “i love it. it's amazing. and it's double perfect because *you* made it for me.”

You let out a sigh of relief, laughing a little to yourself. Of course he would say that...but he did seem genuinely elated and awed, so you felt a little proud.

You had wanted to do something special for each of them, since this was the last birthday you'd spend with them. You had hand-knit scarves and hats for Edge, Papyrus, and Blue for their birthdays, but for some reason you had felt like you needed to be more personal with these. Not like you'd ever seen Red or Sans wear a scarf, after all.

“That's gift number *one*, by the way,” you said with a smile.

“number...how many are there?” He asked, raising a brow bone in a questioning glance down at you.

You moved to show him three fingers. “If you include the cake. Four if you include the birthday kisses~”

He captured your hand, inspecting your fingers. “do i wanna know why your fingers are purple?”

“Gift number two. It's a surprise!” You said, breaking the embrace to sit back. “Papyrus, Edge, and Blue are helping me make it for you guys. You have to wait until tonight, though!”

He chuckled, shaking his head. His woman of mystery strikes again. You loved surprising him, whether it was on purpose or not, even in the previous timelines. From what he knew of your other versions, it was the same there.

“you sure know how to capture a guy’s interest, sweetheart,” he said, pulling you close again by the waist. You leaned forward readily, your sleep shirt riding up just enough for his phalanges to brush over your soft skin. “now, about those birthday kisses…?”

“Mmm...well, you get one for each year. How old are you?”

“five hundred.”

You laughed, pushing his face away until he fell back on the pillows. “Liar!”

“*three* hundred?”

“Your age is non-negotiable, Sans.”

“will you still gimme that many anyway?”

You rolled your eyes, but he caught your little blush as you flopped down beside him. He was quick to wrap you up again, and as you leaned up to plant the first birthday kiss on his teeth, he sighed in contentment.

Best. Birthday. Ever.

The monster in the mirror was a different one than Red used to see.

Since his last birthday, Edge had told him he loved him. He had hugged him, comforted him, and actually told him to talk to him if he needed an ear.

Since his last birthday, he had come to terms with the loss of the you from his universe. He no longer had nightmares of you disappearing over the edge of the building, or dreamt of the very last reset where he had held you until the last moment. He no longer felt like you were lost somewhere and he had failed to find you.

Since his last birthday, he had met *you*, kissed you, made love to you...the real you, he decided, the one he was truly meant to be with. He had told you he loved you, and he knew you felt the same inside your soul.

He had felt more emotions in the last year than he thinks he had felt in the entirety of his life: angry, sad, perplexed, curious, horny, happy happy happy...so happy. Elated, passionate, overwhelmingly so...it was intense.

He no longer saw an angry, broken soul with nowhere left to go but hell. He saw someone of worth...someone people cared about.

...He wished his mother could see him now. He barely remembered her, but he had always felt she would hate who he'd become. Now, though...now, she might be proud of her son.

He chuckled as tears pricked his sockets, shaking his head. He was so wrong before...he didn't hate that you made him weak, because you didn't make him weak. You made him strong, stronger than

he had ever been.

He took a deep breath and stepped out of the bathroom, back across the hall to his bedroom. He could hold back the tears, he thought.

...until his eyelights landed on you as he entered his room, sitting on the edge of his bed with a present in your lap, neatly wrapped in red with a little black bow.

And you smiled at him, your eyes shining with adoration.

You jumped up and set the present aside, rushing over to Red as the door clicked closed, perfectly in time with the rush of tears that suddenly spilled from his sockets.

“Red, holy crap, are you okay?” You fussed, making him laugh as you brought a hand up to wipe a tear away.

You felt a heaviness in your chest and suddenly you were sailing backward with a squeal, his magic depositing you back on the bed gently. He was with you in seconds, wrapping his arms around you and pulling you closer, closer, closer until he couldn't hold you any tighter without hurting you.

“i’m better than okay, kitten,” he breathed against your neck, sending a tingle down your spine. “this time last year i was nothin’...i only had myself, and i fuckin’ hated that guy.” He let out a somewhat bitter laugh at his own joke. “but now i have a family. pap and i are finally on the right track...i feel excited when i wake up in the morning...i’m confident and strong, strong enough to protect the people i love...an’ it's all ‘cause of you, kitten.”

You felt yourself blushing at the compliment, unsure of how to take it. “Uhh...I'm sure it wasn't all me. I'm not *that* important.”

He pulled away to look at you incredulously. “now that's ridiculous. you're the most important person in the world to me. as long as i have you and pap, ain't nothin’ that can bring me down.”

“Ooohhhhh gosh…” You breathed, trying to cover his face so you didn't have to see the sincerity in his eyes. He chuckled and his hands seized yours, bringing them to his teeth to pepper them with kisses.

“sorry for the mush-fest, i just...i saw you, sittin’ there, waitin’ for me...and i just felt so goddamned *lucky*. like, seriously...the hell do you see in me?”

“My Chemical Romance lyrics and, like, a buttload of tequila.” You said, deadpan. You cracked a smile at his laughter, and found yourself giggling quickly. “St-stop! It's only funny if I hold the face!”

“holy mother of god, i love you so fuckin’ much,” he laughed, squeezing your rapidly reddening face as you stuttered quietly in response. He rolled over and sat up, holding his hands out with a playful smile. “alright, so what's in the box? gimme gimme.”

You giggled, reaching over to retrieve it and handing it to him. “This is only the first gift. There's four if you include the cake and the birthday kisses~”

“mmmm...we’ll have to discuss those birthday kisses in more detail in a minute.” He tentatively shook the small box, raising a brow at you as he tried to figure out what it was. He grinned at your

knowing smile. “it's a basketball?”

“Oh, definitely,” you laughed. The box was only the size of your forearm.

Without further ado, he ripped the paper off the box and shook the top off.

He let out a surprised breath as he picked up the knife from where it lay nestled in the box lining.

The wood on the handle was a deep, rich brown, and his (nick)name was seared into the side with a woodburner, the script curved and gentle but not too fancy or girlish. He slid the cover off to admire the smooth blade.

A near replica of one he remembered from his world, except that one had said “Sans”. He was secretly glad this one said “Red”...something about his real name just...didn't feel quite right anymore.

“holy crap. this is awesome.”

“I remember you said a few months ago that you missed some of your things that got left behind when the worlds collided, like the knife that Edge gave you when you were younger. He helped me get the details right, so I suppose it’s from both of us...though, I'm no swordsmith, so I'm not sure how that handle will hold up under pressure.”

“woah, wait, you *made* this?” He asked, completely floored. ‘No swordsmith’ his bony ass, this was a really nice knife!

“Just the handle! And like I said, Edge helped me, too.”

“stop being so damn modest all the time,” he shook his head and sheathed the knife, placing it back in the box. “that's near-expert level work. way better quality than the cheap one pap bought when we were kids...damn. never had a gift like this before.”

“What, one that was handmade?”

“one that was so thoughtful,” he corrected, leaning over as he pulled you closer by your neck, planting a grateful kiss on your lips that you accepted with a hum.

“Mmm...that's *one* birthday kiss,” you teased as he pulled away. “You get one for every year!”

“i should probably mention that i’m upwards of a thousand years old, then.”

“Haha. Sans already tried that, I already know you're twenty-eight.”

“pffft, what am i, some old fart?” He scoffed, leaning over to place the box on the bedside table. “*sans* is twenty-eight, kitten.”

Okay. Color you confused. You thought they were all the same age. All the younger ones were. “But...aren't all the younger skeletons all twenty-two?”

“well, yeah, but we aren't all the same amount older’n our brothers, you know,” he shrugged. Catching the look on your face, he chuckled. “you didn't know that?”

“I guess it never really occurred to me that that might be the case.” You shrugged.

“yeah…” Red scratched his mandible thoughtfully. “le’see here...sans is six years older’n papyrus, i’m three years older’n edge, and stretch...well, he has less than a year on blue, come to think of it. think they call that ‘irish twins’?”

Your jaw dropped. “Stretch is *younger* than me?”

“yeah. guess that *is* the case,” he mused, as if it were the first time that thought had occurred to him.

“Well...that certainly explains a lot...” you said quietly. You'd been holding Stretch to the same level of maturity as Red and Sans, but he was actually closer to Blue’s age...and actually, starting today he was the same age as you. Not that that’s an excuse, but it definitely makes things a little clearer.

“Guess I need to change the numbers on your cake, then, since you're only *halfway* through your twenties.” You grinned as a thought crossed you, and decided to tease him some more. “And that means you only have 24 kisses left!”

He hummed thoughtfully, and you found yourself thrown back into the pillows by his magic once more. He chuckled at your surprise, snapping his fingers.

The cuffs (the ones you remembered so fervently from that night you played nurse) clanked from below the bed, before leaping up and fixing themselves to your wrists. You squeaked in surprise, and it turned into a fit of nervous giggles.

“so...these birthday kisses...i get to choose where i put ‘em, right?” He purred, and you weren't able to find the words to tell him that wasn't actually how it was supposed to work.

Taking your silence as confirmation, he leaned down and kissed you, hard, stealing your breath and making you moan as you struggled against the cuffs.

“two.” He said breathlessly, mere centimeters from your face as he travelled down to nip your neck. “three.”

His hands slid up your pajama top slowly, and he purred, pleased to find you braless. He flipped your shirt up, leaning down to circle his tongue over each of your nipples, so lightly that you gasped. “four, mmm...n’five.”

“six.” he kissed your sternum, then hummed against your stomach with a muffled “seven.”

By the time he got to nine, you were panting, and you offered no resistance when he slid your pajama shorts and underwear off, depositing them on the floor.

“hmmm...is it against the rules to use the rest all in one place?”

“N...no,” you managed, and he chuckled, tossing your knees over his shoulders and making you squeak.

“good,” he breathed, his warm breath fanning over your drenched core. His hot tongue pressed against your entrance suddenly, eliciting a groan from you as you threw your head back against the pillows.

Pleased with the reaction, he increased pressure, his voice muffled by the way he nuzzled deeper into you.

“ten through twenty-five, then.”

You smiled to yourself as you scrolled through your text messages, pictures of your friends holding up their gifts making you smile.

The first ones to respond had been Axe and Dusty, and you were fairly certain Axe was in love with his giant hot dog body pillow. Now that you think about it, he might actually eat it in his sleep.

MamaHen: best dog-gone present ever

(xxx): Hot diggity dog, a genuine compliment ❤

MamaHen: ok, ok, i see the missed opportunity there. no need to toast my buns about it.

Dusty’s companion French fries pillow was being used in his picture, sent from Crooks’ phone. He looked very content, even though he was sleeping in a weird, painful looking position.

Before you could respond, Crooks also sent a set of pictures catching Axe in the act of shoving all the cupcakes you sent into his mouth at once. Axe looked angry and embarrassed and adorable, and it made you giggle.

BraceFace: THANK YOU FOR MAKING MY BROTHERS SUCH SPECIAL GIFTS! IT IS NICE TO SEE THEM SO HAPPY!

(xxx): You're very welcome. They deserve it!

Green and G were next, and being twins (you had been surprised, too, when they told you around the other Papyrus’ birthdays) you had tried to make their gifts go together. Sierra sent you a few pictures: They held up their matching clocks with big smiles. You had replaced the numbers on Green’s clock with elements 1-12 from the periodic table. In contrast, all of G’s numbers were in a jumbled mess at the bottom, except for the 5, which was affixed to the end of the minute hand, and it said “It's 5 o’clock somewhere”.

Rival: The boys say thanks a million, sista!

(xxx): Hehe, they look so happy! Those smiles are all the thanks I need!

You didn't know Guy well enough to make him a gift, but he had appreciated your birthday text anyway.

SomeGuy: birthday wishes from a pretty lady...must be my lucky day

Mutt hadn't responded yet, which made you pout a little bit, but you knew he wasn't as sappy as some of the others so you weren't too put out. He's more of a silent appreciation type. Besides…

TinyTyrant: WHY IN THE WORLD DID YOU GET THAT INFERNAL THING FOR MY BROTHER?!

(xxx): The guitar pick art?

TinyTyrant: YES! HE WANTS TO PUT IT IN THE LIVING ROOM AND IT'S JUST SO GAUDY!

(xxx): Darn, I thought it looked kinda nice. It took like three hours to glue all those picks into musical note shapes.

TinyTyrant:.....YOU MADE IT?

(xxx): That I did. You didn't like it?

TinyTyrant: I THINK I WAS LOOKING AT IT UPSIDE DOWN. WHEN YOU LOOK AT IT THE RIGHT WAY, IT IS ACTUALLY QUITE FETCHING. EXCELLENT JOB, MY QUEEN!

Pink had sent several texts gushing about his new robe you had made, purple silk with pink flowers, and sent several risque photos of him modeling it for you. He looked delighted in each of them, and it made you smile. This had started a photo exchange that had quickly turned down a dirty road, and since you were still working on things with Papyrus, Blue, and Edge, you had to cut it short so it wouldn't be suspicious.

SexySkellie: talk to you later then, sugar...you know, when you're alone ;)

Hunter had sent a photo, but you were embarrassed to open it because of what you had gotten him. You couldn't resist, and it had been more of a joke, but you knew he was into chains, so you had sent him a studded collar that had chains attached to matching handcuffs. You hadn't been able to find it in snow camo, so you had altered it yourself to match his usual coat.

You'll admit that half the appeal was to tease him, and the other half was because...well, you were kind of hoping he would model it for you. Even if the waiting made you anxious and excited.

When you stole away to the bathroom to check your phone, you were indeed right to be nervous: he was wearing it, alright, and absolutely nothing else. The picture didn't show below the waist, which

was a credit to your sanity, but you sent a picture of your striped socks back in a playful challenge.

Dickhead: well. looks like i'm cancelling my plans tonight because i can't stop starin' at that.

(xxx): Go easy and use lotion

Dickhead: careful, doe, or i might come over there and use you instead

Ooohhh boy. Why was that so tempting?

"NOVA! WE'VE GOTTEN TO THE PART WHERE WE NEED TO DECORATE, AND THEN THERE'S DINNER!" Blue called through the door. "BUT IF YOU'RE BUSY, THEN I'M SURE WE CAN HANDLE DINNE--"

"No! No! I'll be right out!"

Stretch leaned over his arms with a sigh, pushing his computer away so that he didn't have to look at the blank screen that had been taunting him for hours.

It was no use. He couldn't write a word.

His publisher was up his coccyx these last few weeks for the deadlines he had already pushed because of your condition around Christmas. Then he had pushed it further for the ski trip, and now...he had no motivation, even with the stress of the deadlines hanging over him.

He just kept thinking about how much fun everyone must be having with you for their birthday, which from the sound of dinner downstairs was a lot.

He'd gone down for dinner, but instead of sitting with you all he had taken it up, feeling a little awkward sitting in on your big birthday plans when he was certain none of it was for him. Blue had been trying to coax him from his room all day, but had eventually given up and given him his presents from everyone already.

Well, everyone but you.

Which, you know, he expected. And he didn't blame you for it.

Blue had also hidden his stash somewhere today, so he was soul-achingly clean and sober at the moment, opening him up to a litany of regrets and pain. His soul was practically screaming at him to run down there and beg for forgiveness, but he knew he didn't deserve it.

Some things relationships just can't come back from.

You, on the other hand, appeared to be doing just fine. He shared a wall with Sans on one side, and had been woken this morning by your giddy giggling. On his other side, just his luck, was Red, and thus he had accidentally ended up an audience to the repertoire of noises he knew he would never draw from you himself. Across the hall, you were making things with the other three all day, and if Blue's Snapchat story was any indication, you were happier than you'd been in months.

You're just...better off without him. That's the reality. And it hurts, but it's true, and the least he can do for you is to suck it up and let it be...for your sake.

There was a knock on the door and he groaned, rising from his seat to cross to the door, ready to tell his brother to leave him alone.

“go away, blue,” he said gruffly as he opened the door.

He was startled by the fact that it wasn't Blue, but rather Red, who stood at the door.

“not blue. an’ i’m not goin’ away so you might as well let me in.”

Stretch stared at him for a moment before waving him in, and Red strolled past him lackadaisically.

"damn. thought my room was messy." Red said, a hint of a chuckle in his voice.

"haven't felt much like cleaning."

Red nodded, and then there was silence.

“want a smoke?” Stretch asked, for lack of anything else to say, tapping out two cigarettes. Red shrugged and took one, leaning against Stretch’s writing desk as he returned to his seat.

He hadn't spoken to Red since he fought with you, for obvious reasons. One was that he was insanely envious of him, and that colored his ability to speak politely with him. The other was that Red had been avoiding him just as much...which was understandable.

But the reality of it was that he kind of missed him. Red had always been his smoking buddy, and even when they disagreed, their laid-back attitudes mirrored each other and made him a pretty good match as a friend. If he had to pick a best friend in this house, it might be him...which almost made it worse.

“so listen,” Red said finally, pausing to exhale a cloud of smoke. “don't you think this is enough?”

“enough?” Stretch furrowed his brow in confusion, tapping his fingers to the desk rhythmically.

“yeah. with kitten. don't you think you should apologize already?”

A beat. Stretch sighed. “why?”

“because she’s fuckin’ heartbroken, you idiot, what the fuck you mean, ‘why'?” Red snapped, irritation evident on his skull as he looked over at him. “i dunno what the fuck you said to her but her light has been dim ever since. gettin’ dimmer every day, too.”

This was...news to him. Here he had thought you seemed totally fine without him.

“forget it. i dunno why i thought…” Red trailed off and sighed. “look. i’m sorry for the way things went down. i know it's no consolation or anythin’, but for the record, i thought she'd already slept with ya.”

“...you did?” He asked, surprised. “and it didn't bother you?”

“news flash, princess, you're the *only one it bothers* ,” he said, stubbing his cigarette out with a little too much force. “everyone else knew what this was. cripes, stretch, the girl has everyone's soulmate making up her very *being*, did you really ever think she'd be able to settle for just one’a us?”

No, he supposed he didn't. He knew that, deep down. He had just elected to ignore it and hope against hope that his overly romantic ideals would win out.

“i…” Don't know what to say, he finished internally.

There was a long silence punctuated by Red snatching his pack and tapping out another cigarette. He'd been a chain-smoker like Stretch before, but now he only does it when he's stressed.

“how'd she die?” He asked, mumbled really, lighting his new cigarette. “in your world.”

“...monster hate group.” Stretch said softly, looking at the way that Red’s face changed. “you?”

Red took a deep drag, the smoke curling slowly on the exhale as the tension melted from his shoulders. “...suicide.”

“holy shit...” He never knew that, but somehow he knew that Red had watched it happen, helpless, unable to do anything. Just like him, and yet...he can't even imagine.

“yeah.” Red chuckled, a deep sadness lacing the noise in a way that hurt *him*. “she was always too good for my fucked up world. kindness, you know. sweet. *gentle*. too gentle, too soft, too...perfect. it tore her apart.”

“i can see that.” He nodded solemnly. You were still that way, too good and kind. Full of love.

More than enough love.

“tortured myself about it. i was selfish...i just wanted her back, i didn't care if it was what she wanted. made the kid reset...threatened to kill ‘em if they didn't. tried harder. loved harder. fucked gentler. fuck, if only i had known how it would all end up...maybe i’da done somethin’ different.”

“none of us knew. how could we?” Stretch snorted. If he had known, he might have mourned worse. If he'd known, he might have killed every last one of those monster hater motherfuckers...but instead he had just counted on a reset, and ended up here.

The silence was heavy, and thick like the smoke that swirled around their cigarettes.

“this is our last shot, you know,” Red muttered. “with her. with all of it. no more resets, no other worlds. she’s it.”

“...i know.”

“not that it matters to me. she’s all i want. i wouldn't wanna go back, even if she was there like before.”

Stretch remained silent, unsure if he agreed. Of *course* he loved *you*, the you he knows here and now. Of course. But...he missed his world. Alphys and Undyne. Asgore. *His* Chara...and you, because how could he not?

Red studied his face, and Stretch grew increasingly guilty under his stare. How does he do that?

“anyway, you better come down before the others get impatient.” Red pushed off the desk and discarded his cig in the ashtray. “she won't let us eat the cakes until we’re all there.”

“really?...i’m included?”

“heh. ‘it's his birthday, too’ she said.” Red mimicked your voice, making the both of them laugh tiredly. “anywho...listen...we're cool if you say we are, a’ight?”

He held up his fist, and Stretch hesitated...then gave him a fist bump. They both made exaggerated explosion noises, and the laughter was a little more real this time.

“yeah. we're cool.”

“just...don't be stupid.” Red warned, punching him lightly in the shoulder as he stood. “do what's best for her.”

...he planned to.

Red led the way, down the stairs and towards the back door, and as they went Stretch spaced out, wondering what comes next.

* *alright. maybe this won't be so bad.*

**maybe she’ll want to go back to being friends.*

**i think i can handle that.*

**i don't deserve her love, and i know there's no hope for a relationship anymore but...friends.*

**friends i can do. i can make that happen.*

....right?

Chapter End Notes

Oh man, that bro talk though.
I loved the idea of all her presents...all these cutie skellies being so excited for theirs! And the birthday kisses! She's getting better about affection, much more open and less like she's shocked anyone would ever want to touch her.
Hmmmm wonder where that's coming from?
In any case, enjoy the mostly fluff, romantic subplot, and tiny bit of smut!

It's Not Weird

Chapter Summary

...Okay, it's totally weird.

Chapter Notes

Sorry I've been slacking on actual updates.
I'm rewriting the first like, dozen chapters. So far I've done up to Chapter 2, to update for general quality and foreshadowing and continuity. If you have any suggestions for plot contradictions you have noticed, feel free to let me know!
So after this chapter I will take a while to rewrite those, since I'm facing a bit of writers block for these. You guys have been so amazing and supportive...and some of you actually rooted out my secret skele-porn tumblr haha. I probably won't share it, yet, since I'm not really back on Tumblr for anything other than porn and looking for fan art haha
In any case, I'm so proud of all my lively readers who are giving me in-depth analyses on this story! They make me so happy to read and make me truly feel like you guys are invested in the story!
Anywho, the long-awaited confrontation...will they make up????

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Observing body language was something Red liked to think he was pretty good at.

Where he was from, with his fragile soul, it had become an essential part of life--telling when someone is squaring up for a fight, or when they were liable to snap under stress...he learned certain people down to a very fine science, especially Edge, whose body language spoke louder than his voice to him.

Second to Edge was you, of course, because he had made sure to memorize all the little idiosyncrasies that made you, well, *you* . Cradling your elbow when you're defensive, sticking your tongue out juuuuuust slightly when you're concentrating, that sexy way you tuck your hair behind your ear and shift your shoulders back when you want a kiss...he loved to read your body, and it always offered insight when you chose to hold your tongue on certain subjects.

Now, he watched you pace nervously, chewing on your thumbnail as the others finished up dinner and cleared the dishes. You were clearly upset, emotions plain as day on your face and coiled in your shoulders, driving your feet in circles.

He had a clue about why, but he wanted to be sure, to soothe you.

“you’re gonna wear a hole in the carpet, there, kitten.” He said gently, catching your arm. You sighed and stopped, allowing him to pull you close. You buried your face in his turtleneck, letting

out a frustrated groan. “s’a matter?”

“...Stretch.”

“yeah. what about him?” Red said, exhaling slowly. He'd seen the way Sans glared daggers at Stretch when he came down, and he knew something had happened on top of the other stuff. He just didn't know what, and, although he was curious as fuck, he had the sense not to pry.

“He's not here.”

“yeah, didja miss the part where he pointedly grabbed his dinner and retreated to his room?” He snorted, chuckling at your unamused look.

“I did *not* miss it. In fact, that's the problem.” You said with a sigh, pulling away from him to glide your fingers through your hair. “I don't want to have the surprise without him. I get that he probably doesn't want anything to do with me, but it's his birthday, too, and I don't want him to miss out.”

Red watched your face as you spoke, and though your words were even in tone, you were obviously distressed. Your eyes, usually full of light and sparkle and wit, were worried and tired and dull. You looked...stressed. Beyond stressed. Heartbroken, hurt, a pain that can't be healed by simply ignoring it or by him throwing enough love at you. There was a dull ache tugging at his soul, a little voice that told him you shouldn't look like that, you should *never look like that* .

He instantly felt guilty. He'd been so wrapped up in how well things were going between you and *him* that he hadn't noticed how poorly you were dealing with the things going on with *Stretch* .

“no problem, kitten,” he found himself saying, feeling mire than a little responsible as he leaned forward to plant a kiss on your forehead. “i’ll go talk to him and we’ll be down in a bit. go ahead and start the party.”

Your face was so relieved even as you questioned it. “Are you sure?”

“absolutely. nobody wants to miss the chance to celebrate a birthday with ya, i just know it.”

Stretch hung behind as they went down the stairs, and Red just felt...tired.

The whole exchange had dredged up some unpleasant stuff, including the realization that not everyone felt the same about this mish-mash of a world as he did.

About you.

He had noticed Stretch’s hesitation. He'd seen the look in his eyes. Even after all that's happened, Stretch still clings to his world, misses it, wants to go home. He wished he could say he understood, but he really didn't-- *his* world was a hellhole, a sizzling cesspool of anger, hatred, and abuse...and he thanked the powers-that-be every morning he woke up here instead of there.

But...judging from how him and BabyBlue are, he supposed there world was a whole fuckton better. He knows for a fact that they had their father until the day they ended up here, and so he had never had the responsibility of his little brother's life in his hands. They never had to fight to survive, they probably had dozens of good friends they could trust, always had enough food, didn't have to lock their door with twelve different locks at night, never had to fight for his life simply

because somebody didn't like the way he said "thank you"...honestly, if Red was a more spiteful person, he'd find it disgusting. A year ago, he might have had that much spite to think so.

But...his life was different now, and Stretch was a good friend. If anything...he felt bad for him.

Perhaps Stretch is holding onto his version of you a little too tightly. Maybe he still believes that you're her, even though he knows you're different. Or maybe he's still clinging to the romantic idea of being the only one you want.

Whatever the case, he'll need to figure it out and let it go before he can even hope to get to where Red is with you. He didn't like to brag (okay, he loves to brag) but there's a reason you're closer to him than the others--he solely cares for you based on who *you* are. He doesn't worry about owning you, or taking precedence over the others, but rather about what will make *you* happy. Is he completely innocent of the kind of thoughts Stretch seems to entertain? Hell no! He's wished, over and over, that you could be only his...the thing is that he knows the difference between reality and fantasy.

He knows you have too much love to be happy with just him. He knows your feelings for the others are just as strong. Hell, even when you technically *were* just his, back in his world, he still shared you with his brother. You had loved Edge almost as much as him, if not the same, and you would have been a lot worse off if you hadn't been able to express your love for both of them.

But Stretch's issue seems entirely different. While he doesn't doubt there was a time or two when he had shared you with Blue, it does seem you had been firmly *his* ...ugh, this is only making Red's head hurt. Besides, it will have to wait until another time and place to discuss it, because he had reached the back doors and he knew you were waiting for them.

Stretch caught up, and they both stepped out into the garden…

...and they both forgot how to breathe for a long moment.

Stretch stared in awe at the garden, decorated to the nines in space-themed elegance. There were handmade paper planets with hundreds of lights on strings lighting them from behind, and somebody had even dusted off the old telescope Sans kept in the shed, and Sans was already busy at the dials, turning and adjusting with a wide grin on his face. Despite the snow on the ground, it was warm outside, and usually seasonal flowers had been coaxed to bloom, the tall standing heaters from the workshop creating a little pocket of warmth just for them.

Stretch didn't know where you had found the wedding arch, but it was covered in twinkling star-lights, with a small table beneath it displaying three small, personalized cakes.

There were even lanterns with purple lights, casting an interstellar glow over the garden, and the whole ensemble looked like something you might see on a fancy home and garden show. It was unique, and beautiful.

But none of it held a candle to you, in a black wrap dress and galaxy leggings with your hair piled in messy curls atop your head. You were seated on the bench beneath Papyrus' bougainvilleas, which had climbed the side of the house and hung its purple blossoms lazily in the crisp night air. They framed you perfectly, like a model in an expensive photo shoot that should be taken in black and white.

Fuck. You were so gorgeous. His hands were shaking, so he shoved them in his pockets as Red let out a low whistle.

“damn, kitten. you weren't kiddin’ when you said you went all out.” Red mused, leaning down to nuzzle your face gently. You giggled, and Stretch felt a tug in his soul. You looked up at him with a shy smile, hint of red on your cheeks in the low light, and he understood what Red had meant about your light being dim because the second your eyes landed on him, they went from shining and happy to sheepish and unsure.

You shouldn't look like that. You should never look like that.

“PAPY! YOU CAME DOWN!” Blue squealed happily, dragging his attention away as he snagged his hand.

“uh, yeah. red said you guys wouldn't celebrate without me.”

“OF COURSE NOT!” Papyrus said proudly, falling in step beside them as Blue tugged him eagerly towards the tea table beneath the arch. “AFTER ALL, IT IS *YOUR* BIRTHDAY AS WELL! AND NOVA SPENT SO MUCH TIME ON EVERYONE’S CAKES, SHE WOULDN'T WANT THEM TO BE WASTED!”

...you had made him a cake? He couldn't hide his surprise, and Papyrus smiled knowingly at him as he gestured to the table.

The three cakes were obviously parsed out by preferences: Devil’s food with chocolate frosting for Red, complete with black and red icing roses, and a soft blue color on Sans’ cake, which was probably birthday cake flavor if the confetti on the base was any indication.

He stared at his cake. He knew exactly what it was, because he’d been ranting about seeing it on Pinterest sometime back in December. An 8-layer naked honey whiskey cake. There was honey drizzled over the top like a stack of pancakes, and buttercream between the layers. This cake must have taken several tries to get right…

...and yet you put that much effort in for him anyway.

“The failed attempts are in the fridge.”

He whirled around at the sound of your voice, finding you standing behind him a few feet away. Papyrus and Blue had suddenly become very interested in some nearby patch of seedlings, and Red had turned to occupy himself showing Edge the constellations. You shifted your weight nervously.

“failed attempts?”

“The cake. You said it probably took a few tries...you're right.”

Had he said that out loud? Damn. What a douchey thing to say. Here you had made him something nice and all he'd said was ‘you probably failed a few times first’.

“sorry...that was supposed to be my in-my-head voice, not my out-loud voice.” He joked, hoping to disarm the tension.

“I understand the struggle,” you joked back, and it was like a huge weight lifted from his shoulders. The small giggle may have been a tiny shadow of your usual laugh, but it was meant for *him*. “But

don't feel bad, it *was* a difficult cake. I think most people would have to try several times to get it right."

"...yeah." Pause. "thanks for making it for me. you didn't have to do that."

"Of course I did," you waved him off, picking up a knife to cut a slice carefully. "It's your birthday."

"you know what i mean," he muttered, catching your arm gently. "i mean *you* didn't have to make it for *me.* "

You paused, before plopping the slice down and handing him the plate with a tight smile. "...Sorry. This is kind of weird for housemates, isn't it?"

No, fuck, that wasn't what he meant! He'd only meant that after everything he's done, you could have ignored him and he wouldn't have blamed you. He tried to speak again but you cut him off.

"But can I be kind of weird a little longer?" You stooped down and pulled a small present from the chair beside the table. It had been wrapped with obvious care, in adorable bumblebees wrapping paper with a little orange bow. You held it to your chest, sighing. "I...made it a while ago. Before all this. I thought about not giving it to you--"

He wouldn't have blamed you.

"--but there's no reason not to. And it's personalized...so it wouldn't be good for anyone but you."

As if that explained everything (it didn't, he still had questions) you then handed him the package. He set down his cake slice, still untouched, and hesitantly accepted it, running a hand over the paper. You seemed increasingly nervous the longer he stared at it, so he tore the paper off quickly.

"woah." He breathed, running his hand over the hand-bound notebook. The words "from my soul to yours" were pressed into the leather, along with several musical notes. He could see the small mistakes that made it special, like the way you had missed a stitch in the corner, or the small nicks in the leather where you cut it too short.

Proof you made it by hand. Completely unique.

"...you made this? for me?"

"Ooh, man, if I had a dollar every time I heard that today," you laughed, shaking your head. "Yeah. I noticed that your old song notebook was looking really full and...Mutt said you haven't been writing anything. I thought if...if you had a notebook…"

You trailed off into a mumble, curls falling in your face as you looked down at your feet. He could only catch snatches of your mumbles, but he had a good guess as to what you were saying.

"it's not weird," he insisted, resisting the urge to tip your chin up or pull you close. "it's really thoughtful. i'll definitely use it."

Fuck. He wants to kiss you so bad. The way you smiled up at him so sheepishly when he said that...the way the purple lanterns cast a lilac glow over you...Dammit.

Just as he was about to say fuck it and see what happens (reckless, as always) you cleared your throat and looked away.

“I'm glad you like it...I...really didn't think you would want it.”

**i’d love anything you made for me. i’d still give you my soul if you asked, don't you know that?*

**no...i suppose you don't know that.*

“Stretch. About...you know...us?”

He snapped to attention, looking at you in surprise. “uh...yeah?” Pfft. Smart.

You finally looked up at him completely, taking a deep breath. “I don't want to be just housemates.” Oh, shit. “I care about you, and...I can't keep pretending that I don't.”

“i get it,” he breathed, disbelief in his voice. “me, too.”

You were quiet for a moment, and it struck him that the last thing he'd said in that fight was the exact opposite of caring about you. *Fuck* .

“sorry, i’ll shut up now.” He laughed nervously, waving you on, and although you looked slightly off-put, you continued.

“I wanted to tell you that...it's okay for you to be upset.”

...what?

“You don't have to accept this whole...thing...if you don't want to. The reality is...I'm not going to pick any one person, not today, not next week, not ever. I'm not going to try to box my feelings in, but that doesn't mean I can box you in either.” You explained, cradling your elbow defensively. Guarded. From him. Oh. “If you aren't comfortable with this, then I think you have the right to back out. I'm sorry that I wasted your time and all...this is just how I am.”

**wasted my time? never. i’ve never thought that.*

“So you're done, and that's alright, but…” Oh dear lord, there's tears in your eyes. What kind of asshole is he? “...I miss my friend. I just want him back. You don't have to accept me, you don't have to….you don't have to *love me*. I just want...to not feel like a huge, jagged piece of me is missing. Like...you're one of my closest friends, and not being around you just...it feels like a thousand knives digging into me. I just want my *best friend*.”

You said the L-word. Not in the difficult context, but you got the word out. How awful, that the first time you used it...you were telling him he didn't have to love you. That he didn't need to care.

But he does, oh, he does, so much...but you're right. He can't...do this. This thing, with all the others. Right now, as he is, there's something that will not accept that you aren't *his*, and his alone.

And as long as that part of him exists, him being with you...will only make you make these sad faces. And if you knew, god, if you knew how much he really cared, and that he was choosing this anyway...you would be crushed.

**she shouldn't ever look like that. she should never, ever look like that.*

**maybe i shouldn't have said i don't love her, and we'll have to discuss that at some point...*

**but i also don't deserve to tell her i love her now.*

**if i did that, what kinda fucked up person would i be? "hey, i really do love you will all my being, but i'm not the only person you care about so i guess we can't be together"*

**that would only make it worse. she deserves to be happy.*

**...i guess i gotta lie in the bed i made.*

"...i'd like that. to be friends."

It was quiet, but you didn't miss it, and when you looked up he had made a hasty retreat. You didn't see him right away, but you could assume this was just as hard for him and he needed a moment. It was good...if he had stayed a second longer you might have thrown your arms around him and ruined everything.

Friends. He wants to be friends again. It was bittersweet, and it made you laugh a little. Friends...no longer lovers, but not yet strangers.

Middle ground. Relationship limbo. *Friendzoned*.

You wanted to cry, but whether it was from happiness or heartbreak you couldn't even tell. Before you could say or do anything, exhaustion washed over you and you sat in the chair by the table quickly to keep from toppling over.

You felt Papyrus approach tentatively.

"Are you alright, my dear?"

You shook your head and shrugged at the same time. "Not sure yet. I'm tired, though."

"Symptoms?"

"No...just emotional exhaustion, I think." You sighed. "I can hang out a while longer."

"I SEE."

Suddenly you were several feet taller. Oh, wait, no...Papyrus had just scooped you up into a hug. You happily returned it, pleased with the level of unspoken communication. You had wanted a famous Papyrus hug, and he knew that.

After a long moment of comfort, he started to walk off, holding you firmly against him. You hooked your legs around him lazily to take the weight off your ribs, laying your head on his scarf. Man, he sure was comfy. Now you understood why Sans always fell asleep in his arms.

"COME, NOVA! SANS HAS SOME WONDERFUL STARS TO SHOW YOU!"

"Hey, Honeybee?"

He looked up at you from over his book, and a slow smirk spread across his face as you sleepily shoved your way in between him and his novel. He reached over and set the book down, and then put his cigarette out in the ashtray next to it.

"what's up, doll?"

"Nothin', just wanted to snuggle," you sighed, smushing your face against his black tank top as his arms closed around you.

"bad dream?"

"Kinda," you mumbled. "It was your birthday, but we were fighting? And we decided to just be friends...it felt awful."

"that ***sounds*** *awful." He agreed, dipping beneath the fabric of your tank top and rubbing little circles on the smooth skin of your back. Wait...didn't you normally have scars? No...no, that's wrong...your scars were on your thighs, little criss-cross patterns that mapped the way you were taught to feel about yourself. He was still trying to un-teach you to feel that way.*

But... ***that*** *was wrong...wasn't it? Where were your scars supposed to be? He really needs to stop drinking so much of Muffet's Honey Whiskey before bed, because he honestly can't remember.*

"No, the worst part is that you told me you didn't love me," you accused, a cute little huff escaping you as you remembered you were mad at dream-him. "You told me it was all a lie, and the worst part...is that it was."

"what? honey, you aren't making any sense."

"You love me, right?"

"more than anything, doll," he quickly reassured. "not even a question."

"Forever?" You asked, squeezing his cheekbones. "Forever and ever until the end of time, even if you end up in a parallel universe, even if I'm dead and gone and there's a girl that looks just like me?"

"jeez, what's got you like this? where's this comin' from?" He mumbled against your lips as he kissed you. You hummed thoughtfully even as you melted underneath him, and his fingers slid gently underneath your night shirt, and that was the end of that conversation.

Stretch woke up with a jolt, falling directly out of bed and onto the floor with a clatter. He groaned, cradling his throbbing head, and checked the clock.

2:45 AM.

He had a weird feeling in his gut, and, still half-asleep, he chose to follow it, grabbing a random book from his desk and pulling a sweatshirt over his head before padding downstairs in the dark.

His dream was fuzzy, but it was a memory...one that he remembered well. His version of you had always been incredibly insightful, to the point of sometimes knowing something terrible was about to happen, or even telling the future years in advance. He remembers consoling you one night when

you woke and told him you were dying, and even though he had managed to convince you that you were fine...months later you were killed.

He groaned and rubbed his sockets, flicking on the lights in the living room. Why is this happening? There was no way even your gift could have reached all the way here...but it did sound accurate to the situation. He wished he could remember the rest of what you had said that night...it might have offered a clue here.

He buried his face in his book, hoping to keep his mind off of it, but...he kept imagining your face when you asked if he would love you forever.

**sorry, doll...i never said you would always love me back...and i never said loving you was the right thing to do. i only said i would.*

He heard footsteps coming down the stairs, and the way his soul reacted…

You peeked your head around the corner, making a surprised noise when you saw him.

But you didn't run. You shuffled a few feet into the room, your book clutched to your chest. There was a question in your eyes, eyes that were tired and obviously troubled.

“it’s not weird,” he reassured you, and the relief he saw on your face was reflected in his own soul as you made your way over to sit next to him.

You sat rigidly next to him, eyes flicking about. He moved his book aside and patted his femur with a hopeful smile. You hesitated a moment, but...

...slowly, you lowered your head to his lap, face burning a sweet pink as you looked up at him.

“it’s not weird,” he repeated, and you relaxed, nodding slightly before bringing your book up to obscure his view of your face.

God, he had missed this.

“how’s the book?”

“Full of sex,” you said bluntly, and he smirked a little. That was the one he had recommended. He was pleased to see you were enjoying it, even after how he acted the last time you tried to share your thoughts on it. “These two sure have it figured out. I wish everything was as easy as this relationship.”

“yeah, wouldn't that be somethin’,” he breathed.

Ah, fuck. It's totally weird, but that's alright. He doesn't mind. He surreptitiously wipes at the tears forming in his sockets before they can give him away--no reason to get worked up, this is what friends do for each other.

They chase away nightmares.

“it’s not weird,” he muttered, mostly to himself as your fingers absently curled around his pull-tie.

“It will be if you keep saying that,” you joked quietly, as his hand hesitantly brushed through your hair. You moved your book slightly to look up at him, a sad smile on your face.

“sorry,” he laughed. “i’ve just...missed you.”

Your fingers tightened on the pull-tie as you let out a shaky breath. The still quiet of the morning only served to cast a deep resonance over your response.

“Me, too...I missed you.”

Chapter End Notes

They made up! Just not in the way you expected, I bet.
Stretch is finally using his head, it seems. Until he gets over the fact that she isn't only his, he's only going to hurt her.
Comment your thoughts on:
-Stretch and Nova
-things you want to see in rewrites
-anything else that caught your attention!

Be Mine

Chapter Summary

Valentine's Day begins...starting with an odd dream...memory?
The boys prepare for their show
You have that date with Guy
Oof. What a day.

Chapter Notes

Hello!
I have to say thank you to everyone who is reading this story, and who is giving me ideas for things in my rewrites. I love each and every one of you so much!
Also, if you're tired of Stretch being an asshat, check out this oneshot that I wrote for Trash_McTrash and my other loyal fans who are similarly fed up! There is fluff! Stretch is...less of an asshat! Slightly! Also, this is where I will be collecting my oneshots for the Swap bros. Check out my other one shot collections as well, there is lots to see!
In any case...onward, to the fated Valentine's Day!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Is that what you really think of me?”

He looked shocked at the tone and tremble of your voice. You supposed he had thought you’d be happy to have a song written about you, and you would have thought so, too...before he played it.

“what’s wrong, darlin’?” He unslung his bass and leaned it against the stage, concern in his sockets as he approached you. Even in the low light of the venue, you still found him so handsome--the christmas lights around the room twinkled, and his golden incisors reflected them as if winking, teasing you.

“I asked if that’s what you really think?” You repeated, relaxing your fists in an effort to calm yourself. Tolerance is the best policy...but even for you, this is too much. “You think I'm only in it to piss my parents off? You think I just want some bad thing to rub in their faces?”

“well, that was the deal, wasn't it?” He asked, leaning back nonchalantly against the stage. “you saw my tattoos and my bones and my leather pants, and you smiled and said i was perfect for the job.”

*You felt yourself flushing a deep crimson, lips in a thin line of displeasure. That **had** been the case. At first.*

*“Papyrus…” you managed, tears choking your words. You stomped your foot and made a frustrated noise. “You **IDIOT!** ”*

*“yeah, well, you're a **brat** .” He scoffed, irritation crossing his face.*

*“Fuck you!” You flipped him off, and he **laughed** .*

“cute. you think i care what you think of me.”

You bit your lip, deflating a little...before your anger returned tenfold and you smacked him across the face, hard. He humored you, moving with your hand even though you knew for a fact that it didn't hurt him one bit.

You turned on your heel, stalking away, and you heard him shouting at you through the crowd.

“alright, see you at home, then!”

His tone was both angry and amused as you choked back a sob.

He had no idea how much you loved him.

You woke with a start, alone on the living room couch.

Your stomach churned, and you felt lightheaded, so you pressed your face to the throw pillow with a sigh, trying to make sense of your dream. It felt like a memory, but you had never seen Mutt sing at a concert, at least not main vocals, and you had definitely never had that conversation.

Maybe it wasn't your memory, you thought, and you groaned, pressing your face to the pillow even harder.

Great. First Sans, and now Mutt? Would this become a regular thing, remembering how much they had loved the people you essentially indirectly killed?

Your pounding headache drowned the thought out after a while, and you wondered where Stretch had gone, feeling a little lonely after what had seemed like a step forward last night.

You didn't realize you fell back asleep until someone woke you with a gentle shake.

“hey, sweetheart, whatcha doin’ all the way down here?” Sans cooed softly, and your headache was eased by his voice just a little bit.

“Mmm...bad dreams, came down here to read.” You mumbled, flopping lazily over to face him with a sleepy smile.

Damn, you are too cute. He grins as your fingers grip the front of the sweatshirt you made him, dragging yourself over to lean against him where he was kneeling to check on you.

Judging by the half-empty honey bottle on the coffee table, you probably hadn't been alone when you came down here. Explained why he had run into Stretch on the stairs. It also explained why he had looked more relaxed than he had seen him in a while, his face buried in the notebook you had given him, scribbling away and humming under his breath.

He wanted to be upset, because he didn't want Stretch to skate by with the stuff he did and said, but ultimately it was *your* decision. Papyrus said you had decided to forgive him to a degree, but that you were still not going the romantic route anymore--how long that would last, Sans had no idea, but...you were clearly happier than yesterday, and the light in your eyes was a great deal brighter today.

So it's okay.

"well, i was just checkin' on ya since i saw you out here. you get some more rest, and when breakfast is ready i'll send pap in here to getcha."

"MmmmmmMMMMM." You made a grumpy noise and puffed your cheeks out, swinging your arms and legs to cling to him koala-style, making him laugh as you strong-armed him onto the couch with you.

"c'mon, sweetheart, i gotta go finish makin' breakfast," he chuckled even as he snuggled into you, effectively trapped by your legs around him. Not that he minded.

"Noooooo," you protested, nuzzling your face into the space between his jaw and collarbone.

"yeeeessss," he teased back, squeezing you close. "unless you want pap to do all the--"

He cut himself off with a surprised moan as you placed a calculated kiss on the spot where his spine meets his skull. Fuck, his weak point.

Pleased with the reaction, you kissed it again, and a shiver ran through his bones. "ah, shit. careful there."

"Why?" You breathed, warm breath ghosting over his bones and making him groan as you licked the underside of his jaw experimentally.

An uncharacteristic growl built in the depths of his chest, and he turned his head to catch your lips as he grabbed your hand, moving to pin you to the couch. "because this is a dangerous game, sweetheart. n'i won't be able to hold out for much longer if you keep it up."

"Then don't," you sighed, fingers gently caressing the curvature of his clavicle, dipping between the ridges of his spine. His sockets snapped shut as you found a particularly sensitive vertebrae, and you slowly circled your fingers on it.

"shit...you make a good case."

He leaned it to kiss you again, but as soon as your lips touched his teeth--

"NO NEED TO WORRY! THE KITCHEN IS MOST DEFINITELY *NOT* ON FIRE!" Papyrus bellowed as the fire alarm went wild. There were several loud crashes, before he added: "I THOUGHT WATER WAS SUPPOSED TO PUT FIRE *OUT* ! NYEEHHH!"

The two of you stared at each other for a long moment, before you broke into a fit of giggles. He mirrored it with a chuckle of his own, disentangling from your embrace.

"guess i better go save breakfast. and the kitchen." He said, shaking his head before leaning in to press a sweet kiss to your brow.

He then captured your lips once more for a final parting kiss, one that had you scrambling to follow his mouth as he tried to pull away.

He looked at you, hearts in his sockets for a moment.

“happy valentine's day, sweetheart.”

“Right back atcha, handsome.”

Luckily, the kitchen was fine.

Breakfast, however, was not.

And that's how you ended up sandwiched in the middle of a large booth at Grillby’s, which was open for a rare brunch day in honor of Valentine’s Day: Papyrus on one side, Sans on the other.

Edge was regrettably absent, as was Stretch, because they had gone to Black and Mutt's house to practice for their show tonight. Blue had a tradition of spending Valentine’s Day brunch with Napstablook, which according to Papyrus was more than the nervous ghostie needed to make his day, and Red had apparently had that patent meeting after all, much to your dismay.

“WHAT ARE YOU ORDERING TODAY, MY DEAR?” Papyrus asked, leaning over to share your breakfast menu with you.

“Pancakes. Or waffles.” You gasped loudly. “ *French toast!* ”

Sans snickered next to you but you ignored him as Papyrus slipped an arm around your waist, pleased to see you excited about food.

“THAT’S A WONDERFUL CHOI--”

“With ice cream!”

The look on Papyrus’ face was enough to send Sans into a second giggle fit. “EH...YES. WHATEVER YOU LIKE, DEAREST.”

“Do you think Grillbz has peanut butter back there?” You mumbled, turning the paper over to look at the back. “Oh, fuck, there's bacon!”

“you have quite the app- *egg* -tite, sweetheart,” Sans snorted, closing his menu as you suppressed a giggle and Papyrus groaned loudly at his pun.

“JAPES ASIDE, BROTHER, I THINK IT’S WONDERFUL NEWS THAT HER APPETITE IS BACK. GO EASY ON THE SWEETS, THOUGH, YOU DON'T WANT TO GET SICK.”

“Fuck the police,” you stated. “Grillbz! Gimme a French toast a la mode, extra syrup, bacon, eggs, and orange juice!”

The bartender chuckled, nodding as he quietly repeated your order in shorthand. “Sweet-tooth special with citrus.”

“i’ll do the eggs benedict, *eggs*- tra ketchup.” Sans followed smoothly, not even blinking at your order.

“Eggs a la Sans,” Grillby mused, jotting it down.

“YOU TWO DISGUST ME,” Papyrus shuddered, though his arm around your waist tightened affectionately. “I SHALL HAVE GREEN TEA AND A BREAKFAST SCRAMBLE.”

“Pro- *tea* -n,” Grillby repeated, flames twitching in a smirk as Papyrus made a frustrated noise.

“NYEEEHHH! NOT YOU, TOO!”

Grillby was still laughing when he brought back your food, and both boys watched in horror as you then drowned your food in syrup.

“Sweet eats,” you offered, as if that explained it.

“hey, i love condiments, but isn't that a little--”

“SANS IF YOU USE ONE MORE EGGS PUN SO HELP ME I WILL--”

“-- *eggs* -cessive?”

“NYAAAAARGH!”

Papyrus flailed and shrieked, and you laughed uncontrollably into your French Toast as Sans launched several more egg puns at him.

“P-Papyrus, Papyrus,” you said, catching his arm. “Relax, relax, it’s okay!”

With a huff Papyrus settled down, seemingly soothed. “YOU ARE RIGHT. JUST NO MORE!”

“Of course not, sweetie,” you said sweetly, a grin stretching across your face. “After all...what do we gain from *bacon* you angry?”

His face was equal parts angry and betrayed, and Sans was wheezing beside you, forehead pressed firmly to the table. “NOVA, I AM SHOCKED AND APPALLED. SANS! HOW DARE YOU POISON OUR HUMAN WITH YOUR TRASH HUMOR!”

You raised an eyebrow at the wording, and it seemed to catch Sans’ attention as well, because his laugh quickly turned into a cough.

“Awww, I'm *your* human?” You teased as Papyrus flushed as orange as your juice.

Then he smiled, before dragging the both of you into a huge hug and pressing a kiss to your temple.

“ *DONUT* YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU BY NOW?” He said with a laugh in his words, and you couldn't help but blush wildly as Sans kissed your other cheek.

“suff- *fries* to say, sweetheart, we ain't lettin’ anyone steal ya away.”

Ohhh gosh...you didn't know what to say. You grew redder by the second as they very publicly expressed their affection by littering your face with kisses, making you squeak and sink further into

your seat. You think you even heard someone shout “get a room!” followed by a smattering of laughter.

Then your stomach growled loudly, reminding them all that they hadn't eaten yet, and you spent the rest of breakfast eating and joking with a huge smile...and a light pink blush.

“ *you might kill me with desire...wind me tighter than a wire...it’s somethin’ that you do to me, i run away like mercury…* ”

Edge sighed and laid his head down on his snare drum, frustrated and liable to snap any moment.

They had gotten absolutely *nothing* done. Mutt was distracted, probably texting some hussy because he was glued to his phone. Even without him, Edge might have been able to focus, but a band is very little without guitar and vocals, and Stretch was…

He glanced up to where Stretch was sitting, acoustic guitar across his lap and lost in his own little world as he wrote some new song. The notebook you had given to him lay open in front of him, and he focused solely on it and his guitar.

“ *an’i know you think it’s rough, when you’re tryna patch us up, and i say ‘honey, what is love’...you just say i smoke too much.* ”

The song wasn't *bad* , and two guesses what it was about (spoilers: he didn't need the second guess) but the fact was that they had plenty of songs to play tonight, and they should be practicing *those* .

“ *maybe i’m defective, or maybe i am dumb. i’m sorry, so sorry, for what i’ve done.* ”

“OH FOR THE LOVE OF--DO YOU PLAN ON PLAYING THIS TONIGHT?”

Stretch spared him a glance, and then played his guitar louder and raised his voice pointedly.

“ *maybe i’m bad-natured, or maybe i am young. i’m sorry, so sorry, for what i’ve done.”*

“BECAUSE IF NOT, THEN YOU SHOULD PUT IT AWAY SO WE CAN ACTUALLY PRACTICE. YOU KNOW, SO YOU DON'T SUCK TONIGHT.”

“edgelord has a point, there, hamlet.”

“I DON'T WANT BACK-UP FROM A LAZY SOD LIKE YOU!”

Stretch sighed, concentration obviously interrupted, and finally stilled his hands on the guitar. “since you asked, i might have tested it tonight. so i could see how it feels before i show her.”

“i thought you were *friendzoned* ?” Mutt asked, annoyance lacing his tone. “aren't these dulcet tones kind of *romantic* for *friends* ?”

Stretch snorted. “just because we agreed to be friends doesn't mean i can't be honest about my feelings.”

“funny. i feel like the last time you did that you got yourself into this mess.”

“i don't need to hear that from you,” Stretch seethed, gripping his guitar tighter. “if i want to write her a love song, i’ll do it as i please. and if i want to try it out at the show tonight, then i’ll do that, too.”

“BUT SHE’LL BE AT THE--”

“waste of time and energy,” Mutt said, cutting Edge off with a wave of his hand. “can't rush good music, especially a love song.”

Edge was about to snap at Mutt for interrupting, but stopped when he saw Stretch take a pause to consider his words.

“...i guess you're right.” He said slowly, sockets narrowing. “which is suspiciously helpful. what are you up to?”

“i just wanna get to it.” Mutt said, pocketing his phone. “m’ready for the show to be over. some people have things to look forward to afterward, you know, since we *didn't* piss away our relationships.”

“what was that, *mutt* ?” Stretch growled, standing from the couch.

“I FEEL BAD FOR WHATEVER GIRL YOU COERCED INTO A DUBIOUSLY CONSENSUAL DATE,” Edge scoffed, straightening and grabbing his drumsticks now that it seemed things were getting moving. “THOUGH I SUPPOSE EVEN YOU CAN FIND A DATE ON THIS DAY.”

Mutt didn't respond, but rather glared at him as he slung his bass across his torso. Stretch quirked a brow as he set his stuff aside and gathered his electric guitar, amusement replacing his irritation.

“what, don't have a date?” He teased, plugging into the amp with a slight squeal of feedback. “nobody wanted to throw the mutt a bone this year?”

“i just don't particularly care for valentine's day,” Mutt grumbled, bristling visibly. “get off my ass, or at least buy me dinner first.”

“funny, you seemed pretty fine with it the other day when you were hitting on nova.”

“stretch. ***leave it alone.*** ” Mutt growled, sockets narrowing and hands tightening on his bass.

“no, i’m curious. is it just nova, or is it any pretty girl with a nice rack that walks your way?” Stretch prodded. “do you seriously think that with all the attention she gets, *your* cheap tactics are going to work? have you even ever *been* in a real relationship?”

“SILENCE! WE SHALL NOT BE FIGHTING WHEN OUR SHOW IS LESS THAN--”

“no, no, i wanna know,” Mutt said, stepping closer to Stretch until they were eye-to-eye. “just what are you sayin’?”

“nothing, nothing at all,” he said, backing off a few steps with an irritated look. “just that i don't need love advice from someone who’s never even been in love before.”

Before Edge could blink, Stretch was on the ground, having met the swinging end of a bone the size of a baseball bat. His housemate swore, rubbing his sore jaw even as Edge jumped to his feet

to catch Mutt's second swing with his own bone, parrying the strike flawlessly and ending the fight as quickly as it had begun by forcing Mutt to submit beneath his heel almost immediately.

"WHAT IN THE WORLD IS WRONG WITH THE BOTH OF YOU?!" Edge scolded, seething. "I WILL NOT TOLERATE THIS TRIVIAL DICK-MEASURING CONTEST ANY LONGER!"

"he started it," Stretch hissed, before finding the pointy end of Edge's bone sword inches from his face.

"I DON'T CARE. I'M ENDING IT."

Mutt shoved Edge's boot off of him with a scowl, standing to resling his bass as if nothing had happened. There was silence as the other two watched him tune it, fuming.

After several long minutes of this, he let out a frustrated sigh.

"i've *been* in love," he said quietly. "and trust me when i say that i know what you're going through...having pissed 'er off that way."

Edge and Stretch exchanged a glance as the latter stood, clicking his jaw gently back into place. They had never heard Mutt talk like this.

"...the only difference between your situation and mine is that by the time i pulled my head out of my ass to apologize...i had to do it to a gravestone." He reached up to scratch his skull absently, and when he turned, his eyes were soft. Full of regret. "just...don't want it to happen again. to me or you."

Stretch shifted awkwardly, unsure of what to say. He had legitimately thought that Mutt was as gross as he let on, a womanizer and a lech...but clearly he had misjudged his counterpart. He should have known that he had a version of you, too...and he should have known he'd had to deal with your death.

There's a pattern here that he quite frankly didn't want to think about.

"look, let's just practice," Mutt sighed. "i don't know half these songs, an'if i wanted to suck dick for money tonight i would have worn taller boots."

Well...they can't argue with that sentiment.

"you weren't kiddin' about being their housemate," Guy said, seeming just a tad surprised when you opened the door. "for some reason i thought you might be joking."

"I'm glad you came anyway, then," you said, stepping aside to let him in. "I'll be just a minute, I'm leaving some Valentine's sweets out as gifts for the guys."

And with that, you disappeared into the kitchen, giving him a chance to breathe deeply and collect himself.

Holy shit on a stick was he nervous. He didn't know why, but you made his heart pound and his head spin and the tingle of magic sparked underneath his fingernails, begging to be free.

When he'd seen you at the library, emerging from the Astronomy stacks with that dazzling smile on your face, he remembered thinking you were the most radiant being in the room, as if light poured from your features directly into his soul.

Then you had hugged your companion, and his heart had plummeted to the pits of his stomach faster than an Olympic diver performs a jackknife.

However, the longer he watched you (discreetly, from behind his own book, he's not an animal) the more it became obvious that this guy was merely a very good friend, with no romantic undertones at all.

And the second his brother shot up from the table to retrieve your fallen wallet, he had felt the drive to do something before you walked out of their lives forever.

Looking back, he was very lucky you liked puns and shitty memes. Then again, the company of your housemates basically guaranteed that. Good news: you thought he was smooth and charming. Also good news: you didn't realize he's actually a hot mess in a sweatshirt, especially when it comes to pretty girls.

Bad news: his initial analysis and theory had been wrong. He thought you felt like her, but he should have known you weren't. After all, you were definitely human, and your name wasn't even y/n...he doesn't know why he had been so convinced you were her.

But...she's gone. And had been for a very long time. As was his timeline, and so...he supposed she would have wanted him to move on.

He hadn't counted on you to be taken, though.

The thought surprised him until he realized he was seeing a glimpse of you through the archway to the kitchen, pinned by his skeletal counterpart and giggling as he planted a chocolatey kiss on your cheek, leaving a sweet smear behind as he backed off.

Even stranger was when you came back out, removing your apron, and the skeletal Papyrus had stopped you in the hall to wipe the chocolate from your face gingerly, before planting a kiss of his own on your cheek.

...what?

“HELLO, GUY! I HEARD FROM NOVA THAT YOU WILL BE GOING ON A SPECIAL VALENTINE’S DATE TODAY!” Papyrus said, jolting him from his thoughts.

He smiled, melting a bit at his brother's monster mirror. That smile was infectious in any form. “yep, though, uh...if you aren't comfortable with that…”

“OH, PSSH,” Papyrus rolled his eyelights and waved him off, helping you into your coat. “NOVA CAN DATE WHOMSOEVER SHE PLEASES, SO LONG AS THEY TREAT HER WELL."

Something told him it was more like "as long as it's one of us."

"...NOVA. HAND IT OVER.”

His voice turned stern, and you sighed, fishing in the pocket of your skirt to produce several heart-shaped chocolates.

“ALL OF IT.”

You groaned and produced several more from the other pocket. Papyrus gave you a stern look and you groaned even more exaggeratedly, reaching into the front pocket of your pinafore to produce a packet of fun dip.

“Can I go now?” You pouted, obviously sulking.

“DON'T BE SOUR WITH ME, MY DEAR. YOU WILL HAVE PLENTY OF SWEETS TO EAT TONIGHT AT MUFFET’S WITH BLACK, I AM SURE, SO YOU DON'T NEED THESE NOW.”

“But what if I *want* them now?” you huffed, but you leaned to accept the skelekiss he planted on your forehead. He chuckled a little, slipping one of the chocolates back into your front pocket even as he rolled his eyelights.

“LATER, NOW OFF WITH YOU.” Papyrus said, trying to shoo you in Guy’s direction. You paused and hugged him around the middle, and the look on the tall skeleton’s face was one of pure adoration and intimacy as he returned the affection. Any fool could tell that the two of you were closer than most, likely best friends before lovers(if that was the case). After a long moment, you released each other, and Guy definitely didn't miss the shimmer in your smile as you bounded over to him.

“Bye, Pap! Bye, Sans! Be back later!”

“GOODBYE, MY DEAR! HAVE FUN WITH GUY TODAY!”

From the depths of the house, Guy could hear Sans call out a distracted ‘bye, sweetheart’, but he couldn't tell from where.

It was an interesting dynamic. Either you were just very affectionate, or you were dating both of them...and open to more, if Papyrus’ words meant anything.

“you and the guys in your house are pretty close, aren't you?”

“Yeah, I guess it seems a little weird, doesn't it? At first glance?” You giggled, shrugging. “I never really thought about it until my friend Drew said something, but I guess I'm dating them all? I mean, nobody’s actually, like, *called me* their girlfriend, but…”

Gosh, you're cute. He's hardly even listening. Too busy looking at your cute face. The way you light up when you talk about the others...he wonders if someday you'll look that way when you talk about him, too.

“hey, as long as everyone's on board for it, then i guess it ain't that weird,” he shrugged, and your smile fell a bit.

“...Yeah. If everyone's okay with it…”

“somebody not?” He asked as you turned to corner toward the park. Your tight-lipped smile said it all--there had been some fallout somewhere in that house. “hey, it's alright. poly life ain't right for everyone.”

“Yeah. That's what I said.” And yet, you were still very much hung-up on it, it seemed. “I know I have like...twelve other skeletons who are willing, maybe more, but...I still miss him.”

“and that's okay, too,” he reassured you, hands twitching as he wished he could wrap his arm around your shoulders. Would that be weird? He hardly knows you...

His reassurance did seem to brighten your mood, though, and you thankfully changed the subject, immediately taking notice of the ice cream cart jingling its way across the park.

“wasn't there something about no sweets?” He teased even as he paid the guy for your cone, despite your protests to go dutch.

“Papyrus is just a worrywart,” you shrugged, making a cute, satisfied noise as you took a taste. “I can't get enough sugar lately, though. I think he's only so worried because I ate a spoonful of molasses at breakfast the other day.”

He tried not to pull a face, but must have been unsuccessful if your laughter was any indication.

“i mean, i have food jags…”

“Like ketchup?”

He grinned. “yeah. but still not straight molasses.”

“Guess I'm just weird.” You said with a dismissive head tilt. The both of you sat on a bench, watching the still pond, void of ducks until Spring. “I've just been craving sugar super hard the last week or so. And something else...can't quite pinpoint that one.”

“describe it.” He said, settling for a taste of his own fudgesicle.

“Hmm...bitter. No, sour?” Your face screwed up in concentration, tongue poking out slightly. “Kinda both. And crunchy.”

“warheads?” You shook your head. “hm. pickles?”

“Yes!” You said suddenly, eyes lighting up, before your smile fell and you slumped in your seat. “That's it, but...I *hate* pickles. But maybe with, like, chocolate? That might be really good.”

“gross, but i get it,” he chuckled. “knew a girl once who got that way every now and then. she was a monster, and you always knew when her heat was comin’ because she always wanted pickles. and she’d eat me out of house and home every time when it came to chocolate.”

“Sounds like we'd get along.” You said, feet kicking underneath the bench. “What's her name?”

“ah, she was back in my world,” he dismissed, but answered anyway. “it was y/n.”

You froze, looking up at him with wide eyes over your cone. He returned your gaze in confusion, and finally you let out a startled laugh.

“Aha. Uh. I guess I should have assumed that if you were human, I would have been a monster.” You said finally, shaking your head a little. “Interesting.”

Sensing his confusion, you looked up at him sheepishly. “Sorry. I probably should have told you that Nova is just a nickname. My ‘real’ name is y/n.”

So he *had* been right about how you felt. Damn. His heartbeat, already erratic just from sitting near you, quickened to a deafening pace in his ears as he stared at you.

You shifted slightly under his gaze, wondering if you had said something wrong. You suppose it's weird to just casually mention the alternate timelines and stuff like that.

You were about to apologize, but his hand on yours stopped you. You found yourself leaning into his touch before even he did.

“you know, i thought so.” He said softly. “you talk just like her, and somethin’ about your smile is the same.”

You laughed nervously. “Well, I'm sure she was irreplaceable, though. Sorry, I'm just a sad copy.”

“...no, you're not.” He said softly, his eyes shining with honesty as he brought your hand to his lips. “don't get so down on yourself all the time. you're beautiful, and absolutely unique.”

You weren't sure why that made you tear up, but here you were, blinking away tears. He hardly knew you, and he said those nice things anyway...it was almost enough to believe him.
“Ah...aha...you're just being nice, but...thanks.”

“m’not just bein’ nice,” he muttered, his voice close and breath warm on your ear.

You felt the urge to kiss him, and you almost didn't do it.

But you know what? You're dying. You have a bucket list that includes the words “regret nothing” and damn, does this feel like a regretful choice if you don't. In ten months you won't exist, and you don't know what the rest of this day holds--you might never get another chance.

...you deserve happiness, you remind yourself. You deserve affection. Papyrus’ voice calmly mutters those words inside your mind, and you can't help but listen.

If he was surprised, he hid it well, instead melting into it as if he had been hoping for it since the moment you met. Maybe he had. His kiss was natural, almost as natural as Sans or Red, with a certain warmth to it that wasn't normally present in your lovers’ toothy smooches. It had been so long since you kissed a human that you had forgotten how it felt, but his lips were happy to remind you, capturing your attention so deftly that you didn't even notice your melting ice cream.

Part of you wondered if he was only kissing you because of ‘his’ y/n.

Part of you wondered if that was all any of them saw.

...that part was a lot louder than you wanted it to be.

“wow, i can't believe you’re still so worked up about this,” he scoffed as you turned away from his kiss with a huff. “why’d you even stay if you were gonna be a stubborn brat when i got off?”

“Don't call me a brat!” You hissed, shoving his face away from you. “I only stayed because Sans would kill us both if I walked home alone.”

He chuckled even as you shoved him. You had a point. “well, since we’re stuck together we might as well enjoy it, right?”

You wiggled in his grip, trying to hold your ground as he unceremoniously shoved you into the coat closet at Muffet's bar. You let out a surprised noise, but even as he closed the door behind him, you were still scowling.

"I don't want to have sex with you right now," you protested, and he chuckled.

"c'mon, we both know that isn't true, babe."

You blushed a deep crimson, squeezing your thighs as he obviously caught you. He hooked your foot with his, pulling it swiftly so that you would topple over prone with a squeak, the ruffled skirt of your cute little dress riding up to your hips.

"I...I'm still mad!"

"i know, darlin'."

"This doesn't change anything!"

"mm...mm-hmm." He hummed, kneeling and running his hands up your legs to pull your panties away. "now, i think it's time somebody reminded you of your place, ***brat*** *."*

" ***You're*** *a brat!" You stuttered against his shirt. "...well? Are you gonna kiss me or not?"*

He laughed, leaning in to kiss you…

"YOU USELESS MUTT! DON'T JUST SIT THERE, DO SOMETHING!" His brother cried, sobs littering his words.

Your cute little dress was stained with blood as Sans tried desperately to heal you...but it was no use.

His brother could heal lots of things...but not death.

"why'd you have to do that, you brat?" He said quietly, squeezing your cold hand as Sans finally broke down, sobbing into your hair. "don't go where we can't follow…"

You laughed a tiny, weak laugh.

"Don't...call me a brat, you...jerk."

"PAPYRUS!"

Mutt jolted awake, his brother's voice echoing around the large corridors of their house. His head was pounding, and he groaned, reaching up to try a rub the images of his dream from his eyes.

"yes, m'lord?"

Black came floating in, struggling with the tie on his suit. "COME HELP ME WITH THIS BLASTED THING! IT HAS TOO MANY ENDS!"

Mutt chuckled in spite of himself, sitting up on the couch so that he was the appropriate level for Black to lean over him. His fingers deftly tied the tie, though not as deftly as your fingers once had every morning.

“AS MUCH AS I PREFER TO BE A SNAPPY DRESSER, THESE THINGS HAVE ALWAYS PERPLEXED ME,” Black sighed, tapping his boot. “WHY CAN I NOT SIMPLY WEAR MY BANDANA? THEY ARE PRACTICALLY THE SAME!”

“i think you look very smart, m’lord.”

“MWEH. SUCK-UP. AT LEAST Y/N IS HONEST WHEN I LOOK LIKE A CLOWN.”

His grip suddenly tightened on the tie as he sucked in a breath, and Black noticed. He placed a hand over his until he looked up to meet his eyes.

“I MEANT THIS ONE. NOVA.”

“...yeah. s’pose you did.” Mutt's response was quiet as he dragged the tie into place. Black sighed.

“YOU LOOK LIKE SHIT,” he observed with a sniff as he released him. That was meant to be concern, he knew.

Mutt shrugged. “the usual.”

Black hummed discontentedly, leaning back and studying his face. He tried to plaster on his usual lazy smirk.

It was all Stretch’s fault. He dredged up all these memories from the depths of his hurt, pushing his problems in his face as if Mutt had never felt the same. He'd be frustrated with his counterpart’s naivety if it weren't for the fact that he knew exactly where he was coming from. Stretch was...privileged. A happy, peaceful world, a doting father, and less hardship than any other version of him. It's no wonder he's such a naive, jealous, little shit.

And of course, you don't exactly help. You and Stretch are practically opposites, and yet it had ended up playing out the same. Both starved for affection, both with little to no knowledge of how the world should work, and both with a strong sense of self that was slightly off-kilter: Stretch believing himself to be worthy of everything he wanted, and you believing yourself *unworthy* of everything you wanted.

He'd gotten a brief explanation of your soul predicament, mostly through bits and pieces he strung together of different conversations. His sleuthing revealed that your soul was made up of many pieces of other souls...souls from the other universes. A lynchpin of sorts. One tug and it could all come tumbling down...unless it just shattered completely instead.

So either you were just a fortunate side effect of their jumbled mess, or the only thing standing between them and a proper reset.

He wouldn't say he was “hung up” on his lover from his world. Just, rather, that they had been soulmates, plain and simple, and his soul still ached from where he missed her. He had accepted her death a long time ago--after all, it's been more than three years since she died. Since they'd woken up in this weird, peaceful world.

No. It wasn't her death that haunted him. It was the words he never got to say before it happened.

“YOU’D BETTER GET MOVING, OR WE’LL BOTH BE LATE,” Black said finally, sighing and shaking his head as he retrieved his jacket from the closet nearby. “CAN'T KEEP MY QUEEN WAITING MUCH LONGER, OR SHE’LL THINK I'M A LAZYBONES LIKE YOU!”

“you really like her, huh?”

The words surprised even him, but they weren't unwarranted. When they had first met you, Black had shown little to no recognition of your features--but as time wore on, he had started to say things about the other you, about their world and such. He had long since made the connection that you were this world's version, though if he realized you actually had a part of her in you then Mutt couldn't tell.

“I DO. DON'T YOU?” His brother slid his jacket on slowly, buttoning the front with care. “SHE'S FIREY, AND SHARP-WITTED. EVEN IF SHE IS A LITTLE NAIVE, SHE ISN'T VACANT AND INFANTILE LIKE MOST WOMEN.”

“i meant...you like *her* . not just…”

Quiet. “I SUPPOSE I DO SEE SOME OF THE BRAT IN HER. BUT...IN A GOOD WAY.”

“sans. let’s be serious for a moment.” Mutt sighed, standing slowly. Black paused and turned to him, questioning. “you remember, right? what tonight is?”

“Of course I do,” he sighed quietly, quieter than he had ever heard him be. “Why do you think I made certain we would both be there?”

“...just checking. we haven't really talked ‘bout it.”

“I know. BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! I'M SURE WE ARE JUST BEING PARANOID. THIS WORLD IS AS DOCILE AS A NEWBORN DOVE, AND SHE’S NOT WITHOUT PROTECTION. TAKING PRECAUTIONS IS MY SPECIALTY AFTER ALL.”

“you say that, but your magic is already on the edge.”

Black clenched his fist around his gloves, magic sparking as if to prove his brother's point. “FINE. THEN PERHAPS I SHALL LEAVE MY GLOVES BEHIND TO ENCOURAGE MYSELF TO CONTROL MY MAGIC.”

“if you think so,” Mutt shrugged, accepting the gloves as they were handed to him. “sans…”

Black paused in the doorway, looking back at him slightly.

“don't leave muffet’s without me tonight.”

“...I KNOW.”

Chapter End Notes

I know this chapter feels like a bomb.
There's a lot going on here: Guy and his monster soulmate, Nova getting all the love and kind of questioning it...asking the qeustions we don't want to admit we have...Black remembering the previous world, glimpses into Mutt's past, and his version of Nova...foreshadowing? Maybe.
Tell me your theories in the comments!

Stretch's apology song he's writing is Sorry by Nothing But Theives
And its honestly exactly how I imagine his singing voice.

Hug Me

Chapter Summary

Before you get on with your packed V-Day schedule, Papyrus has a gift for you.

Chapter Notes

Anyway, there are SEVERAL more Valentine's chapters, and I'm really struggling with them...I'm wondering if I should just cut out most of it and get straight to the action TBH. Some of it is super self-indulgent crap hahaha.
Lol, I'm falling over laughing from all your comments trying to figure out if she's pregnant or if its side effects of the transplant.
I'm really happy you guys are enjoying this so much!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Your head was still swimming as you slowly got dressed in the outfit Edge had picked, face still flushed from the way things had escalated with Guy.

He had taken you back to his place after you finished your ice cream, and after a little while of just talking and sharing interests...you had boldly kissed him again, curious about his human body since all your partners are skeletons.

He called you out immediately, and laughed when you turned beet red in response, but he didn't stop kissing you. It was a different experience than usual--he was much warmer, and his tongue didn't tingle (not to say it didn't take your breath away, just that it didn't tingle with magic). He kissed your lips, your neck, every inch of exposed skin that he could from where you were straddling him, and you wanted so badly to tear off his sweatshirt and just lose yourself…

...until Paps came bounding through the door and jolted you from your brazen stupor, and you had promptly removed yourself.

You think you were taking this “no regrets” thing a little too far, jumping this poor man who had only just met you. And while it was unlikely that he minded, per se, he was definitely just as embarrassed as you to have his brother walk in on him halfway to stripping down.

And so he had returned you home per your request, apologizing for his brother’s interruptions. He left you with a rose and a promise for a second date sometime, and that led you to here and now, standing half-naked in the middle of your room with a silly look on your face.

Which is exactly how Papyrus found you.

“NOVA, I WANTED TO--NYEEHHH!!”

You snapped out of your daze as Papyrus turned and ran smack into the door he had just closed behind him, and you sheepishly held the dress up to cover your undergarments.

“I...I'M SORRY! I SHOULD HAVE KNOCKED!” He sputtered, still facing the door as he shifted his weight nervously. You giggled a little bit, embarrassed but also...not very embarrassed at the same time. You slid the dress over your frame quickly.

“It's alright, Pap.” You reassured him. “I'm covered now, but I'm sure we're past the part where it's appropriate to be that naked in front of each other.”

He *had* touched your soul already. That's about as intimate as it gets.

“AH. IF YOU CONSENT, THEN I SUPPOSE SO.”

Ah, so he'd only been worried that he saw you without your permission. This little sugar bean...He turned back around, sweet clementine coloring his skull as he clasped his hands behind his back.

“Zip me up?”

He crossed the room in two long strides to do just as you requested, phalanges accidentally brushing the sensitive skin of your scars as he went.

“ARE YOU FEELING WELL, MY DEAR? IT *HAS* BEEN AN AWFULLY LONG DAY ALREADY,” he tutted gently, smoothing your dress over your curves before planting his hands on your shoulders and catching your eye in the mirror. “IT IS ALRIGHT IF YOU WANT TO REST.”

“I'll be okay, Pap,” you reassured him, patting his hand gently. “I feel great! And my counts are still constant.”

"COUNTS ARE NOT EVERYTHING. AND THEY COULD DIP AT ANY MOMENT."

"Relax, you worrywart," you sighed, shaking your head. "I'll call you the second I feel ill, okay?"

He still looked a bit worried, but he smiled for you anyway. “WELL, THEN AT LEAST LET ME GIVE YOU YOUR PRESENT BEFORE YOU GO!”

He handed you an envelope as you turned around curiously, and smiled wide as you eyed him with an arched brow.

“A gift? For what?”

“FOR VALENTINE’S DAY, SILLY HUMAN!” He scolded playfully. “OPEN IT!”

You shrugged and did just that, quickly shucking the envelope to find a cutesy card with a handwritten note...and a plane ticket.

“Papyrus!” You gasped, disbelieving, as you read the note:

FOR MY STARLIGHT:

ALL-EXPENSES PAID TRIP FOR FOUR, STARTING IN BRAZIL TO VIEW THE RIVER OF STARS IN ALL ITS GLORY!

And an adorable drawing of him striking a heroic pose, which he was mimicking when you looked back up.

“You really mean...you're sending me to see it?” You asked, voice wavering slightly. “I...Papyrus, I didn't expect you to actually…”

“I KNOW YOU DID NOT EXPECT ME TO TAKE YOUR LIST SO SERIOUSLY, BUT THAT'S ALRIGHT! EVERYONE MISJUDGES ME FROM TIME TO TIME! NYEH HEH HEH~”

Oh, gosh, he's so adorably proud of himself, and you can't help but throw yourself into his waiting arms. He chuckled as he swung you up into his embrace, both of you not caring in the least that you were wearing a dress as you wrapped your legs around him.

“Oh, gosh, Pap, thank you! Thankyouthankyouthankyou!” You squeaked, peppering his skull with excited, grateful kisses. He hummed approvingly, nuzzling your cheek in return. “Oh, I can't wait to see Brazil with you and Sans! But...who’s the fourth person?”

“OH...ACTUALLY…” His face fell slightly, and he shifted you to hold you up more easily. “SANS AND I CAN'T GO. NONE OF US CAN.”

“Wh-what?” You stuttered, your grip tightening on him. “What do you mean?

“I'M AFRAID WE WILL BE IN HEAT...NOT EXACTLY SAFE FOR TRAVEL, OR, EH, FOR YOU. AND IF WE WAIT UNTIL IT'S OVER THEN SANS SAYS ERIDANUS WILL NOT BE VISIBLE. SOMETHING ABOUT THE SUN?”

“Yeah...it drowns it out after February…” Your face scrunched up in disapproval. You knew that heat was definitely a reason if you ever heard it...although… “I, uh...kinda wanted to stick around for your next heat, though. You know, since it can be so severe...I don't want you to die or anything.”

“I'M SORRY, MY DEAR, I UNDERSTAND THE SENTIMENT BUT IT IS ABSOLUTELY OUT OF THE QUESTION,” he said firmly, setting you down gently. “WE WILL NOT BE IN OUR RIGHT MINDS, AND WE COULD HURT YOU VERY BADLY. WITH YOUR CONDITION, A ROUGH ENOUGH NIGHT WITH ONE OF US COULD VERY WELL KILL YOU.”

You hummed, displeased but accepting.

“Okay...but, if it isn't you and Sans...then who are the other people?”

“SIERRA AND HASANI ARE TWO OF THEM. HASANI BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT A STARGAZING BUDDY, AND SIERRA BECAUSE SHE ALSO NEEDS TO ESCAPE G AND GREEN’S PLACE FOR THE DURATION OF HEAT. IT WILL BE NICE TO GO WITH YOUR OTHER FRIENDS, YES?”

You nodded. That really would be nice...you'd been meaning to spend more time with them. “And the fourth?”

“OH! THAT WILL BE PINK.”

You stared at him for a long moment, unsure if you had heard him correctly. “You're sending me away to avoid your guys’ heats...but then you're sending me with *Pink* ? Not that I don't like him, but isn't that, like...counter-intuitive?”

Papyrus shook his head. “ON THE CONTRARY. PINK IS ALWAYS IN HEAT, AND AS SUCH HIS NORMAL BEHAVIOR PATTERNS WON'T BE ALTERED AT ALL! HE WILL BE IN FULL CONTROL OF HIMSELF! AND THIS WAY, YOU STILL HAVE ONE OF US WITH YOU IF YOU NEED US. SINCE THE REST OF US WILL BE...OCCUPIED.”

“Alright, I guess that makes sense…” You shrugged. “But, just Pink? No BJ?”

“AH...I SUPPOSE SOMEBODY WILL HAVE TO STAY BEHIND AND...HELP US OUT.”

Oh. *Oh* . You felt yourself turning bright red at the implications of BJ “helping” them through their heat.

“NO! GOODNESS, NO, NOT IN THAT WAY!” Papyrus was quick to jump to your same conclusion, flushing deeply. “HE KNOWS HOW TO MAKE CERTAIN FOODS, MAGIC THINGS, THAT HELP ASSUAGE LIBIDO...EH, A NECESSARY EFFECT IN HIS WORLD.”

“R-right, that's what I, uh...assumed.” You lied unconvincingly…

“EHM...IN ANY CASE, BLACK IS DOWNSTAIRS TALKING WITH SANS, SO WE SHOULD FINISH UP IN HERE.”

“So soon?” You raised an eyebrow. This meant that Black was nearly a half an hour early, but you supposed he did it in lieu of being able to teleport. You did your best to mask your disappointment--you kind of wanted a little more time with Pap, but you supposed it was your fault for making plans. “Alright then. How do I look?”

You did a little twirl, the black fabric floating up gently as you did so. A perfect dress for swing dancing. Papyrus knew that Edge had picked it out for you, both because Edge picked out nearly *all* your clothes and due to the overall look of the outfit. He wasn't complaining, though--while black, it wasn't overly melancholy or gothic, but rather classy and gentle--as expected of something Edge would buy--and the trumpet skirt was certainly a very appealing cut for your shape. The low cut on the back was a surprise, though you would probably end up covering it with a shawl. He hoped you wouldn't, because he wants you to see yourself as he saw you--perfect just the way you are.

He took your hand, spinning you again to watch the soft ruffles on your shoulders dance, and you giggled, following his lead as he segued flawlessly into a swaying waltz.

“Beautiful,” he murmured affectionately, holding your hand to his chest as the other drew you flush by the waist. You responded in kind, placing your head on his chest and letting him lead you gently around the room, humming to an imaginary tune.

How sweet, this moment. Just the two of you, sharing your feelings silently in the quiet of your room. With the constant clamor of your life, it was easy to forget that quiet can be meaningful as well, that it's alright to slow down and just...dance.

You've never really danced before. You went to prom with Drew, of course, but you were nervous the entire time--you weren't big on crowds, especially back then, and with all the strange faces you were sad to say you spent a majority of your time painting the bushes outside a sickly green.

But here, with Pap...this was what dancing should be, you think. Quiet, serene movement with someone you love.

....Love?

God...you *love him* .

Like a drop of water in a still lake, you felt the affection blossoming in your chest and tears threatening in your eyes. The thought was so obvious, as if it were written into your very code, how much you loved him. His laughter, his touch, his hugs...everything he does for you, and how happy he makes you. He's your best friend, and your confidante, and so much more than that.

You almost say it, but you don't. You're still scared...scared that it might break the spell. You only have ten months left...you don't want to leave him any sooner than you absolutely have to. And every time you get comfortable...that's when things go wrong.

And so you keep the words locked away, like a precious gem inside your soul. He'll find it when he touches it again, and he'll know--there's no need for words with him.

He spent a long while twirling you, humming quietly as you followed him around the room, until your knees gave out suddenly and you sobbed.

He buckled slightly as he caught you, caught off guard but not one to drop his partner.

"Nova? My dear...whatever is the matter?" He asked softly, gathering you in his arms and, seeing you weren't getting up, sitting on the floor slowly, back braced against the bed. You had your face buried in your hands.

"How...how can I leave you?" You half-laughed, half-whimpered, and though he could tell it wasn't the main issue, he humored you.

"Two weeks is not that long! Do not fear, Green will have something figured out. A medicine that will stand in place for a short time." He cooed softly, cradling you close to his chest. "And I will treat you before you go, and immediately after you return."

You shook your head. "That's not what I meant."

Oh. You meant when you...he sighed, wrapping his arms around you fully to pull you into a tight hug, which you returned quickly and with a strength that made his smile twitch in pride.

"I will never, ever leave you," he reassured you softly. "And you shall never leave me."

"Yes...I will…" you grumbled, burying your face in the softness of his scarf.

"Never truly, never fully," he explained. "For I love you, unconditionally--and death is no exception! There is a spot in my soul reserved only for you, and it shall never be occupied by any other thought. You will always be with me because I carry you *here* ."

He pulled away enough to tap his sternum, and your hand came to rest just over his soul. He gently held it there, and he thought you looked so beautiful, even with the tears clinging to your lashes and your mascara smeared slightly.

You didn't seem to have a proper response, so you just leaned forward until your forehead met his, and he was reminded of the moment he found out about your condition. In reality, it had only been a few days, but it felt like he had always known, somehow, that you weren't to be with them for long.

He normally was the kind of person to preach letting it all out, but he knew you needed him to be strong. There would be time for tears, but this moment was not one of them--this moment was for reassurance, and love, and gentle touches. He kissed your tears away softly, and you giggled at the feather-light touch of his teeth.

He could see you were struggling with believing what he said. How could he convince you that you would always live within him?

“Do you...want to see?” He asked quietly. “I can show you.”

“Show me?” Your brow knit in confusion as you leaned back, head tilting gently.

“The place in my soul that I keep for you.” He said, fingers curling around yours on his chest. “After all, I have seen yours, so it is only fair to show you mine, is it not?”

For some reason, that made you blush a deep red, and your sputtered response was more than adorable. “Wh--I…?”

“Not right now, though, since you are expected downstairs, and it is...a delicate thing,” he elaborated. “But perhaps...tonight? When you get home.”

You hesitated slightly, but not for lack of enthusiasm. “Well...that might be really late? I'm supposed to go somewhere with Hunter after the show. And...won't you be asleep?”

“Then wake me,” he said softly, using the hand on your back to pull you close and nuzzle you. “SINCE IT’S YOU, MY DEAR, I WON'T MIND!”

Ah, there's that light in your eyes again that fills him with the good, fuzzy feelings. He hates when it's gone, and he would do anything to see that smile of yours.

“Pap, I'm so sorry,” you sighed, pulling your joined hands up to place a kiss on his phalanges.

“WHAT FOR?”

“For the fact that...well, I should have spent Valentine's Day with you. Just you. You deserve it.” You stood from his lap reluctantly, and he followed with poise. “But I bungled it all up by accepting like, six dates instead. Sorry.”

“BUT I HAVE ENJOYED THE TIME WE SPENT TOGETHER TODAY!” He reassured you, pulling a handkerchief from the pocket of his pants and gently wiping your makeup smudges. “AND WE CAN ALWAYS ARRANGE ANOTHER DAY FOR JUST THE TWO OF US...THERE IS STILL TIME.”

“...yeah. I guess so,” you assented, hands absently grasping at the edge of his sweater as he rubbed your cheeks. “Uhm...about the bucket list?”

“HMM?” He hummed as he returned his handkerchief to his pocket.

“I managed to come up with 100, but that's too many to make you do.”

“NONSENSE! I NEVER BACK DOWN FROM A CHALLENGE!”

“Yeah, but...how about, you can choose 50? And if you can do those...then I'll tell the others.” You said, smiling up at him. “After all, there are... *several* things on there that are *actually* impossible.”

“NOTHING’S IMPOSSIBLE!” He insisted. “WHAT DO YOU THINK IS IMPOSSIBLE?”

“...99 and 100.” You explained sheepishly, reaching over to your bedside table to hand him a new list.

He accepted it, scanning it quickly down to 99 and 100. Surely you were exaggerating, and he would be able to--

99. *Get married*
100. *Have children*

He froze, feeling his smile falter. Oh, dear. That *is* a dilemma. If he remembered correctly, the human gestation period is roughly nine months...that would mean you'd have the child and hardly be able to hold it before you passed. On top of that, you would likely not be able to carry a healthy pregnancy with your condition...or the other worry is that you might pass your anemia to the child and it would all happen all over again. And you would spend the whole pregnancy worrying about your child’s future, regardless of the fact that it would *certainly* be the most cared for child in the history of the world...

...impossible? Not exactly.

...but not a good idea.

As for the marriage...he’s certain you wouldn't be able to pick one of them, and he would never ask you to. And even if he offered to marry you, it's likely you would decline--you don't want to do things simply because you're dying.

No. This part of the list appears to be the part where you are wistfully, subtly mourning what could have been.

“My dear...I...I wish I could give you everything you want,” he said quietly, reaching out to cup your cheek. “I'm so sorry.”

“It's not your fault, sweetie,” you sighed, leaning into his touch. “You didn't ask for this to happen.”

“Neither did you,” he reminded you softly. “Sometimes bad things happen to good people, and we have to remember that it isn't anybody’s fault at all!”

He paused.

“...Except your father’s.”

You laughed, surprised. “Yeah, fuck that guy!”

He laughed along with you, pulling you up into his arms to swing you around. Your giggle cut through the miasma of melancholy like a blade, straight to his soul where it filled him with joy. He can't, no, he *won't* imagine life without you, and regardless of what is to come he swears he will focus on the present.

And presently, he loves you. He loves you so much. He had never considered, before, the idea of romance and spending his life with someone, and he supposed it was ironically tragic that he wouldn't be able to do so with you. But in the end, it doesn't matter, because he loves you.

And he knows you feel the same.

He can feel it.

Black’s hands twitched in his lap as he sat patiently on the couch. Apparently, he needn't have worried about being late, because one thing you had shared with his Brat is that you take for-fucking-ever to get dressed…

Although, if you indeed *were* like her in such a way, then the wait will be worth it.

“so what's the plan tonight?”

He jumped a bit at Sans’ voice, confused for a moment at how he knew there was a plan at all--before he realized he was simply talking about the date.

“MUSIC. ATMOSPHERE. DANCING.” He smirked proudly. “A HIGH CLASS EXPERIENCE, WHICH SHALL BE A NICE CHANGE SINCE SHE'S SLUMMING IT HERE WITH *YOU* CREATURES.”

“funny, doesn't seem like you have much venom to those words. you goin’ soft on me. blackberry?”

His smile twitched in amusement. “PERHAPS A LITTLE.”

Sans chuckled in response, leaning back in his chair and looking his counterpart over. He was surprised to find that the runt had actually worn something other than his armor or his guard uniform--and especially surprised that he had forgone the gloves. In fact, he's fairly certain this is the actual first time he's ever seen him without them.

He supposed you just had that effect on people--making them try harder, do more, and yet relax completely at the same time. He wondered what you must have been like in Black and Mutt’s fucked up world. Since it sounded like Blue and Stretch’s world was sugar, spice, and everything nice, then their world must be slime, snails, and puppy dog tails. Meaning, it was probably fucking awful.

“hey.” Black up curiously, and Sans leaned forward. “show her a good time, you know? she deserves it.”

“PSSSHH, OBVIOUSLY I WILL! AND OF COURSE SHE DOES, THAT'S WHY SHE CHOSE TO GO OUT WITH *ME* !”

Now, *there's* the Black he knows and reasonably tolerates.

“m’just sayin’. this’ll be her first time goin’ dancin’ since she went t’prom, an’from what i understand she wasn't feeling too well and didn't really get to dance.”

“WELL, I HAPPEN TO BE AN EXCELLENT DANCER, SO THERE'S NO NEED TO WORRY.” Black stated, standing and retrieving the corsage he brought from the coffee table. “I ASSURE YOU, SHE WILL BE QUITE TAKEN CARE OF TONIGHT.”

“alright, just...you know.” Sans shrugged. Crap, it felt like pulling teeth to admit this part. “i wanna spoil ‘er a bit and who better to do that than you?”

Black chuckled, amusement playing across his features. “WELL, YOU'RE CERTAINLY RIGHT IN THAT RESPECT. I *DO* KNOW HOW TO SPOIL A WOMAN.”

“huh. that actually *almost* sounded like you didn't mentally add ‘unlike you’ to the end of it,” Sans chuckled, faking being impressed. Black rolled his eyelights and shook his head.

“OH, GOOD! YOU'RE ALL PREPARED TO GO,” Papyrus said with a sigh as he entered the room. “SHE WAS WORRIED SHE MIGHT MAKE YOU LATE IF YOU HAD GOTTEN COMFORTABLE.”

You peered out from behind Papyrus shyly, and both Black and Sans took sharp breaths at the sight of you--

You dress was perfect for your shape, and paired with a cute pair of Mary-Janes--likely out of respect for the fact that you were already taller than Black, which he secretly appreciated. You also wore a little jacket with flowy, sheer sleeves. It was a shame, because the way the dress was cut, Black was certain there was a dramatically beautiful dip in the back.

Sure enough, after he had slipped the corsage on your wrist, and you had moved a few feet away to give Sans a hug, Papyrus leaned in close to Black.

“Try to get her to take the jacket off,” he muttered. “I want her to know that she is beautiful, exactly how she is.”

“Understood,” he replied, patting the taller skeleton stiffly on the arm. “I shall see to it she feels as such, naturally.”

Then he turned toward you, arm raised in invitation.

“ARE YOU READY, MY QUEEN?”

“Of course, your grace,” you humored him, a little curtsy for effect, and though he sensed the sarcasm, he cared very little about it. All he cared about was the way you took his arm so gently, and how strong and powerful you made him feel…

...until you planted a kiss on his cheekbone, and he felt his face explode into a blushing mess.

Dammit.

How *do* you do that?

((Fanart for this chapter done by Art-you-not-entertained on tumblr! Thank you so much!))

Chapter End Notes

Awww...transitionary chapter, but I hope you enjoyed it anyway. Let me know what you want to see in the upcoming V-Day chapters or on the vacation (if she gets there bc I won't spoil anything by promising stuff)

HEY HEY
CHECK OUT THIS AH-DORABLE NOVA COSPLAY!
[1] [2]
It's a work in progress, but she plans to do all the versions of Nova as well! So far its straight up awesome and I'm so hyped!

Dancing Through Life

Chapter Summary

Black is more charming than you imagined him to be.
Which is convenient, because Stretch is...well. You need the distraction.

Chapter Notes

Heeeey check out this beautiful fan art of Papyrus dancing with Nova from last chapter:

He Knows by art-you-not-entertained again!

And now, onward to the date, and closer to the mysterious thing that worries them??
I am absolutely basking in all your theories. It's awesome. Keep 'em comin'.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Muffet's was teeming with life, monsters and humans alike all clamoring for a table. You worried you might have a hard time getting in, but Black only smirked and didn't break his stride in the least.

People parted like the Red Sea to let him pass, you somehow struggling to keep up with his gait despite being so much taller than him. He glided directly past the bouncers and into the large cafe, where he made a beeline for the stage.

Right. Royal Guard. If half the guys in your house were Royal Guard, then there's no reason he wouldn't be, too. You supposed that came with perks, and since he was obviously trying to impress you, it wasn't a surprise that he was pulling out those perks.

Ah. There was a little roped-off section marked VIP, and he took you straight there to a small table next to the stage. Once again, you were close enough that you could probably feel the guys sweat when they started.

Aww. He even pulled your chair out for you.

“ALLOW ME TO TAKE YOUR COAT,” he offered, extending a hand gracefully as you sat.

You froze, staring up at him as your mind went blank.

“I INSIST, MY QUEEN.”

“Uh...I'm not...so sure…” you muttered quietly, cradling your elbow.

“NONSENSE! YOU LOOK FAR TOO BEAUTIFUL TO HIDE BENEATH A JACKET.”

...Darn. You're a sucker for sweet-talk. You turn slowly and allow him to slide the jacket off your shoulders, bracing yourself for the recoil.

“Oh, my…” he breathed quietly, phalanges running gently over a couple of scars on your shoulders. “GOODNESS, MY DEAR...YOU DIDN'T TELL ME YOU WERE A *WARRIOR* .”

“...What?”

“YOUR SCARS! THEY’RE SIMPLY MARVELOUS! THE FATES MUST HAVE DECIDED I WAS VERY WORTHY, TO NOT ONLY FIND A *BEAUTIFUL* QUEEN, BUT A *FIGHTER* AS WELL!”

“O...Oh…” Oh, gosh, they hardly ever get called *beautiful* . And especially not *marvelous* . “No, uh...I hate to disappoint, but I didn't really fight. Like, at all. In fact, I...couldn't do anything but sit there. I'm a coward, honestly.”

He scoffed behind you, and suddenly his hand was on your chin and you were staring into determined purple eyelights.

“YOU ARE HERE, ARE YOU NOT? THEN THAT ITSELF IS A FIGHT. ONE THAT YOU HAVE WON, UNQUESTIONABLY.”

You blinked, and he smirked as you exploded into a deep crimson blush.

“PERHAPS IT IS NOT A PHYSICAL BATTLE, BUT IT IS A BATTLE NONETHELESS, AND IT ISN'T ANY LESS VALID THAN MINE. SCARS DO NOT DISCRIMINATE, AND PAIN IS NOT EXCLUSIVE.”

He released your face and sunk down in the chair next to you, tracing his fingertips down your arm before capturing your hand for a Gomez Addams-style kiss.

“YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL, NOT IN *SPITE* OF YOUR SCARS, BUT *BECAUSE* OF THE BATTLE YOU FOUGHT TO SURVIVE THEM.” He finished with a smug smile, softened by the genuine affection in his eyes. “I AM TRULY LUCKY TO HAVE SUCH A BRAVE QUEEN BY MY SIDE TONIGHT.”

If you get any redder, then you might turn into a strawberry, and the sudden rush of blood to your face does not go unnoticed. You quickly snatch up one of the napkins in front of you to stem your oncoming nosebleed before it had the chance to ruin your dress, and the beautiful necklace Edge gave you for Christmas.

“OH, DEAR, I SEEM TO HAVE STRESSED YOU TOO MUCH WITH MY PRAISE,” he tutted, his smile growing 1000 times more smug. “SINCERE APOLOGIES, I JUST COULDN'T HELP MYSELF. YOU JUST BRING IT OUT IN ME, I SUPPOSE.”

You're trying to blink away the tears as they start, but you can't really blame yourself. *Beautiful* , he had said. *Marvelous* , even. And, to top it all off, he had called you *brave* --something you had never even for a second believed you could be called.

All you ever did was run away! You faced your problems by ignoring them, or going to a completely different place inside your head. Or panicking. Yeah, usually that last one.

Brave...huh. You guess it takes a lot of willpower to survive for the sake of survival. Somehow, you knew Black, and consequently Mutt, had done a lot of that in his world.

Everyone had said nice things about them--that you were still beautiful, that they didn't define you, etc etc...but the fact was, they *did* define you, or at least a huge part of you, and you realized that the way they dismissed them almost made it worse...and it was as if somebody had finally heard you crying for acceptance.

“Thank you,” you managed to say, voice shaky as he offered you a handkerchief.

“Think nothing of it, my queen,” he purred in response. “There is nothing but truth to my words, and any simple man can tell the truth.”

Mutt couldn't help but stare.

He had only glanced out from backstage to see if you and his brother had arrived, but...he hadn't expected your back to look like *that* . He could hear his brother laying it on thick, making you blush and tear up, and you *were* gorgeous…

...it was just a shock to see such marks on such innocent, beautiful skin. It wasn't as if he hadn't seen bad things happen to good people, but...the only scars his version of you had had were the ones where they had removed her cancerous cells when she was younger.

“has she always had those scars?” He breathed to Edge, who was fussing over Mutt's outfit as if he were Mettaton himself.

Edge brightened immediately, a surprised, happy look on his face, seemingly knowing exactly what he was talking about.

“YOU MEAN SHE ISN'T WEARING A JACKET?”

“well, she was. i think my brother convinced her to take it off.”

Edge was full-on grinning, Mutt’s bowtie completely abandoned as he leaned past him to look for himself. “WELL, WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT TO SEE. PROGRESS.”

“hey, big man. bowtie?”

“DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO, MONGREL,” Edge grumbled as he leaned back to return his attention to the bowtie anyway. “I WAS HAVING A MOMENT, YOU KNOW. *WHERE* IS STRETCH?”

“somethin’ about some chick named heather?” Mutt shrugged. “our backup singer tonight, i guess.”

“WELL, I CERTAINLY HOPE SHE KNOWS HOW TO TIE A BOWTIE, BECAUSE AT THIS POINT I WON'T HAVE THE TIME TO DO HIS, TOO.”

They had (mostly) matching outfits tonight. Black vest and slacks, and a colored button-up (Mutt wore purple, Edge red, and Stretch orange...naturally) with black bowties...except for Edge, who had a silken black tie.

“how come i have to wear this dorky thing, but you get a slick tie like that?” Mutt asked, irritated.

“BECAUSE I WOULD LOOK VERY SILLY IN A BOWTIE.”

“...we are literally the same face and body. how do *i* not look silly in a bowtie?”

“OH, YOU DO, DON'T WORRY.” Edge clapped his shoulder as if reassuring. Mutt sighed, headache knocking at his temples already. “NOW. ONWARDS TO THE STAGE, NO TIME FOR ARGUING ABOUT IT.”

...This was going to be a very, *very* long night.

“How do I look?”

Stretch looked up as the blonde entered his green room, twirling once for effect to show off her orange dress.

“...we match,” he observed.

Heather rolled her eyes, hands on her hips as the skirt floated back down to hang gently from her hips. “Duh! We’re singing together, we *should* match.”

He leaned back in his chair and took a deep drag of his cigarette, shrugging as if it didn't make a difference to him.

Heather, completely unaffected by his despondency, moved to the mirror to lean over and check her makeup. She was obviously trying to show him her ass, which doesn't surprise him--this girl has been thirsty for him since the day he met her. Actually, before then, probably.

It wasn't as if she was unattractive. No, he had noticed her good qualities the first time they met, when she had been wrapping up the candies he’d bought for you. Her hair was well-maintained, soft, and a subtle honey-blonde that was always in a flawless “effortless” hairstyle, and her hips and ass were, indeed, generous and enticing--

But she isn't you, and that's why he had initially tossed her number in the trash. However, they needed a female vocalist for this show tonight, and you probably wouldn't do it no matter how much they begged, and somehow, the one Muffet recommended had just so happened to be Heather.

“So, can I be forward for a minute?”

“when aren't you?” Stretch chuckled. She giggled in return, turning toward him and leaning against the counter.

“True, I don't mince words.” She flicked a stray curl from her face. “You've been calling me, like, every day since you first called last week.”

“yeah. about rehearsals.”

“Yeah. But, you know, it felt weird. Like, I couldn't tell what was different,” she shook her head a little. “ *But* , then I realized, when we met? You couldn't shut up about that girl from your concert,

and your complicated relationship and all that. But, rehearsals? On the phone? You haven't mentioned her.”

He paused as he was flicking his ashes in the tray, and furrowed his brow. “...no. i suppose i haven't.”

“So?”

“...so?”

“Did you get tired of complicated?”

He sighed, stubbing his cigarette in the tray fully. He suddenly didn't feel like smoking anymore. “i didn't get tired of complicated. complicated...you could say it got tired of me...or maybe i’m just an idiot. i dunno.”

“Is she gonna be here tonight?”

“probably not,” he snorted. “going on a date with mutt’s tyrant of a brother--he’d never be caught dead in a place like this.”

“Well, a free night, then. Maybe you want to spend it with me?”

“you’re relentless, and i admire that.” He chuckled, standing and straightening his bowtie. “but let's keep this professional for now, doll.”

“For now,” Heather teased, reaching up to bat his hands away and straighten it for him. “I think I can handle *for now* .”

Mutt and Edge came out first, settling in with their respective instruments. You perked up at their appearance, and blushed as you realized you did, indeed, match Edge’s slick outfit. The velveteen stripes on his tie mirrored the ones on your bodice perfectly, and the black stones on your necklace were also subtly winking at you from his tie pin.

As if he heard your thoughts, he looked up from his drum set, and smirked at you, gesturing to his shoulders.

What was he...oh. You felt your face flushing again as he inclined his head in approval, and you knew he was complimenting your lack of coverage for your back and shoulders. You dipped your head in response, and he returned his attention to the drums.

“hey, darlin’.”

You snapped your attention up to Mutt, who had crouched down at the edge of the stage with a shiny new black bass slung behind him to keep it out of the way.

“how ‘bout a kiss?” He tapped his cheekbone teasingly. “for luck?”

“Aren't you supposed to wish broken legs for luck?” You asked, raising a brow.

“oh, i’ll break whatever you want me to, s’long as you kiss it better~”

Seeking relief, you glanced over at Black, who shrugged and waved you on nonchalantly. Well, that was helpful.

“Fine. Break a leg, metaphorically,” you said, standing slightly from your chair to place a kiss on the presented cheekbone.

He hummed, and then turned his head and tapped the other one. “luck comes in twos, darlin’.”

You rolled your eyes but leaned in anyway, only for him to turn his head at the last second and catch your kiss right on the mouth. You made a surprised noise, but the gentle hand on your jaw kept you in place for a long moment as he swiped his tongue swiftly over your bottom lip…

...leaving you a blushing mess when he pulled away, smirking.

“thanks, babe.”

You heard a scoff behind him and looked up to see Edge shaking his head disapprovingly, which made you giggle.

“Aww, Edge, do you want a good luck kiss, too?”

“OF...OF COURSE NOT!” He stammered, turning as red as his shirt. “GET BACK ON YOUR SPIKE, MUTT! IT'S ALMOST TIME!”

Mutt obeyed, winking at you slyly. He is *much* better at winking than Edge is...although the little wink Edge throws you from behind his drum set still makes you blush--perhaps it's something to do with his confidence when he’s drumming.

Edge starts in with a jazzy drum roll, even though Stretch is still nowhere to be seen.

Mutt watched as you sunk back to your seat, practically glowing...no, *shining* with affection and that sweet blush he can't get enough of.

He hopes to whatever gods there are that he gets to see more of that.

You were thoroughly enjoying the show so far, or at least Mutt thought so--he couldn't see you very well once the lights went on, but since he knew where you were he could tell where you were looking and your gaze hardly left the stage. He had tuned into the conversation, idly listening in as you humored his brother’s stories from when he was in the Royal Guard.

He could tell you had been surprised by the jazz, the romantic tones, and Stretch’s put-together appearance--you probably thought you hid the tiny gasp you let out when his counterpart had come onstage, but you didn't do a very good job of it.

The jazz wouldn't last all night, but it was admittedly an unusual genre for them--which was why Heather was there, since they aren't experts. It was interesting to see the difference in the crowd from their usual performances.

So far Heather’s pieces had been pretty tame, and no duets yet--but he knew that wouldn't last long.

If you were anything like his Brat, you'd probably sling your wine glass at her.

His brother had ordered a bottle of wine to share, and if the last time you two drank together was any indication, he guessed it wouldn't be the last one to make its way to your table. He still has videos of Black stumbling about the house, singing showtunes at the top of his voice, interrupting only to gush about how precious you are. He uses them to convince his brother to do things for him so he won't send them to you.

He hopes that Black doesn't drink too much. He needs to be alert tonight.

On the other hand...he hopes *you* drink enough that you don't notice the part that comes next.

True, he could say something to prevent this. So could Edge. But, as their eyes met, it was fairly obvious that they felt no need to do so. For Edge, it was probably some sort of twisted sense of justice towards Stretch. As for Mutt…

...well, he figured it would be entertaining to watch.

As if summoned...the train wreck begins.

It starts with a lovely female voice wafting from the side of the stage as Heather appeared and twirled into place, responding to the jazzy music backing her up.

" ***I won't dance, don't ask me. I won't dance, don't ask me. I won't dance, monsieur, with* you~** " She crooned sweetly, her sunshine orange dress swinging as she goes. ***"My heart won't let my feet do things that they should do."***

" *you know what? you're lovely.* " Stretch's voice answered as he appeared suddenly behind her, one arm around her waist and the other sliding down her arm to capture her hand. " *you know what?* ***so*** *lovely."*

He twirled her slowly, and she giggled.

and you, oh, what you do to me. i'm like an ocean wave that's bumped on the shore, i feel so absolutely stumped on the floor.

I won't dance, why should I?
i won't dance, how could i?
I won't dance, (merci beacoup…)

I know that music leads the way to romance
so if i hold you in my arms, (I won't dance!)

When we dance, you're charming and you're gentle~

'specially when we do the continental.

But this feeling isn't purely mental
(For heaven rest us, I'm not asbestos)
And that's why I won't dance, why should I?
i won't dance, how could i?
I won't dance, (merci beacoup…)

I know that music leads the way to romance
(So if I hold you in my arms, I won't dance!)

i won't dance~

(I won't dance!)

Black was glad he had taken hold of your hand before the song had started, because had he not, he was certain your wine glass would have been embedded in the poor girl's head by now.

He knew very little of your situation with his brother's spoiled double, other than that it was currently...stressed...and judging from the way your fingers were digging into his carpals, you were *not* aware of their guest singer for tonight.

All the worse, Mutt had deliberately withheld the information that *you* would be here tonight, in an effort to prevent Stretch from getting too nervous to perform...or, more likely, because he had wanted to see what would happen if he didn't tell him. As such, Black was certain that he was dancing a lot closer, singing a lot smoother, and generally laying it on extra thick with this "Heather" human.

To anyone else, he supposed it would simply be good showmanship skills--but to you, it was likely a direct slap in the face.

He swiftly took your other hand as it twitched towards your wine glass, capturing your attention as they moved into another jazzy duet. As entertaining as it might be to watch his warrior queen wreck the trollop, it wasn't the point of the night tonight.

When your eyes hesitantly met his, there was a spark of magic around your entwined fingers, and he did his best not to visibly worry about his magic levels, keeping his usual smug look constant.

"YOU ARE SIMPLY TOO BEAUTIFUL TO IGNORE, MY QUEEN. DANCE WITH ME?"

You glanced up at the stage, conflict in your eyes. Perhaps you were trying to reason out your feelings, or decide if they were valid--it looked similar to the face his brother makes when he's trying to pretend he isn't thinking about their human from their world.

After a moment, you shook your head. "Yeah, I think I'd like that."

You allowed him to lead you to the dance floor, casting another glance to the stage where Stretch apparently only has eyes for the blonde in front of him.

You can't be mad at him. You really can't.

You're *friends* . Not lovers, not...whatever you were, before. If he wants to sing with her, and dance with her, and...wear matching colors with her...and look at her with that sparkle in his eye…

...well, nobody said you had to like it. You just can't be mad. And besides, fuming over Stretch all night was entirely unfair to Black--you know, your *actual date* .

So you forced yourself to enjoy the music objectively, and focused on not stepping on Black's feet.

It occurs to you, as you stumble slightly, that the last time you danced (other than your moment with Papyrus earlier, which was more of a swaying, gentle, moving hug than dancing) was in an alleyway with Foxtrot, and you're certain that there was a *heavy* magical influence that kept you from tripping over yourself.

“Sorry, I never really danced before.”

“THE COMEDIAN TOLD ME AS MUCH. NEVER FEAR, MY QUEEN, I AM AN *EXCELLENT* LEAD!”

Despite being a full head shorter than you, even in his boots, he really is *quite* the dancer--his calculated movements are so deft that the height difference was unnoticeable.

...how long has Stretch known that girl? It can't have been that long. You'd only been...exes...or whatever you are...for a few weeks. Or, you think, stomach turning unpleasantly, he could have known her all along. G had known Sierra for several months before he decided to be with her, so the same could be true here...and if that's the case here, then how *dare* he get so upset about you and Red?!

“Hypocrite!” You scoffed out loud suddenly, and Black’s chuckle alerted you to the real world once again.

“IT IS HIS LOSS, MY QUEEN, THAT HE CHOSE NOT TO CHERISH YOU,” Black said, his hand tightening on your waist to pull you flush to his body. “IT IS A MISTAKE I SHALL NOT MAKE, MYSELF.”

The jazzy tune faded out into something more upbeat, but he didn't let up his grip as he dipped you low, just as Blue had done in the snow the other day.

And just like the other day in the snow, Black also used the moment to capture your lips, and your heart right along with it. You gasped into the kiss, and there was a small flash of purple as his tongue slid subtly along yours.

There was some applause and hollering nearby, and Black retracted with a smug, satisfied look, drawing you up slowly to spin you. It was slow, because this was one place where height did make a difference, but you found yourself giggling, lost in the moment.

What were you so upset about before? You can hardly remember as Black twirled you, pushed you, pulled you across the dance floor. Your dress floated up and down, and you forgot about your scars, feeling more and more beautiful with each whispered compliment that fell from his teeth.

When he dances, he’s charming and gentle, just like the song from before. You've always rolled your eyes at his behavior, acting as if he were royalty, but the way he moves...you're convinced, in this moment, that he could be.

Or maybe it’s the wine. Could go either way.

In either case, you had forgotten about your grievances for the time being, and Black could tell. He was delighted to be the only one on your mind for the moment, however brief it may be--although he made a big show of wanting you to himself, he knew there was something holding you to everyone, not just him, and who was he to say no to his queen?

And saying no had been tempting. He was a fine dancer, but in his world...well, he probably would have been dead if anybody knew about this little talent, at least socially--dancing was weakness, a useless skill in a dog-eat-monster world. Granted, his dog was *much* bigger than the others (oh boy, that was likely the only time he'd even think about how much stronger Mutt was than him, or anyone else he had ever met, because it was quite the blow to his ego) but it didn't mean he was immune to it all. After all, he himself was, admittedly, rather weak--having 1 hp had almost guaranteed he was dust before he could walk, and it was thanks only to his brother making a show of being "afraid" of him that he had even survived this long. Don't touch the thing that the *literal nightmare* is scared of, now that's just instinct!

Your giggle draws him from his thoughts, reminding him why he's dancing.

Yes.

You. You're positively glowing, and you're beautiful in your own way, even more beautiful than the brat herself. Is that a disrespectful thought? She probably would have made some snarky remark about how it was, and the thought made him chuckle a bit.

But you *were* . Gorgeous, that is. He wondered if that was you, or the shine, or some other kind of timeline/alternate universe bullshit that usually made his head hurt too much to listen to his brother's prattling. All he knew was that he felt it--something just below the surface, a little knot in the usual flow of the world, either something really good or really bad or--well, it was probably the really bad thing.

It always was, for him and his brother.

It had been the really bad thing last time.

If things didn't go well tonight...he would never have another chance to treat you like the royalty you so obviously are.

So...he dances.

And...well, he hopes. He hopes it's the good thing this time.

Chapter End Notes

Stretch. Buddy. Come on.
But again, not like we can really be mad about it.
I just love the idea of them all singing/playing jazz for Valentine's Day.
My personal headcanon is that, aesthetically, Stretch likes to listen to Jazz and Blues. But, like...when he's going to the bonezone? Heavy metal. All the way. Animal style.
Its probably a similar sentiment for Mutt but he's kinda classic rock all the time.

Deja Vu*

Chapter Summary

You've been here before.

Chapter Notes

Okay, okay, so...I have been waiting for so long to write this.
Stretch and Nova, you know...they have their problems, but it's just so genuine, two kids who don't know how to handle the real world just trying to figure things out with each other.
I can't hold it in, they deserve to be together ahhhhh!
* for light smut

See the end of the chapter for more notes

His kiss felt like fire, hot and untamed, and you moaned needily against his teeth, a near whimper against the cacophony of panting that filled the small green room.

"i'm sorry--"

"I know, I know," you sighed, and Stretch laughed quietly, a soft purr against your throat as he slid his hands down your form, feeling the soft fabric of your dress against his phalanges.

"you say that every time i try to apologize," he muttered, lifting his head to meet your eyes. His eyelights flickered, burning with desire and repentance.

"Apologies are stupid, words are dumb," you panted, fingers undoing his bowtie and clumsily trying to work his buttons apart. "Jeez, how many layers are you wearing?"

"too many, evidently." He grabbed your hands, twining his fingers with yours. "i lied."

"I know--"

"no, you don't." He said firmly, holding your hands against the soft pillows on the green room couch and looking at you with a softness that made you ache for his kiss.

"You said--"

"i lied. about...lying." He breathed, and suddenly this wasn't just an ill-advised hookup with your ex.

It wasn't just because he had literally charmed your panties off with the smoothest jazz you'd ever heard, and it wasn't just kisses that made your head spin and touches that made your heart race.

It wasn't just a wildfire, burning you up until there was nothing left--it was a slow burn, a pleasant flame igniting in your core and outward.

"i do love you...i love you so much that it feels like i'm going to burn from the inside out," he murmured, teeth grazing your neck. "i was angry, and high, and so fucking stupid when i said those things to you...i've regretted every word since, and maybe, you know, maybe i'm not cut out for this multi-partner stuff but...i want to *try*, fuck, i want to try for you, because every moment that we stand around pretending to be *just friends* is like another knife shoved directly into my soul."

"Stretch..." You sighed, almost squeaked as he littered your neck with kisses.

"so let's start over? from the first moment, there, in your bedroom on christmas morning, with those tears in our eyes and..." He took a deep breath as you arched into his touch, hooking your legs gently around his in an attempt to be closer. "let me show you? let me prove it."

"*Please*," you begged quietly, and then he was kissing you once more, his tongue lighting every nerve in your body. You had missed him so much, *so much*, and you had thought he didn't want you--you had thought he had discarded you, gotten bored, but in reality he was just hurting, and he didn't know how to cope, and it's alright because neither do you and...

...you gasped with relief as he pressed into you, inch by inch, and the soft static overtook your mind, drowning out the alcohol and the sound of the crowd on just the other side of the locked door and...

"i love you, nova," he groaned, and you nodded, clutching him closer and he understood perfectly what you meant.

You love him, too.

“ARE YOU ALRIGHT, MY DEAR?”

You nodded slowly, confused and disoriented for a short moment as you sat in your seat. Black draped your jacket over the back of the chair, and you could tell from the uneasy way he sat down that he also felt...strange.

The last thing you remember he had been complimenting you on your scars and...you reached up tentatively and found that yes, your nose was still bleeding. You brought the napkin back to your face, a strange sense of deja vu settling in the pit of your stomach..

...Please let it not be nausea, pleasepleaseplease *please* no nausea...you want to eat your weight in cake tonight.

Whatever unease you were feeling disappeared as Edge and Mutt appeared from the side of the stage. You perked up at their appearance immediately, shaking it off, and blushed as you realized you did, indeed, match Edge’s slick outfit. The velveteen stripes on his tie mirrored the ones on your bodice perfectly, and the black stones on your necklace were also subtly winking at you from his tie pin.

You feel like you had seen him wear it before, but it was unlikely...Edge doesn't reuse outfits for important events unless absolutely necessary. Maybe it was just similar.

As if he heard your thoughts, he looked up from his drum set, and smirked at you, gesturing to his shoulders.

What was he...oh. You felt your face flushing again as he inclined his head in approval, and you knew he was complimenting your lack of coverage for your back and shoulders. You dipped your head in response, and he returned his attention to the drums.

“hey, darlin’.”

You snapped your attention up to Mutt, who had crouched down at the edge of the stage with a shiny new black bass slung behind him to keep it out of the way.

You met his eyes, and for a moment, he looked shocked...no, confused. Disoriented. He stared at you for a second, before shaking his head, his relaxed smile returning to his face.

“how ‘bout a kiss?” He tapped his cheekbone teasingly. “for luck?”

Woah. *Woah* . Serious deja vu going on right now. But then it passes, and you cock your head and raise your brow playfully.

“Aren't you supposed to wish broken legs for luck?” You asked.

“oh, i’ll break whatever you want me to, s’long as you kiss it better~”

Seeking relief, you glanced over at Black, who shrugged and waved you on nonchalantly. Well, that was helpful.

“Fine. Break a leg, metaphorically,” you said, standing slightly from your chair to place a kiss on the presented cheekbone.

He hummed, and then turned his head and tapped the other one. “luck comes in twos, darlin’.”

You rolled your eyes but leaned in anyway, only for him to turn his head at the last second and try to catch your kiss right on the mouth.

Somehow you expected it, and jerked your face away just in time, causing him to teeter dangerously on the edge of the stage. You giggled as he chuckled, shaking his head.

“damn, alright. can’t blame a guy for tryin’. thanks anyway, babe.”

You heard a scoff behind him and looked up to see Edge shaking his head disapprovingly, though he was trying (and failing) to cover a smile, which made you giggle.

“Aww, Edge, do you want a good luck kiss, too?”

“OF...OF COURSE NOT!” He stammered, smile growing as he turned as red as his shirt. Tsundere little shit, you couldn't help but tease silently. “GET BACK ON YOUR SPIKE, MUTT! IT'S ALMOST TIME!”

Mutt obeyed, but the second his back was turned, his smile fell and his brow furrowed.

What the hell just happened? Was that a LOAD? He'd never seen anything like that in this world...only when Chara was running through *his* universe.

...no, it wasn't a LOAD, he concluded. This was different. LOADs and resets always came with the scent of...charcoal, or fire of some kind. This...he smelled nothing.

But…there was definitely a time jump. And some serious time was missing. Hours. He remembers...he remembers some things.

It had been after Stretch sang. There was an argument in the green room, Stretch being an ass about being left in the dark until he watched Black dip and kiss you.

“you son of a bitch--”

Edge caught Stretch’s arm, whipping him back against his chest before he could properly throttle Mutt’s smug ass.

“ ***edge i swear if you don't let me go--*** *”*

“YOU’LL WHAT? BEAT HIM UP? DON'T DELUDE YOURSELF, YOU KNOW HE’S STRONGER THAN YOU.” Edge scoffed. “IF WE FIGHT IN HERE, WE’LL WIND UP VACCUUMING YOU OUT OF THE CUSHIONS.”

Stretch made an angry, strangled noise before yanking himself from Edge’s grasp, crossing his arms in a huff. Mutt chuckled, which almost set him off again if it weren't for Edge’s hand on his shoulder.

“what's the matter, honey? somethin’ rub ya th’wrong way?” Mutt teased.

“you knew she would be here and deliberately didn't tell me,” he hissed.

“hey, edge knew, too. she told him, you know?” Mutt shrugged. “maybe she woulda told you, too, if you weren't such a--”

“a what? a coward, like you?”

“at least she ***wants*** *to kiss* ***me*** *.”*

“you are inches away from losing those tacky golden teeth.”

“she seemed pretty happy out there with my bro, too. maybe we’ll take her back to our place tonight and show her a real good ti--”

“ ***fucking fight me, you mutt!*** *”*

“FOR FUCK’S SAKE, RELAX!”

Edge emphasized his point by seizing Stretch once more, tossing him to the couch.

“yeah, honey, let’s chill out and talk like civilized dogs.”

“SHUT UP, MONGREL.”

“watch it, edge. keep talkin’ dirty like that an’ya might just get fucked.”

Edge sighed and pinched the bridge of his nasal cavity. Mutt could only imagine what was going through his skull: 'How does he always find himself sucked into their nonsense? Perhaps they are too alike for their own good.' Or something to that effect.

"IT DOESN'T MATTER THAT WE DIDN'T TELL YOU SHE WAS HERE," Edge reasoned, leveling a stern look on Stretch, who softened slightly under his gaze. "THE DAMAGE IS DONE, AND IF YOU ACTED THE WAY YOU HAVE WHEN YOU THOUGHT SHE WASN'T LOOKING THEN IT WOULD ONLY HAVE BEEN LYING FOR YOU TO ACT ANY OTHER WAY IF YOU KNEW SHE WAS HERE."

Stretch sunk into the couch, guilt growing across his skull. "...i...guess you're right."

"SO IT STANDS TO REASON THAT YOU ACTED THAT WAY OF YOUR OWN FREE WILL REGARDLESS!"

"...yeah…"

"SO, THERE. PROBLEM SOLVED." Edge said triumphantly, hands settling on his hipbones proudly. "YOU CAN ONLY BE ANGRY WITH YOURSELF!"

Stretch grunted in assent, brow furrowed in displeasure. He couldn't argue with that.

"...i want to bring her back here so we can talk."

*"ABSOLUTELY NOT. WE ONLY HAVE ONE BREAK LEFT AND I MOST CERTAINLY AM NOT PASSING UP THE CHANCE TO SPEND TIME WITH HER ALONE ON VALENTINE'S DAY. I ALREADY WASTED **THIS** MUCH TIME ARGUING WITH **YOU** TWO IDIOTS." Edge huffed. "WHICH MEANS THE BOTH OF YOU OWE ME THIS ROOM WITH HER NEXT BREAK, SINCE I HAD TO ENDURE THIS SHIT-SHOW."*

*"alternatively, **i** could bring her back here," Mutt offered, to which both of the other skeletons scoffed.*

"like we'd let you alone with her to begin with."

"AGREED. YOU ALREADY HAVE SET ASIDE TIME AFTER THE SHOW, HAVE YOU NOT?"

"well, maybe we can play a game." Mutt suggested with a shrug. "whoever wins gets to bring her back here."

Silence for a long moment as they all considered this option. Edge was the first to respond, humming quietly in thought.

"HMMM...A CHALLENGE...INTRIGUING. I ACCEPT." He said confidently, crossing his arms. "WHAT ARE THE TERMS?"

"one song each. and then she gets to choose who she goes with." Mutt said, taking a drag of his cigarette. "only karaoke tracks, no original songs, so nobody can sabotage the backup music. or wrongfully appeal to sentimentality with original lyrics."

"why do i feel specifically targeted by that stipulation?" Stretch scoffed.

"BECAUSE YOU'RE THE ONLY SAP HERE WHO'S WRITTEN HER A SONG."

*“you know, edge, you catch more flies with **honey** than you do with **vinegar** .”*

“I FAIL TO SEE WHAT MY COOKING HABITS HAVE TO DO WITH THIS.”

Stretch and Mutt both stared at him for a long moment before Stretch chuckled, shaking his head.

“whatever. i’m in, i guess.”

Harmless enough.

There's no reason for their little game to have disrupted the goddamned *timeline* . If anything, you had thoroughly enjoyed it--Stretch’s rendition of “Just One Dance” had your heart beating so fast that Mutt had been able to hear it from where he stood, and actually had helped him win over his and Edge’s choices (Edge went classic Sinatra with “Fly Me To The Moon” and Mutt had gambled and very nearly won with “I’ve Got It Bad and That Ain't Good”).

He's fairly certain the noises he had heard coming from the green room after that weren't the sounds of “just friends” talking something out. Well, maybe there had been some sort of “working things out” going on, but it definitely wasn't with words, and it *definitely* definitely wasn't between just friends. That much had been clear when you had appeared, bedraggled but beaming, hand clasped in Stretch’s as his bowtie hung untied around his collar--

“hey. we need to talk.”

Mutt looked up at a somber-faced Stretch, and realized he must not be the only one who remembers other stuff. He's right--they need to talk.

There's still ten minutes until official curtain time, so he signals to Edge that they'll be right back and they move to the green room.

“what the hell just happened?” Stretch muttered, half to himself.

“felt like a LOAD.”

“i know what it felt like, but i already called frisk. they swear up and down that they didn't do it.” Stretch sighed, sinking down onto the couch and burying his face in his hands. “fuck. fuck! and i had just... *fuck* .”

-ed her, Mutt finished in his head, a small smirk coming to his face. “yeah, s’not the same to remember the bonezone through a LOAD, eh?”

Stretch flushed a deep honey color and glared at him. “shut up, i’m more concerned that i don't remember exactly *what* i said to make up. i don't remember anything but bits and pieces, no words, just...m’back at square...whatever square this is.”

“think they call it the *friendzone.* ”

“you aren't helping.”

“well, i don't really know what happened, isn't that why we're talkin’?”

So they talked.

After he had... *boned* you, Stretch remembers very little. Kisses, promises, more than a few tears--and Heather--

“holy hell...heather.”

“...shit. i almost forgot.”

Forgot what, one might wonder? That she existed, for one. After a quick sweep of backstage, they confirmed she wasn't there, and on top of that, nobody seemed to know who they were talking about. The only blonde on staff tonight was Toby, and he didn't exactly fit the description.

So they decided to think some more on the next break, since they still had a show to do...for the second time that night.

They (albeit distractedly) charmed the crowd through the first set, and the crowd applauded when Black dipped you back for a kiss. Edge seemed disappointed in Stretch’s lack of outburst at finding they had withheld your presence, but they were too busy trying to work out the rest of the details to put up much of a fight when he had claimed that he would take you to the green room on the next break, and that seemed to appease him plenty.

“heather.” Stretch sighed, rubbing his temples.

“yep. heather.” Mutt agreed, leaning back.

The missing link. The only thing between the last timeline and the LOADed one that didn't make sense.

Heather had been fuming, they recalled. She had stormed out, upset at seeing Stretch with you--he supposed that was normal, considering she had the hots for him. You had been fairly smug, yourself--admittedly, Stretch thought it was pretty hot how much you looked like you'd won the lottery.

“that’s where my memories end,” Stretch said, irritation ringing in his skull. “took one step after heather left and suddenly i was in the other green room, staring in the mirror at myself. alone. with no idea how to tie a bowtie.”

“...mine don't end there,” Mutt hissed, the swirling vortex of memories pulsing inside his head...clearer...clearer…

They had been taking you back to their place. Black had made sweets, something he was apparently *good* at cooking, and you were all over it like flies on...yeah. Stretch had initially protested, but only playfully--he was over his jealousy, he claimed. You had teased him about it, but left with Mutt and Black unhindered.

“Let’s walk!” You protested, staunchly refusing to take Mutt’s hand for a trip through the void. “It's such a nice night, and I want the fresh air.”

Mutt hesitated, understandably, but Black relented.

*“OF COURSE, WHATEVER YOU WISH. TONIGHT IS ALL ABOUT **YOU** , MY QUEEN.”*

The self-satisfied smirk on your face was the spitting image of their version of you, whenever she got what she wanted. Mutt instantly wanted to wreck you until you couldn't make that face anymore.

*Some habits die hard. Like the habit of **getting** hard at a certain smug expression.*

The walk to their manor wasn't a long one, but Mutt was set on edge. The route included plenty of alleyways, and Black’s protective hand on your lower back wasn't the only thing protecting you from the dark.

They hadn't expected Heather to be the one wielding the gun this time. They hadn't expected that their target wasn't Black. The blonde was beside herself, screaming horrible things, calling you a slut, calling you everything she could think of--

*Black only had time to get between you two, nothing more, and **godammit Mutt was too fucking s l o w a g a i n.***

He was too slow. He didn't shield Black because he thought he was supposed to shield you. The shield went up between you and his brother as the shot rang out.

Dust.

Screaming. You were screaming.

“holy...dude. i...i’m sorry,” Stretch said quietly as Mutt breathed deeply.

He struck the arm of the couch and flew over to the door, leaning out through the nearby curtain for a moment, just to check…

...then he sighed, returning to Stretch’s side.

“he's there. he's fine. tellin’ her war stories,” he chuckled dryly, sinking back into the couch. “is this even real? are we sure we didn't dream it?”

“i *definitely* didn't dream it,” Stretch said firmly. “if i did, then my mind has been holding out on me...what happened next?”

“ehhh...light, i think? she kinda *glowed* , then there was *static* , and everything just…”

Mutt made a “boom” motion with his hands.

“static?” Stretch furrowed his brow. “you’re sure it was static?”

“felt like it. then suddenly i was kneeling at the edge of the stage, askin’ for a kiss.” He sighed, rubbing his sockets gingerly. “fuck. m’tired now.”

“PAPY?”

They both jumped at the sight of not only Black, but also Blue standing at the door to the green room. Standing next to each other, they could almost be twins if it weren't for Black's sharp teeth and purple eyelights.

"sans…" Mutt breathed, clearing the room until he was standing inches from his brother, his eyelights flicking between his own brother and the other two.

"we'll leave you alone," Stretch said quietly, ushering his brother out the door. "c'mon, blue, let's go check on nova."

"BUT AREN'T YOU STILL--"

"we're...*friends*...friends can check on each other."

Blue set his jaw and followed, and the second the door closed, Mutt found himself on his knees, arms wrapped around his brother tightly as the younger clutched him for dear life, tiny sobs shaking his small frame.

"sans, i'm so sorry, i didn't…" Mutt inhaled sharply, tears forming in his sockets as his brother curled into his embrace, shaking his head against his shoulder. "...i couldn't protect you."

"No, you f-followed the plan," Black stammered. "You were...you were good. P-perfect. She, ah… she *lived* ."

His speech was littered with sobs, and his bones were quivering, and it was all Mutt could do to not break down himself. His brother was never this weak, and never sounded this scared. This was a side of him that only something like this could bring out. Something like losing one another.

"What...what happened?"

"i don't know, and i don't care," Mutt shushed him. "fuck. *fuck* , i almost fucking lost you and i don't care how it happened, but you're here and that's all that matters."

The smaller skeleton nodded against his shoulder, and they stayed like that for another long moment as he collected himself. Mutt was right--they shouldn't question it. Not only did their plan work in terms of saving *you* , but the repercussions had been reversed, the villain... *erased* .

The bad thing had happened, but so had the good thing. Mostly the good thing...this time it was the good thing.

"...heh. we're, uh...safe."

Black laughed, a small hiccup escaping as he did so, before removing himself from his brothers grip to retrieve his handkerchief. " *SAFE* . WHAT A FUCKING CONCEPT."

Red stared into his glass, confusion settling in his bones.

He was still at that dumb, kitschy bar downtown, still hamming it up with the patent-geeks that sign his checks--still trying to convince them to sign off on his papers so he can leave.

...hadn't he already done that? Wasn't he on his way home a minute ago?

...a LOAD, or at least it felt like it. No accompanying smell of burning paper, so it couldn't be. Plus, the kid wasn't the kind to do that stuff and not send notice to him and Sans.

Just to be safe, he shot them a text, and returned to buttering up the asshole who had yet to sign his papers.

...huh. Another weird feeling.

Was there some holiday he was missing today? He felt like he'd already asked that question, and when the nerds beside him started complaining about their love lives…

...ah, shit.

Blue had shown up partway through the evening to say hello, and had even dragged Stretch out during the break to see you.

It felt kinda weird, the way Stretch was looking at you...or, more accurately, it felt normal, and everything about the way he looked at you *before* had felt weird.

You found yourself blushing, a warm feeling blooming in your chest. He was gazing at you with adoration, a hint of a smirk behind his eyelights as he watched you interact with Blue, who had--thank God--brought you your favorite maple candies.

"I REMEMBERED YOU LIKED THESE KIND! THE OLD PERSON AT THE SHOP SAID HE REMEMBERED TALKING TO STRETCH LAST TIME HE BOUGHT THEM, AND THREW IN A FREE BOX!"

Huh. So, no Heather...like, for real. For good. She had been replaced by an old dude, apparently. When Stretch looked through his phone earlier, her contact was missing, and there were no calls or texts in his history from her--calling the number as he recalled it gave him the deli on Berlin Street. Stretch tried not to think too terribly hard about it all...his head hurt enough already from the LOAD (if it even was one?) and he had bigger things to worry about.

Like what the actual fuck did he say in that last timeline that made you jump him in the green room?!

"AH, BLUE. STRETCH. THANK YOU FOR KEEPING THE LADY COMPANY WHILE I VISITED WITH MY BROTHER." Black approached with an air of nonchalance, even though Stretch could see he had been crying. He even used their actual nicknames instead of some ridiculous fill-in, so he must be really thrown off.

Wait. Did Black remember the LOAD? That's the only explanation for the way he had looked at Mutt when he came in.

But if *he* remembered LOADs, then...Stretch glanced at Blue, who was solely focused on giving you the biggest Valentine's day hug/smooch combo he could muster.

...his head hurts, and he doesn't want to think about the implications of Blue remembering LOADs and therefore resets.

“i gotta get back on stage,” Stretch said quickly, meeting your eyes for just a moment. You smiled shyly at him, and he realized it wasn't awkward.

Oh, thank heavens.

It isn't weird.

He can do this.

Sans furrowed his brow, staring at his book. Hadn't he read this part? Looking at the clock, he was more than startled to see that three hours had been rewound.

...a LOAD? Now?

Nah. Not exactly, he decided. There was always the smell of burning hair when there was a LOAD. No, he must have just drifted off and dreamed a few hours up. A few hours of...reading a book in his armchair.

Hm. Some dream. You'd think his mind could come up with something better.

Whatever. No big deal. He returned to his book.

“ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

Edge's question comes off as a sort of demand, but you smile weakly at him anyway.

“Uh...fine.” You lie, taking a swift seat on the couch in the green room. He had enthusiastically come to retrieve you for “alone time” during their second break, and you didn't want to harsh his mellow by telling him you had a headache.

He scoffed, rolling his eyelights as he plopped down next to you. “LIAR.”

“Wow, that obvious, huh?”

“I’VE KNOWN YOU FOR NEARLY A YEAR, AND I AM A VERY OBSERVANT MONSTER. HEADACHE?”

“...Yeah, actually. How’d you know?”

He smirked smugly, turning you so he could--Ooohhh, he’s massaging your neck, and you melt immediately beneath his touch.

“YOU MAKE THIS PARTICULAR FACE WHEN YOU HAVE A HEADACHE. IT’S SIMILAR TO WHEN YOU’RE ANGRY AT SOMEONE.” He answered, phalanges kneading through large knots you hadn't even known you had. “AND SINCE THE ASHTRAY IS NOT PRESENT, BUT RATHER AT THE BAR WITH HIS BROTHER, I ASSUMED YOU WERE NOT POSSIBLY ANGRY, AND SO IT MUST BE A HEADACHE.”

“Could be angry at you,” you teased, elbowing him blindly.

“NONSENSE...Right?”

“Pfft...of course not, Sugar Daddy.”

He hummed in satisfaction, and you sighed as his fingers worked literal magic on you. It took you a moment to recognize the calm, soft tendrils of magic he was was working into your skin--healing magic. And if you were to compare it to Papyrus, whom you know is one of the best there is, then Edge seems to have a hidden talent in it himself.

Your headache subsides in favor of blissful silence, and your mind wanders to the strange feeling in the pit of your stomach.

Something...something had happened. You knew it. For the first half of the night, you and Black had been practically glued to each other if he wasn't glued to Mutt instead, and part of you...part of you feels like you almost lost him somehow?

But...that made no sense. He'd been holding your hand since he picked you up at six.

Not only that, but something had shifted between you and Stretch--the empty feeling in your stomach when you interacted had been replaced with the glittery, giddy feelings again. His crooked smile was trained on you all night.

Maybe you're just nauseous after all. You mentally mourn the idea of eating any more cake tonight--if you're feeling ill, not only should you get home quickly, but Papyrus will probably confiscate any sugar you bring home and will *definitely* not allow you to go to Hunter’s and eat all the stuff his brother made.

But you felt...drained. All night. You had felt fine, and then you had that bit of deja vu, and then suddenly you had been exhausted. You had covered it up with caffeine and some A+ acting skills, but now that Edge was trying to relax you...and succeeding so wonderfully…

He chuckled when you went limp in his arms, adjusting to support your weight properly.

Certainly, this wasn't how he had expected his time with you to go, but...he wasn't exactly complaining. You were very cute, he’ll admit, when you're sleeping, and he doubted you would have been down to fool around, which is his first-favorite thing to do on a couch. Honestly, what could he have expected? His massages *were* world-class in quality, just like everything else about him!

There's still 20 minutes until curtain. He can let you recharge a little bit...it must be *exhausting* being so beautiful all the time, and he knows you don't sleep well at night.

...look at him. Giving massages. Condoning naps. What a mess you've made of this skeleton! It wasn't just him, of course...he can hardly even remember the last time he bothered to tell Red to pick up his socks. He seemed to do it on his own, hoping you'd stop by his bedroom randomly he supposed.

Still, it's like a switch had been flipped inside him as he cradled your head to his chest, reveling in the tiny, breathy moans you make as he gently runs his fingers through your hair.

He’s been shot! Those damned cherubs!

“...I love you,” he muttered quietly against your hair.

You smiled gently in your sleep, and it was as good as an answer.

Chapter End Notes

APRIL FOOL'S I'M SO SORRY?!

Okay so maybe I'm lazy and didn't want to write it all out, but you have to admit it's better to leave it ambiguous like this.
Sincere apologies to my Stretch fans?? Like on the one hand, it was nice while it lasted, but on the other, we ARE back at square "Friendzoned" again.

Alright alright you guys called me out.
I have a skeleporn tumblr here
And my SFW blog for my art and commissions info is here
These aren't as active as the blog I had before, but if you want to ask me questions about commissions, headcanons, or my stories, then this is where to go for now! I prefer to keep all undertale related questions on my NSFW blog, even if they are SFW, just because. Maybe if it gets enough attention I will make a side blog just for my fics, but I'm still trying to avoid overexerting myself!

Conclusions (and the Industrial Trampolines That Lead To Them)

Chapter Summary

Sans is a master of jumping to conclusions.

Chapter Notes

Whew. Okay.
So.
A couple of things.
I have a new art blog for y'all to see. I make art, and take commissions. My Patreon info is on there as well, so if you want to commission oneshots you can find the info there.
I also have a skeleporn /fic blog where you can ask me questions about my stories and make requests.
This is not a full return to tumblr but if you do so wish you may send asks and things there if they regard my stories. This is where you can submit fanart and things, but it will not be regulated very closely. I am trying so hard to get back into it and I just ask you guys be patient with me, if I disappear for long amounts of time it's because I need to control my obsessions. I'm trying to function through my mental health blocks so please work with me!

Anywho, so most of you were understandably shocked by the instance of a LOAD, so here we go with some more craziness, huh?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“sorry you had to cancel your date, darlin’.”

You snorted, leaning heavily on Mutt as he helped you up the walk to your house. “I'm sorry you had to watch me hurl in Papyrus’ rosebushes. And that you had to play ‘The Way You Look Tonight’, like, twelve different times during requests.”

He chuckled, taking your weight gracefully. “wasn't so bad. ‘least it wasn't ‘call me maybe’.”

He paused on the doorstep as you gathered yourself. Dammit, you hadn't drank a drop because of your nausea and yet you still hurled the second that Mutt’s shortcut had landed you in the front yard...which, you're honestly surprised he didn't take you straight to your bedroom, but you supposed he felt bad that you had been feeling ill when you left Muffet’s.

“listen...and this is gonna sound crazy, but...if you ever meet a blonde girl named heather, run the other way.”

You raised an eyebrow at him. “That's vague as hell. Do you know how many blondes named Heather exist in the world? They're like, a tenth of the population.”

Another chuckle. “yeah, guess so. still. every one i’ve met’s been crazy as all get out, so...just run if you meet one.”

“Running is, like, the last thing I wanna do right now,” you groaned, leaning on his shoulder. “But I'll keep it in mind, if it makes you feel better.”

“it does.”

“Oh, good. Any other crazy ex-girlfriends I should avoid? No raven-haired girls named Veronica? Some jock named ‘Ram'--Wait...I might be mixing reality with Broadway again,” you laughed, muffled slightly by his shirt as he wrapped his arms around you.

“nah, just heather. but it’s probably fine, i’m just...worrying.”

“Worry? You?” You ask incredulously, looking up at him skeptically. “Who are you and what have you done with Mutt?”

“caught me. i’m a shapeshifter. lemme show ya what shapes i can shift.” He purred, pulling you flush against him lewdly.

You giggle, pushing him away playfully. “There you are, I was worried for a second!”

“y’wanna worry, worry about how i’m gonna survive the walk home with *him* ,” he said, nodding his head slightly towards the road.

You looked over at Black, who was nonchalantly leaning against the mailbox. He looked perfectly sober, until his elbow slipped and he failed to catch himself, squeaking as he collided with the mailbox, wobbling on his feet to try and stand up straight. Seeing you were looking, he tried to make it look purposeful...and ended up hurling sparkly purple junk into the rosebush next to him.

...Papyrus is gonna flip if those poor roses die.

“...I feel legitimately sorry for you.”

“don't. he doesn't do it often, so it's whatever.”

“Still...does that stuff come out of carpets? Because I feel like he might have more in there.”

“s’magic, so it’ll be fine. what about you? sure i can't take you home with me and keep an eye on both you *sick* freaks?”

That one earned a laugh from you, and he smirked smugly even as you shook your head.

“No, no...I promised Papyrus I’d be home tonight.”

“well, if you change your mind, gimme a call.”

And with that, he kissed you, surprising you and making you yelp quietly as he bit your lip...a yelp that quickly turned into a quiet moan as his tongue swiped over your lower lip teasingly.

Huh. Weird. This is your first kiss with him, or so you think, but...it doesn't feel that way. There are...memories...pulling at the corners of your mind. The guest room, of course...you almost forgot that the potion had wiped your memories of nearly mauling him. But there was more than that, like

back at the stage...you felt like he kissed you, even though he didn't, and then...older, more hazy memories. Lots of kisses...sometimes much more *south* .

As he pulled away, you blinked slowly, dazed and flushed, and he chuckled.

“that offer to shift some shapes for ya still stands, darlin’.”

“I’ll...keep that in mind…”

Papyrus was surprised to see you home so early, but when Mutt explained you had requested to go home because you weren't feeling well, his surprise turned to concern.

After Mutt left, he let you sit with Sans for a little while while he set up your room nicely: it was fine already, obviously, but he wanted to make sure you were extra comfortable if he had to do another transfusion--and also, cleaning helps calm his nerves, and he was very nervous to show you *his* soul.

It wasn't as if he was afraid you would hurt him, or that you wouldn't like it or anything self-conscious like that. It was just...intimate. And while he had bypassed these feelings before in regards to your soul, under the guise of helping you medically, there was no denying that showing you *his* soul is purely for the sake of intimacy.

So, his nerves took the opportunity to throw a little party, since he didn't give them all that much chance to play normally due to his abundant confidence. His hands were shaking slightly as he pulled new sheets over your bed, and carefully folded your well-worn quilt that he now knows was made by Drew’s grandmother.

The last time he had touched *you* , he had seen some things firsthand--specifically, he saw the first time Drew realized you were sick. And he had seen the darkness of the basement you used to live in, felt the hands of the creatures you called your...siblings. As insightful as those moments were, they weren't the main takeaway--hundreds, if not thousands, of tiny little bits of information about you had taken residence in him.

Some of it was very useful--signs of a panic attack, the nervous way you brush your hair from your eyes when you think you're being annoying, the repeated mantra of the word “worthless” and how he can tell if it's getting louder...things that help him to be a good friend and lover, things that truly help him to understand you.

Then there's the quirky little (mostly) useless facts: Your favorite snack when you were 12 (applesauce, which came with the school lunches), your favorite color (turquoise, surprisingly--he thinks even *you* think it's purple), exactly how much cinnamon you like on your oatmeal...tiny little windows into what makes you *you* .

It does make him feel closer to you. It makes him feel closer, but not intrusive--which is what he had been afraid of at first. He didn't want to know things you didn't want him knowing. He had consciously avoided the private spots in your soul--the one for when Sans kissed you on Halloween, the one when Stretch told you he loved you on Christmas, the one where Red laid you down in the sitting room and showed you how he felt...these were not meant for him to see, and he respected that. It was like a hallway full of doors--you don't have to open every single one. Just the ones that matter.

And his door...well, by the time he made it to his door, the both of you had been so overwhelmed that he had had to reluctantly stop. So maybe this time...maybe this time he could see what's *there.*

It had taken a little bit of doing to find a comfortable position for you to lay down with Sans on the couch, but eventually he found one that didn't make you wanna hurl, and so you were now on your side with your head in his lap, arms wedged around him as best you could.

“I feel bad for skipping out on Hunter,” you groaned, and he chuckled.

“don't.”

“But I do! And everyone else? I haven't even *seen* Red today…”

“don’t worry so much about it. can't be easy entertaining so many suitors.” He joked. “even when they showed up they seemed to understand you were busy.”

“They showed up here?” You squeaked, more guilt in your voice. “Who?”

“axe, crooks, and dusty, for one.” He said. “axe and crooks brought you an entire freakin’ deer, i think. didn't open dusty’s gift but uh…”

“Wait, a whole *deer?* ” You asked skeptically, side-eyeing him from his lap.

“butchered and wrapped. rang me as kinda gross, but crooks said he wanted you to have the highest quality meats to cook with.” He shuddered a bit, but was secretly grateful--if it weren't you, Axe might have dragged the thing in whole and flipped him off as the dead eyes stared at him.

“...I don't like that.”

“venison?”

“No. The way you guys call him ‘Crooks'.”

Sans was silent for a long moment, your face turned just enough away that he couldn't read your expression. “well, uh...his teeth were a lot more crooked when we met.”

“I don't care, it isn't right. He's so sweet, and he's just like Papyrus, too. Could you watch the others call Papyrus something so rude?”

...he hadn't thought of it like that. Mostly because he didn't like thinking about how they were just him and his brother from a less fortunate timeline.

“...no. guess not.” He muttered, rubbing your shoulder in an attempt to disarm you. It had the desired effect, and you relaxed underneath his fingertips. “we can...we can change it, if you have any ideas?”

You pondered it for a moment, and then mumbled something he couldn't quite hear. He leaned down pointedly, so you repeated.

“Sugar. Because he's so sweet. Like Papyrus.”

He could definitely handle somebody calling Papyrus ‘Sugar'. “yeah, okay. i’ll circulate the news.”

“...Really?”

“of course, beautiful. your opinion matters, y’know?”

You hummed as he adoringly ran his fingers through your hair.

He wondered if you just drank too much? He hated knowing you were feeling ill. Then again, you seemed sober enough--you were talking fairly clearly about your evening now, even if your voice was heavy with sleep, about dancing with Black and falling asleep on Edge when you were supposed to be hanging out. You weren't slurring at all, but that doesn't *really* mean anything.

Maybe it was the crowd at Muffet’s? You didn't care much for crowds, like him, and from what he'd heard the place had been *packed* . That's enough to make *his* non-existent stomach churn, so he could see it upsetting yours.

Or maybe you ate too many sweets and he's just overthinking it. You *have* been vacuuming up any sweet thing you could find lately.

“m’sorry you don't feel well, sweetheart,” he says finally, once you fall quiet for a while. “s’a shitty way to end a valentine’s day.”

You shrugged half-heartedly. “I wouldn't say that...I'm here with you, aren't I?”

“sap,” he teased, but he was smiling like an idiot.

...he hoped Pap could heal your stomachache. You'd been sick pretty much all the time lately, and it made him feel helpless. He wasn't adept at healing like his brother, and Green had basically shrugged when he asked about it and said there isn't anything to say.

Still, it was worrisome that you had been constantly ill since--

...since they left the lodge.

You looked up in confusion as his fingers stilled in your hair, and he took a deep breath and smiled down at you. You smiled back, a little sleepy, and he noted, not for the first time, that you were practically shining.

Or are you glowing?

As you laid your head back down, nuzzling into the soft fabric of his sweats with a little content sigh, his smile fell as he reached full-on silent panic mode.

**relax. you're working yourself up for nothing. there's a much more plausible explanation than...than…*

** **anything** is more plausible than a hybrid skelebaby. pretty sure there isn't any way for monsters to have babies with humans, yet...and there's nobody around she’s had sex with lately except...ugh, except red.*

**which is another thing. red would know, instantly, right? that's how it usually works. he’d be more protective...hell, since we're all alternate versions of the same person then blue an’ i would know, too.*

**review the signs. there's an explanation, i'm sure.*

The constant sugar cravings, God, Papyrus had taken to hiding the candy and sugary cereals on the highest shelf of the pantry just so they didn't have to listen to Edge screeching about how you ate all his Captain Crunch again.

Pap even caught you eating a spoonful of molasses the other day. And then there was the waffles this morning, with ice cream and all.

**cravings could be anything. a side effect of the virus she had back when green checked in on her.*

**she could have always liked sugar that much, too, and we never noticed because she never had much of an appetite before.*

**not necessarily a baby-specific thing.*

The nausea. That wasn't necessarily *new* ...you had a weak stomach, you had told him once, and sometimes you just get sick, which is why you don't have much of an appetite. No appetite, no nausea.

Same thing with your nosebleeds and your...dizziness. Dizziness can be a pregnancy symptom, right? Disorientation? Ugh, maybe he's reaching now.

Significantly calmer now, he lets out a breath he hadn't been aware he was holding.

**if she was pregnant, she wouldn't know yet, anyway, right? not by human standards.*

**but if she did, she'd tell us…*

**...or maybe just one of us. one that she trusts the most, because she's afraid it won't live, and that person would probably be acting funny.*

**like...being super attached to her. and making her room extra comfortable.*

**and handling all her medical stuff. and policing her eating habits.*

**...i'm doing a terrible job of talking myself out of this paranoia.*

Okay.

Okay.

So...possible baby. That's not...well, that's not *terrible* . They're more than equipped to handle one, they have six pairs of eyes in this house who would dote upon any child that ever came of you--plus the ones that don't live here.

But...before he goes and dusts Red thoroughly for knocking you up, and before he goes trying to pick out a crib or babyproof the house...well, he should confirm.

"you drink at all tonight?"

"Mmm...nah." You sighed, voice heavy, sleepy, hardly registering that you were responding. "Nausea and all. Probably not advised, anyway, with my condition."

**holy shit*

“...yeah? your, uh...virus?”

Silence.

Soft snoring.

...his head hurts trying to puzzle this out with any certainty.

He should just ask Papyrus.

“NOVA, DEAR, I AM READY FOR--Oh, is she sleeping?” Papyrus whispered, seeing you asleep in Sans’ lap.

“yeah...hey, did you know about her condition?”

Papyrus froze, inches away from retrieving you from his grasp, and looked up at him with wide sockets...guilty sockets.

“I...what do you mean?”

“she just told me about it. just now, when i asked why she didn't drink tonight.”

“She...she told you?” Papyrus asked, incredulous tone to his voice as he glanced down at you. “But I had thought...hmm. Well, I am not complaining--from the moment Green told us the diagnosis I have been begging her to tell everyone! Perhaps she wished to start small.”

“wait, wait...so it’s, like...this is happening?” Sans asked, and Papyrus could see the clear panic on his face. “wow. uh. sorry, i...it’s a lot to take in.”

“Yes, I suppose it is,” Papyrus cooed softly, moving your legs to sit next to his brother. This is a delicate conversation--he needs to remain positive, or else he can see Sans having a full blown panic attack. “I have been taking very good care of her! She is as comfortable as possible, I assure you! And Green says her nausea and other symptoms won't last much longer...eh, hopefully?”

Sans was staring down at you, and Papyrus could only imagine what was going on behind his mask.

“holy...wow. we don't uh...we don't have a lot of time.” Sans said quietly. “shit, there's...like...there's a lot to do? and we aren't prepared for this?”

“I'm not certain anybody is ever quite prepared for something like this,” Papyrus sighed.

“we only have, like…” Sans counted on one hand silently. “eight months. crap.”

“Well, with the magic, we’re seeing more like ten,” Papyrus said, trying to be uplifting. “And...well, there’s hope for longer…”

“longer?!” Sans squeaked, turning his trying-not-to-fucking-panic face on his brother. “...right. right. only half human, could be any number of months.”

...huh?

“shit. i’m gonna fuckin’...i’m gonna kill red. no, no, i won't kill him, but i’ll break his fingers or somethin’.”

...Okay, Papyrus is officially confused.

“so, wait. what *do* we know? is it...human shaped? does it have a gender or a...it’s too soon, huh? to know if it’ll…”

Papyrus can practically see the word “survive” hanging off his brother’s teeth, and realization dawns on him all at once.

You hadn't told Sans at all! He had guessed (incorrectly) by your symptoms, and...well, Papyrus felt very dumb indeed for not realizing this sooner, but his brother had likened your transfusion symptoms to those of human pregnancy, and whatever you had said while half-asleep had only served to corroborate his half-baked theories and--

Oh no. How is supposed to handle this now?! He can't tell Sans, and he’s also said too much to deny it! And--

You shift in your sleep, and you're glowing, and you're responding to his stress, and his soul tugs when it feels you reaching for...for something, and--

...Suddenly he’s across the room, and Sans is just looking up from you.

“yeah...hey, did you know about her condition?”

Papyrus is frozen in place at first, confusion settling in his bones...he's supposed to remember something, some conversation he swears he was just having…

“bro? did you know she’s pregnant?”

“Pregnant?” Papyrus gave his brother an incredulous look. “Brother, that is preposterous. If Nova was pregnant, Green would have known, or at the very least, Red would know!”

“but she...well, i suppose she didn't exactly say that, she said ‘condition'...when i asked why she didn't drink tonight.”

“Yes, her immune system is weakened when she drinks--Green told her not to until the virus is fully clear. Do you never listen when I talk?”

Sans visibly relaxed, a huge weight of panic sliding off his shoulders.

“shit. yeah, yeah...you're right, i do remember that.” He chuckled, shaking his head. “oof. got m’self real worked up for a second there. thanks for the reality check, bro.”

“Of course,” Papyrus said, nodding as he moved to gather you from his arms. “I assure you, the nausea should subside soon. Green has her on some sort of antiviral medication that causes some strange side effects.”

That was a stretch, but thankfully Sans doesn't even hesitate to accept Papyrus’ lie. Well, maybe that's because it isn't technically a lie? He does treat you, and it does cause side effects...

“lemme guess--nausea, strange cravings, mood swings?”

“Yes! Exactly! How did you know?”

What the hell, he can play the innocent, dumb little brother a while longer. For your sake.

He just hopes Sans isn't too angry with him when the truth does finally come out.

“those are the same symptoms of human pregnancy, so i can see how i got confused.” Sans said, standing with a groan now that his lap was human-free. “it's, uh...kind of a relief. this house woulda been a lot different ten months from now if i’d been right.”

Papyrus looks down at you as you stretch and moan quietly, then snuggle closer to him.

...he doesn't want you to go. The house will be so empty without you.

“Yes...I suppose it would be.”

“He thought I was *pregnant?* ” You muttered into Papyrus’ scarf as he ascended the final few stairs toward your bedroom.

Papyrus chuckled. He *knew* you weren't asleep by the time he had picked you up...you had probably only pretended so that Sans wouldn't be embarrassed.

He toed the door open and set you gently on your bed.

“To be fair, my dear, the symptoms are all there,” he snickered as he crossed back over to close and lock the door. He paused as the lock clicked, looking back at you sheepishly. “But...you aren't, are you?”

You smiled weakly and shook your head. “No, no way...uhm...actually, I...I'm sterile.”

Papyrus froze in the process of sitting next to you, looking at you in shock. Well, there seems to be some bits of information that he had yet to receive...this being one of them.

“Yeah, I...I know, I know, it's pretty good news for someone in my position,” you continued, one hand drifting unconsciously over your stomach. “I mean, it's not like I'm in any shape to have a kid, and I'd just be abandoning it so I...I...am crying for some reason?”

The last part came out as a little squeak as tears began to run down your face, and Papyrus could swear he could hear you internally cursing at yourself.

“Oh...do not be ashamed, my dear...it is never good news for something you wish for so desperately to be out of reach,” he cooed softly, reaching up to wipe your tears away. “It is okay to be upset about...about what could have been, you know.”

You were quiet, a puzzled, exhausted look on your face as you went through several emotions at once before finally sighing and shaking your head.

“...Yeah. Yeah, I know, I...I know that.”

You changed the subject quickly after that, a little too quickly for his taste, but he didn't want to press the issue. You paused to change into your nightgown, the little lavender one with short sleeves, and he was happy to see you relax...comfortable. That's how he wants you to be.

When you brought out the device to test your blood, he assumed his role as nurse perfectly, even though his mind was far, far away from medical procedures.

He hadn't realized the extent of the pain you must have felt when you wrote “Have children” on your bucket list. He hadn't realized it wasn't possible, even if you were *healthy* . And...oh, God...do you blame yourself for y/n never getting a chance to have a family? When he had touched your soul, he had seen, or more like brushed up against, the way that Sans and y/n had been destined to be if the worlds had not collided. If...if you were not here. Perhaps you had seen it, too…

“I wonder what they would have looked like,” you said quietly, drawing him from his thoughts.

“Who?” He knew who.

“My children. A...a baby from me, and Red. Or maybe Sans. Or...me and you?” You said, and his hand slid into yours gently as the tears started again. The machine beeped with results, but it went ignored. You laughed, but it was dry and humorless. “Jeez, it was never an option, so I never...I never considered what they would look like. Or, like, how many? Would I have one with each of you, or would I have to pick? Would they be a surprise or did we plan them? Would they be human, with curly hair and freckles and--and two front teeth missing on Christmas, or would they be monsters, skeletons with big wide eyes, throwing their stuffies around the room with blue magic when they have a tantrum? Or would they...would they be some mix of the two, with health struggles an-and missinglimbsbecausewewerenevermeantto--”

“Shhh,” Papyrus hushed you as your breathing picked up to a frenzy and your hand clutched his so tight his fingers popped. His free hand found your face and he delicately moved you to look at him as he instructed you to breathe, just breathe and…

“Your children would be beautiful, just like you,” Papyrus assured you as he tucked your head underneath his chin, his arms twined around your shaking form. “They would be absolutely perfect, whether monster or human or both, and even if they were missing limbs they would have magic to create new ones! And whoever the father or fathers are, nobody would quantify them that way and they would be the most *beloved beings on the earth* ...next to you, of course.”

“...Promise?” You asked weakly, clinging to his shirt. He chuckled slightly. Nobody could promise something that would never be, but Hotland would freeze over if he ever admitted defeat...especially when it came to you.

“I promise.” He muttered. “Now let’s see those blood counts, yes?”

Chapter End Notes

Ah, the angst again. Sorry.
As a sufferer of fertility issues I can only speak for my own experience. I know most people are fine with their other options, but it really can be devastating in many different ways. Everyone's experience with it is unique.
I feel like I have it better than her, though--I still can, it's just a lot harder.

Anywho, take this survey about her trip!

Whispered Affection

Chapter Summary

Something isn't right.
But then, everything is.
Because he's there.

Chapter Notes

Oh boy, finally finishing the Valentine's Day saga! It's almost like it's own separate story at this point lol.
Please continue to take the Vacation survey!
I have taken a risk here--I have NO COMPLETED CHAPTERS WAITING ANYMORE! I want your guy's input before I start to write the Vacation storyline, so please get in there with your opinions! You have one or two filler chapters I can do and then y'all gotta wait for me to write the vacation story arc :P
Love you all! Thanks to everyone who has been bugging me on my tumblrs, it actually makes me really happy ❤

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Uh. Wow.”

“...Is that bad?” Papyrus asked, healing the prick on your finger and squinting at the screen. Those numbers are *significantly* lower than when he made you test before you left today.

You inhaled sharply, and he knew you were about to lie. “Not...exactly?”

“They're *very bad* , aren't they?”

“...Yeah. I, uh...I'm pretty close to organ failure, apparently?”

“But you need those!”

You laughed. “Yeah, well, it's weird...I don't *feel* this bad? The only time they'd be this low and I wouldn't know immediately is--woah, okay, okay, I'm laying down!”

You hit the pillows with a *thump* as he pushed you firmly down onto the bed, just like when he had healed your bruises at the lodge.

“What are you--”

“I'm getting started immediately!” He proclaimed unnecessarily.

“Woah, jeez, okay, I--” you squeaked as his cold hand pressed flat against your chest.

Cold hands, pushing and pulling and holding you in place. Isn't this normal? Isn't this just another day?

“P-Pap, wait!”

He paused obediently, hovering over you with a worried, guilty look on his skull. You did your best to swallow your panic. *This is Papyrus, it’s just Papyrus, Papyrus, Papyrus...*

“Re...relax, I'm not dying right now, okay?”

“But you said--”

“But I'm okay, so just…” You closed your eyes and let out a shuddering breath. “Maybe just, remember that I'm...being held down to do it is...not ideal?”

His worry melts into a look of abject horror as he realizes abruptly what he had done. He withdrew immediately, plopping himself at the end of the bed with his hands up as if to show you they weren't on you anymore.

You rolled to your side, trying to suppress the shudder running through your body.

“I...I didn't mean to...I'm sorry, I never wanted to force you into it,” he stammered, and you shook your head and held up your hand.

“Not your fault...it's just me.” You sighed, sitting up. “You just...caught me off guard? I know I shouldn't be afraid of you, so...really, it’s just me.”

He was so far away from you now, and...okay, you *were* the one who had basically shooed him away, but you really didn't want him to leave? Ugh. It's hard to brain when your blood cell counts are like this.

“Please just...let’s start over? Pretend that didn't happen?” You begged, and the relief on his face was evident as he quickly gathered you close to his chest again. “I'm sorry...it gets a lot harder to tell what's reasonable and what’s...memories...when it’s this bad.”

“Regardless, I should have been more patient!” He sighed, squeezing you gently. “I just got scared when you said your organs were failing!”

“ *Should* be failing. They clearly *aren't* , and I'm not sure what to make of that, to be honest?”

“A question we shall have to file away for Green.” He agreed, rubbing your back soothingly. The silken fabric felt good against your scars, and his hands were warm and coated with magic this time. You let out a tiny, satisfied huff and clutched him closer, closing your eyes against the dizziness.

“Okay, I'm ready,” you said after a moment, and he didn't waste another second pulling your soul out--there were those few, breathless moments where you feared it would catch like before, and then relief.

“Are you comfortable?”

“Uhm...yes? Kinda? As good as it gets, really?”

He snorted. “Well, that is...encouraging.”

“Well, if it’s any consolation, you're the only person I would ever be *this* comfortable with in this particular situation.”

He considered this for a moment. “I suppose that *does* make me feel better!”

You leaned back a bit to look him in the sockets, and his smile, while genuine, still felt...sad.

“I am going to touch you now,” he cooed softly, and you nodded slightly.

He leaned down and kissed you, and you leaned into it with a sigh, feeling your anxiety fade as your head filled with happy buzzing instead of confusing, rattling thoughts. The static warmed you gently, and you heard Papyrus gasp softly as it spread through your body and into his in a radiating warmth.

By the time you pulled away, you were dazedly smiling, feeling content and loved and--

“Oh!” Papyrus said softly, catching your attention.

“What?”

“Ah! Uhm, nothing?” He squeaked. “There, ah...most certainly *isn't* a small reservoir of magic that does not belong to you in your soul, if that's what you're asking!”

“There's *what?* ” You turned in his grasp slightly to look at you soul, and sure enough, there was a little dot, almost like a paint splatter, that fluttered and hummed with a deep, inky purple magic. “...What is *that?* ”

“I uh...I don't know?” Papyrus muttered, reluctant to admit it.

“Did *you* do that? When you touched me with your healing magic?”

“No! Heavens, no! My magic is orange, and to...physically mark your soul with it? It...hmm. Everything else seems normal, at least! This...dark spot...doesn't seem malicious?”

“Well, that's good, I guess?” You reached up hesitantly, and he cradled your hands to better help you cup the small luminescent soul. You weren't even touching it, but you understood what he meant--there was nothing but good intentions radiating from your soul, and the more you pressed back against him, the more safe you felt holding it. “Can you...still do the transfusion? Or do I have to, eh, go back to the h...hos…”

“No!” He said firmly, cutting you off. “No hospitals! I will not allow it! I promise that I, the *Great Papyrus* , will find a way even if it hurts me!”

“That only *slightly* comforts me,” you mumbled.

“Nyeh heh...fear not, my dear. I am a strong monster! I have over 600 HP!”

“Wow, that's...that's a lot. I think when I was...trapped...uhm, the days he chose to...work with me? I had something like...15 to 25, depending. How much do I have now?”

With a hum, Papyrus ghosted one hand over the very edge of the surface of your soul, careful not to brush the unknown splatter of magic and making your heart skip a beat as your body tingled in response.

“Hmm...that’s strange.”

“What is?”

“Oh, eh...well, you’re showing...abnormally low for a human.”

“Well, HP is HoPe, right?” You snorted. “Guess I haven't had a whole lotta that my whole life.”

He supposed that was true, but...you should at least have enough for a regular LV 1 human. Or at least more than you had said you had back with your father!

Perhaps it was due to your condition? He eyed the flickering “7” with a wary gaze, unease settling in his chest. It just wasn't right--knowing you were fragile was one thing...but seeing it was a completely different story. Granted, Sans only had 1 HP and he was more than fine...but his defense was also abnormally high, and yours was average at best.

“You shouldn't worry, Pap, I'm fine. Bigger fish to fry and all that, right?” You said quietly, and he realized, guiltily, that he was supposed to be treating you.

“Yes! Of course, I...I'm sorry. It’s just...hard not to worry, when it's you.”

He took a deep breath, feeling his soul stutter in his chest at the thought of touching yours again--it was exciting, and it took a moment to coax his buzzing magic down his arm and into his hand in any sort of useful manner--last time he had perfect control, but...well, he knew now what to expect and he couldn't help but feel slightly giddy at the prospect.

And you, goodness...you were no better than him, your heart racing and your face flushing before he even brushed the surface. He was suddenly hyperaware of the way your body was pressed into his, the curve of your butt pressed into his pelvis and--

Focus! Now is the time for healing, not dirty thoughts! He felt ashamed for a short moment, before remembering what Sans had said about demisexuals--yes, it's fine. It's alright to wish to be intimate with those you love, even if you normally don't wish for that.

But! Not! Right now! When he’s trying to heal you so delicately!

“I'm nervous, too,” you whispered, and with those words he felt it all melt away--he was doing this for you, after all, so you could live and be happy and if he could soothe your worries and ease your pain then that was what he would do!

You gasped in tandem as his hands gripped your soul gingerly, and he focused on the feeling of your smile, the way you look when you are happy, and healthy, and the good numbers from the machine from before.

The alleyway is dark, and the creature stares at you from the darkness. You can't look away, even as you turn to leave--there is only one thing to say to Alpha, and you can't bring yourself to say it.

… ‘Sorry’.

He shuddered at the image of your brother’s twisted face, the way he towered over you. He felt your fear, but you...you weren't afraid of the abomination--Alpha, you called him.

No, it wasn't him that scared you.

What was it? Loss, betrayal? The fear that you will die before you get to be normal? The fear that somebody will never forgive you, no matter how long you beg…

You’re sitting at Grillby’s again, and you're drinking again. You thought that Sans had left but instead you find him sliding you into a booth with him.

Laughter, chit-chat...you say something that makes him completely freeze, and you never quite figure out why he says goodbye so early that night.

Months later and it's Christmas, and you're lonely, and you're trying to hide it.

You're missing someone. No, lots of someones. Your entire body aches with the feeling that you should be with somebody else, you just can't remember who.

Is it Drew? No. The ache for him is there but it isn't engraved in your being like this is.

Sans nudges you from the barstool, and for a millionth of a second you know he is where you're supposed to be.

Papyrus sighs against your hair as the warm buzz overtakes you both again. He presses deeper, imagining happy things--dancing, laughter, the feeling of you you you as you press against him, fingers entwined with those of his free hand.

He sees the little things. The quirks and flaws. Everything.

And the doors, *his* door. It radiates light, and this is how you see him--a beacon of love and kindness. He wants to open it, but something is pulling at the corners of his sockets and he--

He looks, and it's dark.

He shouldn't be here, he knows it. This place is so dark, so unbelievably dark and cold…

You haven't been here in years.

He waits for you to come, but hopes you never do.

He looks...wrong. Like you should avert your eyes. He is the thing in the corner of your eye, he is the vision that settles in your dreams to chase the memories off. He is a weaver, not of dreams but

of nightmares and he deeply regrets every step he must take towards you because it hurts him, it hurts him to make you see these things over and over and over and--

But it's the price to pay for the way that you came to be. The borrowed time you share on this stitched-together soul. As long as you live this way, the nightmares will come.

Papyrus sees something against the darkness. Sans on the couch, his face heavy with suspicion. A visage of you sobbing over Black's bandana...dust. You toppling over the edge of the ice rink unhindered, blood--so much blood!

He sees a world where you never wake up.

He sees a world where you ignore a text, and Red ends up dust in an alley outside Grillby's.

He sees a world where you jump from the window of your room and into the very beast you're running from, and he takes you away.

He sees a scene that--oh God, he can't even look at it, the way that strange guy has you held against your will, red solo cup abandoned next to your skirt as you try to push him away…

But it melts, like pruned branches on a olive tree, and there are neat, electric blue stitches across the dark. Across this spot in your soul that he shouldn't be in.

And it's so cold, he feels like stopping. He feels like laying down, but...but his hands are glowing, no, his *being* is glowing, and he does what he does best and he keeps you warm. And you do what you do best…

...you shine.

Your muffled screaming is the first thing he hears as he snaps his sockets open, wrenching his hand away from your soul.

He's breathing heavy, and oh, he wants to pass out but there's still so much left unanswered.

Your screams, muffled by his other hand, die out quickly and he releases you to fall forward on the mattress, heaving for breath. He doesn't remove his hand from your back, no, he can't afford to not be touching you right now. Your soul snaps back into your body as if magnetically drawn, and thankfully your breathing slows down...but not before you cough. He tries not to notice the blood that sprinkles onto your bedspread.

"I think I brushed that extra magic," he explains weakly as your breathing evens out. "I...don't remember what I saw, but…"

He doesn't remember what he saw but he wants to hold you, so he does, and as soon as you are in his arms he feels complete, and the both of you sigh even as you start to cry…

...and you both pass out.

Distance.

He feels it. Every inch is like a mile, every breath is like a lifetime.

Papyrus groaned as he opened his eyes, groping around to feel the empty bedspace where you had previously been snuggled comfortingly beside him. His soul was straining against his chest, begging to bond since you insisted so foolishly to be separated from his side--oof. Okay. That was a bit possessive. He takes a deep breath, clearing his head as best as he can.

“I remember thinking I would never see them,” you said quietly, and he snapped to attention to see you sitting up in the little window-nook beside your bed, wrapped in the quilt Agnes made you.

“You always were blocked by the snow in the basement window,” he finished, just as quietly. “Just as Sans and I never thought we'd see them. I suppose we are more alike than we think!”

He hesitantly brushes your arms, unsure if he should be forgiven for being in that place where he shouldn't have gone...seen what he shouldn't have seen…

You all but throw yourself into his arms, and he gladly accepts, wrapping you up and sitting in the window with you.

You looked up at the stars. He looked at *you* .

“How do you feel?”

You shrugged. “Tired. But good. Counts are normal, too. I feel like we may have accidentally poked something that didn't want to be poked, though?”

“Yes...I believe so.”

“So, nonaggressive inkspot on my soul...apparently wants its space?”

This earned a small chuckle from Papyrus as he nuzzled your neck. “Yes, I suppose it does. But no matter...you appear well now!”

“That's because you're here, duh.”

“Did it scare you?” He asked. “When I touched it?”

You shook your head slightly. “No...it felt...right. Like, at first it felt strange and cold...but then you, you know? You're so warm, and I felt that, and I was...happy. So happy.”

There was a comfortable silence as he snuggled you close, glad that you weren't negatively affected by it all.

He had been caught off guard, of course, but overall the entire experience had left him feeling hopeful, warm, tingly...he wanted just to be near you, for just a little while longer, to soothe the ache in your soul left there by so many uncertain things.

He didn't know what he had seen. It was a mystery--a puzzle! And if there's one thing he's good at, it's puzzles. So surely he will puzzle this one out in time, and perhaps it will hold a clue to saving you!

...but he knows that he shouldn't get so ahead of himself.

“Sometimes I wonder if I’m doing the right thing,” you said quietly, pressing against his chest a little harder. “Sometimes...I wonder if it's more cruel to be here and leave than if I just left. Every day I...I wonder if they'll regret knowing me, because if they didn't, then it won't hurt so much.”

“Shh, none of that--”

“But! Then I remember, you know? I remember that I'm not that important. I'm just…”

Worthless.

W o r t h l e s s.

W o r t h l e s s.

W O R T H L E--

“You stop that this instant!” he scolded, voice the closest to a growl as you had ever heard it. You jumped in shock, looking more than sheepish as you realized you had been talking out loud.

Despite your attempt to draw away from him in shame, you found yourself held firm by the arms as he looked you in the eyes pointedly. The orange-tinted lights in his sockets burned with a slow, passionate fire, and you found yourself entranced.

“You are not *worthless,* ” he seethed, spitting your trigger word in a way that made it sound like it was poison on his tongue. For some reason, hearing it this way...you didn't feel like panicking. “You are worth *everything* . You are worth every tear, every tiny bit of sadness, every smile or laugh. You are worth every fond memory and more than any amount of money, or power, or fame. There is not a single person in this house who does not think this of you, and if they heard the way you just spoke they would be very cross indeed!” He huffed with indignation. “ *I* am miffed about it as well! Whatever horrible things you were told by that wicked man, you must know that every word is utter and complete...well... *bullshit!* ”

The swear escaped him with difficulty, but you could see that it was the only word he could think of to describe his feeling, and before you could help yourself, you were giggling uncontrollably at the serious expression on his face.

“Don't laugh!” He groaned, exasperated. “It is the truth, my dear! I want you to repeat after me.”

“Pap, no--”

He levelled a stern look on you. “Not a request. Repeat after me.”

“Repeat after me,” you said cheekily, earning a sweet little smile from your partner.

“Good. Now. ‘I am smart’.”

You rolled your eyes. “I am smart.”

“I am beautiful.” His fingertips pushed the edges of the blanket away, and then gently pushed one of your sleeves down so he could lean down and pepper your scarred skin with affection. “And I am strong!”

“I…” You bit your lip, gripping the front of his shirt gently. “...am beautiful. And...strong.”

“...I am loved,” he whispered, his voice a sweet melody next to your ear that made you shiver. “And I am worthy of such love”

Even being fed the words, you seemed at a loss for what to say, and you bowed your head against his shoulder to try and control the way you were trembling in his arms.

“I am loved...and I am worthy.” You repeated obediently. It sounded hollow, like you didn't believe it at all, but he would make you believe it--he would make you see, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that you belonged here.

You gasped as you were bathed in light, his soul appearing before you could protest, floating between the two of you, poised, radiating the warmth you knew him to be, filling your body with the familiar buzz of being *loved* .

“Pap…”

“I told you I would show you,” he muttered quietly. “The place in my soul that I have for you.”

It was so beautiful that you had difficulty tearing your eyes away to give him your wary look. Unlike yours, there were no scars, no inksplots, no messy stitching marking it. It was a perfect glass heart, floating upside-down and spinning slowly, as if to show how pure it was. It was obviously orange, but you couldn't help but see the gold in it--of course he would have a literal heart of gold.

“...I’ll just mess it up.” You tore your eyes away, swimming with tears as you focused pointedly on your hands. You don't want to sully the perfection of his soul--he was so pure and strong-willed, unlike you.

“If you change it, then all you will be doing is adding a missing piece,” he cooed softly, tucking your hair behind your ear gently. “I welcome that change. And if you do not change it, then you are worrying for nothing.”

“If I touch it...won't I see your past?”

“And?”

“You're okay with that?”

“I've nothing to hide. You're stalling.” He accused, smiling knowingly as you flushed in embarrassment. Oof, caught. “...whenever you are ready, I am ready.”

You have no idea what to expect, since your soul was locked when you touched Edge’s...what if you hurt him? You don't know what you're doing, after all…

He has over 600 HoPe , you remind yourself. He can take it. He wants to. He wants this. He wants you. And you can't hurt him without intention to do so.

Your fingers hesitantly brush the edges of his soul, and his nervous excitement rushes over you in a wave of emotion, making you blink before slamming your eyes shut to focus on the feeling.

“...It's so warm,” you said quietly, though your voice didn't hold a hint of surprise.

Papyrus was too busy trying to control his breathing to respond, as your fingers glided over the surface of his being and made his whole body tingle with curiosity and excitement.

He had enough mind to focus on guiding you, just enough to make it safe but not restricting you. Your gentle caress turns into a slight press, then a two-hand gentle squeeze, and it's like being hugged as hard as you can to show affection.

Sans was so small. So small. And Papyrus, even smaller. There was a tall man, a skeleton, with cracks in his skull like G and Green, and purple eyelights full of worry and discomfort.

Sans doesn't like this man. That is all that tiny Pap knows. But the man likes Sans. And he likes Papyrus.

He gives them a house. He gives them toys. He gives Sans all the books be wants and teaches him to read. When he doesn't want to listen, Papyrus asks for a bedtime story, and suddenly Sans is listening raptly to every lesson, determined to learn so he can read to Papyrus.

Sans still does not like the man, but he loves Papyrus. Papyrus loves Sans, too.

The man is always talking funny. It wasn't funny then, but now it sounds strange. Sans explains that it's their "first language", and the one they use with their friends is their "second language". Papyrus has a hard time understanding or speaking the first one, but Sans doesn't want to teach him. The man speaks mostly the first language, and Sans understands but answers in the other. He doesn't want to speak their father's tongue.

"father? he isn't our father, papy."

"BUT HE GAVE US OUT HOUSE, AND ALL OUR THINGS!"

"yeah, but--"

"AND FOOD! AND CLOTHES! AND HE TEACHES YOU WHEN YOU WANT TO KNOW SOMETHING, AND HE TALKS TO OUR TEACHERS AND HE TUCKS ME INTO BED AT NIGHT."

He will never understand why Sans looked at him that way, but from then on he called the man their father anyway.

Suddenly it's there, your door, the spot he holds for you, and you both know it.

It isn't a door, really, but an archway. It's an open invitation, and as you press yourself into his arms, you both can feel how much he loves you.

She is always so radiant, he can't help but think. His best friend, the human he had grown to adore so very much...as he cradled her close, bruises healed and nosebleed under control, he chuckled softly to himself.

She had looked very sweet indeed underneath him, flushed and silently asking him not to stop, even as confusion clouded her expression...but he much preferred her this way, completely at peace

without any worries. She held no sense of burden, her brow uncreased by self-doubt, her lightly freckled skin at complete rest...

Except the small smile that graced her face as he snuggled her close, hoping that he could one day see that peace on her whilst awake.

You're sobbing into his shirt. The way he sees you, like a shining star in the dark night sky, and so beautiful. Your scars, so ugly and disgusting to you, look like criss-crossing comet tails and shimmer like diamonds, making you unique. Your eyes are more moonlight than color, and your hair is soft as velvet.

Your smile is like air, your laugh enough to make him smile for days.

Without you, the world will be gray and dull, but this spot…

This spot will shine. You live here. You belong here.

He loves you so much.

You're trembling as your hands slip from the surface of his soul, and you feel...indescribably high. There is so much happening in your head, and your soul, and your body is struggling to understand.

He’s holding you so tightly you might break, and you're kissing his jaw, his cheekbone, his forehead, every spot you can reach with how he is buried in your shoulder. You stare hard over his shoulder at the soul in your hands, completely perfect and so intrinsically *him* , so much so that it makes you cry, it makes you want to…

“What did you say?” He asked suddenly, pushing you back slightly to look at you with a disbelieving look in his sockets. His soul hummed, pleased, knowing exactly what it had heard you whisper to it as you kissed it gently.

Bringing it back to your lips slowly, you kissed it again, and he gripped his chest where the soul should be as he sighed, feeling the effect of your whispers with such force that it was his turn to tremble.

“Papyrus…” you were repeating slowly, so quiet that if you weren't whispering it directly into his very being then he would have missed it completely.

He didn't think he would ever feel as good as he does at this moment.

“I love you, Papyrus.”

Chapter End Notes

OH SHIT SON SHE SAID THE THING
And y'all thought she'd get through Valentine's Day without saying it. Pssssh.
Of course it was Pap! Everything about Pap is so sweet and perfect and understanding. He

takes everything at her pace and let's just say the guys are lucky he's willing to share bc at this point if he asked her to choose I think she'd pick him.
Ah, another milestone for Nova. How many of you guessed this?
Uhhh oh yeah and uh hey mysterious spot in her soul WTF where did you come from *coughcough*plot*cough cough*

*Count On Me

Chapter Summary

Papyrus is more than a little smug.
Also, yoga pants are a great tool to get you wrecked in ten minutes.

Chapter Notes

Hey, y'all!
Ok, so...I realize I slacked on this update.
I decided to do some fic trades, which I've finished 2/3 of, and I also started a new Underfell!Papyrus/Reader companion fic for one of my new favorite stories called **Fight Me!** which, if you are into Edgelord being a whiny hot topic brat baby before he becomes the confident beast I normally portray him as, is a really fun story.
....I know I should work on my other stories
Quantum Hearts glowers at me from the bottom of my recently updated list

Anywho, this is still my main focus! Just a couple shenanigans to get out of the way before we head off to Brazil with Pink.

Smut: Light. Nothin' we haven't seen in this fic before.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Soft murmured affection woke you slowly the next morning, and you found yourself tucked neatly into Papyrus' embrace, with no intention of moving.

He seemed reluctant to release you as well, but unfortunately for the both of you, things needed to be done. After all, you had *somehow* managed to get Papyrus to sleep until nearly noon with you, and though that is a reality you could never pay anyone to believe, you have the confused texts from Sans to prove it.

And so you rose together slowly, and Papyrus helped you with your menial wake-up tasks: testing your blood came first, of course, but he also had your toothbrush ready, peppering you with sleepy kisses as you brushed, and parked it outside the open door of the bathroom while you showered, just in case.

"I LOVE YOU," he said cheekily, sweeping you into a hug as he wrapped a warm towel around you, squeezing as you struggled to pat yourself dry in his grip.

You giggled nervously, and he repeated it, once, twice, three times until you quickly mumbled it back, and it was as if he had been given the world's largest bowl of spaghetti, he was so happy.

“THERE! WAS THAT SO HARD?” He teased. “AGAIN! *I LOVE YOU* .”

“Love you, too,” you said, so quietly he almost missed it. Then, louder: “But you already knew that! Stop teasing me!”

“JUST BECAUSE I KNEW IT DOES NOT MEAN IT ISN'T NICE TO HEAR,” he reasoned, kissing your forehead gently. “I know why it was so hard for you to say...I promise, no harm will come of you while I am here, and we will not allow anything to take you from us before your time.”

You grumbled a half-hearted protest, and he had laughed, changing the subject to how he wanted you on an exercise routine starting today as you brushed your wet hair out.

“I HAVE BEEN WORKING WITH GREEN ON THE SCHEDULE! NOTHING TOO INTENSE, JUST YOGA IN THE MORNINGS TO INCREASE BLOOD FLOW.” He perused your wardrobe regardless of your protests, leaving you standing in only a towel, though neither of you were complaining. “AH! HERE, WEAR THESE.”

He pulled a pair of yoga pants from the depths of a drawer, along with an exercise shirt and sports bra that...looked altogether too sexy to be exercise wear (you suppose that’s just Edge’s taste, unsurprisingly), handing them to you with another kiss to your forehead and a promise of breakfast...then several more sweet kisses as you both prolonged the inevitable end of him leaving your side.

“ONE KISS FOR AFFECTION,” he hummed, kissing your forehead. Then he kissed your nose. “TWO FOR LUCK. AND THREE…”

He leaned to kiss your cheek but surprised you by capturing your lips instead.

“Three means ‘I Love You’,” he murmured, and you felt your face flush before you leaned up to kiss him back...one...two...three. Your tiny, shy kisses to his cheekbones got the message across loud and clear, much easier than trying to actually say it, and he beamed down at you affectionately.

Then he took your hand and squeezed it three times, gauging your reaction, and the lightbulb went off.

He's giving you an easier way to say it.

Blinking back tears, you squeeze his hand back: one, two, three.

“There. Now there's no mistaking how we feel, yes?” He offers softly, and you nodded, accepting his loving embrace.

“I don't know how I'll even survive the next two weeks without you, Pap,” you mumbled honestly, and he snickered slightly.

“I, TOO, AM NOT LOOKING FORWARD TO IT. THEY SAY ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER, THOUGH WE SHALL SEE--AFTER ALL, I'M NOT SURE IT’S POSSIBLE FOR ME TO BE ANY FONDER OF YOU THAN I AM RIGHT NOW.”

“Ditto, big guy,” you giggled, squeezing his hand three times again experimentally. His sockets lit up immediately, and he kissed your forehead.

“I LOVE YOU, TOO,” he sighed.

Your father's voice tells you that you don't deserve it.

You tell it to shove it.

Red removed his helmet with a sigh, hanging it by the straps on his handlebar. He hated that damned thing, but you had thrown an absolute fit when he tried to tell you he didn't need it, so he wears it.

It was unseasonably warm for February, so he had decided to take a little ride instead of a shortcut when he went to town, not expecting it to take all damn morning due to some festival of some kind. He didn't even know what it was for, but on the way to the jewelry store he had actually found something way better than his original gift idea, and the lady at the stall sold it to him half-price when he admitted to missing Valentine's Day.

Not that price mattered, he'd pay anything to see you smile, but the savings was nice.

He weighed the box in his hand, the smooth velvet tickling against his bones as he took a moment to conjure his alibi.

He had a litany of excuses he had used to get himself out of trouble for missed dates before, but they all seemed cheap and downright insulting when he thought about using them on you. Nah, best to go with the truth--got caught up in his work, chumming up the people who sign his checks in an effort to get done, and forgot what day it was. He'd even sent you a text, but you hadn't read it yet--what that meant, he had no idea. Were you avoiding him? Or still sleeping off a hangover after Edge’s concert?

...damn. He missed Edge’s concert.

Shoulda bought *two* gifts.

He paused in the doorway leading from the spacious garage, brows raised in confusion at the sight of his brother and Blue whispering and leaning in the doorway of the living room. Sans gave him a little nod from where he had parked himself on the other side of the doorway, a lot less like he was hiding but somehow less conspicuous than the other two.

Someone was clanking around in the kitchen, and if the timbre of the grumbling from there was any indication, it was probably Stretch.

“...uh. s’going on?”

The two younger skeletons shushed him urgently, and Sans chuckled as Red grew closer, leaning in.

“two words: *hot. yoga.* ” He muttered, before turning back. Red followed his gaze and…

...oh.

... *OH.*

He felt a grin grow on his face as he realized what all the fuss was about.

You, of course...in the tightest, most flattering pair of yoga pants he had ever seen in his damn life (not for the first time he was mentally thanking his brother for buying you an entire wardrobe that exactly for their tastes). Doin' yoga with Papyrus to some silly MTT yoga video.

Holy shit you looked good. You were laughing as Papyrus tried to correct your form, resulting in you bending and inadvertently showing off your sweet ass even more. There was a quiet cracking noise, and he glanced over to see his brother staring pointedly at the ceiling...part of the door frame crumbling beneath his grip and a deep, burnt sierra flush on his face.

But back to the main event.

"watch an' learn, scrubs," he muttered, strolling past as you began to draw yourself up from your toe-touch.

You squeaked in surprise as a pair of leather-wrapped arms wrapped around your middle without warning, and the deep chuckle that vibrated behind you alerted you to the fact that it was Red.

" *yoga*- na give a guy a heart attack, bendin' over like that, kitten," he teased, a deep, quiet purr directly in your ear that made you shiver in his grip.

"RED! TAKE YOUR LECHERY AND TERRIBLE PUNS ELSEWHERE! NOVA AND I ARE *TRYING* TO EXERCISE!" Papyrus grouched, crossing his arms in displeasure and...actually looking somewhat jealous. You could even feel Red's surprise at this, though he recovered quickly, releasing you to step back half a step, nearly in between you and Papyrus.

"hey, no problem, big guy. jus' wanna borrow her for a bit, then i'll bring 'er straight back, okay?" He said, hands out in something that almost looked placating. Then he looked back at you and winked. "that is, if she can *walk* , let alone do yoga."

You smacked him in the arm and he chuckled, conceding that he was only joking, and then he took your hand gently in his, and the flickering flames of his crimson eyelights were soft and affectionate and…

"Well, okay. But I can only take a ten minute break!" You said sternly, before smiling over at Papyrus, who held up three fingers with a soft smile. You returned the gesture over your shoulder as Red began to pull you away.

There was shuffling noises, and you found the doorway to the living room surprisingly empty, considering you could have sworn you had heard some of the guys over here, but Red didn't seem bothered, so you shrugged it off and followed him up to his room.

"wait here. right... *here* ." He said firmly, setting you with your back against the wall outside his room. You raised an eyebrow, but didn't protest, and he disappeared into the room and you could hear shuffling and muffled cursing as things got moved around.

Pffft. Probably cleaning. Heaven only knows how it gets so messy in just one day, but whatever.

"alright...now get in here," he purred as he appeared in the doorway again, leather jacket shed in favor of…

...oh, sweet Jesus, you had never seen him in *that* shirt before. It was a black t-shirt, and unlike his usual baggy t-shirts it was tight against his bones and emphasized his bulk in just the right way,

almost as if there were actual muscles under there.

You ogled openly as he pulled you inside, shutting the door behind you, and he definitely noticed, pausing to flex and waggle his brow.

“like whatcha see?” He teased. “can't wear just any t-shirt under my leather. gets all bunchy if it ain't tight.”

“It’s definitely right. I mean, tight.” You stumbled over your words, and he chuckled at your blush.

“oh, good, i was worried. y’know...about it being tight.” He drawled, jaw set in such a way that he looked a bit like a lion stalking its prey. “i like some things *real tight* . motorcycle shirts, for one. and a good pair’a yoga pants.”

He stopped directly in front of you, fingers tugging at the fabric of your yoga pants for emphasis.

“...and *you* , of course,” he purred, fingers trailing dangerously over your thighs. “but i think that's a given.”

Oooohhhh boy, you are probably beet fucking red right now. For all that you had pretended to be a smooth, wanton mistress of the night when you first met, you definitely get flustered easily now.

“...Gross.” You managed to mumble.

He paused, and then his grin grew even wider and he laughed, stepping back a bit. “and *hot.* ”

You nodded in assent, which made him laugh again as he plopped down on the bed, drawing a smile from you as well, and the tension cleared.

“anyway, kitten, take a seat,” he said, gesturing to the open bed beside him. You obeyed, dropping into the free mattress-space with no hesitation. “listen. i’m sorry about yesterday. i got caught up with all that patent stuff, and those idiots didn't sign my paperwork until they were at three-tequila. i was honestly worried they’d get to ‘floor' before they cut me my check.”

You stared at him for a second, trying to comprehend what he was apologizing for...oh, right, yesterday was Valentine’s Day! So many things had happened that you nearly forgot the entire reason yesterday had been so busy.

“I’m not mad,” you giggled, acknowledging his apology anyway. “But, you're forgiven anyway.”

“woah, hold it, miss forgives-a-lot, you ain't even seen the gift,” he chuckled. “let me do the whole apology, eh?”

“Why do you always fight me forgiving you so hard?”

“call it habit.” He reached into his jeans pocket, pulling out a thin, long box made of grey velvet. “saw this, an’ i wanted to get it for ya. take a look.”

You raised an eyebrow, but took the box regardless, clicking it open curiously.

“Oh,” you breathed, fingering the choker necklace gently. “Red, it’s beautiful!”

“yeah?” He beamed at you, clearly happy with your approval. “i know i said i wasn't gonna collar ya like an animal, but...it’s not exactly a collar, but it’s close enough that it felt right.”

He was right, it was pretty close. The black suede band was thick and heavy enough that it wouldn't break, but delicate enough to feel like fabric, and the pendant was a metal heart frame over a blown glass heart that looked like the night sky.

“NOVA” was carved ornately into the glass, and it made you smile.

“check it out, s’reversible.”

He gently took it from your hands and spun the little glass heart around until you heard a click.

The other side said “KITTEN”.

“Red, this is gorgeous,” you cooed, and his smile only grew wider. “Put it on me?”

He obliged immediately, sliding the band around your neck until it latched into place. The pendant rested against your clavicle, its weight reassuring against your skin. You wondered how he knew the exact measurements of your neck, since it fit so perfectly.

“one of my many hidden talents, knowing measurements just by lookin’,” he responded, and you smiled, knowing you had been thinking out loud again. “other hidden talents include sewing, embroidery, and makin’ a mean burger.”

“Really?” You asked incredulously, turning to search his face for a hint of a lie. He only smiled knowingly at you. “Wha... *how?* ”

“y’think edgelord’s slick outfits make themselves?” He shrugged. “had to learn. started small, fixin’ holes and buttons...we was alone from the time he was a toddler, so...had to be a mom sometimes.”

You mouthed a quiet ‘oh', and he felt bad, like he was bringing the mood down.

“anyway, s‘ancient history. but check this out.”

He held out his wrist, which you now noticed had its own black suede band on it, with a similar galaxy-colored glass piece set into it, emblazoned with his nickname.

“We match!” You giggled, and he thought it was so cute, how happy just that made you.

“that's not all,” he said, stopping you before you could talk over him. “its magitech. watch.”

He touched the glass on his bracelet, and you gasped as your hand fluttered to the pendant, and as soon as you touched it he felt the slight press of your fingertips against his wrist.

“I felt that!”

Your eyes were twinkling with excitement as you squeezed the pendant, and he raised his arm to indicate that he felt it, too. “me, too. it’ll work anywhere in the world, so when you’re gone i’ll always know when you're missin’ me. it’s tuned t’us, now, so it’ll only work if you or i touch it.”

“Just for us,” you said with a smile. “I like that.”

Your hand dropped to the opalescent skull bead on your bracelet, and he knew you were categorizing--something for everyone on your wrist, and something just for Red around your neck. He tapped his chest to indicate his own skull pendant was still there, beneath his shirt.

“so all’s ya gotta do is tap it, an’ i’ll know you’re thinkin’ of me.” He explained, bringing the bracelet up to plant a kiss on it. You giggled as the tickle of his kiss ghosted over your skin beneath the pendant.

Then you were smiling crookedly at him, as if you knew something hilarious.

“what?”

“You're gonna put it on your dick, aren't you?”

He let out a startled laugh, caught off guard, but he knew exactly why your head went there. “well, i’ll be in heat, so i can’t promise i won’t.”

“Gross.”

“and hot?”

“Oh, absolutely,” you laughed, leaning in to press a kiss against his teeth. He hummed, returning the affection while weaving his hand into your hair gently, tugging just enough to make you squeak against his mouth.

“well...you're just *hot* , no gross about it,” he growled quietly, savoring the little shiver his deep voice drew from your body.

“Shut up,” you giggled, shoving him slightly.

“ *make me* ,” he growled, bumping his chest to yours until you fell back onto the bed, feeling so small compared to his large stature.

His sockets burned with desire, but the pink blush across his skull said ‘adoration'. When he kissed you again, you fisted your hands in the front of his motorcycle shirt, anchoring him down on top of you with a little moan.

“one for affection,” he mumbled quietly, before kissing your neck with a little bit of a bite.

You knew where this was going. "Two for luck," you provided as you placed the third kiss on his forehead. “Three for…”

“...i love you,” he murmured, finishing the phrase as he drew back to watch you with curious eyes. He hadn't realized you knew it...maybe Edge had taught you. It was how they let each other know they cared, even when Edge had to beat him up in public so they wouldn't look soft. Three taps to the chin, or three squeezes around his neck, so they both knew they were sorry. Sorry their world made them be that way.

Sorry they couldn't say it.

It's really too bad that the act had almost become a reality. He hadn't used the system with Edge for years now...but he supposed the good news is that he didn't need it now.

The feeling of three little taps on his wrist brought him back to reality, where you where sheepishly pulling your hand away from the pendant on your choker.

“love you, too, kitten,” he purred, leaning down to capture your lips again, slower this time, more heated. You reacted spectacularly, brushing your fingers lightly over the fabric of his shirt, feeling the shape of his ribs beneath it.

There's no mistaking how you feel now.

He groaned as you arched your back, rubbing against his magic as it strained to escape his jeans.

“i can't decide if i wanna make sweet love or wreck ya like a cadillac,” he muttered with a breathy chuckle.

“Both?” You offered, lips like heaven against the warmth of his collarbone.

“mmm...both is good.”

And in a flash, those perfect, tight little yoga pants were on his floor, and he was sliding into you with such force that he accidentally knocked the headboard against the wall...to which he received a *very* disgruntled cry from Stretch’s room, followed by a not-so-subtle “y’gotta be fuckin’ *kidding me* !”

You giggled, looping your arms around his neck as you adjusted to give him better access (oh sweet Lord you were so perfect), before moaning his nickname gently against his shirt.

He made a mental note to wear this shirt as often as he could, seeing as you were running your hands over it in such a way that he was having a hard time lasting, and you seemed fascinated, entranced, even, by the way his bones felt through it.

He glanced at the choker a few times, before staring at it outright as the pendant bounced from the force of his thrusts. Like he said, he had no intention of collaring you like an animal...but this was close enough, and as significant as it was in his world, he couldn’t help but feel incredibly satisfied to see his nickname for you on there.

All his, for this moment. He’d have to remember to reassure you he won’t be jealous if you sleep with Pink--you’re spending two fuckin’ weeks with the guy, and even Red hasn’t held out that long against the lusty skeleton (granted he was always in heat when Pink decided to try and charm him and “it’s basically masturbation” is a really sound argument when you're in heat). The reality is, he knows you won’t be only his forever--he wouldn’t be surprised to find out you shared some private time with someone else yesterday, too, while he was out chasing shots with Wilbur from accounting.

It doesn’t matter.

...man, he loves hearing you say his name that way.

You’re his right now. And, in a way, you’re always his. Just like you’re always Sans’, or Mutt’s, or hell, even Papyrus has seemed awfully familiar with you as of late.

So he can share.

Because he knows that the only time you look exactly like this, sound exactly like you do right now...is with him.

“i love you, kitten,” he groaned as he finished unexpectedly, the feeling of your orgasm forcing his own.

Three kisses/tiny bites to his neck, and he knows you love him, too.

“Sierra!” You squealed happily as the redhead bolted through the door past Papyrus to practically tackle you.

“Nova!” She squealed in return as you squeezed each other tight. “It feels like it’s been *years* !”

“I know the feeling,” you giggled, relaxing into her embrace as you both awkwardly shuffled to the side to let G past with an armful of bags.

You knew they would be by to drop her off, but you had also needed to get a quick checkup before your flight tomorrow so the twins had decided to just go ahead and stay at the main house during the heat cycle.

Even though he would also be in heat, it *did* calm your nerves that there would be a doctor in the house during your absence. Decreases the risk of any of them getting too ill.

“Ah, man, do I hafta worry about you stealing my girl, there, Angel?” G chuckled, setting the bags in the living room as you disentangled from each other’s embrace.

“Maaaaaaaybe,” you responded cheekily. “After all, we’re going on a world tour of the most romantic places on earth together. Might end up being more than eskimo sisters.”

“Be a better lay than you, anyway,” Sierra teased, sticking her tongue out at her boyfriend, who just chuckled and held his hands up in surrender.

“I’d better keep my comments to m’self on that one, Babe.” He said, locking eyes with you for a long second. “C’mon, we gotta do the check-in stuff for your flight so we don’t hafta stand in line tomorrow.”

“Right.” Sierra said, brushing her red locks over one shoulder. Then she turned to you dramatically. “Don’t worry, lover, I’ll see *you* in bed tonight!”

“OR AT DINNER IN AN HOUR!” Papyrus said cheerfully as he clicked the front door closed behind Green, who had slipped in so quietly that you were only just now seeing him. Sierra and G went off to crowd around his laptop on the couch, and you were left with Green and Papyrus.

“Green!” You breathed, allowing yourself to be swept into his embrace. He squeezed you tight, a deep sigh escaping him as you felt tension roll right off his shoulders.

“Miss Nova...you are looking very well indeed.”

“Worried?” Your voice was muffled by his thick overcoat, but he understood you, shaking his head.

“About you, my dear? I wouldn’t dare.”

But he certainly didn't look very well himself, you noticed as you pulled away to examine his face. His eyelights were dim, his sockets more hollow and seemingly tired. His smile was weary but not unhappy as he tucked your hair behind your ear.

"I know, I look an absolute mess," he said, squeezing your cheeks between his hands and making you giggle. "Do not worry about me. Such is the life of a doctor."

"Even doctors need to sleep," you scolded playfully, and he quirked a brow at the reprimand.

"Oh? And how have *you* been sleeping, pray tell?"

You laughed nervously. "Alright, got me there, doc."

"She sleeps very well when I sleep with her!" Papyrus said cheerily, not even realizing the double entendre that made you snicker and made Green flush a little. "We slept until nearly noon today, which is nigh unheard of for me!"

"Well, I suppose that's very good." Green nodded. "But...We'll stow the health talk for your check-up after dinner...yes?"

He squeezed your hands and you squeezed them back, smiling fondly at the tall skeleton.

"Yeah. Thanks, Green."

You beckoned for him to lean down and when he obliged, you placed a soft kiss on his cheek that left him glowing chartreuse and smiling somewhat dopily as he moved to drag the suitcases into the spare room.

Chapter End Notes

Llama_goddess...I definitely stole the shirt idea from you. I loved every mention of that shirt in your story so I wanted to show off Red's assets here too ;)

We'll Get There Someday

Chapter Summary

Edge doesn't want you to go...
You still need Green's clearance to fly...
...oh, yeah, and Stretch is being cryptic, but for some reason it feels nice.

Chapter Notes

One more fluff and filler before we head to Brazil!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sierra joined you after a few minutes of arguing with G in low voices about the flight numbers and details, but she didn't seem upset so it must not have been a serious argument. She slid in beside you as you were peeling potatoes, picking up the spare peeler and a rinsed potato from the sink.

"Sooooo...what're we makin'?" She asked, peeling expertly.

"Well, you and I are making fries. Red made the mistake of telling me he can cook today, so now he's out back making burgers."

"Dang, that sneaky skeleton! Sitting back pretending not to know how to cook for nearly a year and letting you do all the work." She clucked her tongue disapprovingly, but in true Sierra fashion there was no real venom to her words. "Speaking of Red...you guys *totally* boned, didn't you?"

You dropped the peeler and potato in your hands, looking up at her in surprise. "Wh-what? How'd you know?!"

"I didn't, you just told me with your reaction," she teased. "I *am* a little hurt that the deets haven't made their way to me yet, buuuuuut I'll forgive you because I can chalk it up to you wanting to dish in person."

"That's fair." You nodded, retrieving your items with a smile. Bamboozled again.

"So? What happened? How was it? How'd the others take it?" She asked, bumping you with her hip.

You laughed and began to recount the whole sordid tale. Some parts she had already heard from you, like how you ran into Drew and his brothers up on the mountain, but some parts were complete surprises, like your whole fallout with Stretch and the aftermath of that.

As you were finishing up your story about the night before, you noticed you had trouble remembering exactly what happened. Did Mutt kiss you on the stage or not? For some reason, you almost wanted to say you had made up and made love with Stretch, which you quickly had to redact and write off as a wet dream or something because it never happened. Sierra didn't really notice the slip, or at least she didn't say anything about it, and when your tale was done it was time to discuss her life with the twins.

"They're massive dorks," she snorted as she dropped another batch of potato wedges into the fryer. "Did you know that Green has a legitimate chore list taped to the side of the fridge? The worst part is, his name is on every single chore, every day. He's like Martha frickin' Stewart up in that bitch."

"No way," you cackled, tossing the finished potato wedges in garlic salt and oil. "Why does he even have it if it's always his name?"

"I have no idea! I think he wanted G to do some, but slowly he started taking over all of them because whatever thing G's name was on would never get done."

"That's amazing."

"It is a talent in its own to be *that* lazy," she agreed. "Especially when G isn't a lazy guy, like, at all. I don't think I have ever seen a motorcycle as well-maintained as his, nor have I ever seen a more extensive Warhammer 40k figurine collection. He hand-paints them. They're so small, he has to wear these massive jeweler's goggles to see what he's doing!"

"That is...dork level, like, 100," you giggled. "But, also awesome."

"Don't get me started on the time Green cleaned up his paints. G had a conniption."

"Gosh, I hope Green doesn't keep himself up all night *cleaning* ," you said with a shudder. "He clearly needs to sleep more, and the kitchen doesn't have to be spotless every moment of the day."

Sierra hummed in agreement as she dumped the fresh batch into your bowl, queueing up the next batch. "Yeah, uh, I dunno what's gotten into him, actually. G said he came home one day from house calls looking really shaken and upset. Then he pounded shots and watched Carl Sagan's 'Cosmos' reruns all night, and ever since then he's spent every free moment up in his study."

You stiffened at the information, your heart breaking just a little bit at the description of Green's state. This was *your fault* …

"But, on the bright side, he's apparently wrote a new thesis paper on various different blood diseases, and he's getting accolades from doctors all over the world!"

"...Really?"

"Oh, yeah! After their heat, he's actually supposed to go accept some theoretical practices award or something, for advances in magitech medical treatments. Dunno what he's looking for in his books and theories, but the stuff he's found has apparently been groundbreaking."

Huh. So he's helping people, a *lot* of people, because he's trying to cure you? Well, you can't say there's any reason to believe you'll really be saved, or rather that you shouldn't hope, but...knowing that there's so many similar sufferers who are benefiting from his research...you can't exactly be mad.

“burgers are up!”

You’re saved from your thoughts by Red’s appearance at the backdoor, using magic to float in a huge tray of perfect, juicy patties that make your mouth water just looking at them.

“aw, man, lucky burgers,” Red teased, reaching over to push your mouth shut. “wish ya’d look at me like that.”

“I'm very sorry, but I need those burgers to be inside me *much* more desperately than you,” you teased right back, making him chuckle.

“damn, okay, kitten. i see how it is. tryna pretend *big red* don't make ya sweat. like you weren't just screamin’ for me less than an hour ago...”

“ *Red* ,” you hissed, embarrassment heating your face spectacularly.

“Boooo. Get a roooooooom.”

You gave Sierra a playful glare, and she rolled her eyes and returned to the wedges with mock-disgust on her face.

"already got one, and we use it liberally."

"Red!" You protested, feeling your face turn a deep crimson.

Red chuckled and continued on his way to the dinner table, and you took a step to follow him--

--only for somebody to grab you from behind, hoisting you over his shoulder effortlessly as you squealed in shock.

“NYEH HEH HEH, GOT YOU! YOU WON'T ESCAPE MY CLUTCHES A SECOND TIME, HUMAN!”

“Edge!” You squeaked, clutching at the fabric of his black button-up as he adjusted his grip to place his hand squarely on your ass. “What are you--”

“SAVE ALL YOUR QUESTIONS FOR THE END OF THE LECTURE, KEEP YOUR ARMS AND LEGS INSIDE THE RIDE AT ALL TIMES,” he snickered, striding out of the room with you nonchalantly. Nobody even tried to stop him, and this seemed to please him as he carried you up the stairs as if you weighed nothing at all.

You landed on his bed with a squeak, bouncing on the mattress.

He followed immediately, and before you had time to ask what had gotten into him, he was kissing you fiercely, rough hands capturing your wrists to hold you down beneath him as you confusedly reciprocated the affection.

Your questions seemed to drift away as soon as his tongue entered play, drowning the words on your lips and turning them to heated moans. You decided, on a whim, not to even bother wondering what had gotten into him--if he wanted to pin you down and ravish you, well, that’s *just fine* with you.

His tongue tingled against yours, and you're reminded that of all the brothers in this house he has actually been the most reserved. The only other times he's kissed you quite like this were when he kissed you in the car the first time and when you played seven minutes in heaven with them--he was usually too stiff to kiss you randomly or for a reaction like the older brothers, too shy to brazenly kiss you like Blue, and too much of a tsundere asshole to give you affectionate pecks like Pap.

"Edge," you breathed as he moved on to kiss your neck, and your positive his bites are leaving marks but you find you don't care at all.

"YES, MY DOVE?"

Dove? That's new. But you hardly have time to focus on it before he slows his assault on your bruised neck, choosing instead to delicately ghost his teeth over the puckered skin of your scars across your shoulder.

"I just...what…" You don't remember what you're asking, but his pleased hum says he has a pretty good guess. You moaned as his hand moved from your wrist to gently smooth over your form, appreciating every inch until he gently cupped your breast for a breathless second.

"I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF," he explained, and his eyes were on you now, sitting up enough to allow him to use both hands to worship your body. "YOU SIMPLY LOOK TOO GOOD NOT TO TASTE...I MUST MEMORIZE IT BEFORE YOU LEAVE."

His hands pull you around like a rag doll until he's sitting with his back to the headboard, holding you in his lap with one hand pressed lovingly on your lower back and the other tangled sensually in your hair, and he's alternating between wild passion and soft adoration as he continues to speak as if you are a Greek goddess.

Really, what *has* gotten into him?

You would be concerned, if not for the fact that you sensed a sincerity in this moment that suggested he was finally, *finally* letting his walls down. This was him. This is just how he was meant to be, affectionate and loving, a little cocky, and even years of torture at the hands of an uncaring world couldn't un-teach his core being in the end.

You were proud of him.

You kiss him back more fervently, moans muffled by his teeth as his hands tangle in your hair. You wonder if this heat is going to be as hard for him as the last one, shuddering at the unpleasant memory of his gorgeous vermilion soul with that huge, terrifying crack in the middle. You poured as much meaning and affection into your kisses as you could, hoping to prevent such a thing by giving him something to remember. Your lips would hurt if it weren't for the calming tingle spreading throughout your body, the bliss of being here with him, in this moment.

You wondered idly if his and Red's version of you had ever felt so strongly for him. You wondered if he had ever held her like this, but you knew that even if he had he wasn't thinking of her. He was thinking of you and only you, and of that you were certain.

Maybe with the older brothers you had moments of doubt, but all three of the younger ones had made it abundantly clear that they care for you because you are *you* .

You are you. And that's how he wants you. He involuntarily whimpers when your lips find a sensitive spot on his cervical vertebrae, and his hands tighten on your waist as he resists the urge to grind against you lewdly.

If it weren't for dinner, and his obvious desire to do things “the right way” by having a true date first, he probably would have taken you right at that moment. He was sorely tempted...but he also knew it would make his heat infinitely worse, knowing how you felt and sounded…

His brother’s scent laid heavily on your soft skin, and he was reminded that he was already going to have to keep a close eye on Red throughout heat.

Even so, his entire body was screaming to wipe that scent off you, begging to lay you down as you clambered off his lap and he followed you out of the room. He was nervous about you leaving the country. No, he’ll admit it--he’s nervous about being apart from you for two whole weeks. The last heat is the last time that happened, and you had been nearly a stranger--this time, the emotional connection between you and him, as well as his housemates, was so strong and true...he had a feeling it would be a very difficult heat indeed. For everyone.

“NOVA.”

“Hmm?” You stopped at the top of the stairs, one hand on the banister as you looked back at him, and the sweet little smile...the tiniest hint of a blush...

He’s going to miss his little human.

“I SHALL MISS YOU THESE NEXT TWO WEEKS,” he said honestly, leaning down to place another little peck on your forehead.

He blinked as you put your own hand on his forehead, brow raised as you frown up at him. He sputtered and shook your hand off.

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING?”

“Checking to see if you're feverish,” you giggled. “You were being so affectionate I thought you went into heat early.”

“WELL! SORRY I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, THEN,” he scoffed, crossing his arms. How rude! He can be affectionate if he--

Why are you staring at him like that?

“...You do?”

“I DO WHAT?”

You smiled, beckoning for him to lean down, and when he did, you placed a kiss on his forehead, then his nasal bone, and then finally on his teeth, leaving him warm and tingly as a pleasant warmth spread over his bones.

“Nothin’, Sugar Daddy. Let’s get some dinner.”

Dinner was loud and exciting, full of jokes and more than one instance of flying food. Somehow you ended up sitting next to Stretch...for all of five seconds before Blue elbowed his way in-between the two of you to set his plate down. Stretch met your eyes for a short minute, then his gaze flicked between your necklace and Blue, and he gave a small smile before turning back to his plate.

You felt your stomach flutter with those butterflies again, and you regretfully had to tell yourself to calm down. Despite how he makes you feel, and whatever strange shift you think you're feeling, you can't forget the words he said. He doesn't want to be with you anymore...you'll have to accept it and be friends. There's no need to make this harder than it needs to be.

After dinner, G offered to clear and do dishes so you could get on with your checkup with Green, and nobody even questioned it when Papyrus automatically joined you for it.

But before you can enter your room, who do you find sitting outside your bedroom door but Stretch himself.

“Is there something you needed?” Green asked politely.

Stretch seemed startled to see the other two with you, but recovered as he drew himself up from the floor. “well, i was, uh...hopin’ to talk to you, doll, but…”

“I have to do my checkup and get cleared for the flight tomorrow,” you explained, and the confusion lifted from his brow, replaced by an almost guilty, relieved look that you didn't really understand.

“right, i remember,” he mumbled, gaze moving to his faded orange chucks. “but, you know where to find me when you're done. er, if you want to?”

You smiled shyly, the butterflies squirming in your tummy again and making you blush, especially when your reaction coaxed that sly smirk out of him, the one that *never* failed to make you melt.

“great. after, then...see ya later, doll.”

With a wink that excited you far more than you cared to admit, he disappeared, leaving you to be led into your room by Papyrus in a heated daze.

What was all that about?! You could hardly even focus on what Papyrus was telling Green, your brain much too preoccupied with making up a million things he could possibly want to talk about.

The checkup was a lot of Green listening to Papyrus’ reports, some routine medical stuff, and Green giving you a little bottle of what equated to basically magical vitamin supplements, and then…

...the spot came up.

“A spot on her *soul* ?” Green clarified, clearly shocked. “What, like a mark?”

“THAT IS WHAT I THOUGHT AT FIRST!” Papyrus said. He was sitting at your back on the bed, arms wrapped around you affectionately as you leaned against him. You had been so relaxed, sitting in his arms, that you had forgotten there was actual important things to talk about. “BUT IT

DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE'S MAGIC THAT I RECOGNIZE, OR AT LEAST IT ISN'T A MARK OF CLAIM. I FEEL NO SENSE OF OWNERSHIP ABOUT IT AND…"

You felt his gaze as he trailed off, so you looked up and saw he was silently asking permission to share what he had seen. You nodded, and he continued.

"WHEN I HELD HER SOUL, IT DIDN'T SEEM MALICIOUS. BUT WHEN I ACCIDENTALLY TOUCHED THE SPOT...WELL, IT DIDN'T ATTACK ME, BUT IT WAS VERY STRANGE. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT."

"I see...Nova. May I?" Green asked politely, and you nodded. Papyrus stiffened behind you, but made no move to stop him as he drew your soul from your chest.

You gasped as it tugged a little harder than normal, and you feared it would catch, but it drew out in the end and you were left wondering if you had imagined it.

And the spot.

"I don't see anything…" Green said quietly, showing you the shimmering rainbow in his hands. The scars were glowing, almost pulsing, but the inkspot was nowhere to be seen. "You're sure that is what you saw? Right when your blood counts dipped?"

"I'm sure of it," you breathed, hands ghosting over the glow of your own soul. You don't know what Papyrus and Green feel, but if their relaxed, enraptured faces are any clue then it must be far more pleasant than the chill of anxiety that you get.

But it might just be that you are anxious about the trip, or about dying. Either one is more than understandable.

"I saw it, too, with my own eyelights!" Pap confirmed, before protectively retrieving your soul from Green's hand, his other arm snaking tighter around your waist.

Is he...jealous? Aww. That's kind of cute.

"Well, let me know if it reappears. I'll add it to my notes. As for the strange dip in counts, that seems very dangerous if left unattended for long...I want you to take counts two times a day while you're abroad, until you're certain it won't happen again."

"Makes sense," you said with a little hiccup as Papyrus coaxed your soul back to your chest.

"And if this...spot...comes back...don't poke it." He said sternly, pointing his folded reading glasses at you with a playful smile.

"No promises," you giggled, before leaning forward to plant a kiss on his forehead. "...thank you. For everything you do for me. And what you're doing for others like me."

His hands came up to cradle your face as he returned the affection to your cheek, gentle and sweet.

"Think nothing of it, my dear. You are worth a thousand sleepless nights."

CuddleBuddy: ??? Where are you?

(xxx): wanted to touch the sky lol

CuddleBuddy: ...what?

(xxx): look up, doll

He watched you check your phone, and then you did as instructed until your eyes landed on him on top of the roof. He chuckled at your confusion, patting the blanket beside him.

“c’mon up, the view’s spectacular.”

“Okay, but, like…” You gestured to the house in general, a defeated look on your face. “I can't scale walls like Spiderman.”

You squeaked in surprise as he materialized next to you, grabbing you around the waist. You clung to him as he ported back to the blanket with you, and when he tried to let go, you grabbed his arm and drew your legs up defensively. Adorable.

“Stretch, I swear to *God* if you let me go…” you mumbled, hiding your face behind his shoulder.

“relax, doll, i’d never let you fall.”

**unless it’s in love with me* .

“Why are you up here anyway?” You asked, voice still muffled by his sweatshirt.

He gestured upward to the stars above you both, twinkling against the deep inky blue of the night sky. Your gaze followed, and when he peeked over at you, he could swear it was the sky that was reflecting your eyes, not the other way around.

“Wow.”

“yeah.”

You ventured to move from behind him, seemingly emboldened by the starry expanse above you.

“I can't believe there's so many,” you whispered. “Y/N used to describe them to me, but I never imagined there were so many...I used to dream about them, wondering what they looked like.”

“me, too. dad used to tell me stories, and later he would tell blue, too.” He moved his arm back until it was a strong support for your back, and you consciously twitched and leaned away. “...it’s not weird.”

“If you have to say that, I think it's inherently weird, dude,” you giggled, but your smile and the way you leaned back against his arm proved you were only teasing.

“well, then let’s be weird,” he chuckled. “...you're gonna be gone for two weeks. i think we gotta stock up on weird.”

“Mmm...maybe so.”

“gonna be strange not having you around...heat or no.”

“Gonna be strange not being around you guys, yeah.” You brightened immediately, a small gasp escaping you as you tugged on his sweatshirt. “A shooting star!”

He followed your gaze quickly and just caught the tail of said shooting star. “oh, *shoot* , make a wish, doll!”

“Already on it, fam.”

He snickered at your meme-speak. Maybe Blue’s been sharing his Music.ly’s with you again. He watched as your eyes drifted closed, brow furrowed slightly in concentration. You looked adorably focused, pressing the tips of your fingers to your temples as if trying to channel your wish directly to the universe.

He made a wish, too, but his was the same every time. He just wished for you--happiness, whether it’s with him or not, and, if he can add a little selfishness to his wish...he wished he knew what to say to you that would make it all better.

He fucked up so royally he isn't even sure where to start. To top it off, he’d been so high he wasn't entirely sure what he'd said in the first place. What had he said in that other timeline that had mended things so easily?

...none of it seemed to matter at this moment. You were here, pressed against his side as you begged the stars for something, and his soul longed to hold you and tell you that everything would be okay.

He averted his gaze when your eyes opened, and you looked at him curiously.

“what’d you wish for?” He asked quietly, fixing his eyes on his beat-up orange sneakers.

“Can't say, because then it won't come true,” you teased, elbowing him in the ribs and drawing a chuckle from him. “Anyway, what'd you bring me up here for? I'm sure it wasn't just to terrify me with heights.”

He hummed thoughtfully, mulling over the options in his head.

He could apologize right now. He could tell you he misses you, or how much he aches for you, or that he loves you so much that the very thought of you leaving hurts so much that he can hardly breathe. He could just kiss you, no words, just take your breath away and hope the message comes through in the way your hand fits against his.

...the choker looks really nice on you. Red picked a really great gift. He knows you like nobody else, in more ways than just physical. Everything between you and Red seemed to come so easy, so natural, and he’s so strong, despite being fragile like Blue and Sans are...in comparison, Stretch is nothing. A ball of anxiety tied up with contradictory confidence...no, cockiness. He regrets half the things he says as soon as he says them, unlike Red who’s so strong in moral and who stands by his words, who says the right thing every time that makes you blush and stutter.

Maybe you really don't want to choose between them, but does he even deserve to be in the same lineup as the others? He's hurt you so many times, and if you make up, he's afraid he'll just hurt you

all over again by saying something stupid.

Flirting? Hell, he can flirt. It's the relationship part he sucks at.

But he wants to be better. He doesn't want to sit on the sidelines and watch others make you happy. Ugh...it's all so confusing.

“i’m sorry.”

“Huh?” Your confusion was palpable as he stared up at the stars, trying to carefully choose his words. It was hard when his head was buzzing with thousands of suggestions…

“i’m confused, and i’m impulsive. i don't know what to say or when to say it, and i don't know what i want or how to get it.”

You snorted. “Dude, you're only 23. Give yourself a break.”

He chuckled. He supposed that was true.

“even so...i make things more difficult than they need to be, and i’m sorry for that.” He paused, then looked at you with a soft smile. “thanks for sticking around. i know i’m a real *bonehead* .”

You giggled, a hint of nervousness in your voice. “What are you even saying? You're like the Riddler over here.”

“i’m saying i don't have it figured out yet, but i’m working on it.” He said softly, adjusting so he could place his hand over yours gently. “wait for me?”

You stared at his hand over yours, several emotions flicking across your face at once, before you finally looked up at him.

“I'll wait the rest of my life if I have to,” you whispered, so quietly he wasn't entirely sure he'd heard correctly.

He chuckled, adjusting again to pull you in for a much-needed hug. A good hug. Not a together-hug, or a lover-hug, but a we’ll-get-through-this hug, he supposed, and as your arms wrapped around him, it just felt so *right* , for this moment…

“...i’ll try not to keep y’waiting *that* long, honey.”

Chapter End Notes

Featuring: Sierra Knows Best, Innuendo Red, Edge with feelings, Gentleman Green, Jealous Papyrus, and Character Development Stretch!

What do you think Nova wished for?

*Out of the Frying Pan

Chapter Summary

The boys are in heat and you're on your way out the door.

Chapter Notes

Alrighty!
Off on our adventure we go!
But first, check out my new(ish) tumblr: msmkcreates and my fanart tag!
Also my Nova themed moodboard!
If you have fanart or questions, I am now opening this tumblr up to accept them!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(xxx): Sans told me not to pack anything.

SexySkellie: wow, thanks, sans, naked nova for two whole weeks! ;)

(xxx): Haha! No, he says someone will be providing me clothes?

(xxx): but he also told me not to leave anything behind that I don't want ruined so I'm scared for the safety of my things.

SexySkellie: don't worry, sugar, magic cum is easy to wash out ;)

(xxx):....I'm gonna go ahead and pack up my blanket and my jewelry.

SexySkellie: am i gonna get to draw you like a french girl?

(xxx): You lech haha. Anyway, you almost ready? I can't wait to see you!

SexySkellie: leaving for the terminal in a few. bj is taking forever to pack all his ingredients.

SexySkellie: can't wait to see you, too, sugar ❤

SexySkellie: [1 image attached]

You smiled as you opened the image, seeing Pink had sent a selfie of him packing. He was wearing what looked like a hooded dress, a deep purple with the Batman symbol on the front, over his usual black jeans. His vibrant purple tongue was sticking out enough to reveal his tongue stud, and he

was winking and making a peace sign. It was the sort of adorable selfies you were used to seeing, though the others always seemed shocked when you told them they were PG selfies.

Speaking of the others…

“Pap, I gotta get up sometime.”

There was a rumbling whine from the accused skeleton, who made no move to get up, but rather wedged himself between you and Sierra even deeper. Sierra giggled and rolled off the edge, landing in a sleepy slump on the floor.

You had woken up like this, with Papyrus wrapped around you, smelling heavily of cinnamon and musk, bones warm nearly to the point of being too much. He can control himself, as evidenced by the fact that he wasn't doing anything but snuggling you, but it seemed like he might actually fall apart if you got up, and so you stayed even as Sierra hauled herself up off the floor to pad off to the bathroom.

“As long as I am here the others will leave you be,” he reasoned quietly. “Well. Except for Sans.”

“You just want to cuddle.”

“And what is so wrong about that?” He said suddenly, his body weight shifting just slightly until he was pinning you to the bed, one hand ghosting over your jaw as his teeth nipped your ear. “I love you so dearly, it’s difficult to resist any chance to show you.”

Ah, you're blushing. You squeeze his arm gently.

“...Love you, too, Papyrus.” You whisper, and it shudders through his body until he’s positively purring in your ear.

“You are so beautiful,” he sighed, and then he was kissing you, and it was intoxicating. You knew you should probably cut him off, but you really didn't want to stop him, especially not with the way his soul was buzzing, like white noise filling your head as he gently traced the curve of your waist with his fingertips, shuddering as you returned the gentle touch to the dips in his spine.

“Pap, you're hot,” you mumbled as the heat began to bead sweat underneath your nightgown.

“I know, I'm sorry,” he sighed, sliding off of you hesitantly. He clasped his hands in his lap as if to stop himself from reaching out again.

“Don't apologize,” you cooed, giving him three taps to the sternum. “I know you can't help it.”

And with that you were up for the day.

Papyrus helped you pick an outfit, an oversized sweater and your yoga pants from yesterday, and when Sierra emerged from the bathroom, she was sheepishly trying to cover a fresh hickey as G strolled out from behind her. When he looked at you, there was a familiar fire in his eyes you hadn't felt in months, and you quickly kicked him and Pap out of the room so Sierra could change.

Outside the door, you ran smack into Sans, which surprised you--not that he was right there, but rather that he hadn't just teleported into your room like Papyrus.

“gotta show some restraint or you won't let me take you to the airport,” he said, humor dry and pun-free. His hands stayed squarely in his pockets, but his sockets seemed desperate to hold you. “i suppose it’s too late to convince you not to go?”

“You're the one who said this is the only way I'll be safe,” you teased, and he smiled, though it was somewhat strained.

“i know. right-mind sans is an asshole.”

“No, he’s sweet. You are, too!” You scolded playfully, and he hummed at the compliment. He continued to follow you as you made your way down the stairs to the landing with everyone’s rooms. Blue’s door was closed, which was unusual this time of day, but as you passed it creaked open just slightly.

Sans’ tug on your sweater reminded you not to go inside, but you also didn't want to leave without saying goodbye to Blue, so you pushed the door open a tiny bit more.

“Blue? I'm going to be leaving in a bit, I wanted to say goodbye before I go.”

There was silence for a long moment, before a flash of blue caught you off-guard and you shrieked, falling backward into Sans’ arms, who made a noise of surprise and promptly dropped you.

You blinked up at the ceiling as Blue stuttered an apology, shaking hands helping you up from the floor until you were kneeling.

“Jeez, nice catch, Sans,” you grumbled, but he didn't respond. Looking up, you realized he had disappeared. “Sans?”

“HE PROBABLY WASN'T PREPARED FOR YOU TO TOUCH HIM,” Blue said, his voice shaking as he squeezed your hands. He was a good deal taller now that you were on your knees, so it wasn't hard for him to lean down and press his face against your hair. His sockets slid closed for a moment, and he inhaled deeply. “I...NOVA, CAN YOU COME IN? I HAVE SOMETHING I WANT TO SHOW YOU BEFORE YOU GO.”

“Oh, Blue...if I come in, you won't let me go.”

He looked at you guilty and nodded. “TH-THEN...CAN I HAVE A HUG?”

“Of course,” you cooed, opening your arms to accept his embrace. Beneath his black underarmor, you almost felt like he had actual muscles, and he squeezed you tightly.

“I love you, please stay safe,” he muttered in your ear.

“I will, I promise,” you whispered back, and after a long moment of him struggling to force himself off of you, he kissed your cheek and then darted back into his room, slamming the door. There was a series of clicks suggesting many locks being placed, before a lock on the outside slid itself into place. Serious measures...though with BJ coming, it was probably all Stretch’s doing.

Sans appeared in front of you as you turned to continue down the hall.

“sorry i ran off, you okay?”

“Fine. He gave me a hug and then locked himself in.” You cast a worried glance at the closed door. Was he going to be alright in there for two weeks? He's the most worrisome...all that magic in that tiny body…

Sans’ hand on your arm drew you back to look at him.

“he’ll be fine. we’ll all be fine. don't worry so much.”

“I can't help it. Worrying is what I do.”

His fingers curled gently around your wrist where they had landed, and he seemed very distracted by the contact. You just wanted to hug him, but you'd save that for later when you can escape via plane.

“me, too.” He mumbled. “worry. s’what i do.”

“SANS! NOVA! HURRY DOWN FOR BREAKFAST OR WE WILL BE LATE TO THE AIRPORT!”

Getting down the stairs to breakfast was difficult to maneuver, what with Edge clinging to you like a puppy. The living room doors were closed again, and when you tried to peek inside Stretch had appeared and lead you away. He tried not to touch you, but you remembered how clingy he was last time.

“It’s not weird,” you said, shoving him playfully as you walked together, Edge peeling off to slip through the living room doors. “You can cuddle me if that’s what--ah!”

With your words, he gathered you quickly in his arms, and from that moment you were inseparable. He didn't do anything except just...hold you. He didn't say much, but he ate the bites of fruit you offered over your shoulder.

Even if it was the heat, it was nice. For right now, there's no confusion or figuring out. He wants to hold you, so he does, and nobody said a word about it. He smells the same as always, honey and a sweet smoke with a hint of some sort of tree, and you find yourself leaning back into the cuddles a little more than you usually would.

“are ya all packed for your trip?” He mumbled against your shoulder, arms squeezing you absently as he not-so-subtly took in the scent of you.

“Mmm,” you nodded, swallowing your bite of waffles. “As much as I will be.”

“you know whatever you don't take probably won't last the two weeks, right?” He chuckled, tickling your neck with his warm breath.

“Ew. Just replace the things before I get home and I won't ever have to know,” you said, wrinkling your nose.

He laughed a little at that, of course, and then it was finally time to get up from the table, which took several minutes of convincing him to let you go first.

“Where's Edge?” You asked, looking around as you stretched out.

“probably in the living room with red,” Sans offered from his place in the doorway. He cut you off as you tried to follow his directions. “what're y’doin’?”

“I'm gonna go say bye to them?” You raised an eyebrow as Papyrus joined his side, a worried look on his face, and Stretch laughed behind you.

“probably not the best idea to go in there, doll.”

“What? Why not?” You huffed, crossing your arms. “Last time, Red and Edge were entirely harmless! All they wanted to do was cuddle!”

“yeah, but…” Sans trailed off, searching for the correct wording. Papyrus spoke up to fill the silence.

“How many times have you copulated with Red, my dear?”

You felt your face flush spectacularly. “Wh...what?”

“I'm assuming it is more than once?” Your best friend leveled a calculated stare on you that made you feel like he sees right through you...which, given the nature of your relationship, he kind of does. You nodded.

“Red has a very difficult heat ahead of him, filled with knowledge of how his desired mate feels and sounds.”

You swiveled around to see Green strolling into the kitchen, looking almost entirely unperturbed by his heat except for the ruffled pajamas he still wore. He served a small plate of breakfast as he spoke.

“What does that mean?” You asked, concerned that Red could be in more danger than you thought.

Green smiled wearily at you, crossing over to place a kiss on your forehead. “It means he will have a much harder time controlling himself. But do not worry...it also means his survival rate is much higher than the rest of us.”

“That is...definitely not helping,” you mumbled, leaning into his touch.

“But, although these three are worrying, it is still only the first day of his heat so there isn't any reason you can't go in there.”

The other three present glared at him, but Green didn't even notice as he pulled open the doors to the living room and gestured for you to follow, which you did eagerly.

The first thing you noticed was the intoxicating scent of cherries pervading the room, waving over you in a disorienting cloud. You were instantly relaxed, blinking slowly as you looked around the room.

Then you noticed the nest, just as big and comfy-looking as last time he had built it. You wondered where he might have gotten all those pillows and blankets, since you don't remember seeing them around before...maybe he has some sort of special nest-storage somewhere you don't know about?

You found yourself drawn to the pile as if by a magnet, despite the deep growl that escaped from Sans near the doorway. Green said something to him in a low voice, but you weren't really

listening.

“Red? Edge?” You whispered, feeling the urge to not break the still quiet of the room.

“My dove…” You whirled around as Edge’s hand closed over your wrist, his voice quieter than you had ever heard it as he pulled you close, cradling you as he moved swiftly to the couch to pin you there. “Human, it is dangerous in here, what are you doing?”

“I'm not scared of you,” you giggled as he nuzzled into your neck, his touches gentle and sweet.

A deep chuckle came from somewhere on your right, and Edge’s hold on you suddenly became much tighter, more protective as he shifted to put himself between you and Red’s voice.

“it ain't boss you should be scared of, kitten.”

Edge curled around you posessively, but it seemed it was all for show, because before you knew it you found yourself tumbling onto the soft pillows of the nest, followed shortly by Red’s purring form as he pressed you down into it, his crimson eyelights dancing with a mischievous glint as he trapped you with his body.

The delicious smell of cherries lingered in the heavy scent of a bonfire that you knew *very* well by now. It was as if the scent itself sent a signal straight to your heat, and you were already whimpering under his touch as he leaned down to lick your clavicle and all the way up to your ear.

“damn, kitten, you're already all excited. take it easy…” he purred, a rumbling thunderstorm above you as you responded to his voice. “i know i can't take ya now, and ohhh….i wanna do it anyway, so, *so badly* ...but for now let’s just *relax* …”

One of his fingers dragged down your middle, and when it reached the hem of your sweatshirt, he pushed it up so he could palm your breasts, his touch sending electricity through your body and making you squirm against him.

“i said relax, kitten. let daddy do the work.”

You blushed madly at that, and his deep chuckle revealed that he did not miss the way your heart hammered at the dirty talk. You had joked around with the word with Edge, obviously, but you had no idea you would actually find it *that* hot.

“ *red* .”

The growl was a warning, from somebody outside of your field of vision. Probably Sans, if your lust-addled brain was connecting things right.

“buzz off, asshole, this is my nest and i can do what i want.” Red growled back, looking down at you with a shark-like grin as he rolled his hips forward. “and *who* i want.”

You hardly had time to react before Sans was suddenly there, palm to Red’s sternum and magic crackling in his socket. The deep growl that escaped both their chests had your hair standing on end, but it seemed like whatever hierarchy was in place here finally caught up to Red because he ground his teeth and backed off, allowing Sans to pull you out from under him and back up against his chest.

“that's what i fucking thought,” Sans grumbled, arms tightening protectively around you as Red continued to avoid his eye, hand gripping your thigh with bruising force.

You blinked as the haze of lust cleared from your mind, and Red avoided your eye, too.

You have so many questions, but you think it might be best to save them for Green.

You tapped your necklace three times, and Red blinked down at his wrist, before finally smiling up at you sheepishly.

“you okay, sweetheart?” Sans asked, voice a little choked as he ran his hands over your arms.

“Are you?” You teased, and he huffed a little in annoyance, though his smile widened.

“i am... *just fine* ,” he breathed, and closed his eyes for a moment to take a deep breath. Then he shot a glare at Red, who scoffed and turned away, sulking.

Oof. You had to wonder what it would be like if you were staying...but you think a fight might break out, so you're glad you're leaving.

There was a commotion in the kitchen, and both Sans and Red exchanged a look.

“they took longer than expected,” Red grumbled.

“Who?”

“axe an’ dusty,” Sans growled, grip tightening on you just slightly. “which means that's our cue to go.”

“Wait--”

Sans’ hand twitched as he looked around the terminal, the other hand holding yours and drawing you closer protectively.

Hell, he didn't like this. He knew it was his idea and everything, but the idea of you leaving their neighborhood without him, let alone the *country*, made his magic boil.

He doesn't trust *people*. People have let him down more than once, and even though having you in a house full of horny skeletons isn't the best logical choice, in his heated state it seemed a lot better than letting you go right now.

“sugar!”

“Pink!”

Sans reluctantly released you to rush off and into the arms of your “favorite slut” (Pink's words) and he picked you up and spun you with an excited squeal, squeezing you.

“oh, my goodness, let me have a look at *you*,” he purred, stepping back and twirling you. “sugar, you look good enough to eat. a million bucks and more.”

“OH, SWEETNESS, YOU'VE BEEN DOING SOMETHING...NAUGHTY, HAVEN'T YOU?” BJ teased, running a hand through your hair as you blushed. “SOMEBODY IS A VERY HAPPY SKELETON, AREN'T THEY?”

Sans scoffed a little at their attention, and Papyrus nudged him with a warning eye.

Yeah. Don't start a fight. He gets it.

“smells like cherry,” Pink confirmed, taking a deep whiff of your hair as he nuzzled your neck. “an excellent choice...my favorite~”

“Shush…” you grumbled, whacking him weakly in the sternum. “Don't tease me.”

“oh, sugar...i have two weeks to *tease you*.”

Sans didn't even realize he had lunged forward until his brother’s arm met his sternum to stop him.

**dammit, control yourself!*

But he didn't want to. He wanted to lose control, he wanted to drag you off somewhere secluded and show everyone who you belonged to--

He let out a deep, ragged sigh, dragging his phalanges over his skull with a groan.

“I know it's difficult,” Papyrus muttered, his other hand up and covering his soul as he stared at you laughing with Pink and BJ. “We just have to remember what's best for her.”

“my dick,” Sans said before he could stop himself, and then, with a nervous chuckle: “heh...sorry. that's just the heat talkin’.”

“Sans, Pap!”

They both looked up at you as you padded back over to them, concern in your eyes.

“Uhm, my ticket doesn't have a flight number? And it just says ‘private' under the terminal and time?”

“Oh, do not worry, my dear,” Papyrus cooed, arm sliding around you with no hesitation. “You will know when your flight gets here and where it will be, I promise.”

“Really?” You asked, raising an incredulous eyebrow.

Sans snickered. “oh, yeah. can't miss it.”

As if on cue, the terminal suddenly burst into life, with people flocking to the windows as a bright pink jet pulled up alongside the building. Sans stifled a laugh at your wide-eyed stare as Mettaton burst from the doors of gate 5a, in usual Mettaton fashion, and began to make his way through the crowd towards you.

He was glad Mettaton was such an attention whore, because the robot was taking his sweet time getting to you, and though you were still starstruck, he had plenty of time to say goodbye.

You were startled out of your stupor by Papyrus, who swept you into a hug that would normally be much too tight, but at the moment felt just right. You buried your face in his scarf and wrapped your arms around him as he pressed kisses to your hair, muttering softly.

“Do not forget to test each morning, and each night. And take the supplements.”

“I know, I know,” you whispered back.

“And wear sunscreen,” he continued. “And do not jump off any cliffs, or follow strange people, or--”

You laughed, squeezing him tighter. “I know, I know!”

“I'm going to miss you,” he sighed, and you hummed in agreeance.

“me, too,” Sans said, and Papyrus backed away so you could face him instead. He hesitantly brushed your hair from your face, cupping your cheek. “be safe, alright? text me when you wake up. and before you go to bed. and, maybe at lunch. or if you see something really cool. or--”

“Sans.” You covered his hand with yours and mirrored his affection by reaching up to cradle his mandible. “I promise I will keep in contact.”

“...and that you’ll stay safe?” He murmured, scooting a little bit closer and leaning into your touch.

“I’ll do my best,” you teased.

He huffed, annoyed, but when your lips touched his cheekbone he relaxed, before dragging you into his arms to hold you tight. You squeezed him back, emotions choking you as anxiety welled in your stomach.

Over his shoulder you could see G clinging to Sierra, and Hasani with what you assumed was his mother, who was fussing about with his bags and looking flustered. BJ was hugging Pink affectionately, rattling off a list of souvenirs to remember, and the shorter skeleton was only laughing, even though you sensed apprehension in his eyes.

Sans didn't want to let you go, even when Mettaton finally made his way over to drag you onto his private jet, and you took a chance and kissed him before you went.

The feeling of his hands on your waist and the taste of his tongue still lingered even as Pink lightly took your hand and led you away, Papyrus keeping a tight grip on Sans’ hood as you disappeared into the plane behind Mettaton.

Your free hand fluttered to your chest as you settled in your seat, rubbing softly to try and soothe the ache you felt.

When you looked out the window, they were both waving out the windows, hands over their own souls as well.

...this was going to be a long, looooooooong trip.

Chapter End Notes

And off we go, though our hearts be full of longing and our stomachs full of anxiety.

*I'm Only One Call Away

Chapter Summary

It doesn't take long before you're calling home desperately.

Chapter Notes

Hey y'all!
There is a LOT to say! Firstly, I know I said I'd put this on the backburner until I had the whole vacay written, but I'm impatient and I used it as a bargaining chip...
...which brings me to my most exciting piece of news!!
SSiYC is getting an OFFICIAL COMIC!!! Check out the tumblr for some of the concept art and to drop them a line of encouragement!

Anyway, this chapter is being posted specifically because I used it to bribe Hex for that picture of Red *heavy breathing*

*Smut Warning: Masturbation

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“you okay in there, sugar?” Pink called through the door, knocking quietly. Soft groaning was his only answer, and he sighed, leaning back against the bathroom door for stability.

He hated flying, himself, but even he had never sped off to the bathroom after only a few minutes of motion. He was certain that by now you had nearly nothing left to throw up, and yet you just stayed in there, all miserable and refusing to open the door.

He made the executive decision and flicked his wrist, unlocking the door and stepping into the most lavish bathroom to ever grace an airplane, where you had curled up against the cabinets looking green.

“awww, you poor thing,” Pink cooed, coating his hands with healing magic to press against your clammy cheeks. You sighed and whimpered, and he scooted closer.

So it wasn't the motion, he concluded, but rather the sudden space between you and the others--you soul was practically sobbing, connections growing dull and morose as every mile passed. They made the right choice, sending him with you--if they hadn't sent anyone, you might have died from a broken heart, so to speak.

“It hurts,” you whimpered, and he shushed you gently as he adjusted to hold you, carding his fingers through your hair and leaving the tingle of healing magic behind with every stroke.

“i know, sugar. i’m here, so just relax.” he muttered reassuringly, and you hummed a little in agreement. “it only hurts because you've never been this far. remember that they will still be there when you get home...do you want to call someone?”

You nodded. “Papyrus...please.”

He nodded as he fished your phone out of your oversized sweatshirt, scrolling through until he found Papyrus’ contact. Luckily for everyone, this jet runs on magic, so cell phones won't interfere.

Before he could even hit the call button, the screen lit up with an incoming call from Papyrus himself. You practically snatched the phone from him, feeling his chuckle rumble against your back as you hit *answer* .

“Papyrus?” You squeaked.

“Nova…”

You sighed, feeling tension release in your shoulders, both from the sound of his voice as well as from Pink’s hands deftly massaging them.

“You feel it, too?”

“Like hot pokers in my chest,” you admitted, warmth blossoming in your breast.

“It’s almost unbearable...I miss you,” he said, voice shaking slightly.

“Miss you, too,” you agreed. “Since the moment I got on the plane. Is Sans there? And the others?”

“In their rooms...you probably shouldn't call unless you plan on saying dirty things to them.” He paused, seeming to consider for a moment. *“Well, you might be able to call Stretch with no problem. He is...self-medicating, if you will, so he is relatively normal.”*

“self-medicating,” Pink snorted. “does he mean toking, or letting bj take the edge off?”

“I don't think Edge would let BJ take anything off him,” you giggled, earning a chuckle from Pink.

“What?”

“Oh, no, sorry, I was talking to Pink. He’s helping me feel better since I chucked my lunch immediately after takeoff.”

“Oh, Starlight...did you…?” Take your vitamins, he wanted to say. You could practically hear it.

“Yeah, after I was done emptying my stomach.”

“Good...Good.” He sighed, and you heard shifting on the other end. He was a little breathless and bashful when he spoke again. *“I, er...I took a scarf from your wardrobe...I hope that is alright. I just needed to smell you, I know it’s strange.”*

“No, it’s okay, I get it, you can have it,” you reassured him, locking fingers with one of Pink’s hands comfortingly. “I'm sure you weren't the only one who took something, either.”

“The pillows were gone already when I got there,” he snickered. You smiled, knowing they had probably ended up somewhere in one of Red’s nests.

“I'm not at all surprised.”

“i am,” Pink interjected. “surprised they hadn't stripped the room bare, that is.”

“Yes, well, Sans is...puppyguarding the room.” Papyrus explained. *“He almost didn't let **me** in. I think it’s an alpha thing.”*

Sans is trying to protect your stuff? Aww...even if he's only doing it as a display of dominance, that’s really sweet.

There was a crash in the background, and Papyrus was silent for a moment. Then:

“Shoot...I have to go, my dear, I...hearing your voice was lovely. It soothed my ache and I cannot wait for all of this to be over so you can come home.”

“Me, too,” you said, blinking away tears. You wanted nothing more than to be home with them all right now.

“How much of the flight is left?”

You looked at Pink, who held up four fingers.

“Ugh. Four hours.” You made a face, even though he couldn't see it.

“Okay...alright. I will expect a call when you land in four hours then, yes? I love you!” He made a ‘MUAH' noise on the other end and you giggled. *“I know you love me, too. I will talk to you later, my starshine!”*

“Bye, Pap,” you sighed, reluctant to hang up. The click was soft and you didn't realize you were still holding the phone up until Pink pushed your hand down gently.

He kissed your shoulder affectionately. “it’s only two weeks, sugar, we’ll be alright. wanna call somebody else?”

You shook your head. “No, I think I'm okay, I...I'm kinda hungry now.”

“well, you're in luck, sugar, because this place is loaded with snackage,” he chuckled, hefting you easily to your feet. “and if you get sick again, at least this time it’ll be glittery!”

You immediately missed his weight against your back as he pulled away to open the door, straightening the hem of his sleeveless Batman hoodie as he went.

You hope this ache goes away.

Papyrus sighed as he left the phone fall unhindered against the mattress, not even bothering to pick up the lamp he had knocked over in his attempt to grab the scarf he had mentioned.

He was quick to bury his face in it, his free hand already loosing his strained magic from his pajama pants.

He hated feeling this way, normally. Every other heat he had begrudgingly done what he needed to, feeling strange at the end of it...but this time, this time was better...no, just different. Definitely more uncontrollable than before--tendrils of magic surrounded him, the true culprit of the broken lamp, and only more of them had summoned themselves from the sound of your melodic voice. They had set to work caressing him, teasing him as he had talked to you, and they felt nearly as good as your touch.

His magic was a pleasant buzz against his hand as he groaned into the scarf, imagining what you must feel like.

Slow strokes teased him as he inhaled, imagining the scent wafting from your hair, imagining the shape of your lips when you whispered “I love you” against his soul, and he wanted nothing more than that feeling again--your shuddering breath played on repeat against the very fibre of his being, and he was so drunk on the memory that he didn't even care how loud he was being.

“Oh, my Starshine,” he groaned as the tendrils mimicked your hand, replacing his own. “I love you, ah! I love you...so much.”

Your scent still lingered in his nose, and the scarf very quickly made its way to his urgent need. Soft, like your hair, like the skin of your cheeks. He took a deep, broken whimper of a breath.

“Forgive me, my dear,” he sighed, unable to keep from moving his shaft against the fabric. He tried to convince himself it was okay, after all, even you had said so. “You make me...so strange...I completely lose my head for you…”

He cried out, swearing he could feel your lips against his cheekbone, your hands in his, and with that, his seed spilled onto the sheets, luminescent clementine against the pristine white, and across the soft lilac of your scarf.

Normally, this was the part where he would feel dirty, yet satisfied.

This time, he realized he wasn't satisfied at all, but he felt...elated. Buzzing.

He can't wait to have you home and see if your hands really do feel that good, or if they feel better.

(xxx): Brazil is very hot.

SANSational: i take it you've landed?

(xxx): Yup, safe on solid ground once more, thank God.

THEGREATPAPYRUS: DO NOT FRET! METTATON SAID HE WOULD HAVE APPROPRIATE WEAR FOR ANY WEATHER!

(xxx): I don't think ‘appropriate' is even in his vocabulary.

RedFlag: pics. pics or it didn't happen.

Honey: do not send him pics. he’ll ruin his phone and i for one don't want to have to buy another one for him on this plan...again.

SugarDaddy: I AM GLAD YOU ARE SAFE! I WAS TERRIBLY WORRIED!

(xxx): Aww...thanks Edge (:

You sighed as you watched their banter die out, with still no word from Blue. You couldn't help but worry...he had seemed so pained when you left.

You dumped your bag on the hotel bed, flopping down on the soft, MTT INTERNATIONAL brand comforter, eyes fluttering shut nearly immediately. It had been absolutely exhausting getting here from the plane...apparently Brazil is really into foreigners, not to mention monsters, and especially not to mention world-famous triple-threat robots, and you hadn't been able to go faster than just a few feet at a time. It had taken three hours just to get to the hotel, grab some food (which you didn't eat, since you were afraid of the sparkle-vomit Pink mentioned) and filter off towards your rooms.

You had been the first to retire, and Hasani had walked you up politely. There were three guest bedrooms in Mettaton's Penthouse suite, so you were sharing with Sierra...but Sierra was too busy staring out the huge windows and chattering excitedly about the plans for the evening to put her things away, so you had a precious moment of silence.

Ding!

Well, relative silence.

You picked up your phone just as it started to go wild with text messages, all from Stretch. Opening the conversation, you found that he had sent a snapchat, promptly followed by sixteen messages begging you not to watch it.

Honey: wait no

Honey: don't watch that

Honey: please don't watch that

Honey: it seemed like a good idea at the time plfease don't watch it

Honey: *please

Honey: please

Honey: put the phone down

Honey: just ignore it

Honey: video? i didnt send u a video what

And so on, and continuing on until you responded.

(xxx): You do realize that it only makes me want to watch it more?

Honey: .....please?

(xxx): .....I'm watching it.

Ignoring his next pitiful plea, you promptly scrolled up and opened the video.

The first thing you noticed was the music, loud and pumping, like something you'd hear in a club, even though it was clearly his room. He came into the frame, a magic cig in his teeth making smoke dance around him in intricate patterns. You would guess from the general smoky atmosphere and how relaxed he looks that he really was self-medicating his heat.

I like to get my fuckin' fade on

I'm feelin' sexy alright

The haters tryna get their hate on

I'm too damn sexy alright

...holy crap. Is he dancing?! He isn't half bad, but it's incredibly hilarious to you, since it's so obviously a highdea.

Up in the club like "What's Up?"
Got a little money, I'mma run a muck
Dudes look at me like "He's drunk"
Girls look at me look at me like "That's what's up"
Girl you're a dime, I'm a diamond
I'm diggin' that ass like I'm minin'
Dime sack hidden in my beat up truck
Watch my back as I roll this blunt

The smoke is a good effect for this song, and you have to admit that his little hip shimmy has your breath catching. He still has you in the palm of his hand, even now. You had never heard this song before, but it was as hilarious as it was catchy, and he alternated between making silly faces and dancing seriously, and while most of the time you were laughing, there were definitely several times where you were blushing extremely hard.

I like my woman all shapes and size

Big ol' booty make my eye grow wide

She like big dick yet she cannot lie

Sir Dick's-a-lot now I'm your's for the night

Yeah we're sip, sip, sippin' on some bubbly bubbly

Now she lick, lick, lickin' on my chubby, lovely--

You gasped and pressed the phone against your chest, unsure of what you just saw and also unsure if you want to replay the snap to check, but you were fairly certain you saw a flash of honeyed orange coming from the band of his shorts. You checked the text messages he'd continued sending, only to confirm what you saw.

Honey: i'm sorry

Honey: that was wrong of me i shouldn't have sent you that without asking

Honey: can u see why i didn't want you to watch it?

Honey: i know we aren't okay just yet and i really don't wanna fuck this up so please call me so i can apologize properly

Honey: please

Honey: please please please

(xxx): Dude. Relax.

Honey: i haven't smoked nearly enough to relax about snapchatting u my dick

(xxx): It's fine, I didn't see anything, you're in heat so it's okay

Honey: .....you're sure?

(xxx): I'm sure.

Honey: ...can you call me anyway?

You paused, fingers hovering over the video chat function. If you called, what would you talk about?

...should you replay the snap?

You shook your head, shaking away the thought. No, no matter how curious you were, it wasn't a good idea. He's just in heat right now, so it doesn't mean anything…

You hit the *SEND* button before you could think.

It only rang once.

“shit, hold on--”

There's utter darkness on the other end for a moment, but you can hear him fumbling for the light, and with a slight *click* the room came into focus, followed shortly by his face, which seemed as relieved to see you as you were to see him.

“...hey. looks like you made it in one piece, huh?” He chuckled, the camera shaking slightly as he leaned back against what looked to be his headboard.

“Yup, still me. Most of me, anyway,” you sighed, palming your aching chest. “Pretty sure I left my heart back in Ebott with you guys.”

“nah...musta lost it somewhere in between, else it wouldn't hurt this much on my end,” he said softly, tapping his sternum. *“...i miss you.”*

“How high are you right now?” You teased, also legitimately worried. He might be fucking with you again, like the last few times he got high.

He inhaled, looking hurt, and then sighed. *“not very. high c.b.d., low t.h.c.”*

“English?” You smiled despite yourself, and he returned it with a small smile himself.

“means it’s high dosage medicinally, but low on the buzz...just wanted to be myself this time i guess.” He took another drag of his cig, and the smoke curled around his head. It was quite mesmerizing, actually…

“Well, the last few times didn't go so well,” you snorted. He chuckled, in a self-deprecating sort of way.

“yeah...they really didn't,” he sighed, rubbing his socket tiredly.

“...I miss you, too,” you said quietly, realizing you never said it back. “And I mean more than just now...I meant all that stuff I said in the garden.”

He looked away just enough to hide part of his face in shadow, but there was an unmistakable sniffle that betrayed his emotion, and he swiped at his eyes again.

“i know, i…” he paused and chuckled a bit again, shaking his head. *“i fucked everything up. i’m sorry.”*

You bit your lip, wanting to say reassuring things, but he really did fuck everything up, and the apology was really nice, even if it was just two words over the phone while he’s high.

He noticed your silence, but seemed to accept it. He really looked awful, you can't help but think...you wonder if you look as bad as him, but the reality is you probably look fine--you've been taking in a ton of extra magic, both from Papyrus’ transfusions and from...Red.

You reach up absently and press your fingertips against the smooth glass heart at your throat, not for the first time since you left the house. You felt the reassuring tingle of his touch right back.

“are you seeing eridanus tonight?”

You shook your head. “Nah. They booked it for tomorrow because they knew I'd be tired from the flight.”

Tap, tap, tap…

Tap, tap, tap…

Red is saying he loves you, too. You wish he was here...you wish they all were here.

“...I honestly don't know how I’ll even sleep without you guys around,” you sighed, dropping your hand. “I don't think I can make it two whole weeks…”

“i know the feeling...i can help?” Stretch offered, adjusting until you could see his head hit the pillows, snuggling in and fiddling with the kickstand on his phone until it was facing him without holding it. He drew his pillow in close, wait, scratch that, it’s actually your pillow...you decided not to mention it, because you really wished you had something like that of his, and you found yourself thinking he looked really cute that way.

“i mean...if you want me to, i...i could sing something?”

...too cute.

You're too damn cute. He can hardly focus on the conversation, he's too busy reminding himself not to cry, not to tell you how much he loves you and beg you to forgive him...it’s not a conversation to have on the phone. He should have done it properly before you left.

How fucked up is he, to make you look so heartbroken? He wants so badly to kiss you and hold you and…

...he’s always been emotional during his heats. He's hiding his face as you tell him you miss him, as you silently affirm that he fucked everything up.

He fucked everything up…

But you say you can't sleep, and heck...that’s a problem he might be able to help with.

“i could sing something?” He offered hesitantly, fully aware of the honeyed blush across his cheekbones.

He expected you to refuse, but you smiled softly instead. *“I'd actually, uh...really like that.”*

Shot through the heart…

“wait, really?”

“Yeah. I mean...I think it would help. Hold on, let me get comfortable.”

He watched as you abandoned the phone against the MTT comforter, and listened as you unzipped your suitcase. He couldn't see you, but he knew you were probably changing into pajamas, and the

thought of you changing made his head spin and his magic throb, reminding him that no matter how much he smoked, he was still in heat.

He pulled your pillow closer to his face, glad you hadn't noticed it was yours, and inhaled deeply, thinking about the way you felt against him in that abandoned timeline…

His soul ached from the memory of your fingers against his neck, your lips against his teeth, the feeling of you pressed against him...

But it didn't even compare when you came back, and promptly gave him a metaphorical heart attack.

He fumbled the phone slightly, turning it away to collect himself for a moment.

You were wearing that nightgown. The one from Christmas morning, when you had almost...damn, his soul ached even harder, and he rubbed away the tears before they could form, trying to suck it up.

"Stretch?" You sounded worried, so he picked the phone back up.

"i'm still here," he breathed, the relieved smile on your face soothing the ache in his soul just a little bit. "sorry, i uh, dropped the phone on accident."

Your sweet little giggle sounded like music to him...shit, he has to think of something to sing to you now.

Your phone jostled as you got settled under the blankets, and finally you appeared to prop it up, your hair splayed across the softest looking pillow he's ever seen, a shy blush dusting your cheeks.

He knew what to sing. He hoped you would like it.

"the best thing 'bout tonight is we're not fighting," he started, smirking at your tiny little appreciative giggle. He dared to look over at you again, and he could swear it felt like you were laying next to him. *"could it be that we have been this way before?"*

Your eyes sparkled as he hesitated, checking for approval...he snuggled deeper into your pillow, watching you from one heavy-lidded socket.

"i know you don't think that i am trying...

i know you're wearing thin down to the core.

but hold your breath…

because tonight will be the night that i will fall for you,

over again,

don't make me change my mind…

or i won't live to see another day

i swear it's true

because a girl like you is impossible to find

you're impossible to find…"

You are so beautiful to him, even tired from your flight and still feeling ill from whatever virus you had. You were paler than usual, and yet it was such a gentle difference that he wouldn't even notice if he didn't love you so much.

It's because he loves you that he can't control his damn temper. Or his jealousy...but it isn't your fault he sucks at being in love.

"this is not what i intended

i always swore to you i'd never fall apart

you always thought that i was stronger

i may have failed...

...but i have loved you from the start…"

God, the way you lit up when he sang that bit, so happy but with so much pain and reservation behind your eyes...wondering if he means it. This was truly a song built for you, he could feel it in the way it fell from between his teeth so eagerly. He reached out and touched the screen gently, wishing for the millionth time that you were actually here next to him.

"oh, but hold your breath

because tonight will be the night that i will fall for you,

over again

don't make me change my mind...

i won't live to see another day

i swear it's true

because a girl like you is impossible to find...

...it's impossible to find."

He paused, staring into your eyes, watching your hand inch closer to the screen as if to be closer to him, too...your eyes fluttered closed, blush deepening as if trying to pretend you're falling asleep.

He continued with such fervor that he even startled himself.

“so breathe in so deep,

breathe me in,

i’m yours to keep...

and hold onto your words

'cause talk is cheap

...and remember me tonight when you're asleep…”

Please think of him. Dream of him. He'll be dreaming of you, that’s for sure, and maybe you can meet there...in a place where it all went right, and there's none of this hesitance between you.

“...because tonight will be the night that i will fall for you...

...over again...

don't make me change my mind.

i won't live to see another day

i swear it's true

because a girl like you is impossible to find…”

He can feel himself choking up, and there's quiet shuffling on your end as you hide your face just a little...

“...tonight will be the night that i will fall for you

over again

don't make me change my mind

i won't live to see another day

i swear it's true...

because a girl like you is impossible to find...

...you're impossible to find…”

The last bit comes out so quietly he isn't even sure you heard it, and hell, he's fighting back tears. Stupid heat. Stupid jealousy. Stupid weed…

...stupid Stretch.

It's all his fault, every last bit of it, and yeah, he has the right to be upset but he never should have spoken to you the way he did. He never should have gotten so upset about you and Red...Red was right, everybody knew the score, and even if he didn't know if he wanted to be part of the big picture, dammit, he wanted to try…

...because not being with you hurts so much worse. It's like a knife in his chest, and every time he doesn't reach out to you, every missed connection, every unspoken apology twisted it deeper into him.

"Are you crying?"

He chuckled a little, blinking away the tears.

"nah."

You giggled, a tiny little hiccup following it as your voice wavered. *"Good, neither am I."*

You're both lying, and you both know it. God, what he wouldn't give to be able to hold you right now.

"...i have a lot to say to you when you get home," he whispered. "please don't be late."

Another tired giggle and a sniffle. *"Believe me, I'm gonna be running home at top speed the second we land."*

"maybe i'll run, too, and i can meet you halfway," he laughed, resisting the urge to hug the phone. "i'll be the one with the big hand-painted sign that says 'the one that got away' so you can't miss me."

"Shut up, you're so high right now," you teased, rolling your eyes.

"hey, it's a lot better than my other high-deas, ain't it?"

"I dunno, the singing was a good one," you admitted. *"I think I can sleep now...I'm suddenly exhausted."*

Emotionally, he's sure. He can feel his sockets getting heavier, too.

"yeah, me, too."

"I'll let you know how Eridanus is, okay?"

"yeah, 'course. sweet dreams, honey."

"Good night, Stretch."

The way you sighed his name lingered even as your visage disappeared, replaced with the home screen of his phone and the flashing "CALL ENDED" icon.

He closed his eyes with a sigh, tears still heavy in his sockets as he pulled the phone close to his aching chest.

“...i love you, nova,” he muttered to the empty room.

Chapter End Notes

Songs are War Child by Hollywood Undead and Fall For You by Secondhand Serenade
Whew. Emooootional!
I corrupted the Cinnabunny and I'm not sorry!
Writing for Stretch is so easy in this story, but every other story it's so difficult.
Drop by my tumblr to ask the characters questions, or to read their previous answers, or ask me questions/send me your comments, or to check out my imagines or my Accidental Dating Sim where you can date a skellie!

The Best You Had

Chapter Summary

> He loved you like the sunshine, and when the moon rose in your place he wasn't able to bring himself to bask in it's light.

Chapter Notes

> So this was an unexpected chapter that I just decided to finish on a whim. I was going to go somewhere else with this next chapter but this seemed an appropriate time to slide some backstory and self-reflection in there.
> If you want to support me, please visit my Tumblr for more info, as well as some fun headcanons and discussions about my works!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stretch cracked one eye open blearily, slowly observing the bed next to him was empty.

With a great sigh, he heaved himself over to your side and flopped into your pillow, taking in your scent deeply with a frustrated groan.

“Don't be a baby, you know I have to work early today,” you scoffed from where you were up and tying your apron on.

“i know, i just don't care,” he huffed sleepily, curling around your pillow almost petulantly. “you always take extra shifts on my day off.”

“Because every day is your day off, Mr. Super-Successful-Writer-Slash-Musician that lives off royalties,” you teased, sweeping your long hair into your usual messy bun. You flounced over to give him a quick kiss on the cheek, and he took the opportunity to snag you by the waist, tossing you down on the bed beside him and rolling to trap you beneath him.

“exactly,” he purred, enjoying your exasperated smile that failed to hide your true amusement. “so you don't need to work at muffet’s so much, huh? stay home with meeeeee…”

“Papy, I can't,” you giggled as he nipped at your neck, playfully pretending to push him off.

“and why not? i make more than enough, and between me and sans’ royal guard gig, you don't need to work.”

“But I--”

“you *want* to work, i know, honey,” he sighed, trailing kisses over your neck and clavicle, admiring your form in the cutesy maid-style waitress outfit. “an’ i respect that, but...full time? overtime? extra shifts? you're always exhausted, and it’s not necessary. m’worried about you, gorgeous.”

He leaned back slightly so you could meet his worried gaze, and he saw you soften underneath it. He was always good at the puppy dog eyes.

“...Maybe I can talk to Muffet about being part time and on-call instead,” you conceded, a small smile on your lips as you gripped the front of his tank top. *“Maybe.* You know I don't like to depend on you guys so much financially.”

“honey, let’s be real. this nest egg of yours, isn't it a little silly now?” He asked, raising a brow. “c’mon. why does it always seem like you're ready to pack up and run? anyone but me would probably be offended.”

You pursed your lips, averting your eyes guiltily. This was a conversation you'd had before--the fact that you always wanted to be so self-sufficient, even at the risk of your health, and how you never leaned on him as a partner. He admired your heart and your work ethic, he really did...but you've been together for two years now, living together for one. There's no reason you can't share a phone plan, or a car payment. You shouldn't feel like you have to do everything yourself.

“I just...it pays to be prepared,” you mumbled. He rolled his eyelights.

“prepared for *what?”* He asked seriously, gently cupping your face to make you look up at him. “nothing bad is gonna happen to me or sans. i’m *not* going to leave you, or kick you out. we wouldn't even be hurtin’ if we threw a baby into the mix, hell, make it *two* babies.”

“We are *not* having babies right now,” you giggled, punching him in the sternum. “God, you're such a dork.”

“and why *not* , though?” He grinned, running a finger down your collarbone to dip beneath the neck of your cute little button-up. “c’mon, doll, call out and we can start right now--”

He punctuated this with a soft kiss on your cheek.

“or we can go to the park--” he mumbled against your lips, then down to your jaw. “--and harass sans on his rounds, or feed the ducks--” You moved to give him better access to your neck, your fingers happily caressing his shoulders and arms as his hands slid slowly up your skirt, teasingly, trying to convince you. “--or we can just sit here and catch up on stranger things and make out like a couple of teenagers. what’s so bad about that? what’s so bad about buying a house together, or getting a phone plan that includes all three of us?”

“Sweetie…” you sigh, noncommittal in your response and tensing up beneath his fingertips.

“marry me,” he said suddenly, and when you stared at him in shocked silence, he continued. “i'm serious. you don't want to?”

“...no, I really do…” you said hesitantly.

“then what's the *problem?”* He asked, pushing you a bit harder but still trying to keep his tone light and disarming. “honey, let’s be *together* . let’s flip off those asshole monster-haters across the street

while we take wedding photos in the yard. let’s buy a bigger house with both our names, with a huge backyard for all three of us and more.”

“I want to,” you sighed, looking a little bit sad. “...but one day you'll love somebody more than you love me, okay?”

He stopped short, propping himself on his elbows on either side of your head to level a concerned look at you. “what? what makes you think that?”

“You know what makes me think that.”

He frowned, unwilling to take your strange, unexplained futuresight at face value. “honey, you know your visions aren't always accurate.”

“Well, this one is,” you insisted, pushing him gently off of you until you're laying side-by-side instead. “It’s different. It isn't fuzzy. It’s clear as if I'm experiencing it right now. There's a girl, and she's me but she's better, or she's more me, or...anyway, you'll love her so much that it hurts. With all of your heart.”

“you, but better?” he chuckled, shaking his head as he dragged you closer to him. “honey, every version of ourselves in the future is just ‘us, but better’. if you're sayin’ i’ll just keep lovin’ you more and more, then i can't see the bad there.”

You hummed thoughtfully, eyes searching him for a hint of a lie...and finding none, you sighed. “...maybe. I mean, I guess that could be it. But if it isn't, then I just...I feel bad, because the longer we spend together, the more attached you get to me...I feel like it makes her sad. Like it makes it harder for you to let me go, and make her happy. I'm just…”

There were tears building in your eyes, and he reached up to brush them away gently.

You whimpered and snuggled into him. “Sorry. I'm just so selfish.”

“what do you even mean?” He chuckled, mussing up your bun so he could run his fingers through your hair. “you're not selfish for enjoying life with the one you love. your visions are just dreams sometimes, no matter how vivid.”

“I'm selfish because the more I love you, and the more you love me, the more it will hurt when I'm gone and you're trying to love her,” you mumbled, and he shushed you.

“that's enough of that,” he cooed softly, admiring the way the morning light hit your hair. “you spend too much time worrying about the future, you never think about the present. forget about all that stuff and just tell me--do you love me? right now?”

“You know I do,” you said quietly, leaning your forehead against his gently. He pressed back just enough to reciprocate.

“and right now, i love *you* . and right now, i want *you* to call out of work so i can convince you of how much i love you. no mysterious future, no what ifs, ands, or buts, just you, and me, and right now. okay, honey?”

You hummed a little, and smiled. “...Okay. I think I can do that.”

~~*Whose dream is this?*~~

Stretch pulled the last box from the moving truck.

KITCHEN THINGS. FRAGILE. THIS MEANS YOU, PAPY!

He chuckled at his brother's handwriting scrawled along the top, heaving the box effortlessly onto one shoulder despite its weight. He waved nonchalantly at Undyne in the driver's seat, signaling it was alright to return the truck now, and walked the box inside, picking past various garage boxes and lawn care items as he went.

"IS THAT THE PLATES?" Blue asked as he set it on the counter in their new kitchen.

"i think so?" He shrugged, flipping the top open. "hm. bowls."

Blue huffed a little sigh. "I GUESS WE CAN HAVE BURRITO *BOWLS* SINCE I CAN'T FIND THE PLATES…"

" *or,* we could order pizza since we've all worked super hard and you shouldn't have to cook," Stretch offered, patting his brother's head and making Blue chuckle.

"I GUESS SO...GO ASK HONEY WHAT SHE WANTS? THEN I CAN ORDER FROM THAT PLACE DOWNTOWN SHE LIKES!"

He smiled, enjoying how Blue had picked up calling you Honey as well. It was cute, like a little inside joke just for the three of you.

He wandered down the hall, peeking into the bedroom you had claimed as yours and his, but you weren't there. He snorted at the tornado of clothing that looked half-unpacked, as if you got bored halfway through hanging things.

He peeked into Blue's room, remembering you had wanted to paint it before moving any of his stuff in...well, the starry night mural above the bed was certainly gorgeous, but you weren't there, either.

There's a few more rooms--his study, Blue's home gym, your studio...ah, he can hear music coming from the stairs to the loft.

He climbs the ladder quietly and stops at the top, folding his arms and resting his head on them with a smirk, listening to you fiddle with his favorite guitar, before a real tune starts to play.

"Merrily we fall
Out of line, out of line
I'd fall anywhere with you
I'm by your side

Swinging in the rain
Humming melodies
We're not going anywhere until we freeze

I’m not afraid, anymore
I’m not afraid

Forever is a long time
But I wouldn't mind spending it by your side…”

You missed a chord and struck a sour note, swearing softly, and he stifled a chuckle as he swung himself up fully to slide across the hardwood next to you.

“melody’s a bit fickle today, huh?” He asked, making you jump a bit and smile nervously. “probably mad we stuck ‘er in the bag for the drive.”

“Or, more likely, I'm just out of practice,” you snickered, leaning to accept his kiss to your temple. “You weren't supposed to hear that yet, doofus.”

“why? you writing it for me?” He teased, and you blushed and dropped your head, hair falling around your face like a curtain. “wait, wait, really? it’s for me? aw, honey, you have to play it now.”

“But it isn’t finished!” You protested, giggling as he slid behind you, nuzzling your shoulder.

“don’t care, too curious,” he mumbled, kissing your bare shoulder where your cardigan had fallen slightly for that rolled-outta-bed look you always rocked. “come on, don’t make me bribe you with smooches~”

“Well now you put it in my head, so I want smooches,” you teased, turning your head to catch his kiss over your shoulder. You hummed into it, pleased...and when he pulled away, all too soon, you followed shortly with a whine.

“the embargo is paid. now play,” he nudged you, bending to rest his head on your shoulder.

“Fine, fine!”

You fiddled with it for a moment, before picking up on the missed chord and continuing.

“Carefully we'll place for our destiny
You came and you took this heart, and set it free
Every word you write or sing is so warm to me, so warm to me
I’m torn, I’m torn to be right where you are…”

He felt his breath catch just short of a sob, the resonation from your soul falling over him in dizzying waves. He could feel your love, your trust...and how much you want to spend forever with him, come what may.

“I’m not afraid, anymore
I’m not afraid...
Forever is a long time
But I wouldn't mind spending it by your side
Tell me everyday I get to wake up to that smile

I wouldn't mind it at all
I wouldn't mind it at all…"

Your hands stilled, cutting it off short with a little self-deprecating laugh. "I uh...don't know how to finish it."

"who cares?" He said breathlessly, trailing soft kisses on your neck, your shoulder, your nape, squeezing you tightly. "it's perfect...you're perfect. do you really mean all of it?"

"...Yeah, I really do," you sighed quietly, leaning your head to the side to allow him to nip gently at your neck, a tiny moan escaping in a whimper.

"good," he whispered, gently removing Melody from your grasp and setting it to the side in the guitar cradle. "think we can get a quickie in before blue comes looking for us?"

"Depends. Are you supposed to be asking me something for him or did you just wander off?"

He hums, annoyed, then continues to slide his hands over your body anyway. "...still think we can make it."

"You're so bad," you giggled, turning in his lap to straddle him, taking his breath away with a fiery kiss that knocked you both to the floor.

He loves you so much, he thought as he rolled to pin you to the hardwood, tugging your yoga pants over your hips distractedly as your perfect lips danced across his teeth, his jaw, his neck...perfect lips, perfect hands, perfect kiss, just...you're...

...perfect.

~~*But perfection didn't last.*~~

It's a nightmare.

He's sure of it.

He'll wake up any second now, and it will all be over. You'll be in his arms, all bedhead and smiles as you kiss away his tears.

There won't be any suffocating necktie that Blue picked out. There won't be any somber condolences from friends. There won't be any need for the speech he's holding in his numb hands, or the ten pounds of frozen lasagna that Asgore made for them.

There won't be boxes with your name on them, stacking higher by the day, and there'll be music in the halls again, music that doesn't sound like the end of the world, music that makes him smile and makes you laugh and makes Blue sing along. There'll be Saturday morning pancakes drizzled with clover honey and strawberries, and he'll take you to the farmer's market--

"Papy…"

He looked up in surprise to see Blue standing next to his seat, worry and a deep sense of mourning in his features.

“Papy, if you can't make your speech then...I can say something instead,” Blue offered, reaching out to straighten Stretch’s tie and smooth the lapel of his black coat. “Or we can...we can just go home if you need to.”

There's no happy music or pancakes.

There's no you.

He doesn't answer, but Blue seems to understand him anyway. “I’ll start the car and come get you, okay?”

He nodded slowly, hand gripping his speech just a little bit tighter. He knew that everybody was here for his sake, to offer their condolences and try to ease the sting…

...but it only made it worse. His chest felt so empty, just completely hollow without the warmth of your mark. He supposed he was lucky you weren't bonded or Blue would be mourning two loved ones right now...but he can't say that not dying with you was a good thing, not when it felt like a huge piece of him was missing.

He had already begged Chara to LOAD or RESET, but it appears the power was no longer with them, and so he was stuck, with your blood on his hands, having to live with the fact that he couldn't save you. That if he had just gone and picked you up from work that day, you might still be here.

“Promise me...promise that, with all your heart...you’ll love…”

The tears stained the paper as he doubled over, squeezing his sockets against the visage of you in his arms. He could still hear your last words, the way you never got to say the last few words.

“always,” he sobbed, burying his face in his hands. “i’ll love you with all my heart forever, so please...don’t leave me like this…”

~~*But I didn't mean me*~~

You were so soft as you sighed and curled farther into him, and his chest…

...it *ached.*

He hadn't imagined that having you so close would hurt so much, hadn't even thought about it when he had rescued you from Red’s room and patched you up. But it did, it took the spaces Honey had left and it filled them to bursting, and he wanted to weep with relief and fear.

He'd been flirting with you since the day you met, and though you hadn't been here long he knew that you weren't just any girl. You looked so much like her, felt so much like her...cradling you like this was like cradling a dream or a memory, and it felt so...overwhelming.

Who are you? Are you really just Sans’ version of Honey? If so, is it normal for him to feel this way for you? Is it alright for you to take his broken soul and just...pour life back into it, so casually? And all that stuff about your family...it’s so different than anything he had ever heard from Honey and it hurt to hear the pain in your voice, the fear when you asked him to keep quiet.

He pulled you closer, eyelids growing heavy with the familiar weight of you against him. He had missed this so much, and even though you aren't the same person, there's just something about you that feels like home.

When he stirs a little later, and you promise not to leave his side, he finds himself speaking in Wingdings sleepily…

“and i’d choose you...in a hundred lifetimes, in a hundred worlds, in any version of reality...i’d find you and i’d choose you.”

Would you?

...

...

Prove it.

...

...

Make your choice.

You in the kitchen, smiling so sweetly as you made his tea. ***You always were the best at that, even back then.***

You tearing up as he tells you he lied about loving you. ***He never deserved you in the first place.***

The guitar in your lap and your sweet voice as you sang a song just for him. ***How can he let you go?***

You sobbing, having thought he was dead. ***Your soul was breaking from the very thought.***

You in your Muffet’s uniform, teasing him as he offers to leave you a hefty tip. ***This is the past.***

A gentle kiss on the cheekbone, a sway of the hips, a little infectious giggle and the sound of you crying his name in the green room, so sweet and perfect and blissful. ***This is the future.***

...

Make

…….your

……...C H O I C E.

~~*...the choice is obvious...isn’t it?*~~

Stretch jolted awake, flailing and falling out of bed and smack onto the carpet, knocking the air out of his chest with a wheeze.

He blinked and groaned, pushing up on his elbows. His heat shivered through his body like a snake, making him shudder as he realized his high had worn off while sleeping.

That would explain the weird dreams...he hardly ever dreams of you like that, the you from his world, but his emotions always run high during his heat.

He groaned again, pulling himself back onto the bed as said emotions swirled in his chest, reminding him of the overall theme of his dreams:

The you from his world, and the possibility that he could have her back? Or you, just the way you are, despite the sheer amount of personality overhaul he's going to have to enact on himself to properly share your love?

He knows it's ridiculous to think this way. You...Honey...is gone. She isn't coming back, and even if there were a chance it would be at great risk of your life. He knows he should let her go..maybe that's what she was trying to tell him? To let go?

The blink of his phone caught his attention and he grabbed it.

...a video from you? Timestamped an hour ago...3am.

He opened it, concerned he may have missed you needing him.

The camera shook and then focused on the dim light shining on your face. You looked so sleepy as you moved, and he didn't recognize your surroundings…

...suddenly the sound of a piano played out, and he realized you were playing.

...when had you learned how to play piano like that? He'd heard you play the one in the living room and you had been awful, but now...it was like your hands were moving on their own, that sleepy smile still on your face and offering no explanation.

Then you were singing.

" *Does she ever feel like me?*
Run her fingers down your back
Do you ever talk about us?
Or is it just the bad times we had?
'Cause baby it's been three years and I'm going out my mind
How does she taste, is it sweeter than mine was? "

Your voice was lower, slightly more practiced than the last time he heard you sing...he knew that voice.

"...honey?" he muttered, touching the screen delicately as if you would answer.

“ *Cause it's crazy that you're moving on so fast*
But baby it's okay if I am still the best you had
And it hurts that you would just leave like that
But baby it's okay if I am still the best you had.

Na na na na na…”

You hummed and cooed, and he melted. That was her voice, he was sure of it, and it brought tears to his eyes as he gripped the sheets, aching to apologize to her...

...because she knew who he had picked.

“Nobody did it like us, nobody did like you did
Darling I know that we're fucked
But you know my ego is stupid
Tell myself I hate her ‘cause I am scared of how you feel
It's complicated…”

“i’m so sorry, honey,” he sobbed, clutching the phone. “i can't keep my promise.”

The piano died out, and your eyes, empty and asleep but for a glimmer of gold, looked up at the camera slightly.

“Don’t cry, honeybee,” you cooed softly, a single tear falling down your cheek. *“You kept the promise I wanted you to keep. You love her, with all your heart.”*

“sugar?”

Your eyelids fluttered and you swayed as Pink came into view, placing a gentle hand on your shoulder and the other on your cheek.

“sugar, what are you doing out here?”

“Mmm...wh...what?” You muttered back, rubbing your eyes gently and looking up at Pink in confusion. *“How...did I get out here?”*

“i’m gonna guess sleepwalking,” Pink offered, wiping the tears from your cheeks with one thumb soothingly. *“...let’s get back to bed, alright?”*

And the video cut out right there, leaving him clutching a stillshot of you in Pink’s arms, head resting tiredly on his shoulder.

He watched it three more times before finally crying himself back to sleep.

He made his choice...but that didn't mean it had to be easy.

Chapter End Notes

Oof. This is a lot of feels. I've been sitting on this conflict for a while, but I think it's about time.
Songs are I Wouldn't Mind by He is We and The Best You Had by Nina Nesbitt

Bones, Buds, and Bullymongs

Chapter Summary

Red takes a lull in his Heat to counsel some of his housemates.
How did it come to this?

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait! My wedding is in three weeks so it's been absolutely insaaaaaane
Please be sure to visit me on @msmkcreates on tumblr, I'm a lot better at answering comments there!
I hope you guys are having a wonderful summer!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You blinked awake slowly, sunlight falling gently over you, finding you in a tangle of limbs and bones.

Not unusual, but for the fact that you're very sure you went to sleep in the bed alone last night, and not pressed against Pink's side. He must have switched with Sierra or something, not that you were complaining.

You snuggled closer, the familiar warmth of his bones comforting the ache in your chest. You really, really missed everyone, but having Pink here was relieving at least.

He stirred slightly in response, cracking a socket open to smile sleepily at you as he pulled you closer, hooking an arm securely around your waist and nuzzling you gently. No words were needed to know he was just as happy to wake up with you.

You both stayed like that, dozing on and off, for a few more hours, his warm embrace chasing away the nightmares teetering at the edges of your consciousness.

"We gotta get up sometime," you mumbled in the quiet of the morning, blankets tossed all around as he gently brushed his fingers through your hair, warm breath falling gently on the top of your head. Do skeletons even need to breathe? Or was he doing it to mimic the comfort of snuggling a human body?

"says who?" He chuckled lightly. "the stars aren't out yet, and that's all we really have planned, hmm?"

You giggled, blinking sleepily. He had a point, but…

“...it’s so hot,” you moaned slightly, kicking the blankets off a little bit more with a lazy foot wiggle.

“s’cause you're here, sugar~”

“Haha, very funny,” you giggled. Truthfully you wanted nothing more than to lay here in bed all day with him, even in spite of the heat, but you could already tell the separation from your usual sources of constant magic were taking a toll on you. While you didn't think you were in danger, you did think you should probably find a reason to get up and take one of those magic supplements.

Trouble is, you're lazy and he's lazy and the warmth is just right to where you want to fall right back asleep…

“Mmm...hafta pee,” you prompted, causing him to sigh, grossly exaggerated, and flop over the opposite way to release you.

“well, okay, but i hope you know you've activated a curse of eternal slumber, and can now only be awoken by the kiss of a beautiful lady~”

“Pffft. Okay, I'll let you know when Sierra wakes up, then,” you giggled, and he smacked you playfully as you slid off of him and the bed and padded lightly to the adjacent bathroom.

You paused a moment after taking your supplement and relieving yourself to take a good look around the room, admiring Mettaton’s effort in making every tiny little thing look amazing. The bathtub was enormous and heart-shaped (soul-shaped?) And surrounded by magic candles that appeared to float indefinitely, with flickering magic flames that didn't go out no matter how hard you tried to blow them out. They flooded the room with the soft scent of some flower you didn't quite recognize. It reminded you of the wildflower fields near Agnes’ farm--soft, elegant summer breezes and feminine desire.

You turned to the counter and found yourself at a loss, staring at a hundred different cosmetic items. Lotions, polishes, lipsticks, blushes...you've never really been one for makeup, never had the time to learn, but looking at it...you’re almost compelled to do something with it.

Your fingers trail lightly over the options and...a devilish smile crosses your face as you pick one of the lipsticks, a deep cherry red that nearly matched Red’s magic. Was it your color? Perhaps not, although Red certainly seemed to believe that his color looked good on you.

You're clumsy with it, but the magic helps you draw the lines just right, and soon your lips are a deep red, almost like blood...and you hazard to make eye contact with your reflection, afraid your eyes might match.

They don't. They twinkle back at you with a shy, mischievous glint that you're not sure entirely belongs to you, but paired with the subtle curl of your lip and your surprisingly picture-perfect bedhead…

You snap a quick picture before you can doubt yourself, and as it sends, you lightly touch your necklace, hoping that all the longing you hold in your form reaches him.

Red blinked awake in the soft mid-morning light, the heat waving over him and making him shiver and quake momentarily before he could get used to it. The flashing of his phone, followed by the

soft caress of your fingertips along the inside of his wrist...it was the only thing keeping him sane.

He immediately tapped back before even reaching for his phone, hoping his weak desperation didn't translate on your end.

Then he grabbed his phone, hoping for a good morning message…

kitten: Morning, lazybones~ I saw this color and thought of you. What do you think?

And an attached image of you looking perfectly sleep-tousled, rumpled nightgown and tossed up hair, with lips as red as sin, as if coated with his magic.

Fuck.

How do you always know just the right way to rile him up? Granted, in his state he'd probably find any picture of you attractive. You could be picking your nose and he'd think it was hot.

But you're not picking your nose. You're smiling at him just slightly, and it's all too easy to imagine those soft lips around his girth.

(xxx): you don't know whatcha do to me, babygirl

kitten: Why don't you put that bracelet where it counts and I'll show you I know exactly what I can do to you?

(xxx): ya fuckin tease. i'm gonna plough you like a fuckin field when you get home.

kitten: I certainly hope so ;)

(xxx): heh, you’re so bad, kitten. c’mon, show me how bad you can be, huh?

kitten: Hmm...maybe one more

kitten: [1 image attached]

kitten: Don’t spend it all in one place, Sugar Skull ;) I have to go get ready for the day so I’ll ttyl~

His hands were shaking when he opened the attachment, and he was rewarded with a delicious picture of you with your cute little nightgown pulled up teasingly, the curve of your lower lips visible through the thin cotton of your panties.

Damn, you’re a lot bolder over text. He needs to sext you more often.

It took him all of two minutes to defile the innocent sexiness of the photo by jerking out his release, and though it didn’t assuage his heat, it did make him feel like he might be able to function. A quick trip to the bathroom to clean up, and he was headed downstairs, hoping Papyrus had already

woken to make breakfast--his heat cooking was always top notch...makes him wonder why he can't do that normally.

He paused in the entryway to the kitchen, raising a brow silently at the sight.

It wasn't Papyrus, but rather Stretch, kneeling on the counter and pulling down several different tea tins, all different types and shapes, muttering to himself.

"no, not that one, that's just tea…" He sighed, shoving one back in and pulling out another. "huh...this one ain't even mine. wonder who's stash this is?"

"what're you even doing, dude?" Red asked, crossing towards the fridge to seek out leftovers. Stretch bristled at the interruption, face flushed. Damn, Red could smell the honey-sweet smell of heat wafting from him from all the way over here...doesn't Stretch usually self-medicate? Shouldn't he smell like a pot dealer at the moment? "dude, you reek. what happened to your stash?"

"s'all right here," Stretch answered, clambering off the counter and gathering the remaining armful of tea tins. "why, you want it?"

He held one of the tins out, and Red raised a brow at him as he pulled the orange juice out, leaning against the refrigerator. "you're offering me your special stash? you feelin' okay, *bud?"*

Stretch laughed dryly, turning and stepping on the release switch for the trash and dumping all the tins in there. "....better than ever."

Red took a long drink from the orange juice, unsurprised to find that somebody had already spiked it with vodka, staring at his friend with concern. He waited a beat for the "just kidding" or for Stretch to laugh and pull the tins out, but he just stared at the trash...contemplative.

"dude, don't you like...need that stuff?" he asked finally, unclear on the exact nature of Stretch's condition. It had something to do with libido, but he knew that the magic cigs and the weed were medicinal. He can't imagine having such a high libido that it was actually a health issue, but that doesn't mean it isn't real...he's seen Stretch off his meds, and it ain't pretty. "especially now?"

"nope, ordered somethin' else," Stretch explained, tapping the large jar on the counter as he ran a hand over his skull nervously. "cbd oil, green magic infused. does the same stuff. never really needed the cigs...guess it was just an excuse to smoke."

"so….you goin' cold turkey or somethin'?" Red asked, setting the spiked orange juice on the counter and approaching slowly. He put a hand on his shoulder. "man, that ain't healthy for someone like you, y'know. how d'ya know this oil stuff will work?"

"...it just has to."

Stretch finally turned and looked down at him, and suddenly Red could see how terrible he looked. His sockets were heavy with unrest, and faint orange lines marked tear tracks down his cheekbones, though he feebly attempted to rub them away. He gave Red a weak smile and turned to go through the lower cabinets, producing a few more stashes he hadn't known about, throwing them away, too.

"no more weed. no more cigs. i can't, i can't let it happen again, i can't be this guy. i can't feel sorry for myself forever and i can't hurt her anymore." Stretch mumbled, almost...robotically.

Red hummed, crossing his arms. So this was about you, then...he should have guessed. Well, it wasn't necessarily a bad idea for him to quit if he had alternate medication, but...he still doesn't like it. He'll have to keep an eye on him, because he's always been prone to emotional outbursts in heat. Maybe he should mention this to Sans, or maybe Blue...though he hasn't heard a peep from Blue since he locked himself in his room yesterday. Nobody has.

"how's babyblue?" Red asked, trying to change the subject helpfully as he moved the trash can out of Stretch's view. Stretch gave him a withering, appreciative look as he sniffed and rubbed his tired eyes.

"uh...i don't...i don't really know. i feel like...you know, i feel like it's his time, know what i mean?" Stretch said, moving to rub one arm nervously. Red noticed he was wearing one of the sweatshirts you got him--he hadn't seen him do that since the breakup...maybe there'd been progress that prompted this strangeness. "...i'm worried."

"hey, uh...he's been fine every other heat, right? no need for all that worrywart stuff," Red offered, patting his shoulder awkwardly. They both bristled, heat making that little touch feel like fire, and he withdrew to stuff his hands in his pockets. "stretch. kid'll be fine. you'll be fine. kitten'll be fine. everythin'll work out, kay?"

Stretch hesitated, but nodded in agreement. He clearly didn't believe it wholeheartedly, but it was something.

Sometimes all Red could see when he looked at him was Edge. That lack of confidence that both of them held beneath their posturing was undeniable.

"yeah. It always does," he mumbled, gripping his sweatshirt sleeve. "in this fucked up timeline, somehow everything always works out. i just...sometimes i can't help but think of my honey and what happened to her. i always thought things would work out then, too, you know?"

"i get it, man, but you can't let that get t'ya. the only thing holding you back is you, y'know?" Red said, nudging the bottle of orange juice closer to him. "here. relax a bit."

"you spiked it, didn't you?" Stretch chuckled, accepting the offer. "ugh, no, nevermind, if you did it it would have been tequila."

"s'probably bj tryna lighten the din over this house." Red suggested, moving toward the cupboard and grabbing some of Stretch's favorite chips. "c'mon, man, let's go play some video games an' relax before the next heatwave hits us."

Stretch followed obediently, padding along behind and hovering as Red selected Borderlands 2, loading up their characters to continue the adventure they'd dropped off on approximately three months ago. He tried to remember exactly why they'd stopped playing, but it was probably just because life got crazy--you being around, the way things had been...it'd been a while since they'd really hung out for a lot of reasons.

He offered Stretch the orange controller, settling on the plain black one himself, and they both futzed around onscreen remembering the playstation controls for a few minutes. The conversation was sparse as they explored Pandora in search of where Sanctuary had been teleported to, occasionally making a pun or two at each other at Claptrapp's expense.

During a fight with a particularly incensed Ultimate Badass Loot Goliath, Stretch dropped a question Red had been avoiding asking himself for a long time.

“do you think nova likes us because she has our versions of her inside?” he asked quietly. “i hate to think she’s forced to like me, despite all that i’ve done, but every time she forgives me, every time she looks at me...i can’t help but think that that look is just a reflection of the soul of my honey in there somewhere...feels like i’m forcing her to like me.”

“man, you are just a ray of fuckin’ sunshine this mornin’,” Red snorted, landing the killing blow with his gunzerking special ability. “i know you get, like, emotional an’ shit when you’re in heat, but maybe take it down a notch, sylvia plath.”

“well, sorry i have fucking feelings,” Stretch huffed, snagging the guns Red was looking at with a satisfied smirk.

“aw, c’mon man, the fuck does zero need with a rocket launcher? you just did that to annoy me.”

“i’m not even gonna use it, either. i’m gonna put it in claptrapp’s special locker and give it to my gaige.” Stretch chuckled, glancing over at him. “an’ then she’s only gonna use it to fuck you up in a duel.”

Red sighed, dragging a hand over his face with frustration. “fine. we’ll talk about feelings. then you’ll gimme the damn rocket launcher, right?”

“sure,” Stretch shrugged. “not like i need it for zero, heh.”

“to answer your question, yeah, i’ve thought about it,” Red admitted, setting his controller down. “i’ve wondered, you know, how much’a kitty is in there. i worried about it. kitty was...troubled. some’a it was my fault, ‘course, but a lot of it happened long before i ever knew her name. sometimes i see that look on nova’s face, and i get this panic in my chest, like i’m gonna lose her. because kitty, she had great days, but most were dark, an’ i didn’t know howta handle it. i loved her so much but it was like trying to hold water in your hands, you know? you can cup your hands as tightly as you want but eventually it’s gonna trickle through your fingers.”

Stretch was quiet, so Red looked over at him curiously.

“...honey wasn’t like that,” he admitted. “she was...pretty awesome. she had her share of fucked up shit, but she took it so well, so well that her only fear was that i wouldn’t love nova enough because of how much i loved her. she had these visions, and i always dismissed them because they seemed so impossible, but everything came true, whether i liked it or not.”

“hey, so what, you got like a cheat sheet or somethin’?” Red asked, brow furrowed as he tried to understand. “pfft, then tell me how you fucked up so fuckin’ bad?”

“it isn’t a walkthrough, shithead,” Stretch grouched, though there was a hint of a smirk on his teeth. “it’s more like…game hints, but they’re all jumbled up and there’s false advice thrown in. but the part that really freaks me out...the part that makes it hardest is that there’s nothing else.”

“english, please, hamlet,” Red teased, pressing the trade button to start prodding him to give him the rocket launcher. Stretch returned the trade.

“i mean...this fight. this is where it ends. she told me we had it, but nothing about what happens after. and that is...terrifying,” Stretch said quietly, looking down at his hands. “what does it mean? does it mean this is the end for me and her, or just the end of what honey could see? is it a coincidence, or is it a sign that i’m doing something wrong, or right? am i supposed to be trying to fix this or am i supposed to let her move on? or, even worse, does the lack of futuresight mean...there’s no future? does it mean...she’ll share the same fate as every other version of her?”

The sob in his voice surprises them both, and Red looked away politely while Stretch hurriedly brushed the tears from his sockets.

The same fate...it was a fear he’d had, as well, for a long time. That’s why he was always looking to see how much of Kitty he could see in you. It’s why he was so desperate to keep this honeymoon phase going, why he didn’t ask questions. He didn’t even ask to switch, because he didn’t want to hear the same quiet, scared stutter that Kitty always had when he suggested it--he didn’t like thinking you were the same person because that meant that his sins still stand, that his inability to help you was still there. His uselessness in the face of fate had never really changed, so why would your personal fate be different?

The clink of a tray drew them both from their thoughts, and BJ sighed as he straightened up and beamed down at them, having placed a tray of sandwiches and tea on the coffee table. He looked pretty silly in your frilly apron, but somehow it suited him.

“HEAVY THOUGHTS FOR SO EARLY IN THE MORNING, ISN’T IT?” He asked gently, taking one of the cups and handing it to Stretch. “I SAW YOUR OIL ON THE COUNTER, AND REMEMBERED WHAT IT WAS FOR. I FOLLOWED THE INSTRUCTIONS AND PUT IT IN YOUR TEA, I HOPE YOU DON’T MIND.”

“no, uh...thanks, bj.” Stretch muttered sheepishly, accepting the cup gingerly. “...sorry you had to hear that.”

“DO NOT BE SORRY! EVERYONE HAS EMOTIONS, AND IT’S BEST TO LET THEM OUT! WHY, I REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE BACK IN OUR WORLD, AND WE WERE AT THE HOSPITAL ONE DAY AND...AH, WELL, THAT’S A STORY FOR ANOTHER TIME PERHAPS.” BJ gestured to the sandwiches. “I’VE INFUSED MY RELIEF MAGIC WITH THESE, I HOPE IT HELPS. IF YOU NEED ANYTHING ELSE, DON’T BE AFRAID TO CALL FOR ME! I KNOW IT SEEMS STRANGE TO BE WITHOUT YOUR MATE FOR THESE TWO WEEKS, BUT I ASSURE YOU SHE IS IN GOOD HANDS AND YOU NEEDN’T WORRY.”

Red and Stretch exchanged looks, chuckling slightly.

BJ was right, of course. There isn’t truly any reason to worry--you’re your own person, and this world always does seem to work out.

...right?

“what do you mean he threw *all his meds* away?!” Sans asked, looking up at Red with a look of shock and confusion on his skull.

“he's got some oil or somethin’. should work the same. think he's quittin’ because smoking bothers kitten.” Red shrugged, leaning against the wall and sliding down to sit next to Sans. He was

camped outside your room, like he had been since you left. Red wondered if maybe he hoped you'd materialize in there or something.

“does he think that's gonna magically fix all his mistakes?” Sans growled, fists clenching and relaxing. “what, toss one bad habit and everything’s forgiven? damn. she’ll probably take it, too.”

Red sighed, a need to placate rising in his bones. You would never find out how submissive he is, not outside the context of actual switching, he had decided that long ago. His dynamic with Sans was...complicated. Sometimes even he didn't quite understand it. But it seemed to be that he had become a voice of reason of sorts, for everyone, while they sort their own shit out.

Maybe it’s because he’s tried and failed so many times to sort out his own, he knows what doesn't work.

“hey, man, i know ya get all fire an’ brimstone when you're in heat, but why don't ya give the guy a break? he's just tryna figure shit out.” Red nudged him, and Sans only grunted in response. “at the risk of sounding like an after-school special...he made a mistake, a few mistakes. what's important is learning from them. an’ he is, you can see it, right? jus’ look at the guy for ten seconds and you can see he isn't the same guy that went to the ski lodge with us. i’m not the same guy, either. and blue...well, the point is, things change, okay? i know it’s feelin’ weird right now with all that’s goin’ on this heat but ya gotta think about how she feels, too. and the reality of it is she is fuckin’ dyin’ to make up with him. he's left a huge hole in her, one none of us can fill but him, and there's nothin’ we can do but try to nudge them in the right direction.”

“s’easy for you to say.” Sans grunted, shifting and crossing his arms.

“but you know i’m right.”

Sans sighed and ran a hand over his face in exasperation. “i’ll stay away from him if he stays away from me. then when this heat is over...we’ll talk.”

“and?”

“...and i guess i got no control over how much she loves him, so i gotta be okay with it. alright, get outta here, conscience.”

Red chuckled as he obediently stood and trotted down the stairs, satisfied with the conversation. He'd always been good at smoothing things over, whether between him and someone or between two parties, but this was particularly rewarding.

He just hoped that Stretch wouldn't waste it by fucking up all over again.

You frowned at your phone, leaning heavier on Pink as he flipped through the channels on the huge television.

“what’s up, buttercup?” he asked, hearing your frustrated noise. His arm came down around your shoulder to squeeze you a little, lingering and draping over your arm.

“I keep texting Blue, but he won’t answer,” you mumbled, a hint of worry in your tone. “And when I asked Stretch about him, he just said not to worry. But I’m worrying!”

Pink chuckled, giving you a soft kiss on your temple. “stretch is right, sugar. you don’t need to worry. he’s a grown skeleton, he can handle himself--maybe he’s embarrassed, and doesn’t want to risk sending something he’ll regret.”

“I’d take dick pics over radio silence any day,” you mumbled, but set your phone down in your lap anyway. “But I guess you’re right...gotta let him deal how he will I guess. It just sucks.”

“being away from them? or blue not answering?”

“...Both.”

Pink hummed, running one hand through your hair as he rested his cheekbone on your head. “yeah, i hear ya sugar. only 12 more days.”

Only twelve more days...of pure torture, you couldn't help but think. You wondered if it’s possible to die from lack of text responses.

Regardless, you snuggled closer to him, wondering idly where Hasani and Sierra were, thinking about Eridanus as it would be draped across the sky above you in a handful of hours.

12 more days.

Chapter End Notes

Bro time! BFF HoneyMustard FTW.
I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter, I look forward to your comments ❤

A Love Long Gone

Chapter Summary

Once upon a time, in a world of human cruelty, a human woman found refuge amongst monsters.

Chapter Notes

TRIGGER WARNING: Mentions of child abuse, molestation, child trafficking and prostitution. If you want to avoid these, please see the summary at the bottom instead of reading the chapter.

OKAY SO. A few things.
1) TERRIBLY SORRY. I know it's been a long time, but I got married and then honeymooned and then health issues...it's been a rollercoaster, really. I have been keeping up on some things, but with my health issues I have medical bills and other bills piling up...I'm probably short about $600 on what I need to get bills paid and on top of that have to take time off work to get my health stuff dealt with...it's been a struggle. Some of you have graciously helped me out, and if you'd like to know how to help me out you can visit my Tumblr HERE.
2)There are a few ssiyc companion oneshots in my kinktober collection (Green Room Blues and Now and Then)as well as in the Underswap oneshots (Double Trouble), if you'd like to check those out!
3) If you haven't checked out my tumblr already, please do! I hold events there at least twice monthly where you can interact with the characters from my stories! The last event was Never Have I Ever, and we had a lot of fun!

I truly hope you guys enjoy what I have for you here, it's a little backstory for Pink and a lotta setup for next time!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everyone remembers it so clearly.

It was a day unlike any other.

The court was usually quiet when the queen was ready to address them, but not this time. Even the king and queen themselves found themselves mingling and whispering and adding to the chatter before finally taking their spots on the stage to address their court.

The chatter died down to be replaced with monsters holding their breath, squeezing in closer to see better, as Queen Toriel finally made her speech.

And you were revealed.

You didn't flinch when the curtain dropped. You had learned long ago that fear got you nowhere. You held your chin high and you did what you do best--you smiled, and you were pretty.

Silence took the court as everyone stared at you, adorned in the finest purple robes and many, many jewels bestowed upon you by the queen herself. You might have thought yourself something quite special...if you didn't know what was in store for you beyond the ceremony.

"Can it speak?"

You had been taught not to speak, so many years ago, unless spoken to. Your own father taught you that when he struck you for crying. Before he handed you over to those men for...however much he made.

"Does it have a tongue?"

It had lost its ability to taste when it was forced to service the cocks of sweaty middle-aged men who got pleasure from your innocence. But yes, you had one. You opened your mouth daintily to show it, a little tease.

"Is it experienced?"

Unfortunately.

"Will it take two at a time?"

You had learned.

The queen fielded the questions with ease, and the ceremony went on, and as the speeches began, you remembered how you got here.

You had been sold as an object--that's all you'd ever been to your father, after all, some mouthy burden he wished he could trade for another bottle of whiskey. And trade you he did, for no small sum, when you were only ten years old. You were taken and beaten and turned into whatever they wanted you to be--an innocent doll, an eager girl beyond her years, whatever they asked of you. They doped you up and painted you and threw you at men who used you until you couldn't move.

And then, when you were too old to be of any use, they tossed you away like garbage and left you for dead.

You had tried, so hard, to make a life for yourself. But the withdrawals, the lack of any identification or knowledge of who you could possibly be...no job would take you, no friends to speak of, no talent other than…

...and so you decided that, at least this time...it's on your own terms. This time, you have the right to say no, and they feed and clothe you and you make your own hours. When Toriel had found you, trying desperately to sell yourself on the streets...you'd take the monsters over the men, anyway. You've always believed men were the real monsters. They always had been.

"And we thank you all for coming to witness the entrance of the very first human to join our Royal Harem!"

More questions, shouting really. You were numb to it. You'd been auctioned off before.

It was the sudden silence that startled you, and when you looked up you saw the crowd part, and then fold in behind the monster walking towards you.

A skeleton, dressed in tight black pants, a blue vest and a black midriff, a hypnotizing purple magic where a human's belly might be. He approached you slowly, and for all that he tried, you could tell a broken man when you saw one. His eyes were void until the moment his hand touched your face, and then they were purple flames, little hearts that make your breath catch. His touch was cold at first, but within the moment you thought it there was warmth and he tipped your chin up.

But it was his fixed smile that transfixed you. So mysterious. So sad.

"what a pretty little thing," he cooed softly, and the genuine curiosity in his voice sounded underused and weary. "a handsome addition. you have truly outdone yourself, tori."

The whispers began anew, but they weren't aimed at you.

He kissed your cheek and then he was gone.

"You don't know what an impact you had today," Toriel cooed softly as she gently removed the jewels from your hair.

"Really? I felt like a sideshow freak," you mumbled. "They seemed to be mixed."

"Dearest, you don't understand. Sans doesn't have opinions, on anyone! He's never once stepped up to say something about a new member, even his own brother!"

"The skeleton?" You asked, your interest suddenly piqued. So his name is Sans…

"Oh, yes. He's the royal protector, and he hasn't cared about anything as silly as this in many years. You've lit a spark in him...that's incredible."

You sure hope so. You need the work.

You paced your room, pausing to check yourself in the mirror for the thousandth time. You looked ravishing, in a delicate purple robe that was just see-through enough to tease your lacy undergarments and garter. Your hair was piled in curls atop your head, your makeup flawless and alluring.

The bed was ready. The whole room was plush and silky, with pillows and gauzy, dreamlike curtains all around, making you feel a bit like a princess in a dreamland.

You were supposed to service anyone who came today. You were supposed to have been busy all day, letting everyone test you out as they wished--that was to be your first day, and then beyond that, appointments, as per Toriel.

But no-one came.

That wasn't a lewd joke--literally nobody had knocked on your door all day. The sun was almost down as you could see from your mountainside castle room (somehow the castle seemed ancient, despite being carved from the mountain nigh on two years ago when the monsters emerged) and you had yet to see anyone but Toriel and the Dog monster guarding your room.

Had you...been that uninviting? Were you unwanted? Would you be thrown out on your ass like leftovers on Sunday because nobody wanted you?

Unwarranted panic welled inside you for the fifth time that day, and you gripped the edge of your vanity, sitting down quickly and reapplying your lipstick and re-winging your eyeliner to calm yourself. Just paint yourself up, there's no need to deal with it right now. Become someone else.

You're good at that.

You jumped when somebody knocked on the door, and you scrambled to your feet as it opened to reveal…

...the skeleton from yesterday.

"It's you!" You gasped at your own impertinence and shut your mouth. Don't speak unless spoken to.

"oh, heh, i suppose i made an impression," he chuckled, shutting the door behind him. "...good. i meant to."

He looked you up and down, and you felt...somewhat ashamed of your put-together appearance. It's likely he could tell how repulsed everyone was by you, given you were completely untouched.

"nobody came by today, did they?" He asked, and you flinched.

"No, sir. I'm sorry, I should have done better." You said softly.

He...he actually *laughed* at that. "goodness, sugar, don't apologize. and please...don't call me sir. that feels weird."

"S--" You paused, remembering his request not to apologize, and gave him a bit of a bewildered look. "I mean...okay."

He approached you, and you let yourself be touched, his hand going for a chaste brush over your shoulder, your curls moving with it.

"gorgeous. truly amazing," he breathed. "i'm so glad those dogs listened to me and kept everybody out."

You looked up at him in surprise, and his chuckle was deep and sensual.

"what, the first human in the harem and you really thought nobody wanted you? sugar, they'd have absolutely destroyed you...if i hadn't made my mark *very* clear."

He brushed your cheek with his thumb, right where he had kissed you softly the day before.

"You...marked me?" You asked, hand coming up to cover your cheek as his hand dropped.

"aww, cutie, i wouldn't mark you without permission. marks are a big commitment, and i...am not good at those. but i *did* call dibs, and that little kiss was all i had to do to let everyone know that i would be the one that tastes you first. as unspoken as it was, they all knew exactly what they'd be dealing with if they broke that contract."

Well, that explained the lack of gangbanging today. This skeleton must be a pretty scary guy to piss off if everyone knew to stay away from something as little as a kiss on the cheek.

Relief flooded through you as you realized you weren't going to lose this job, and it made you so dizzy that you had to sit.

"geez, you okay, sugar?"

"Yes, yes, I'm so sorry, I'll be ready in a minute, I--"

He held his hand up to you placatingly. "woah, breathe. relax. nobody is rushing you, sweet thing, you just take your time."

"...That's very kind of you," you said softly as he sat down next to you.

He snorted. "you sound surprised."

"Well, I...haven't exactly been shown a lot of kindnesses in life," you said quietly, folding your hands in your lap so you wouldn't pick nervously at your nails. "The queen...and you. That's about it."

His seemingly permanent smile faltered and his brow knit. "...really?"

You nodded and he sighed. Desperate to change the subject, you tried to put your best seductive face on.

"But enough about that. Why did you pick me, anyway, darling?" You asked, batting your lashes as you leaned nearer to him. "Interested in humans?"

"hmm…" he hummed and responded positively, opening himself up to wrap one arm around your waist as the other hand came to rest on your shoulder. "truthfully? you're pink."

"Pink?" It's your turn to look confused as he chuckles at your question, his hand sliding over your breast to squeeze gently.

"here. your soul...it's worn and it's torn, but it's...such a lovely shade of pink. pink is for passion, for every type of passion, but yours...is meant to love," he said as he looked up at you sheepishly. "it's rare to find anything that calls out to me or invokes a response. turned on...that's easy...but the fluttering feeling inside here--" His hand moved to splay across his sternum, and you saw a faint purple glow beneath the shirt he wore. "...that? i haven't felt that in...years. but the moment i saw you, saw your soul...i felt more alive than i had in a very, very long time. i'm just dying to see what it does...when i do this…"

With those words he was kissing you, and you found yourself enthusiastically kissing him back, and before long you were tingling all over as he carefully unwrapped you, praises falling from his lips even as he rutted against you, as he called your assumed harem nickname and made you laugh while doing it--

Chastity.

You had many regulars, but Sans was your favorite. Close second was likely to be his brother Papyrus, but he didn't have the same desperate fire in him that Sans did, the need that drove your

fears away.

Many monsters came and went throughout your days, but it was Sans who kept you warm at night. Sometimes he came on his breaks, and sometimes he stayed all night, and sometimes he was still there when your first appointment came in the morning.

Often it felt less like work and more like what you imagine making love was like--he could be dirty and rough, but those same hands that would crack the whip could also be so gentle and full of worship that it made you want to cry.

The monsters were much better than the humans you'd been with before. They listened. There were safewords. They practiced aftercare and they wanted you to feel comfortable. Sometimes after a session you would just sit and talk and drink tea--with the captain, Undyne, you even did yoga.

But even so, there were times...times when you held back tears, when hands got too rough or they pushed you a way you weren't expecting and your memories flooded you, making you choke on them as you tried to hide it.

Nobody noticed, you were good at being subtle.

"what are you doing?"

Well. Almost nobody.

"I...want to turn over," you said quietly, struggling to turn in Sans' grasp so he could take you from behind. You wanted to pretend your tears were from the rough treatment--Sans didn't deserve to see you break down.

"sugar…" His hand cupped your cheek so gently that you couldn't even pretend, and when he removed himself from you to pull you close instead, the tears came out.

Everything came out.

Your father. The child trafficking ring that was your life for nearly a decade. The starvation and withdrawal, the selling yourself to no avail once they dumped you to die. You told him everything, and you could feel his grip tighten as you cried harder and harder, and he did not speak--he let you talk, and talk, until your voice was raw.

"...and this is all I can do, all I know," you sobbed finally. "I need this job, and everyone has been so gentle and kind to me, so I shouldn't be like this, I'm sorry, Sans, I'm so sorry--"

"shush, knock that off," he said firmly, and you obeyed as he tipped your chin up, hands cupping your cheeks and thumbs wiping the mascara away as he looked into your eyes. "...this settles it."

With that, he got up and crossed to your vanity, and you confusedly drew your robe tighter and crawled across the bed after him.

"What? What settles what?" You asked, watching him pick up your makeup wipes and return to your side. For now he set the wipes aside, and very gently, almost like a butterfly, kissed your cheek.

"i've been wanting to say this for a long while, but i always assumed i was only a client to you in a way…that you would never look at me like i do you," he said softly, taking one wipe and running it

over your neck to remove the contour. “sugar...chastity...come home with me. live with me and pap. we’ll take care of you... *i’ll* take care of you. and you will *never* have to have sex again if you don’t want.”

“Sans, I--” you felt yourself flush as he moved on to remove the streaked mascara from your cheeks. “...I can’t do that. You don’t mean that.”

“you can, and i do,” he said firmly. His eyes flashed with anger for a moment, startling you. “i...i want to kill them. i want to find every last disgusting pig that bought your virtue, sold you, beat you, or used you, and i want to crush them into the dirt. the things i would--”

He sighed in frustration, his thoughts clearly weighing in him.

Then his eyes softened and he pulled the wipe away as he looked at you, adoration in his gaze.

“but more than that, i want a life with you. you...you make me feel amazing, and i don’t just mean the sex,” he cooed. “i mean...this little soul…”

His hand rested on your chest, and you remembered what your soul had looked like when he had shown you one night--cracked and broken, sewn up with purple strands of tenacity. His other hand tapped his own sternum.

“i will never let anyone harm you ever again,” he said, resolute in his Intent and making your soul flutter. “you owe me *nothing,* not love, not time, and *especially* not your body. if you want to stay i won’t make you go, but please...let me show you what it’s like to live your own life, just for a bit? let me show you what it’s like to be with someone...someone who loves you very much, and wants you to be safe and happy.”

“I already know what that’s like,” you sobbed, reaching up to cup his cheekbones back. You leaned in and placed a kiss on his teeth as your robe slipped down your shoulders. “Sans...you’re here every night. You show me every time we touch.”

He chuckled as he pulled you close. “that’s right...but i could be there every day, too. every morning, noon, teatime,” his grin grew mischievous. “i already skip patrols to steal away with you, just this time you’ll just be sure to be alone.”

You laughed in spite of yourself, and he held you close, burying his head in the crook of your neck and inhaling deeply. Your scent was intoxicating to him, a feminine swirl of flowers and ocean breeze, and he loved it.

He loved *you* .

“let me mark you and make you mine, sugar,” he offered quietly. “i think...i’m ready to commit to that. you’ll never be alone, and no matter what happens, you’ll always, *always* be loved.”

“I’ve never wanted anything as much as I want that,” you laughed through the forming tears. “As much as I love you.”

You laid together all night and talked, his arms around you, and by dawn you had taken him up on his offer. His teeth sank into your shoulder gently, and the bliss that coursed through your body culminated in a little tiny purple heart, glittering with his magic.

He relayed the message to the queen, and you were set up with him and Papyrus in a matter of days.

True to his words, he never made you do anything sexual ever again.

That isn't to say, of course, that you chose not to.

Nothing that burns so brightly can ever last.

"Why's your name Pink?"

"s'not," Pink teased, snuggling closer to you on the couch as MTT played in the background. "it's sans, silly."

You snorted, fingertips grazing his skull. "No, I meant your nickname. I know Red and Blue are called that after their magic colors...but! Your magic is purple--BJ is pink. So why are *you* Pink?"

He hummed and ran his fingertips through your hair once more. "tribute. to somebody very special who had a pink soul."

"You loved her?" You asked, not even hesitating.

He got the feeling you had had this conversation before. It almost made him sad--from what you had said, your soul was...a myriad of the other you's from the other worlds. Probably Chastity included...which, at first, he hadn't known how to feel about that. But seeing you so eager to hear about it...about the love he had shared with someone other than you, even if it might hurt…

"i did. never stopped."

"What...happened to her?" You whispered, clearly hoping that it wasn't your fault this time. Which, he supposed, it likely never was--but try telling *you* that.

"...she was very ill...and she died," he answered honestly. He tapped his sternum. "died of a broken heart...in a manner of speaking."

Something in that struck a chord in you, he could see the conflicted emotion in your face. Did you remember…? No, not likely. You're probably just empathizing.

"it isn't necessary to be upset," he chuckled. "it was about three years ago, now. er...four? the timeline shifted and...it gets a little fuzzy."

"But...it must have been scary for her," you said, dropping your head to his shoulder. "To leave her loved ones behind like that...to leave you."

"such is the reality of life at times," he prodded, kissing your forehead. "she was very loved, and she knew it. it hurt, but…"

But he had you, now, to ease the sting. It felt like betrayal to think that, but the idea that Chastity had never been gone but rather lived on in you...it helped.

“but she would have wanted me happy.” He tipped up your chin, and you hummed and followed the movement happily, allowing him to study your face. So similar to hers, but also so very different. Your scars on your back and shoulders...so different from the remnants of cigarette burns and the ever present brand of Chastity's previous owner’s ring.

His smile twitched as he remembered hunting the man down by the image of that ring. He remembers you holding the girls close after he rescued them, and the way you visited those same children as they grew up in the care of Toriel, clothed and fed and taught all they needed under the protection of the royal family. Your face whenever you saw them getting the childhood you never had...it was worth every bloodied knuckle, every stinging slap of magic against that true monster’s broken face. It wasn’t often he got violent, but...he never regretted it.

“I’m sorry about...me,” you said sheepishly, drawing his thoughts back to the present. “I can’t help but feel if I wasn’t here, things might be different for everyone.”

“listen to me,” he cooed softly, and you looked up at him with guilty eyes. “never, never ever apologize for your existence. you being alive is a thing to celebrate, it brings us joy--your existence is a blessing. never forget that.”

The look of shocked awe on your face was almost heartbreaking--you truly didn’t believe him.

“Alright, darlings, look alive!”

The two of you jumped at Mettaton’s sudden entrance, sitting up in a hurry with Pink at your back.

“Ooh, is it time?” You asked, excitement flashing in your eyes. Pink couldn’t help but smile at your enthusiasm--that’s what he liked to see.

“Of course it is! Dark is nearly upon us, and as such we should strike out on our hike sooner rather than later. I, of course, have things to attend to, so I won’t be able to join you, but! I have a very special helper that knows the stars around here better than anybody else!” Mettaton clapped his hands excitedly. “I do hope you’ll give them a proper welcome, they work very hard to make sure all my science-related needs are met. Doctor?”

A figure stepped out from the kitchen, and Pink watched your smile falter as you shrunk in his grasp. You seemed to try and hide your face through introductions, and Pink curled an arm around your waist protectively.

He said he’d take care of you...and that’s what he planned to do.

Especially if you’re afraid.

(Fanart of Papyrus/Nova, by Saiyurimai on tumblr! Thank you so much!)

Chapter End Notes

Summary:
Pink's version of Nova was the first human in the Royal Harem, who had been a sex slave her whole life. When he found out, he took her home with him for safety and killed the guy who

ran the trafficking ring, as well as saved the kids he was currently selling.
Pink and Nova talk about his version of her a bit, and then Mettaton introduces a scientist that you apparently....know.

((Hope you guys enjoyed this!!))

You Never Know

Chapter Summary

You and Pink talk life. Black points out Mutt's surprising lack of impulsive behavior.

Chapter Notes

Phew, Okay. I know it's been a while, but there's good reason! So, announcements:

1) I opened up a new tumblr specifically for asks to the characters, to be answered in character. I also sell Adoptables, now, and those are located on that same blog, here: mks-magical-menagerie. If you want to ask Nova and the Boys or other characters something, this is where you can go! If it's a story question you are asking me directly, it can still go to my main blog, msmkcreates
2) As I mentioned before, I'm selling adoptables now so I took a brief reprieve from updates to make that happen!
3) Fanart I'm not sure I've linked yet: SSiYC Cover Page, Brat and Kitty Imagined designs, and check out my Stretch/Nova tag for a plethora of amazing fanart of the scene where he sang to her over the phone!
4) Don't forget to give Hex some love over at the-official-ssiyc-comic for all the lovely artwork they've done and the work they continue to do to make the comic a reality! ((THEY DREW STRETCH AND RED AS DANNY SEXBANG AND NINJA BRIAN DO I NEED TO SAY MORE???))

Also, I'm so glad you guys enjoyed the last chapter so much! Chastity's stories is probably one of my favorites. Be sure to check out Musecookie's Existence if you want to know how Chastity really died--along with quite a few others!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Pink gripped your hips as you bent, pausing as you panted and running one hand down your back soothingly.

“do we need to stop?” He asked softly, looping a piece of your hair around his fingertips and fiddling with it. “i don't mind, sugar.”

“N...no, no, it's okay, I can do this,” you huffed, leaning back into him and letting him hold you steady.

“you could ride me? if that's easier?” He purred, and you giggled, flushing that sweet little pink he loved so much.

“Shut up! That sounds so dirty!” You laughed, pushing him away as you continued up the trail to catch up with Sierra and Hasani.

Pink's laughter followed you up the mountain as you spurred on, trying to pace yourself as Pink twined his fingers with yours, hiking in contented quiet with you.

“we can slow down,” Pink offered as you stumbled. “the stars will still be there when we get to the top.”

“Noooo, we're already so far behind! I'm holding everyone back enough as it is.” You wheezed, clambering over a large root and squinting to see the outlines of your friends in the dark.

“so what? this is all for you, anyhow. who are you trying to impress?”

You sputtered and slipped a little, and his quick hands hauled you back to your feet. “Impress? I don't know what you mean.”

“hmm...i mean you've been weird since we met dr. francine.”

You huffed, knowing you were blushing. It's true that you'd been acting funny since Mettaton brought the astrophysicist around earlier this evening, but it's not the reasons he thinks.

You had frozen in your tracks the moment you'd laid eyes on her. It had been years, but you'd never forget that smile--you did your best to hide behind Pink the whole time she explained the hike, hoping that maybe, perhaps, she wouldn't notice you.

“Frankie and I, uh...dated a bit. Once. In college. Previous college, not the one I...you know.”

If Pink had eyebrows they would have shot off his face. “woah, wait, what? there's a lot to unpack there, sugar.”

“I know, I...I know. It was a while ago, when I was still…” Still running from place to place. You had liked her so much that when Alpha showed up you had booked it without so much as a goodbye. At the very least, she appeared unharmed...but it wasn't a conversation you looked forward to inevitably having if she recognized you at all. “I've always been a pretty shitty partner I guess...I just hope she doesn't recognize me.”

Pink hummed, but decided not to argue. Pick your battles, he supposed, and he had plenty of time to prove to you how wonderful you are, but this thing with Dr. Francine was...beyond his control. Exes are weird.

You yelped as you were suddenly lifted, and found yourself on Pink's back, piggyback style.

“you take a rest, there, sugar. let me be the legs for a bit.”

You hummed in assent, tilting your head to rest on his shoulder with a sigh as your exhaustion claimed you.

Frankie was never one for subtlety.

Even when she audited your Astronomy 101 class, she was never one to hold back her opinions. She would join the discussion just like the students, sometimes dominating them with her advanced

knowledge--but then, her being so close to her doctorate in Astrophysics was probably the cause of that. She had a confidence about her, and a heart of gold beyond most. She was everything you wanted to be and then some.

You fell for her instantly.

It started with her offering to tutor you, her cute smile turned up at the corners as she tucked a pencil in her mane of thick black hair--hair you admired, knowing you would never have anything like that. You remember patting weakly at your pixie cut with a nervous laugh, the little flutter in your chest when she insisted…

Her eyes were green and gold, a meadow you always believed you'd be content to live in forever, and when she was angry it was like a tidal wave pulling back the oceans. She never yelled, or hit, or anything like that, and she never got mad at you--there was a gentleness to her touch that made you long for something you knew you were missing.

And for a while you let her fill it. She made you move in with her when she found out you were living in your car, and when you wanted to leave your shirt on she never asked questions. She encouraged you to learn and put her doctorate to use teaching you…

...and the day you collapsed in the kitchen, she cried so hard that you cried, too, and she pulled some strings and had a friend make a house call to save you the pain.

Like Drew, she held your hand when you were afraid...and like Drew…

...you left her behind.

“What would you like for dinner tonight?” Frankie mused, opening the cupboards and frowning at the contents. “Could be anything, since I need to go to the store anyway.”

“I'm not picky,” you mumbled, glaring hard out the window, where Alpha stared back from the alley across the street. He looked almost...remorseful. Almost.

“Chicken Alfredo?” She prodded. “You could use the protein.”

You shrugged and laid your head in your arms on the windowsill. Nothing sounded good, what with the way your stomach was tying up in knots. You know what this means. He's closer than yesterday, and he's staring right in the window. You have...well, you have maybe a day. Perhaps two.

You should leave tonight to be safe.

“Hey.”

You looked up just in time to catch a little kiss on your nose, flustering you as you giggled. “What was that for?”

“Felt like you needed it,” she said softly, leaning closer until you were locking lips this time, and your hands tangled in her hair.

“I did,” you said quietly between breaths.

You needed a lot of what she gave you. You needed a lot you didn't deserve and couldn't reciprocate, and as you quietly reset your phone and set it down, collected a small bag of things, and snuck out in the wee hours of the morning…

...you hoped that somebody else could give her everything she needed.

“must be hard having to run all the time,” Pink sighed. “i can't imagine leaving behind all the relationships i've fostered, whether or not i wanted to go...well, beyond the obvious time of leaving my world, of course.”

“It isn't fun,” you snorted, walking alongside him once more after telling him a bit about your past. “But if I don't leave when I see...when I feel like my father might be close, then people get hurt.”

“i'll be honest…” Pink slid his hand into yours and squeezed. He pulled you in and lifted you effortlessly over a tree root. “...it sounds like they got hurt anyway. sounds like *you* got hurt.”

You hung your head a bit shamefully. It's true, you hurt a lot of people and got hurt a lot. Sometimes you wondered if that was your entire purpose in life...and death.

You wonder, not for the first time, if the real Y/N was out there somewhere...hopefully she was living her life for a much greater purpose than all the pain you dealt.

“You made it!”

Your head snapped up to meet Hasani's eye as he trudged down the trail slightly, and you noticed you were indeed almost to the very top of the trail. His eyes were sparkling with excitement, and you couldn't help but smile--in your own troubles, you'd forgotten that this trip was specifically for you and your friends to have some time together, and you know that everything happening now is all part of Papyrus’ carefully-crafted plan to shove as many bucket list items into 14 days as he possibly can. Perhaps he didn't know about Frankie, but coincidences aren't always bad.

“let's go, sugar, the stars are waiting,” Pink whispered to you, squeezing your hand tightly and leading you up the trail after your friend.

You're ready to face whatever this brings.

Mutt sighed and leaned back, flattening his back against the roof of the mansion as he mapped the stars with his eyes.

Eridanus...it was her favorite in his world, too, though she wasn't much for space stuff unless it was on a skirt.

He used to tease her for being too educated to be smart. Her private school taught her numbers, words, science, and history...but it fucked her over good when it didn't teach her street smarts. Didn't teach her to check her drinks, or how to handle trauma. Didn't teach her how to dodge bullets, either. She knew the name of the constellation but not why it made her want to sing. She knew the names of the bones but not why she wanted to kiss them so delicately.

She knew so much...but she was still such an idiot brat.

He chuckled a bit at that thought. Three years of healing and he still thinks of her so fondly that his inner voice teases her memory.

“THERE YOU ARE!” Black huffed, popping his head over the edge of the roof to glare at him. “I'VE BEEN CALLING YOU FOR TEN MINUTES!”

“sorry, got lost in thought up here...lookin’ up there and wonderin’ if she's lookin’ at it right now, too.”

Black seemed to consider this, and looked up at the river of stars...then heaved himself over the edge effortlessly and moved to lounge next to him, settling back on his hands and crossing his ankles.

“d'y’ever think about going back?” Mutt inquired quietly after several minutes of quiet contemplation. “if we could.”

“SOMETIMES,” Black admits. “BUT IT SEEMED SO...EMPTY...WITHOUT HER. AND I HATE EVERYONE ELSE THERE.”

“even al?” Mutt asked, raising a brow, and Black shrugged. “you like being here, then?”

“I LIKE BEING WITH NOVA,” Black says, without hesitation. “I LIKE BEING WITH YOU IN A PLACE WHERE I DON'T HAVE TO PRETEND TO BE SOMEBODY I'M NOT. WHERE YOU DON'T HAVE TO DEGRADE YOURSELF--”

“hey, i happen t'get off on that,” Mutt chuckled, and Black rolled his eyelights, shoving him gently. The contact felt weird with the lingering threat of heat wrapped around them, and they both made a grossed out noise. “...get what ya mean, though. this place is better. more tolerant, more understanding. i'd like to say that maybe she might've survived here...though we kinda saw how that went down, on valentine's day.”

“Nova survived,” Black whispered reverently as he drew his legs to his chest. “She survived and she pulled me along with her--somehow, I don't know how, but I know it was her.”

“yeah, she's somethin’ else, eh?” Mutt sighed, pulling out a toothpick to chew on. “you know she's actually got a piece of brat in there, yeah? all sewn together, like...a frankenstein soul.”

“I FIGURED AS MUCH,” Black sighed, running one hand over his skull as he brought the other to cover his sternum softly. “HER SOUL WAS STAGGERINGLY BRIGHT WHEN WE MET--AS I UNDERSTAND IT WAS THE FIRST TIME IT HAD BEEN FREE. I FELT IT...I KNOW YOU DID, TOO.”

“i felt her, yeah. i felt that stubborn brat so hard that i almost retched on the spot. but only for a second...thought i imagined it, jus’ cause of her face.”

“IS THAT WHY YOU'VE KEPT YOUR DISTANCE?” Black prodded, raising a browbone at him. “PRETTY GIRL, CLEARLY THE OBJECT OF THE OTHERS’ AFFECTION, CLEARLY NAIVE AND IMPRESSIONABLE...NORMALLY YOU'D BE ON THAT BEFORE I COULD SAY 'SIT’.”

“hey, who's t'say i wasn't? i got some action.”

“YOU GOT A MAULING IS WHAT YOU GOT.” Black frowned remembering the incident. “...I STILL FEEL AWFUL ABOUT THAT TRUE HEART DRAUGHT. IT WAS...A GREY LINE. ONE WE SHOULD NEVER PLAY WITH. Especially after Brat…”

“...never woulda let it get that far. you know i wouldn't,” Mutt mumbled, frowning. He wasn't so sure about the truth behind that claim...with Brat, the lines had always been clear and absolute, he'd always let her lead...but he'd always known, from the moment he first saw her, that she was his, and the possessive, territorial part of him...had been so very loud when he met you.

"SO WHAT? YOU DON'T LIKE HER OR SOMETHING?"

"mmm. never said that."

"WELL, LIKE I SAID. YOU'RE AWFULLY STAND-OFFISH FOR YOU."

"...i just..." Mutt trailed off, casting his gaze away to fixate on the chimney flue.

Just not over Brat, to be honest. Just not sure that you will last. How many times has he thought about throwing the past out the window and ravishing you like there's no tomorrow? About letting you pin him down and mark him all over with those teeth, those nails? The gunshot on Valentine's Day still rings in his head, and the feeling of the LOAD...it had to be you, who else, why else? He isn't sure what to make of all of it.

He doesn't know too much.

He doesn't know where you came from or how you came to exist the way you do. He doesn't know how you found them. He doesn't know if you can be trusted, or if he should give in to his gut instinct and make up for lost time.

He especially doesn't know if you'll be here still in a year's time.

And not knowing....that scares him.

Chapter End Notes

Short chapter but I wanted to get it out and done with so I could hopefully start fresh with the next one!

Heart-to-Heart

Chapter Summary

You face your past with Frankie, and your future with Sierra.

Chapter Notes

Uh...hi. *waves*

So, for started, I'm super sorry about the crazy long wait for this. I don't know why I couldn't write it, but I sat down tonight for like an hour and...this happened.
I feel like there's a hundred things I should be saying here. A thousand updates for you all, but, I honestly can't recall them all at the moment and I want to get this out there before I doubt myself.
Thank you all for your patience, please visit my tumblr and Twitter in the notes for updates and what I've been up to, and make sure to browse through some of my other more recent fics!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Eridanus was more beautiful than you ever could have imagined.

The sky stretched for miles and miles, disappearing over the edge of the earth, but the River of Stars was in full view, sparkling and bright, almost as bright as the huge nearly-full moon above.

You never imagined you'd get to see such beautiful sights. It was selfish, but you wanted to see so much more, you wanted to experience everything, even if it was only to spite the horrible man who made you. With the sight of the stars above you, you remembered why you so stubbornly insisted on studying them.

You didn't even realize you were tearing up until Pink put his arms around you and pulled you close, one hand gently wiping the tears away.

"Happy tears," you reassured him, leaning into his embrace. "I never thought I would be here...never."

You heard your name, your real name, and you jumped and pressed closer to Pink, sheepishly looking up at Frankie as she approached slowly.

God, she was so beautiful. And somehow, she doesn't even look angry, in fact, she even smiled as you looked up.

"It *is* you, I knew I recognized you. But they all called you Nova, so I…" She paused, chuckling as her smile fell just a tiny bit. "I'm...happy to see you're well. I won't be a bother, but...I just wanted

to say it's nice to see you again."

She turned to go, and Pink nudged you, and with his encouragement you reached out and gripped her sleeve gently.

"Wait, Frankie," you said quietly, smiling as she turned to look at you in surprise. "I...I'm happy to see you, too. Maybe we should talk?"

She cocked her head slightly in agreement, just like you remember, and slid her hand into yours.

"I'd really like that."

The MTT-brand Ice Cream Sundae was only slightly melted, despite it being ordered hours ago and enduring the incredibly long and detailed conversation between you and your old flame. Sparkling sprinkles slid slowly off the sides, cascading ripples of fudge twirling around your spoon as you took another automatic bite to please Frankie's watchful eye. Even though you were sharing it she was insistent you eat your fill first, correctly assuming your appetite was suffering lately.

She was so much more accepting than you'd thought she'd be. She'd listened to everything with rapt attention, comforted you and sympathized and reassured you...even when the conversation got difficult she was there, a quick smile and well-timed joke to diffuse the tension.

"I'm glad you've found a stable place you can live that cares for you," she said genuinely, finally taking a bite of the sundae. "I was worried sick when you left because I know you're terrible at self-care. I kept calling your phone, even though it was on my bedside table. You even left your meds."

"Yeah...I really, uh, didn't take very good care of myself after I left," you admitted. "Your fears were, unfortunately, totally warranted."

"You should have stayed and let me take care of you," she said softly, covering your hand with hers and smiling wryly. "You know I would have."

"Yeah, but…" You looked around, waving a hand at the huge research center you were enjoying your treat in front of. "Keep you from this? From everything you've ever wanted to do? Just drag you down into a harsh reminder of mortality, when you could do so much more?"

"You seriously overestimate how much I've accomplished," she snorted, and you gave her a look.

"Frankie, your name's on the building."

She hummed, taking a sip of her water. "Okay, you got me there. But there's no reason we couldn't have done this together--I mean, look at you! You look great!" She leaned over and ran her fingers loosely through your hair. "God, your hair's gotten so long, even. So healthy."

"I'm only healthy on the surface," you grumbled, spooning another helping of chocolate into your mouth. "All I can stomach is sweets, I can't hike without feeling woozy, I spent the entire plane ride vomiting my brains out, and I get nosebleeds like it's my actual job. Real attractive."

" *But* ! You aren't bedridden!" She said, squeezing your joined hands. "You're traveling! You've got hobbies and you're still in school! That's crazy good! Is your diagnosis any better? Any

longer?"

You shook your head, and her smile fell. "No...I only look so good and can do so much because I'm taking in so much magic from the guys. My doctor says he doesn't know how it affects the diagnosis, but...the ones who know, and I, are planning for the paper dates."

She hummed, looking worried. You knew she didn't like the way you said 'the ones who know' but she wasn't about to pry. Unlike Drew she had a graceful respect about her, and she didn't like to force you to say things you didn't want to.

"Anyway, this is my chance to see the world, I guess, and it's pretty exciting. Though, we're only one day in and I feel like I've seen the most beautiful parts of the world already."

"What, Eridanus?"

"No...you," you teased, smirking up at her. You loved the way she sputtered and turned bright red, just like she used to when you were together. "I'm sorry, that was...inappropriate."

"No, I liked it. I missed it," she said, scooping up the last bite of Sundae and offering it to you. You leaned in to accept the bite, and there was a tingle of magic as the spoon disappeared and a glittering fortune was spelled out across your table, next to your joined hands.

Beauty is wonderful, but it is nothing without love. With your love, you inspire beauty in those around you every day.

You giggled a bit and withdrew your hand from hers. "That must be for you."

"Yeah, right," she snorted. "Pretty sure we both know that isn't true."

You chatted idly as she accompanied you back up to the penthouse, and you allowed her to sneakily snag your pinky with hers. Something about her was just so comforting, in a different way than the boys or Drew were.

Being with Frankie was like...a rainy day, inside with the fire going and a warm sweater and a mug of hot cocoa. She was like laying your head on someone's lap and feeling content, simply existing, living for the soft comfort of the denim she wore to work.

She felt like home, once upon a time, for a little bit, when you'd been seeking it in everything you did.

"Come on in, Pink said he was making tea and coffee," you offered as the lift stopped at the top floor, and she graciously accepted, leaving her coat and bag by the door and her shoes on the rack. You let her wander into your life, again, and you couldn't help but watch her hips sway as she sauntered in with that confidence that only she could pull off.

You definitely will always have a thing for her. You'll have to remember to add her name to your list of letters to write for the end.

"feeling alright, sugar?" Pink hummed, greeting you with a soft peck on the cheek and a reassuring squeeze.

"Yeah, better than expected," you said with a laugh. "I thought she would be so pissed at me, but...she was really nice about it all."

“you may not believe it, but you leave a pretty lasting impression on pretty much everyone, cutie,” he said, nudging you as you rolled your eyes.

“That’s good, I guess?” You laughed, feeling a little conflicted. It *was* good, but maybe not? After all, if everyone forgot about you it might be easier...but you do like the idea of being remembered.

“it’s great,” he insisted, taking your hand and pulling you towards the kitchen.

“Can we talk?”

You blinked up at Sierra owlishly, surprised as unwarranted panic welled up in your chest. Those words are never good, and even as you nod you’re mulling over everything you could have possibly did wrong in your head, and as you follow her to the bedroom you’re pretty sure your hands are shaking.

She closed the door behind you both, and you sit on the bed with your hands in your lap, trying hard to keep from picking nervously at your nails or clothes.

Sierra paced for a moment, which didn’t really make you feel any better, and then she took a deep breath--

“I broke up with G.”

There’s silence, heavy and thick as you slowly try to process what she just said, and when the train *finally* pulls into the station you gasp.

“What?! Why?”

She laughed and collapsed on the bed next to you, shaking her head. “God, I don’t know? I mean, I do, but...well...it’s hard to explain.”

“Well...try?!”

She pats the pillows next to her and you join her, laying down and staring up at the sparkly ceiling. You idly wondered how much glitter you would swallow in your sleep before the end of this vacation.

“It was never real,” she said finally. “I mean, I knew that, you know? I knew he wasn’t that into me. There was always you, of course, but it was something else. A girl, from way back, he said before he lived here.”

You felt your heart sink. She had no idea, but that girl must have been you, too. Just like the others.

“Anyway, he told me all about her last night. Said he wanted to come clean.” She sighed, pulling a strand of soft orange hair above her face to inspect it. “A tall, leggy redhead, just like me. And he loved her, he loved her so much, but...she died. A car accident, I guess. Some drunk driver hit them, and her and her twin sister both died, her from the injuries and the other from...heartbreak. Guess it devastated Green, too? I think he was dating the twin. Weird sitch, but I get it.”

You wondered if they were both you...or if maybe you’d been wrong about them being you.

“So he apologized, for using me, basically. I mean, I knew he was from the start I guess I just didn’t realize how *deep* that rabbit hole went. So I dumped him, because I think he expected that, but you know, I think it’s okay. Really.” She dropped her hair and turned towards you, flopping dramatically into her pillow as she drew closer. “Know why?”

“Why?” You asked, genuinely confused.

“Because I made a friend for life, that’s why,” she laughed, poking you. “I met you, and I got to do all sorts of crazy things, like this vacation and meet all these skeletons and experience *so much,* all because G fucked you, got angsty, and needed a rebound. Guess dick brought us together, in the literal *and* metaphorical sense.”

That made you giggle, and she did, too, and before you knew it you were shoving a pillow at her to cover her hilariously ugly laugh-snort. She took it on the chin, and soon you were cuddling close, a platonic comfort settling over you both.

“So, you broke up with him, huh?” You asked, and she snorted.

“Yup. I did the thing. The thing we were all waiting for.”

“Shut up,” you laughed. “No, I think you should have stayed with him...but I get it, with that reasoning.”

“Whaaaat, you tryna convince me you actually *liked* us together?” She narrowed her eyes suspiciously.

“Yes, I did,” you said matter-of-factly. “Because I made a wonderful friend, and G was healing. It was beneficial for everyone, and especially...in the end.”

“In the end? What’s that supposed to mean? You sound super ominous right now.”

“Yeah. Guess so,” you sighed, snuggling your face into her collarbone. “Can I tell you something? You can’t tell anyone, though.”

“Sure. Pinky promise.”

You giggled and hooked pinkies, and she did a funny little shake with it that had you grinning...until you remembered what you wanted to tell her.

“Sierra...what would you say if I told you I only have ten months to live?”

Chapter End Notes

Eeeeeaaaaasing into the waters of telling people.

Wingwoman

Chapter Summary

Some girl time is always needed, and having people close enough to talk to is refreshing. You wish you'd opened up sooner.

Chapter Notes

Yeaaaahhhh I'm BACK BABY
Two chapters within a week of each other? My heart is hammering at my ribs. I'm so psyched, y'all.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“This is my obligatory ‘You should really tell the guys’ moment,” Sierra said, leaning on the doorjamb as you brushed your teeth, appeasing the sudden urge to brush away the words as if it would change the future somehow. “I mean, I'm not telling you what to do, but I know that more than Papyrus should know.”

“Paprfus nd geen,” you corrected, spitting the toothpaste out. “I mean, Papyrus and Green.”

“Well, that definitely explains a lot,” she sighed, scratching her jaw absently.

She'd taken it pretty well, but maybe she was in shock. She just didn't seem the type to really cry over anything, very go with the flow, very silly and relaxed. She'd asked a comfortable amount of questions, and expressed obvious distress, which was honestly a lot more comforting than a big sob-fest anyway.

“Telling *you* was easier than I thought,” you said with a sigh. “Good practice, I guess. But the guys, I mean...it's so much harder to live normally with all their eyes on me, and I feel like telling them would almost be cruel.”

“It's more cruel to keep them in the dark about somebody they love so much,” she pointed out, nudging you a bit. “Take it at your own pace, but they definitely don't deserve to think they have all this time until the very end.”

“Yeah. I know.” You sighed and turned off the water, wiping your mouth. “Thanks for not phrasing it in a way that makes me feel like trash, though. I feel that's hard to do.”

“That's what friends are for, right?” She said, tossing an arm around your shoulder. “Come on, let's get you all cute and get your mind off it all for now. Might as well enjoy this vacation and worry about all that later, right?”

The tone of her voice was strained, but you smiled and accepted it. She was trying, and it was admirable that she didn't want to make you feel any worse than you already did.

“I already tried this red lipstick,” you said, pointing out the shade you'd put on yesterday for your cheeky text to Red.

“Really? It's so bright for your complexion,” she said, raising a brow. “I mean, I'm sure you looked fierce, but I could probably find a better color.”

You thought about why you put it on and smiled. “I think it served its purpose, but sure. I've never really done much with makeup...Frankie is the only girl I've really had show me, and she was more of a 3-day old smoky eye and no foundation type.”

“I don't wear it much, but I used to. Come here.”

You sat at the vanity as she took your hand, swiping some of the colors on the back of your hand, shades of plum and wine much more seductive than you would have picked. She appeared to like one, because she put most away and picked a maroonish-purple that reminded you of Black's mulberry-hued magic.

“I hope you like dramatic,” she said with a snort.

“I don’t think I’ve ever been able to escape dramatic,” you laughed as she gathered a mascara from the makeup collection on the vanity. “What’s the inspiration here? Tragic romance novel heroine?”

“Little close to reality, don’t you think?” Sierra chuckled, and you smiled as she swiped your lashes with the brush. “Woah, I gotta get me some of this MTT stuff. Your lashes ooze drama.”

“I ooze a lot,” you offered. “Usually blood. From my nose.”

“No, this is a good ooze,” she chastised, forgoing eyeshadow and swiping you a few times with blush. Then she picked up the hairspray. “MTT’s Dramatic Volume, huh? Well, we’ve certainly overused that word already, so why not?”

She hummed as she tested it on herself, and you watched as the sparkle of magic plumped her ginger strands, curling them instantly for beachy waves you wish you could pull off.

“Woah!” You gasped in unison.

“Holy crap, my hair has *never* held a curl before!” She laughed, flipping it and humming as she patted the waves. “Damn. I have *got* to see what it does to *your* curls.”

You laughed and accepted your fate as she turned you toward the mirror and sprayed, and you gasped as the curls pulled together your look instantly, going from messy bedhead to glamorous red carpet curls. Paired with the makeup, you didn’t even look like yourself--certainly not like a girl dying, that’s for sure.

“Hold on,” Sierra said, grinning. “Are you opposed to sleeping with Pink?”

“What?” You laughed, blinking in surprise, long, seductive lashes fluttering naturally. “Where did that come from?”

“Uh, it came from you looking like walking sex, duh!” She rolled her eyes, grabbing your hand and dragging you into the bedroom. “You look *way* too good to waste the whole day on sad confessions and pining over exes. You need to get laid.”

“Oh, no,” you giggled, allowing her to pull you toward the huge closet Mettaton had filled for you. “I haven’t even looked in there, you know.”

“You’re not answering the question. Do you, or do you not, want the world’s most sexed-up skeleton to show you what a real boning feels like?”

You flushed, and Sierra grinned, having won. “Wait, I don’t even know if Pink wants that!”

“You don’t know if *Pink* wants to *fuck?”* She asked pointedly, and even you had to chuckle. “Come on, Nova, don’t play dumb. He’s happy how you are but you know he wants to hear you screeeeeam his name!”

“Oh, God, shut up,” you laughed. “Fine, I’ll let you dress me. But sex is not guaranteed, it has to happen naturally.”

“And naturally, it will,” she insisted, finally opening the door to the closet.

You both had to pause in the doorway, looking at the sweeping wardrobe full of...well, *everything* you could ever need.

“Mettaton does know I’m only in Brazil for three days, right?” You asked, a little intimidated. It’s been a while since you tried on clothes--you haven’t been this uncomfortable with fabric since your shopping spree with Edge.

“I don’t think that man knows the meaning of the word ‘frugal’, or even ‘adequate’,” Sierra hummed, already thumbing through the racks and pulling things out to strike poses with them. The first one was a black sundress with spaghetti straps. “Goth chic?”

“Too funeral,” you pointed out, and she nodded, putting it back. “Maybe purple? Pink’s magic is such a nice color.”

“You do look sexy in purple. Hell, if the boys wouldn’t have my head, I’d *definitely* go for you in purple.”

She pulled out a purple gown that swept the floor, pairing it with a pair of sunglasses.

You shook your head vigorously, your curls bouncing. “I’m not on the red carpet. I probably won’t even be leaving the penthouse for this.”

“Aw, you’re no fun,” Sierra fake-whined, putting it back. She pushed the sunglasses up to rest on her head as you joined her searching the racks.

It was a few more minutes of joking and laughing, and enjoying the fine fabrics beneath your fingers, before you both finally settled on a few outfits to try. You warned her about your scars, and she seemed unperturbed as she helped you zip and fix and strike poses, eventually even settling on an emerald sundress she was “definitely stealing for tomorrow” for herself and...

And you had your weapon of choice, and cute black flats to match.

“we’re doing alright,” Pink sighed, leaning back on the comfy couch. “guess the astronomer mettaton hired was actually nova’s ex, so that’s very small-world.”

“OH MY. AND WAS THAT ALRIGHT? IT SOUNDS AWKWARD.” His brother’s voice crackled a bit on the other end of the phone, but was otherwise unperturbed, ready to gossip.

“oh, yes, frankie was very kind. they went for ice cream and got the closure they’d needed. it must have gone well, because nova was pretty keen. frankie stayed for coffee and we chatted a bit--a smart woman, and very happy to see nova happy.”

“OH-HO, A WOMAN? SOMEHOW, I ALREADY KNEW SHE SWUNG BOTH WAYS.”

“i think nova focuses on love and who loves her, rather than trivial things such as sexuality,” Pink chuckled, smirking fondly as he thought of how trusting and soft you looked when you looked at him, so much love to share...just like…

“OH NO, YOU STOP THAT.” BJ chastised, and Pink frowned even though his brother couldn’t see it. *“I KNOW YOU. THERE WAS NOTHING WE COULD HAVE DONE FOR CHASTITY, SO PLEASE DO NOT PROJECT HER ONTO NOVA. SHE DESERVES BETTER THAN THAT.”*

“you’re right,” Pink sighed, feeling guilty. “i just can’t help it, they look so much alike, obviously. and last night before we went to look at the stars i told her all about her. i just hope i didn’t scare her off like g did with sierra. how’s he doing with that anyway?”

“AS EXPECTED. THROWING A TANTRUM LIKE HOWL FROM HOWL’S MOVING CASTLE. EXCEPT THE GOO ONLY COMES FROM ONE PART OF HIS BODY, NYEH HEH.”

“so, jerkin’ it dry?” Pink smiled at the image of Prince Charming sitting in the dark, grumbling as he yanked his monkey with the half-hearted vigor of a middle-aged man who just realized all the action he’s ever gonna get anymore is his hand. “hope he lotions up that pelvis, chafing is no joke.”

“I DON’T KNOW, I’M TOO PREOCCUPIED WITH TAMING THE LITERAL WILD BEASTS IN THE GARAGE. WHOEVER INVITED AXE AND DUSTY TO THE PARTY CLEARLY WANTED ME TO BE RUN RAGGED TAKING CARE OF THEM.”

“oh no,” Pink hummed, furrowing his brow. “i hope they aren’t too rough on you?”

“IT’D BE BETTER IF THEY WERE ROUGH ON ME! THEY WON’T LET ME TOUCH THEM, SO THEY’RE FAIRLY MAGIC-SICK AT THE MOMENT.” BJ sighed on the other end. *“I ADMIRE EVERYONE’S DEDICATION TO THE LOVELY ONE, BUT IF SOMEONE DOESN’T START LETTING ME LET THEM FUCK ME WE MIGHT NOT HAVE A HOUSE FOR NOVA TO COME BACK TO.”*

“well, good luck on that, i heard stretch is off his meds, so that should be fun.”

“OH, I NEEDN’T WORRY ABOUT HIM. APPARENTLY MUTT IS HANDLING IT, THOUGH WHEN HE ARRIVED I’M UNSURE.”

“oh? a swap combo platter and you’re not in there to take pictures?”

“I’M NOT SURE THEY’RE FUCKING, OR ELSE I’D HEAR A LOT MORE NOISE. NO, I THINK THEY’RE JUST TALKING, HANGING OUT. BUT WHATEVER IT IS, IT’S WORKING.”

“well, i expect pictures if you--”

A stunned pause, and BJ asking what was wrong, but Pink could hardly hear him.

You smiled shyly at him, doing a little spin. The flowy satin skirt of your dress floated up for a peek at black panties and a hint of lace at the top of stockings. Your hair was perfectly curled, your lips like wine and fuck, *he wanted to drink deeply from them.*

You landed a little wobbly as you raised a brow at his slackjawed response as if to ask his opinion.

He picked his phone back up again.

“beej. i gotta go.”

Chapter End Notes

Oh boy oh boy

*Reminiscing

Chapter Summary

It isn't easy being apart. But Pink makes it a little easier.
The boys are having a hard time handling all the emotions that come with their heat.

Chapter Notes

Hi...I didn't die...
I'm updating my stories at my own pace with no plans to return to fandom. There are a few stories that I think you guys just deserve to see through to the end and this one is one of them so I hope you'll forgive me for taking so long.

Warnings: This chapter explores past sexual assault and also self harm and suicide, as well as handles death from the perspective of those left behind. If those make you uncomfortable please feel free to skip this chapter

There is also a bit of smut: P in v and fingering detailed, intimacy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The sunlight played across the sheets, teasing over naked skin and bone, tangled together in a harmonious cuddle pile.

Pink brushed your cheek very lightly, sockets hardly cracked open and his touch gentle as possible so as not to wake you. You looked so beautiful in the morning light, almost as beautiful as you'd looked last night, beneath him. He hummed and closed his sockets, replaying the memory in his mind.

You, so shy and pretty, in that dress as purple as his magic. He remembered everything he wanted to do to you, every dirty thought that crossed his mind, but somehow it had been rather vanilla, and soft, full of sweet words and sensuality.

He would never admit it to anyone, but intimacy was truly the thing that got to him the most. He would joke that it was bondage, or femme doms, or humiliation, and those things *did* get him hot, but intimacy is what truly made him shudder, and everything about you screamed intimate. You called his name, and not his nickname either but his *name,* and well, that was something he didn't even know he craved after all this time.

He ran his fingers delicately over your bare shoulder and back, tracing the scars with a frown.

He'd like to meet him, your father. From your brief explanation last night he understood that was who gave you these horrific injuries. He'd like to meet him, yes, and teach him a thing or two about

bondage, perhaps. Or maybe he'll just unleash on him, like he did to Chastity's "owner". It would be worth it, he thinks.

But he doesn't think he'll seek him out, not like he did with Slavi. For you, it seemed more important that you and anyone you loved stay far, *far* away from that man. But oh, if he ever meets him…

But, he realizes, it's a waste of time and opportunity to be thinking of your father and the many ways to hurt him when you're in his arms, naked, and so very lovely.

You sighed as his fingers became more adventurous. You had a flight to catch today, in roughly three hours, and he wasn't going to waste any more time. He knows the best way to wake up.

"do you ever think about 'er?"

Mutt hummed, opening one eye sleepily to look at Stretch. 6 in the morning and for some reason he wants to talk? But he supposed that's what he signed on for when he came over to hang with him for the duration of the heat.

"think about who?" He grumbled, moving enough to readjust. Stretch shifted beneath his arm, their shared need for cuddles satiated just enough to make both of them sigh involuntarily.

"you know who, asshole," Stretch sighed, his breath ghosting across Mutt's clavicle. "your girl. i know you had one, we all did, and you talked about her on valentine's day."

"think about 'er all the time. think it's easier to count the times i *don't* think 'bout her." Finally, he gave up on sleeping any more, moving enough to look properly at Stretch where they were curled around each other. His counterpart was looking past him, probably not at anything in particular, his face screwed up in concentration. "you think 'bout yours?"

"...always."

Mutt nodded. He understood that sentiment. Something about being a swap Papyrus was so different than anybody else. It was so much harder to let go of the things you loved, the things you needed. He knew he had worked damn hard to get everything he had ever had, including the horrific amount of power he held in his soul, and it wouldn't surprise him if Stretch had done the same--taken the pain, taken the injections and the horror, to prevent it from happening to his brother.

It would also make sense if, like Mutt, Stretch had never really quite gotten over his lover's death.

"how'd she die for you?" Mutt asked, and he felt Stretch stiffen slightly, his sockets closing and a scowl appearing. When he didn't answer, he continued. "lost mine on valentine's day. we'd been together four years, her an' my brother had only been exploring their relationship for...hm. a year an' a half? thought sharin' would be hard, but...nah. not wit' her. we bought her a collar, dainty lil' thing, soft lace and a bell like a cat. it had both of our names on it and she loved it, loved it so much, insisted we put it on 'er right there in muffet's where everyone could see us claiming her. my hands, they'd never shook so much, i loved 'er, loved 'er more'n anything. still do."

"...what happened?"

Mutt sighed, shifting until he was on his back, looking up at the ceiling. His arm stayed around Stretch's shoulder, and he felt his counterpart pat it, reassuring.

"she was assaulted early on in our relationship. some rich kid she went to school with, he thought money could buy him anything, he...he's lucky i didn't kill 'im." Mutt gripped the sheets, unwanted memories of you, *his* you, despondent and drugged and hurt, so hurt, the look in your eye for months afterwards as you tried to scrub the filth off of you every time you washed your hands. "but my lil' brat, she was richer than he was. he got put away, full sentence, for what he did. what he did to her and the other girls. only, his daddy didn't like that too much. he somehow got the prick out, after just three goddamned years. but 'e did it real hush-hush like, no news, no big fights. greased a buncha palms and got the sick sonuvabitch let out on parole."

He reached his free hand up to press against his eyesockets, taking a deep breath and fighting the angry tears. He almost wishes he could go back to his world just to beat the asshole to death.

"he didn't…?" Stretch trailed off, but the question was obvious.

"yeah, yeah, he fuckin' did. found us, wasn't hard, we were famous by then--me n'the brat were musicians, not to mention she was an heiress, an' my bro was a world-renowned detective. finding out we were at muff's for valentine's day wasn't a hard trick. caught us on our way out, surprised us, all a little more drunk than we anticipated we would be. he blamed sans, actually, though it was made worse when 'e saw the pretty lil' collar around her neck, the obvious claim that she'd 'given herself to filthy monsters', as he put it. he had a gun. an' he took his shot, an' it would have gone right into sans' chest if...if she hadn't…"

There they are, the tears he'd been trying to hold back. Stretch shifted and sat up to let him take his arm back, and he covered his face with both hands.

"she jumped in front," Stretch said quietly, remembering the incident from just last week, their Valentine's Day, the strange LOAD and what it had erased. "the opposite of what happened here."

His hand hovered over Mutt's skull, before finally he gently lowered it, running his fingers over smooth bone and the occasional nasty crack. Mutt curled against him, his head finding Stretch's lap, and there was a kinship here, an understanding. Something that none of the others seemed to share but him and Mutt had a weird connection, the feeling of knowing and understanding each other's pain. Yeah, they butted heads, but he didn't connect like this with Papyrus or Edge, and he was certain they didn't connect with each other this way. But Blue, Blue and Black, they did seem to understand each other...so maybe it was a swap thing. Swaps are just different. It's probably why they're both able to burn so hot, enduring heat together without simply tearing each other's clothes off.

"how did you do it?" Mutt asked, his breath shuddering. "get over yours? i can't, i can't figure it out. how could any of you, how do you look at nova and see anything but *her* ?"

Stretch kept petting his head, humming lightly. "you sayin' you don't see it? the way that nova shines? the way she smiles, and moves, and exists?"

"i do. i do see that," Mutt admitted. "but i can't. i can't look at 'er without feelin' so...an' it ain't her fault she's so cute an' sweet, but it hurts that she doesn't look at me with the same eyes, that she isn't...her. so how, how d'you do it?"

“not sure. until recently i...didn’t. i still saw her like i saw honey. i still longed for her, i still wanted her back. my soul felt so empty without her mark, without her touch, and when nova started to fill that emptiness, i just felt guilt, for a long time.” Stretch breathed deeply, remembering those eyes, that video, that voice. She was in there somewhere, inside of you, but that wasn’t why he loved you. “but i realize now that, while all this time i was looking for honey in there, i was ignoring what nova truly is to me. it’s not just that she looks like her, it’s not just that she’s in there...she makes me...for the first time in a while i was smiling for real. because of her, who she is, and my dumb ass got so fuckin’ scared that i did everything i could to mess it up, afraid that loving her meant that i couldn’t love honey anymore.”

The silence was Mutt’s agreeance, the only sound being Stretch’s fingertips scraping lightly over Mutt’s skull. He didn’t say anything else, choosing to let Mutt break the silence whenever he was ready.

He wished you would come home now, so he could tell you all he’s learned about himself and how much he loved you.

You hit the pillows with a giggle, sitting up to look at the Eiffel Tower through the huge window of your suite.

“Oh, Pink, it’s so beautiful,” you sighed as he crawled into bed alongside you. You wished there was more time to explore Paris today, but the flight had taken longer than anticipated. You also had a few phone calls you still needed to make, like talking to Papyrus and letting everyone know you made it to Paris safe. “I wish the others were here to see it.”

Bony hands caught your waist, and Pink kissed your neck, nibbling all the way up to your ear as his arms wrapped around you. You hummed, falling back into his embrace.

“it would be appropriate, in the city of love, to make some *sweet* love, wouldn’t it?” Pink breathed, and you sighed, letting him lay you back in the bed, the lights of Paris and the soft purple of his soul the only illumination of the room.

“You’re spoiling me,” you objected playfully, helping him out of his vest.

He chuckled, pushing your skirt up to your hips. “ *au contraire, mon amor* . i think you will find it is *you* who is spoiling *me* with such sights.”

Once upon a time, he had believed sex needed to be rough and fast and overwhelming. Once, he hadn’t known what a loving touch felt like. But after all he’s been through, it’s no surprise that he’s learned how to take it slow, learned how to touch lightly until it drives you crazy. And oh, those noises, he lives for those noises, and they remind him of her so much but not too much, no, it was all still so new and lovely on its own. You don’t hide your pleasure as he slides his fingers inside your ready, waiting heat, you moan and cry and thrash as he takes you.

“oh, sugar, you look so sweet right now,” he purrs, fingers gliding in and out as someone plays music down on the streets below.

It isn’t long before he’s undone his belt, withdrawing his fingers to taste your arousal, and you open your legs wide in invitation. He’s more than happy to respond, and he takes it slow, watching you come undone beneath him.

Yes, Paris is beautiful, but this...this is a much better view.

It was the middle of week two, and Edge was pacing holes in his carpet.

All the waiting. It was terrible, really, what is he supposed to do with all this time? He'd masturbated himself practically dry by now, though BJ keeps offering to help and he isn't certain he'll say no next time.

Only five more days, he reasoned. You were in Rome somewhere right now, and then you would visit Ireland, and then spend a day in London. Then, you would be home, and just the thought made his soul leap in his chest.

You'd be home and gorgeous and tanned, eyelashes batting up at him as you called him "Sugar Daddy" and checked on him. Maybe...maybe you would touch his soul again, by the Gods that sounded *very* nice, he wanted it, he wanted it so bad. Last time had been utter bliss, all that good feeling and happy, worried Intent...but this time you would see, you would see him clearly for who he was.

Touching his soul with yours released would mean he wouldn't be able to hide from you anymore, he would have to tell you, tell you everything--how he remembered you from before, the you that lived with him and Red long before this. He would have to admit to all his misdeeds, the terrible way he treated Red, and her...you...the way he had collared her along with his brother, annoyed by another body to protect so his brother could get his kicks.

He'd have to explain how he fell in love with her. The late nights and early mornings spent worrying about her when she wouldn't get out of bed. He'd tell you that you weren't the first he'd bought a wardrobe for, after all he likes his pets to look sharp. He remembered so clearly, the scars on her wrists and arms, big, terrible, nasty scars both fresh and old, from the many times she had convinced herself she wasn't worthy of the world.

He'd have to relive it, he realized, the terrible moment of finding her on the tarmac, crumpled and broken and without any hope of survival. You might see it firsthand, if you touched his soul--you might hear his brother's agonized wail from the rooftop, or see his own face in the mirror as he straightened his tie for the funeral...stained with tears and regret, the lingering feeling that he hadn't been able to save her, that no amount of his patience or kindness had ever been enough.

The pacing stopped.

Edge sat on the bed, sinking his face into his hands with a shuddering sob. Yes, it would be nice to have you touch his soul again. But even without it he felt the memories surface, the sad eyes and the gentle touches. There had always been something there, in that gaze of hers, and what terrified Edge the most is that he sometimes saw it in you.

Would he lose you, too, he wondered? Nice things didn't often last for him and Red. Dealing with his issues is nice and all, at least the therapist he'd secretly been seeing said it was a good thing, but what did it matter without you? Without you he'd surely lose his brother this time.

This is exactly what upsets him every heat. The ache where the previous version of you once existed, it always hurt, it hurt so much. This world's Alphys thinks that it's because he represses his feelings, holds off on the sadness and skates over it, and so when he has no choice but to face it, it threatens to tear him in two.

But things are slightly different this time, he realizes. He closes his sockets and breathes deeply, a hand over his chest. He can still feel the lovely warmth of you healing his pain, and he knows he isn't empty anymore.

He pulled his phone out to text his therapist.

The flight to London was the longest one yet, or at least it felt that way.

"I wanna go home," you sighed, and Hasani's hand squeezed your knee sympathetically. "I don't want to go to London."

"it's the last stop, sugar," Pink cooed, expertly massaging your feet in his lap. "Then you can go home, alright?"

You hummed, unsatisfied with that answer. Your head felt heavy, it had the last couple of flights. You closed your eyes and leaned against the window, wondering if you'd puke up glitter before you touch ground in London.

The vitamins had helped, and Pink's, *ahem* , generous magic donations, but you could feel it was stretching it fiercely. You were tired more often than not, and Pink had remarked this morning you seemed paler than you should with all your tanning. You probably wouldn't enjoy London very much, but it was a bucket list item so you would try.

You took a mental tally of the things Papyrus had managed to get crossed off with your itinerary. Kissing in Paris, taking a gondola ride in Venice, that was two with the added bonus of three sexual positions crossed off by an enthusiastic Pink. Visiting Rome, eating real italian food, throwing a coin into the fountain and making a wish...That's three. And Ireland, you'd kissed the blarney stone, that's two more.

You had tried to go sky-diving and had chickened out completely, so you'd have to apologize when you get home. But you did successfully bungee-jump, having convinced Hasani to go with you, and the poor boy was still living down the terribly hilarious shriek of genuine fear he released as you careened off the bridge together.

"Hey, don't laugh at me," Hasani grumbled when you started chuckling at the memory.

"Who said I was laughing at you?" You giggled, covering your laugh just a bit.

He sighed. "Educated guess."

"Okay, okay, I'm sorry." You held up your hands in surrender, sliding your arm around him for a side hug that he accepted easily. "I'm not laughing anymore."

"Well, I am," Sierra snorted. "You screamed so loud I thought the instructor's glasses were going to break!"

The rest of the flight was spent reminiscing on where you'd been and what you'd done, and you tried not to think about how you had already crossed 20 things off your list.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for being with me on this journey, I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Please comment I look forward to reading them!
All the sad babies with broken hearts :'(

Take Me Home

Chapter Summary

> You're finally, finally going home, and even if it's only Red and Edge at the airport waiting you can't help but be overwhelmed with happiness.

Chapter Notes

> Hints of Fontcest in this one, nothing at all graphic but just very very light hinting that some of them finally used BJ's "Services". It's easy to ignore.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Pink watched you from over the lip of his wine glass, eyeing you scrutinously. You looked terrible, quite frankly, and he wished he could say otherwise but it was true. The day out in London had been taxing for you, and as much as he wanted to wine and dine and bed you, he thinks that just bed is likely the best medicine. You'd been such a trooper throughout it all, and he'd done his best to keep your mind off of things, but really and truly you were exhausted and aching, missing your loves and he could understand that.

He called for the check, and you looked up in surprise.

"What's wrong?" You asked as he signed and sent your untouched food to be boxed up.

"i should be asking you that, sugar," he said softly, reaching across the table to take your hand. "we're finally heading home in the morning, and you look as far from excited as can be."

The food came swiftly as you considered your answer. "Nothing's really wrong. I'm just very tired from all of it. It's been a long trip."

Your answer fell short when you swayed upon standing, Pink catching you easily with a sigh. "oh, sugar, i know it's rough but try to keep your chin up. only ten more hours until we fly out, so let's head back and get some rest."

You nodded and let him shortcut you both, sighing as he laid you across the silken sheets. You were too tired to change, but Pink was very good at undressing you by now so there wasn't much for you to do except wiggle a foot here and there. He chuckled at your lazy undressing and then he slid in next to you, holding you close without even a finger of unwanted advances.

You sighed, holding him closer. "Stretch texted me before dinner, and he said most of them won't be able to come get me at the airport."

"oh, sugar, it's only a shortcut home," he crooned, running his fingers through your curls.

“Yeah, but...he said he’s staying back because Blue needs a lot of healing. He wouldn’t explain further except to say not to worry, but with him, Green, and Papyrus all staying to heal Blue I can’t help but be worried.” You looked up at him. “What kind of injury can one get in heat that needs three proper healers, Pink?”

Pink hummed, continuing to pet your hair until you closed your eyes to enjoy it. Honestly, he wasn’t quite sure how to answer that. He had sustained a few sexual injuries over the years himself, but nothing that he thinks the little Blueberry would have been trying to attempt, nor anything that would require the attention of so many healers. Perhaps the number of healers was simply a precaution, seeing as Stretch was likely to tire easily but wouldn’t want to leave his brother’s side? And Papyrus was a helper, plain and simple. He wouldn’t be surprised if his recent interest in healing took a turn and he decided to follow in Green’s wake and become a magimedical professional. If that were the case, then certainly something like this would be good practice.

“i’m sure if stretch isn’t worried, then you shouldn’t either,” he said finally. “now get some rest, sweet thing, we’ve got a plane to catch tomorrow.”

It was fitful sleep, but ultimately you both rose at 8am. You looked a sight better in the morning light, buzzing about and trying to pick an outfit. Pink sat back and enjoyed the show with Hasani, watching you run around with Sierra and Mettaton, picking through Mettaton’s London closet.

“Oh, DARLING, this one would look absolutely *fabulous* on you~” Mettaton sang, holding up a striped dress.

“Oh, but Mettaton, they like her in purple,” Sierra whispered conspiratorially.

Mettaton chuckled devilishly, returning the striped dress to the closet. “Oh, *really?* Well, then do I have the perfect item!”

After a few hours of that they finally made it to the plane, and Pink held your hand encouragingly. You couldn’t help but bounce up and down in your seat as they flew off, and he had to remind you that it was a half a day’s flight. You were too nervous to eat, but allowed Hasani to distract you with some video games on the private jet’s large TV.

The moment you began flying over American soil again you were texting everyone, so excited to see them and be *home* , god, this trip had felt like forever and a half. But it was still a good few hours before you would be home, and eventually you did end up cuddling up to Sierra with a tired sigh for a small nap.

“m’fine, boss, quit fuckin’ with m’shirt,” Red growled, trying to bat his brother’s hands away.

“NO! IT’S BEEN TWO WEEKS SINCE WE SAW NOVA AND I WANT US BOTH TO LOOK PRESENTABLE!” Edge continued trying to tuck in Red’s shirt, snapping the buttons shut even as Red moved to unsnap them and untuck it.

Finally Red gave up and let him fuss. It was a good bit better than after last heat, where he’d been wasting away in bed, at least, so he would let him have his idiosyncrasies if it meant he was alright. He’d emerged from his bedroom this morning impeccably clean as always, practically shining, and there was no sign of whatever depressive ailment usually plagued him these last few heats. If it weren’t for the way BJ meandered out of the room behind him, whistling a cheery tune, Red wouldn’t have been able to tell Edge had been in heat at all. So maybe the answer was just, Boss

needed getting laid. After all, it had somewhat worked previously with Muffet, and you'd more than given a green light to BJ before you had left, so worried were you about everyone.

In fact, somehow most of them had made it out intact, though he thinks a few more people gave into BJ's charms in the end than last time. And he'd been surprised to see Mutt and Stretch leave Stretch's room this morning, though not very surprised to see them talking music before Red and Edge went to get you. Something about those two just screamed 'weird twins' and he got the same vibe from Blue and Black. He figured it was best to leave his questions unanswered and let them do their thing.

Really, he'd thought he'd find an argument when they said they wanted to be the ones to go get you, but turns out BabyBlue had some complications so most of the rest of the house was either focused on that or on cleaning the place up. Sans had actually voted to stay and return your items to your room once they were washed, and Red had no doubt it was because the things he'd do to you with heat lingering in his bones was likely not public-space-appropriate. Red was hardly thinking PG-13 himself, but he did know he could control himself.

His attention was wrested away from his thoughts when Edge put both hands on his cheekbones, turning his face this way and that, humming as he looked him over. Then, amazingly, his face seemed to soften, and he actually smiled at him.

It was a little creepy, honestly...but he was trying, and that was nice.

"Sans," Edge said softly, so that only he would hear. "I am proud of how far you've come."

Red's sockets widened, his jaw falling slightly slack in disbelief and confusion--but before he could say anything back, the terminal erupted into chaos as a familiar pink jet pulled alongside the building, and Edge released him, striding through the crowd and leaving Red to scramble after him before the crowd folded in behind him.

Edge stopped an appropriate distance from the door, checking his gloves, straightening the hem of his shirt, dusting off his shoulders. He gave Red one last look, a browbone raised until Red stood up relatively straight, and there was that smile again, as enigmatic as it was unusual.

The door busted open and the crowd went wild as Mettaton swept past the two of them with a wave, drawing the crowd a ways away to sign autographs and mingle. Left in the wake of such a show was you, holding Pink's hand and looking around confusedly.

You saw Edge first, well, it's hard to miss him really, and your eyes lit up as he opened his arms patiently. You practically flew into them, and he picked you up effortlessly as you kissed his cheekbones, his forehead, showering him in affection and Red knew if it was anyone but you they'd be lying on the floor in a matter of moments. But it *was* you, and the look of absolute adoration on his brother's face was such a rare treat. Finally, even though you didn't seem to be through kissing his skull all over and leaving little lipstick marks, Edge set you down, his arms loosening and sliding so he could hold your hands, and he kissed you, gentle, affectionate, before muttering something in your ear.

It must have been an instruction to look a little harder, because before long those eyes were on him, brimming with happy tears.

"heya, sweetheart, how was the--oof!" He groaned as you rocketed into him, chuckling as he closed his arms around you, holding you tight. He forgot what he was asking but it didn't matter, it didn't

matter because you were in his arms and his knees went weak. He dropped to the ground and held you tightly, so tightly, and he felt the tears pricking his sockets as his soul banged against his ribs, begging to be closer to you, to be set free. The ache of heat waned as he held you, and he felt your whole body relax at once.

He was slightly concerned, trying to lean back and make sure he didn't just squeeze the air right outta you, but you took the opportunity to kiss him, and well, he couldn't argue with that. He sighed against your lips, a soft whimper as the feeling of your affection settled on his bones.

"I missed you," you breathed, shaking all over as Edge knelt down to join in the moment, wrapping his arms around both of you. "I missed you both, so, *so* much."

"missed you, too, kitten, so much," Red whined, holding you close again. He felt his brother's hand patting his head affectionately, and wrote off his weird behavior as something leftover from his heat.

"Missed you dearly," Edge sighed, right in your ear, and his hold on you both was firm, yet gentle. "And I'm sure the others did as well, so we should get you home."

"Please," you pleaded, burying your face in Red's shirt. "Please. I want to go home."

Chapter End Notes

If you like my writing please visit my Active Tumblr for original fiction, monster love, and urban fantasy!

Otherwise, I'm building up to a big reveal, ahhh! Next chapter will be a bombshell, and ch 100 will be *muah* perfection
Also, I'm shocked that nobody reacted to the bombshell that was Edge seeing a therapist last chapter. I'm hoping you guys all start to see him improve as the chapters go by!

Moving On

Chapter Summary

> Nobody will tell you what's wrong with Blue? You'll just have to find out for yourself, then. And Stretch gets it all off his chest.

Chapter Notes

> Thank you so much for all the supportive comments! I'm happy to keep bringing this fic to you all until it finally reaches it's end! It is still a ways off so don't worry, I will keep updating sporadically until it is done

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You had expected to not quite make it through the door, of course, and you weren't disappointed. Sans met you there, and you couldn't help but sit there in the doorway while Edge and Red lugged your bags past you easily.

"Missed you," you said, squeezing him.

"missed you more," he responded, and you wanted to tell him there was no way that could be true but you know what, let him have this. Pink patted your shoulder gently as he walked by, calling for his brother, and you hardly noticed anything but Sans, the way he held you so close and safe.

You kissed him on the cheekbone, and he quickly turned up the heat with a proper kiss, leaving you absolutely quaking in his grasp, all that desperate energy, all that affection pouring into one shockingly chaste kiss.

"Oh! Oh, oh, I missed you," you whined, shaking, and he repeated it back to you, and so it went for a good ten minutes, muttered "I missed you"s and kisses right there in the doorway until finally the shaking subsided slightly.

"wish you hadn't hadta go," he cooed, pushing your hair from your eyes. "it was torture."

"You're telling me," you huffed. "Then don't send me away again!"

He chuckled, leaning his forehead against yours. "c'mon, beautiful. let's at least come inside."

You obliged, letting him lead you by the hand through the door. It smelled of bleach in here, and various other cleaners, but you supposed they'd been working hard to clean up before you got here. You glanced worriedly up the stairs where you heard a sobbing noise, and Sans' hand tightened on yours before the other drew your face to look at him.

“don’t worry,” he cooed, running his thumb over your cheek. “they’ll be finished soon an’ blue will be right as rain, okay? i promise what they’re doing is helping.”

“What’s wrong with him?” You asked softly, terrified. You heard another wail from upstairs and Sans put an arm around you as you sobbed sympathetically.

“nothin’, ain’t nothin’ wrong with him, okay? he’ll be fine. if they were hurtin’ him don’t you think you’d hear stretch hollerin’ his head off?”

“I...I guess so…” You strained to listen, and heard none of the mentioned hollering. And Green and Papyrus were in there, right? So it can’t be as bad as you’re imagining, he must be fine like they’re saying.

Still, you can’t help but shiver when you hear it again, and Sans hurries you along to the kitchen, promising in a low voice that he’ll make you something to eat until they’re done and then you can see, you can see he’s fine. You sit at the counter and try to focus on him as he bustles about the kitchen, and eventually watching Edge as he joins in, speaking with Sans in a voice too low to hear. Red passed behind you, giving you a peck on the cheek, and it was almost enough to distract you when he sat down beside you with his mustard, taking your hand in his and rubbing his thumb over the back of it.

Until a particularly loud and pained scream tore through the house, making everybody flinch.

You jumped to your feet, ignoring the cries of the three of them as you raced after the scream. You weren’t going to be that person, that person that sits by while somebody screams in agony. You know there were people who did that to you, who ignored your pleas from the basement of your father’s lab, and these noises, they were tearing your heart apart, you couldn’t take it!

“Blue?!” You cried, coming to his door, locked as you left it. You banged on it as you heard a whimper inside. You felt hot tears running down your cheeks as the people inside began to talk in low voices. “Blue! I’m here, I’m here! Papyrus, let me in, please! Ple-ease!”

Before Sans could reach you, the door opened to reveal Papyrus, who’s first order of business was clearly to calm you. You reached for him, eyes frantically searching the room but all you could see was Papyrus, his hands smoothing over your hair, your skin.

“Nova, dearest, I need you to calm down,” he was saying, his hands gentle on your cheeks. You could break from his grip easily but you didn’t. “Look at me, Nova, look at me...there, there you go...Hello, love.”

You stared obediently into Papyrus’ sockets, and without express permission from your brain your body did relax. You were still gripping his wrists, and your breath came in short bursts through your nostrils as he brushed away your tears with his thumbs. He brought you closer, kissing your forehead so softly, and you heaved a big sigh, confusion and pain swirling in your heart, your soul.

“Where’s Blue? What are you doing to him?” You sobbed, weakly beating his chest. He let you, humming softly as he pulled you in for a Papyrus hug, picking you up and nodding to his brother and the others. The door closed behind you as he turned around, cradling you gently, and it was dark but it was alright because you were safe, in his arms, and he shushed you softly as you sobbed.

Another hand alighted on your back, gentle and reassuring, and you knew without looking that it was Stretch. You peeked up anyway, and even in the darkness you could make out his face,

sleepless sockets and a crooked smile as he petted your hair.

“hey, doll. fancy meetin’ you here,” he cooed, and you untangled one hand from Papyrus’ scarf to reach for him. He took it, squeezing it. “everything’s gonna be okay, alright?”

“It doesn’t sound okay,” you squeaked. “Where’s Blue? I want to see him.”

“Alright my dear, but you must calm down, he’s fragile right now and your emotions could be detrimental to his healing.” Papyrus patted your back sympathetically, and you breathed a few times and nodded. “Blue? Is it alright if she sees you now?”

There was a deafening silence, and then: “...Yes.”

You’d never heard him speak so quietly, never! And there was still some pain in his voice, and it hurt, it hurt to know he’d been suffering without you. You never should have left, they needed you and you were halfway across the world galavanting with Pink in Paris, and Rome! But there’s nothing you can do about the past, you guess, so you released Papyrus’ scarf as a signal you were ready. As Papyrus set you down, you reminded yourself to breathe once more, and turned to face the bed. Green gave you a smile, but your eyes weren’t on him, not at all. Your hands fluttered up to cover your mouth, biting back any noise you might have made.

It was Blue, you knew that much from the starry eyelights that were twinkling at you and the little bandana wrapped around his neck. But that, that was where the similarities ended. He’d easily grown more than a foot and a half since you’d seen him last, taller and wider, sitting on his now-a-bit-too-small bed with nothing but a sheet over his naked bones as he flushed that beautiful cyan you’d grown to love. Half of his face was normal, but the other half twisted, sharper and almost angry-looking. His teeth, his canines were long and sharp on that side, too, and his bones were thicker than your wrists, maybe your forearm.

You reached out without thinking, and he leaned into your touch with a sigh.

“I know, it’s terrible,” he squeaked, his tiny voice seemingly unfitting for this new form. “I look awful!”

“y’don’t look awful, bro,” Stretch sighed. “once we finish setting your form for the first time, you’ll be fine, you won’t look any different than before.”

“Except that I’m gigantic,” he muttered into your palm, a frown across his new face.

“He hit a milestone in monster life,” Green explained when you looked up at him questioningly. “He’s adopted his...well, I suppose you’d call it his ‘final form’. They are quite shocking to say the least, at first, and in most universes it’s customary to set the bones back to a state that mirrors the before-form, as intimidation is something that isn’t strictly necessary for modern monster life. You might be able to guess that Mutt, Edge and Red skipped that step, for obvious reasons?”

You mouthed a tiny “oh!” and looked back at Blue, who was avoiding your eye. “That’s...what the screaming was?”

“Being in this form is massively painful for Blue,” Papyrus explained. “Once we set all his bones with healing magic, he should only need a few days rest and be able to live on without any of the pesky pain!”

As if to prove his point, Blue winced as you gently brushed the changed side of his face. You went to withdraw your hand but he gingerly grabbed it, his new size meaning his hand now dwarfed yours similarly to Sans and Red.

“So that’s why you and Black are...were so little,” you observed, rubbing your thumb over the back of his hand. “Didn’t you want to be big, Blue?”

“I did until it happened,” he huffed. “I didn’t think I’d get so much bigger! When Papy went through it, he only grew a few inches! I thought I’d just be finally taller than you, not...as big as Red and Sans. And it hurts, and it sucks, and I want it to be over!”

And with that he was sobbing openly, and you wrapped your arms around him, careful of his unhealed side, cooing softly as he buried his face in your shoulder. “It’s alright, Blue, I’m here, now. I’ll hold you through the rest, alright?”

He nodded, sniffing, and you felt Green and Papyrus approach. Stretch put his hand on Blue’s shoulder, whispering encouragement as another round of healing began. You winced when Blue squeezed you, but said nothing--it wasn’t anything you couldn’t take, compared to the pain that had him muffling screams into your shoulder.

It was only about an hour before they were done completely, and when they were finished, he did indeed look a lot more like himself. Green and Papyrus stepped out to discuss it further, and then Red lent him some clothes that would fit, and he grumbled as he pulled them on. The lights came on and you followed him to the mirror as he inspected the final product. He stared at himself, and then looked at you.

“I think you look great, Blue,” you said softly, gingerly tracing his cheekbone. “You’re just my same old Blue...but bigger! Nothing to be upset about, you’re still *very* cute.”

That made him crack a smile, and he hugged you, kissing the top of your head as bending down was still a little painful for now. He apologized that you coming home had to be so dramatic, and made it clear he was happy to see you, but inevitably the healing caught up with him and you and Stretch helped tuck him into bed so he could rest it all off.

Then you both collapsed on the loveseat at the end of the bed, heaving twin sighs of exhaustion. Stretch peeked over at you as you rolled your neck, popping it a couple times, and he smiled just slightly. He hadn’t been expecting you to come charging in here like a Mama Bear, that had been an honest surprise. Not an unwelcome one, though, it had definitely helped Blue’s morale through the procedure, and anyone with sight could see that Papyrus was a thousand times more chipper the moment he laid eyelights on you.

“c’mere,” he said, waving you over and opening his arms. You obliged, collapsing against him, and he closed his arms around you with a sigh. “m’sorry we scared ya, doll. we didn’t know blue had gone through a change for sure until we opened his door yesterday to check on ‘im. we wanted to be done with the procedure before y’got here but, guess we missed the mark.”

“It’s okay as long as he’s alright. But you guys shouldn’t expect me to just ignore any of you screaming in pain like that, next time,” you huffed, snuggling in closer. He carded his fingers through your hair, like he’d done so many times, and you closed your eyes and listened to the hum of his magic. “...I missed you.”

“i missed you, too,” he sighed, leaning his head on top of yours, so close to kissing the top of your head as Blue had done but he refrained. “...did a lotta thinkin’ while you were gone, y’know?”

You had found the pull-tie on his sweatshirt and he grinned, watching you twirl it around your finger. “What kind of thinking?”

“it’s funny you ask. got so hung up on details of when n’ where n’ how to apologize for everythin’, that i didn’t ever really stop to think about what i did wrong.” He scratched his jaw contemplatively, staring at Blue’s computer setup across the way. “but i was talkin’ t’mutt, an’ he asked me how i can look at you and not see...her. my version.”

He sighed and tightened the hug, folding both arms around you now. You were practically in his lap, but you didn’t mind. You also let the silence go, not wanting to impact whatever he was trying to say.

“an’ all i could say is...honestly? i didn’t even try. from the moment i metcha it was double-takes, wondering if you were really her, hoping you would be mine, letting you fill the space she left behind…” He inhaled deeply, eyes flicking down to meet yours. “...when she died, i thought i’d never love again. i thought, that’s it, that’s it for me, i’m never, *ever* gonna get over this. an’ for a long time, i accepted that, kept her right here, next to my soul.”

He tapped his chest, a sad smile on his face. “an’ when you came along, an’ i started to fall for ya, truly, it scared the hell outta me, ‘cause i was so desperately holdin’ onto the idea of her. i was so in love with the idea that she was the only one i would ever love, it’s romantic, y’know? but when i felt myself fallin’ for you, it was...it was fine, i told myself, i brushed all those pesky traumas aside and said it was fine, this is fine, and i let myself fall in love, all over again, with the same face but a very, very different girl.”

“Oh, Stretch,” you sighed softly, laying your head on his chest. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry I’m not...her.”

“no, wait,” he chuckled. “that’s not the takeaway, m’not done.”

You mimed like you were zipping your lips and locking them. Damn, you could be real cute when you wanted to.

“anyway, the problem wasn’t me fallin’ for ya. because, woof...that was great, an’ i’d do it again in a heartbeat. no, it was entirely my fault, i...i couldn’t see the forest for the trees, you know? i knew that...she wasn’t the only one you have. in here.” He tapped your chest this time, gently. “but subconsciously i guess i was holding onto the idea that she was in there, somewhere. an’ suddenly, all that genuine love i had for you, it became an excuse, almost? m’probably not explaining very well, but i let all that guilt pile up on me, the guilt that i was lovin’ someone else, and my dumb mind was like ‘let’s just go ahead and consolidate this mess under one umbrella’ and instead of facin’ the fact that she’s gone and you’re here, i just...expected things to work out like they did with her. expected y’to pick me. that i’d be your one and only, despite all the evidence that that wasn’t a reasonable expectation, and believe me, it wasn’t. you followin’?”

“...I’m...slightly lost…” you admitted, looking up at him with a sheepish grin.

He smiled down at you, brushing your cheek with his fingertips. “nova...i loved you long before i had any idea you had a piece of her in there. i loved you despite my best efforts, honestly, you’re pretty charmin’, y’know? an’ instead of dealin’ with my grief, i let it get in the way of us bein’ together. i let my guilt and pain over her death, over her memory, ruin everything i’d built with you

because i was never exactly good at coping. an' not a teensy tiny bit of that is your fault, at all, period, end of sentence."

So...he'd said hurtful things because he was hurt, that much you had guessed. But you hadn't known how deep his hurt goes, and oh, it makes your own soul ache to think about how much his version of you's death must have affected him, that after 3, maybe 4 years he's still so freshly hurt. And you realize, that as much as you want to forgive him and hold him and cry with him, that you will be doing the exact same thing to him in less than 10 month's time.

"and, uh, you know, i thought about it pretty hard. for a long time. an' i realized that i could still love her, in my memory, and also love you. that's a thing, people do it sometimes. i just had to let go of...of the thought that there was only room for one of ya." He sighed, closing his eyes. "i had to choose, ironically enough. i hadta choose between loving her memory and only that, and loving you, and...i chose you."

He threaded his fingers into yours, and you stared at your hands, intertwined together and so symbolic of everything you'd been hoping to come from this conversation, but you don't, no, you *can't* want it anymore, not when he just told you how hard it is to get over the last version of you, not when you know you're going to leave him again, and he's going to have to deal with that loss all over.

"if it's alright with you, honey, i'd like t'keep lovin' ya," he said softly, his voice sweet in your ear and you closed your eyes, buried your face in his sweatshirt, tried to work up the courage to say 'no'. He ran his free hand over your hair, trying to reveal your face from the depths of the fabric. "...nova?"

Say no! You have to say no, there's no other option! You squeeze his hand and try to get the word out, but it won't come, and you feel the dread welling up in your chest. Because you can't, you can't let him get back into this when you know you'll be leaving him the same way she did. The only thing you can do is spare him, say no and deal with the uncomfortable silence for the last ten months of your life.

"honey, you're shaking," he said quietly, adjusting slightly. He released your hand and moved as if you weighed nothing, until you were straddling him and he could brush your hair from your face. Warm bones holding your face, and a sweet voice shushing you and wiping away tears the way that Papyrus had done just earlier today. "hey, hey, woah, relax, calm down. talk to me, talk to me."

You shook your head slightly, as much as his hands on your face would allow. You can't speak, what would you say? That you're battling every instinct because you know it would be better if he didn't love you? Sierra's voice rings out in your head, telling you they would rather love you and lose you than not love you at all, and you are still shaking when you grip Stretch's sweatshirt, taking short, hiccuping breaths as you look up at him, his concern so heavy in his whole face.

"What if...what if I...leave you, too?" You managed, between heaving sobs. "What if...if I die like the others?"

You wanted to say you knew you would. It was on the tip of your tongue, but admitting you know it will happen and what-ifs are not the same, and you know if he knew that it was fact his face would not be so gentle, his voice would not be so even and he might take back all those nice things he just said and as much as you want to do the right thing, you want to let him go so you can't hurt him anymore…

...there's a loud voice inside of you that's begging you to be selfish. Screaming, crying, banging against the walls of your soul, yelling at the top of their lungs and banging pots and pans.

"even if you do, honey, i won't love ya any less," he sighed, leaning his forehead to yours. "i promise i will love you forever, even if i outlive you. no romantic bullshit, just...i will. okay? i will never, ever stop loving you, and there is nothing that will change my mind. m'so, *so* sorry about everything that's happened between us, but i once promised you that i'd never regret a single moment i had with you. d'you remember that? i said that i'd hold you and kiss you and profess my love whenever i wanted and i'm gonna start makin' good on that promise startin' today. okay?"

"O...okay," you squeaked, squeezing his sweatshirt hard.

"okay?" He asked again, softer this time, as if making double sure.

You nodded, and dammit, you know you shouldn't do this but fuck it all, you only have ten months to live and you want to spend it loving all of these guys as much as you can. The smile on his face was so...pure, and disbelieving, like he wasn't certain that you were really, really forgiving him, and as much as you should feel bad you didn't, you didn't feel bad.

When he pulled you in for a kiss, you felt the least bad you'd felt in months. One last sob, almost relieved, before you wrapped your arms around his neck and he slid his arms around your waist, pulling you as close as he possibly could, scrambling to get a good grip as you pressed against him, and you felt the relief resonate through both of your bodies, the weight sliding off your shoulders and his, and as much as you wanted to keep kissing, eventually you were both sobbing uncontrollably into each other's shoulders instead, trying to keep it down for poor Blue who was trying to sleep.

"i love you," he whispered, his breath shuddering as he held you close. "i love you, i love you, i love you, *so* damn much. i missed you, oh, i missed you, i *missed* you."

You both knew he didn't just mean he missed you while you were out of the country. It was deeper than that, a deeper ache being filled, that hole in both of your hearts that had been made when he said those words that day, the loss of his friendship, the loss of each other...he'd already been through worse than death with you, you realized, and your decision made more sense to you now.

When you both calmed down some, there was a tiny bit of laughter as you helped each other wipe the tears away.

"Kinda silly, in retrospect, huh?" You squeaked. "This whole thing. Hurt feelings and confusion, we let it all get in the way of this."

"yeah," he agreed, his voice hoarse from crying as he wiped one more tear from your face. "pretty silly."

He kissed you again, and this time it was softer, it was...oh, it was perfect, it was sweet, and it was full of feeling. You sighed into it, and he melted against you, his hands finding the small of your back, very gently pressing into you as if trying to memorize you.

"Is everything okay?" You both looked up in shock to see Blue sitting half-up in bed, rubbing sleep from his socket with one hand and looking very much like Sans. "Did I hear crying?"

Stretch chuckled, resting his skull against your face, his breath tickling your ear. You smiled, curling your whole body closer and squeezing him.

“everything’s perfect, bro. go back t’sleep.”

Chapter End Notes

Dingdingding it was the good thing!!! You guys can thank trachmcwrites completely, the angst gods had me in their fists and were begging me to make her say no so he could understand later when they all finally find out she's sick haha

But NO we got the GOOD THING because dammit these two DESERVE THE GOOD THING after all the trouble they've been through together
Also, Blue, poor baby Blue had his growth spurt and he is NOT happy with it

*The Way You Make Me Feel

Chapter Summary

As much as you'd like to sit on this loveseat with Stretch forever, there's more pressing matters at hand.

Chapter Notes

Some explicit smut in this chapter y'all so please visit the end note for tags so I don't spoil anything!
You guys have waited long enough. Let's have some lovely smut~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was nice, so nice, to be laying here with Stretch. Even if the couch was slightly too small for the both of you, it was perfect, giving you a reason to cuddle up against his chest, eyelids drowsing as you played with the pull-tie of his sweatshirt.

It was a blissful hour of happy almost-silence, filled with him stroking your hair affectionately, humming a tune you didn't recognize, his other hand holding yours to his chest and occasionally to his teeth for a kiss. You were exhausted, truly, from everything today so far, but it was okay, because...well, because you were with him, and he seemed every bit as delighted to just be holding you in his arms while Blue slept on in the background.

Eventually, though, the door creaked open, and you both looked up from where you had been centimeters apart, whispers of a kiss interrupted hanging in the air.

"Oh!" Papyrus said softly, his cheekbones flushing. "Oh, did I...interrupt?"

You wanted to say no, he didn't, but he had, a little bit. You wanted to be with Papyrus, wanted to hold him and hug him and actually say hello in a situation that doesn't involve Blue screaming and you panicking. But...you would feel kind of bad, flouncing off with Papyrus after things were just *barely* handled with Stretch.

But lucky for you Stretch only gave a chuckle, patting your thigh delicately. "go on, honey. i had my time."

You smiled gratefully at him, leaning up to finish the interrupted kiss, only a brush of your lips to his teeth, really, but he looked transfixed anyway when you slid off his lap to head to the door. You looked back at him, and he gestured his head towards Blue, indicating he was probably gonna hang out until he woke. That made sense, so you smiled at him once more before closing the door.

Before you knew it, Papyrus was hugging you, so tight, and you wrapped your arms around his shoulders and moved your legs so he could pick you up properly. You both stood there, right in the hallway, for a long moment, unmoving, just breathing each other in and sighing softly. Then he moved, not quick enough to startle you but urgent enough to know he had a destination. His feet hitting the stairs and the sensation of heading upward was all you needed to know that he was taking you to your room. He wouldn't chance saying anything before they were secure within the silence of your attic, so you took the opportunity the silence granted you to plant one, two, three little kisses on his temple.

He paused, only halfway up the stairs, closing his sockets and leaning in. You did it again, one, two, three, and he sighed, a soft smile gracing his skull.

"I love you, too," he said, almost a whisper, reverent, and then the climb continued.

You let him lay you across the freshly laundered sheets, and you expected him to get your testing kit almost immediately--you were surprised, naturally, when he made no move to do so but rather sat next to you on the bed, leaning down to give you a proper kiss.

You gasped a little, your hands coming up to delicately cradle his jaw as he kissed you, and he made a small noise of satisfaction, kissing you a little more urgently, and you were surprised but not at all opposed to the playful tongue that then came into play. He tasted like oranges and vanilla, sweet and light as the touches he was laying over your body. It was gentle, almost maddeningly so, the way he traced your jaw, your neck, down your arm until he could weave your fingers together, bringing your hand from his face to pin it to the pillows.

This was more than you think you'd ever seen from him, but it didn't feel wrong. His kiss was sure, and there was no lingering heat in his bones so he was of his right mind and very sure he wanted to do this. He had kissed you plenty of times, even passionately, but this...it was different, it almost felt like right after either of you saw each other's souls, that passion, that need to be closer.

Even though it was a long while before he finally pulled away, you found yourself trying to follow with a whine, a quiet plea for more, and he chuckled, both of you blushing furiously.

"I could easily kiss you all day, dearest, but we do have business to attend to."

You sat up and crossed your arms with a huff, feeling a little petty...but, he would have to touch your soul for treatment, so the idea of that perked you up just a bit. He rummaged around your bags until he found your pills and testing kit.

"So, I couldn't help but notice that you and Stretch looked awfully cozy," he hummed, distracting you with conversation as he took your blood sample and healed the pricked finger.

"Yeah," you chuckled weakly, mind wandering back to the whole thing, head fuzzy with adoration for a moment. "We made up, even though...even though I shouldn't have."

"Why not?" He cooed, gentle fingers gripping your hand. The test beeped but neither of you bothered to look at it right away.

"He...was getting over someone. A version of me...well, of...you know. She died in his world and that's what spiraled into all this, sorta, and I worried that…" You trailed off, looking down at your joined hands miserably.

“You worried about how you will be leaving in a similar fashion,” Papyrus said with a sigh. “But cutting him out wouldn’t have been the answer, love. He still would have loved you and longed for you, you would only be denying him *and yourself* the chance to be together while you can.”

You sighed, smiling up at him. It was nice to hear him so logically explain your emotional decision. It was reassuring to know you made the right one. “I know that. It’s getting...easier to think that way, I think.”

“As it should!” Papyrus said firmly, squeezing your hand before releasing it to pick up the test again. “Let’s see here! Well, these numbers aren’t great, but they’re better than I expected. Those pills will help you in a pinch, I think, so please don’t forget to carry them with you.”

You snuck a peek at the test, and yeah, they were pretty low, but not as low as you’d seen. You supposed Pink’s company and the pills had helped after all, and as much as you hated taking medicine it might be worth it. Like Drew said, you shouldn’t turn ten months into two because you weren’t managing symptoms.

“Now, for the *best* part!” He smiled at you and opened his arms, and you all but flung the test away, bouncing readily into his arms and kissing him. He chuckled a little, kissing you back, his hand rubbing your back gently before drawing away. Whereas normally you worry it will catch, your soul practically leapt into his hand this time.

He made a soft noise of awe, and you could feel the sense of relief spreading through both of your bodies. It was so beautiful, he was thinking, almost like you could hear his thoughts.

“I never get tired of looking at your soul,” he muttered, his free hand petting your hair. “Ready when you ar--”

“Ready!” You insisted, almost giddy, gripping his soft sweater. He didn’t delay, then, his fingertips ghosting over the surface of your soul, and you both sighed.

He could feel your emotions bubbling beneath his fingertips, all the pain from being so far away and it gratified him to know that you felt it--you had told him, but being told is different than to *know* , and to *know* has been a feeling he didn’t know he craved until the first time he’d touched your soul.

It was dark, and you felt eyes on you, and so you turned. But it wasn’t Alpha, like you thought, just burning red lights from the alley and the slight burn of a cigar. You drew your coat closer, hearing Sans calling you from the stoop of Grillby’s. Whoever it was, they didn’t feel threatening, just...watching. Making sure.

He hadn’t meant to touch a memory, he was just so excited. Collecting himself he began to do what he did best, and think of all the lovely memories of his own, about you, your smile, your...kiss…

It was unusual, the way Papyrus was looking at you. His eyelights burned with more than friendly fire, as he sheepishly asked you if you wanted to have sex with him. It wasn’t something you’d never considered, far from it, but his forwardness startled you, in a good way. You imagined it all-too-

readily, and before you knew it your nose was bleeding, and the moment was ruined. But his fuss over the nosebleed was endearing, and you decided...you can wait for him.

It was quiet in your room, up above all the others as they slept. Your fingers were wandering, lazily at first but once you realized what you were doing you could only stifle a giggle. It had been a while, a long while, since you'd helped yourself, but Red was asleep and you didn't want to wake him. But what to think of? You hummed, running your fingers over your barely-clothed body. There was a lot to choose from, many things had happened in this house, this bed, that were easy enough to conjure.

But...you found it difficult to think of anyone but Papyrus, suddenly, and the way his soul had felt in your hands. You felt yourself heating up at just the memory, wrapped up in his strong grasp as you whispered to it softly, those words you could never say, had never said to anyone else.

You sighed and squirmed, the memory of his kiss and the feeling of his fingertips easy to imagine as your own danced downward, toward that aching feeling between your legs. You imagined it was him.

Oh, oh, this wasn't how he'd meant for this to go, he shouldn't be thinking about that right now...but he couldn't help it, couldn't think about anything else now. He pushed down the knee-jerk reaction of shame--this is how he felt, it wasn't wrong or weird, especially not when he was feeling it for you.

But not! Right now! He never would have imagined it would be so difficult to focus on non-sexual thoughts, but by now you were feeling it, feeling his burning desire, and you were...squirming...pleasantly in his lap. And he could smell you, oh, that was new, wasn't it? Your scent was thick, heavy, and it settled over him like a blanket. Just like in that memory, the one where you...thinking of him...and he couldn't help it, his magic trickling down and settling like a stone in his pelvis, heavier and more pleasant than when he was in heat, less urgent, more...lovely.

He forced his thoughts back to healing, long enough to finish the procedure, that was all he needed. The way your breath came in pants, your lips just brushing his skull as you trembled in his grasp, it was difficult but not impossible. Your health comes first, and the thought of seeing you happy and healthy was enough to push through it.

You gasped as he pulled away, and you moved off of him quickly. He kept your soul in his hands as you did, and you could feel how overwhelmed he was for a moment. It waned, but your eye was drawn...rather south when it did.

There it was, a faint orange glow behind his pants, and he covered it with one hand and a nervous laugh.

"You are...hard to resist," he managed, looking over at you sheepishly. "But I got through it. I am sorry, I guess my heat affected--NYEH!"

He squeaked in surprise when you touched his leg, drawing your hand up his femur.

“Do it again,” you purred, and he looked down at your hand, and then up into your eyes. “I liked it.”

He jumped a slight bit when your hand crawled a little higher, but oh, it felt good, so good. And your soul was humming, so loudly in his hand, and he...he didn’t know how he knew to do this, call it instinctual, but he brought it to his teeth, dragging his tongue over it just slightly, imagining you making those noises from your memory, but this time for him, in real time.

The effect was immediate, and he got his reward of a soft moan falling from your mouth.

“Is this...is this alright, my love?” He asked, before he continued. The last thing he wanted was to inadvertently take advantage of you in a magic-high!

You nodded, and he felt an enthusiastic YES from the depths of your soul.

“Yes, Papyrus, please,” you huffed, reaching up and grabbing his shirt. “Please, please, I need you, I...I love you.”

Well, he certainly couldn’t say no to that, now could he? As a reward, he ran his tongue over your soul once more, tasting the sweetness of it, thinking of “I love you”s and soft touches, all those times he’s looked at you and felt...strange. It made sense now, and the action paired with making sense of his feelings properly, oh, it made you shudder and gasp, and he wanted more of that, more of those noises.

What was it Sans had told him about sex? How it worked? What was it Edge had told him, the time he patiently sat him down and explained in detail because he was certain that Sans never had? He can’t...he can’t quite remember, but he does remember what you were doing to yourself in that memory, and that does...he thinks he’s supposed to…

With trembling fingers, you’re pulling up your skirt. You’re sliding your panties down your legs and the scent is so much stronger now. That’s right, he remembers, a little--Edge had told him that you should work up to the actual deed, that...especially you, so small, much smaller than he...would need to be ready. There were a few ways to work you up, he recalled them as his fingers pressed into your soul, just a little, before releasing it, coaxing it back into your chest.

He was already embarrassingly hard, he could tell, but he ignored it in favor of leaning over you, kissing you, and you squeaked a little as he pushed you down against the sheets. He made a surprised noise when you hooked his pelvis with your legs, dragging him down on top of you enthusiastically. He kissed down your neck, his fingers deftly unbuttoning your shirt (Dress? It had buttons down the front and was long like a dress but he wasn’t sure what it was called).

He sat back, untangling your legs for a moment, and finished unbuttoning your dress, laying it open and...oh, he liked that. What a view, all that skin, and soft breasts, and he exhaled reverently before reaching out to run his fingers over you.

“I’ve never done this before,” he admitted.

“I guessed,” you giggled. “It’s alright, Papyrus. Just do whatever you want, don’t think.”

Well, an invitation. He took it.

You gasped as he slid down your body and settled between your thighs, his long tongue running gently over your aching heat. You tasted sweet, perfect, and he trembled slightly at the intoxicating scent, nuzzling closer as he licked again, slower, curling the end of his tongue and eliciting a pleasured noise from you. He was really struggling, now, to remember the steps Edge had taught him, but he vaguely remembered he was supposed to try and spell with his tongue, and so the odd movements began. You squirmed and cried out when he got to G, so he stuck with that letter, licking stripes and then circling slowly.

You were wet enough, he thought vaguely, but he was still...he still wanted to keep going. Those noises you were making were delightful, the way you grabbed the back of his head and--

Your whole body shuddered and the sweetness increased tenfold, and he groaned, lapping up your release. Was that what it was like to make you cum? Those soft “oh”s and panting, the shiver of your hips? He can see why Red does this whenever he has a chance, then, it was positively addictive.

You giggled at him a bit when he moved up, and you brought the hem of your dress to wipe his face. “Pretty good for a first time.”

“I do hope you don’t think I’m done yet, love.” He ran two fingers along your slit, pleased with the wetness there. He thinks he can move on to...what was it called? Home base? He has no idea what baseball had to do with it, but he wasn’t about to call Edge up here to clarify.

You sat up on your forearms, still a little dizzy from your orgasm, to watch Papyrus fumble with his pants, then consider, then go for his sweatshirt first. You smiled patiently at him as he *then* discarded his pants, kneeling between your legs again, this time with orange magic in hand.

He had a distinct lack of piercings, of course, you don’t know what you expected, but he was impressive nonetheless, long and sturdy orange magic that was already dripping with precum. Really, you wanted to push him over and see how far you could throat it, the urge was strong, but there would be time for that another day. Today, you just beckoned him closer, and when he leaned over, you kissed his blushing cheekbones, angling yourself so it would be easier for him to line up.

He fumbled a few times, laughing nervously, and you drew your hand between you to take over, moaning at the buzz of magic against your entrance. He was quick to pick it up from there, and he pressed inside of you.

He was an inch or two in before he let loose the first murmured “FUCK” and you would have laughed if it didn’t feel so deliciously thick inside you. Pink was good, more than good, but there was an emotional connection between you and Papyrus that made this a thousand times better, not to mention his face, the poor thing, wearing that emotion so obviously.

He pressed again, and you groaned at the feeling of being stretched and filled, your eyes drawn to the orange light inside his ribcage. Your fingers wound around ribs, subconsciously trying to reach it, and he huffed out a laugh before pulling it out. So casual, as if it wasn’t even a thought, he wanted you to have his soul just like that.

And the moment you touched it your were awash with feelings, jumbled emotions and feeling so good, and Papyrus began to move, kissing you, and you could only try to meet his pace, eventually giving up and letting him grip your hips, pulling you up on every thrust to where he knelt, and you kissed his soul, you moaned “I love you” against it until he was trembling just as much as you.

“May I...May I…?” He tried to ask, his voice a weak stutter and then a groan as you came, your whole body shivering and your head thrown back in a silent cry of ecstasy. “Oh, oh! Ohhh, that feels...mmm…”

And his control snapped, and he picked up the pace, leaning over you and holding himself up by his forearms planted on either side of your head. His soul was whirring in your hands, and you were squeezing it in surprise and--

--and you were so lovely, so very lovely, and he loved you, yes he did. He couldn’t help but revisit all the moments he knew he loved you, oh-so-much, and if *this* was sex then he supposed he could understand why everyone wants it! The feeling of adoration, the closeness, the touches and the noises, oh, oh, you looked so pleased, so absolutely dazzling beneath him.

He couldn’t help it, he cried out, he nuzzled his face into your neck and bit down, gently, as he came, another instinct, goodness knows where he got that one. And you only moaned as he emptied himself inside you, and he did his best to lick the wound slowly, causing you to shudder

His soul returned to his chest and you both collapsed, cuddling closer than ever, sweating and panting and oh, he never wanted to let go of you, never ever, and your naked skin was all up on his naked bones and it was nice, so nice, he’d never felt so good.

“That was...nyeh...amazing,” he said between gasps for breath, and you giggled breathlessly.

“Yeah, it was,” you agreed, fingers moving delicately along his spine in a comforting manner.

He tipped your head up and scooched over on the bed until he was close enough to kiss you, and this kiss was soft, it was satisfied. You sighed into it, and he pulled you close and the blanket up over the both of you.

“You look exhausted,” he said, a note of teasing in his voice. He touched your nose, and traced it up to your brow and temple and cheekbone. “...beautiful.”

You didn’t even have the urge to argue. Papyrus doesn’t lie, you know that. You shrug off your dress sleeves and toss the ruined fabric to the floor as a tingle of magic makes the mess between your legs disappear.

“You’re beautiful, too,” you whisper, reaching up to trace his face as well. He hums, putting his hand over yours to keep it resting on his cheekbone.

“I missed you,” he sighed, kissing your palm. “I was beside myself, it was a heat unlike I’ve ever felt before. I only kept imagining you, and your soft skin, and your voice...and I didn’t feel weird, or dirty, or...well. It was lovely, but not as lovely as the real thing.”

“You certainly seemed...knowledgeable, for someone who’s never done this before.” You accused, and there was that cute clementine blush.

“Yes, well, I admit that...Edge sat me down once and explained it all in vivid detail. Sans had given me the basic talk but...he hadn’t mentioned how to pleasure a partner.” His face grew hilariously serious for a moment. “It was mortifying, watching Edge mime fingering. I was a dutiful student, of course, I wrote everything down--”

“You took notes?” You giggled. “On Edge’s lecture about fingering and eating pussy?”

He huffed, growing more orange. It was almost like a personal night light.

"I…! I wanted to make sure I knew what I was doing if the time came!" He covered his face with his hands suddenly. "I'm a lech, aren't I? Oh, oh, this is a weird thing to tell you and I'm being inappropriate! *Nyoo hoo hoo* !"

You laughed, fully this time, prying his hands from his face. "Relax, there's nothing we don't tell each other. It's not inappropriate when we're…"

You gestured to your naked bodies, and he hesitantly smiled at that. "Yes. I suppose we *are* past that."

He pulled you close again and kissed your forehead with a loud "MUAH!", wrapping his arms around you. You returned the hug, letting him chatter on about whatever it was Edge had told him about sex. It was fairly tame, considering it was Edge giving the talk, but it was all very pleasure-centric, tips and tricks, as if he had nothing better to do in bed than take notes himself. He supposed he assumed that with Papyrus' orientation, that any sex he engaged in would likely be for the closeness and the pleasure would be aimed at his partner, and it was actually quite nice of him to pass his knowledge on.

You closed your eyes, listening to the rumble of Papyrus' voice against your ear, the thrumming of his soul. It had felt so pure and perfect, golden and light, in your hands, and it had remembered you, your touch.

It felt so nice, to be loved.

Chapter End Notes

Smut: p in v, ecto dong, loss of virginity, soul sex, light biting, Demisexual view of sex

WE CORRUPTED THE CINNABUNNY WE DID IT
Though it looks like we have Edge to thank for the footwork there haha. What a good friend he is!

Exciting and New

Chapter Summary

Papyrus enjoys the morning after with you.
You and Stretch take Blue shopping for new clothes.

Chapter Notes

More smut bc we can't help but test the Soft Boi's limits

Smut: handjob/implied blowjob, naked touching
Warnings: Body dysmorphia/body issues, self esteem issues

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Papyrus had never had sex before. He'd never really wanted to, outside of heat, until he had really started to get to know you and grow to love you.

He thinks his first sexy thought, if he was being honest, was when Red was guessing everyone's dream swimsuits for you to wear. Red had mentioned Papyrus might like to see you in something comfortable, and the thought of you in a Sunhat and absolutely nothing else had invaded his mind. It was a tasteful image in his head, like something of a pinup, rubbing suntan lotion on yourself as you hummed.

But the image of you actually naked, beside him, in the early morning light, was a thousand times better than his pinup fantasy. Affection rose in his soul the moment he cracked his sockets open to see you lying there, pressed up against him in all your gorgeous naked splendor. He took pride in how rested and healthy you looked--he still held out hope that these regular transfusions could save you, even if you and Green weren't convinced.

More of his magic could only help, right? He's sure that's part of why it was swirling in his pelvis, eager to please. Of course the other part was just that you were *so* gosh-darned beautiful, and he was already remembering how you cried out to him last night. Maybe sexual attraction was new to him, but loving you certainly was not, and if this was just another way to show it then he was eager to do so.

"Love?" He called softly, brushing your hair from your face. You hummed, curling closer to him, brushing the eager magic with your thigh as you hitched your leg over him. He chuckled, letting his magic form.

You blinked awake at the feeling of a warm cock poking you gently, your sleep-addled brain barely even registering past the monkey-brain "Yes, Please," that escaped your mouth.

Papyrus' chuckle was a welcome surprise. "I haven't even asked yet, my dear."

"Mmm, don't have to. I want it." You pushed until you were on top of him, and he gave in easily, much easier than you think any of the others would have. You straddled him, eyes raking down to his generous morning wood. "Is this okay?"

"Oh, please," he sighed, his hands finding your hips. "Please, to have you touch me would be heaven."

You flushed, suddenly giggling like a schoolgirl. You hadn't really had a chance to explore last night, but now he was laying beneath you, so compliant and patient. It occurs to you, in a moment of clarity, that he's the first Papyrus you'd slept with, and the differences between his tall, lithe bones and Red's thick, sturdy ones is obvious when you run your hands down over them.

He really was beautiful, a glow of orange around him, and his magic stood at attention, long and thick and mouth-wateringly perfect. He made a noise of surprise when you gripped it, his head lolling back immediately.

"Oh, Nova, that feels...oh, so good."

"Careful, Tiger, I've barely gotten started," you giggled, rubbing a thumb over his head. "Do you think you can last a while, big guy? I'd really like to...explore."

"I...I don't know," he said softly. "I don't know my limits."

You shrugged, shimmying down until you were face-to magic. "Well, cutie, I guess we're about to find out."

You hopped into the kitchen with a shit-eating grin on your face, followed by a thoroughly dumbstruck Papyrus with a dopey grin, and Sans only raised a brow in question. You shrugged, still smiling, as Papyrus opened the pantry door a little too hard, sending a rain of snacks over him. He made a noncommittal noise and only replaced the one box he caught.

"did we do a little early-mornin' education, there?" Sans muttered as you sat next to him.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," you hummed, reaching over and plucking the coffee from his hands with a kiss. He hummed and kissed you back, reclaiming his coffee from you easily.

"sorry, beautiful, there's some things you can't win with a kiss." He stood, his eyelights sliding over the faint bruise peeking out from beneath your shirt. He fingered the fabric of your shirt with a smirk. "hope y'went easy on the tyke, lovely. lemme getcha your own coffee."

You seemed genuinely surprised by his response, but he supposed that was expected. Six months ago he might have been conflicted over knowing you boned his little bro, but now? Honestly, it only cemented the fact that you weren't just gonna pick one of them, and he still had a chance. Not to mention he had never seen his brother get quite so silly over anyone before, and he liked the idea that his brother was getting his experience from a place of love.

Coffee secure in your hand, he leaned back against the counter to watch as his brother took his seat beside you, leaning in for a shameless kiss. He wanted that with you, he did, but he could wait. You make Papyrus happy, and he didn't want to encroach on that perfect moment--the morning after

your first time should be special, and the idea that his brother's would be filled with adoration and gentle kisses and whispered affections was more than enough to make him buzz off, draining the rest of his coffee and scooting out of the kitchen surreptitiously.

He even managed to catch Stretch on the way out, hand to his chest.

"walk with me, let the lovebirds have their moment."

Not even a complaint, to his surprise, only a curious glance and a little smirk full of affection when he saw what they were leaving behind in the kitchen.

"somethin' about them is just so…" Stretch gestured lazily, and Sans nodded as they ascended the stairs together. "...would be nice to be able to fall in love for the first time all over again."

"i hear that," Sans sighed, smile quirking as he thought of the you of previous timelines. His first love, more than 80 times over. "how's blue?"

"better, now that he's slept some. right now he's mourning the loss of his closet, going through to desperately try and find something that still fits."

"no dice, m'betting?"

"not so much, no. told him we'd see if nova was down for shopping for a new wardrobe, though, an' that cheered him up some." They came to Blue's door and stopped, Stretch stuffing his hands in the pocket of his hoodie. "y'know, in all the resets, he never got this far. maybe we lost a lot to get here but, i got to see him grow up."

"guess we shoulda been prepared for an alpha," Sans sighed, staring hard at Blue's closed door. "gonna be an interesting few weeks until he settles into place."

"what, afraid he'll dethrone you, big guy?" Stretch chuckled. "he might, if y'don't take him seriously."

"i'll deal with him when it comes," Sans said with a shrug. "no sense rushin' in there with fangs flashin' when all he's done so far is worry about his clothes."

“maybe,” Stretch said with a shrug. “guess we’ll have to wait and see.”

“This one!” You crowed, holding up your prize--a blue t-shirt with little white stars all over it. You hopped over to where Stretch and Blue were browsing the racks to show off your prize. “It’s just like the one you used to have!”

Blue’s eyelights brightened, taking the shirt from you to inspect. You and Stretch exchanged a smile as he held it up to his torso. Finding something he wanted to get had been a difficult endeavor--everything he liked didn’t seem to fit, and everything that fit he didn’t like. With each trip to the fitting room he was closer to tears, already having broken down once because he was too big to see his whole reflection in the tiny fitting room.

It didn’t help that there were quite a few stares in your direction. You were used to it when you went out with Red and Sans, but Blue’s hurt was fresh any time anyone hurried out of his way or pulled their kid closer when he passed. The mall was a minefield of judging glances, and he was

used to being small and cute enough to disarm anyone with a smile. You and Stretch had done your best to distract him, acting goofy and keeping his attention on you.

But distraction can only go so far.

“Holy crap, those are skeletons. Over there with that girl.”

“Do you think she’s dating one of them?”

“No way! They’d snap her in half!”

Whispered, a few girls a couple racks away. You ignored them, used to hearing shitty comments about the company you keep. Stretch shrugged it off, returning to the rack.

But Blue’s face fell, his smile you’d worked all day to earn wiped from his face. He hung the shirt back on the rack, drawing up the hood of his borrowed sweatshirt.

“What’s wrong, Blue? You were just saying this morning you wished you had a shirt like that,” you said, taking it back off the rack.

“I DON’T KNOW, IT’S NOT REALLY MY STYLE.”

Stretch cocked his head to the side. “you kiddin’, bro? i don’t think you could find a shirt that’s more your style.”

“YEAH, MAYBE WHEN I WAS LITTLE, BUT, IT WOULD LOOK WEIRD ON ME NOW.” He pushed your hand and the shirt away. You frowned, pushing it back toward him. “JUST GIVE UP ALREADY, I’M NOT GOING TO WEAR IT!”

“Omigod, like, they’re fighting. Should we say something?”

“Somebody should help her...I bet that other skeleton won't."

Stretch bristled--normally he could ignore it, but Blue dropped your hand so fast and hunched over at the whispers, trying to disappear into the racks.

But before Stretch could say anything, you made a frustrated noise, turning to the rack separating you from the whispers. You grabbed two hangers and slid them apart forcefully, revealing the whispering girls on the other side of the rack that looked over at you in shock.

"Yeah, hi, nosy bitches? For your information, my boyfriend here isn't scary, nor are we fighting. In fact, both of these gentlemen are kind, thoughtful, caring monsters that have more generosity and tact in their left pinkies than you two have in your entire bodies." You crossed your arms, glaring. "We are *trying* to shop for some new clothes for my *extremely cute* skeleton boyfriend, so if you could take your unkind comments and shove it up your ass, that would be *fantastic* ."

They stared up at you in shocked silence, and you only stuck your chin out and raised your eyebrows.

"Well? Fuck off." You made a shooing motion with your hands, and Stretch crossed his arms behind you with a smirk.

They skittered off, nearly knocking over a sock display and abandoning their cart. You sighed, hands on your hips as you turned around to smile sympathetically at Blue, who was blushing madly from behind the star shirt.

"YOU! CALLED ME YOUR BOYFRIEND!" He squeaked, smiling wide with stars in his eyes.

"You are," you said, taking his hand and then one of Stretch's. "You both are. They're just jealous because their boyfriends can't lift them with one arm like you guys can. Are you getting that shirt, Blue?"

Blue's eyelights sparkled, the stars starting to return to them. "YES, I THINK I WILL!"

You smiled as he took off towards the dressing room, and leaned back against Stretch as he put his arm around you.

"thanks, doll," he hummed, kissing your hair. "can't believe we get t'call you ours. m'so lucky we have you."

You giggled, blushing as you leaned back further against him.

"Me, too."

Chapter End Notes

Fuck yeah these are my boyfriends
Take care of the sweet bean with body issues

Should Have Seen It Coming

Chapter Summary

Edge is still dealing with his past, but he knows now that the present is the most important moment.

Chapter Notes

This chapter can get kinda dark so please pay attention to warnings.
Check out SSiYC Extras chapter 3 for more insight on Edge and his version of Kitty

TW: past character death, depression, suicide and attempted suicide mentioned, past trauma, fell verse being bad, grief, therapy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He should have seen it coming.

He had been managing your symptoms, or helping anyway, for the better part of two years. Subtly helping you gain more confidence, spending time with you when you were feeling down. You were Red's girlfriend, but oh, how he couldn't help falling in love with you himself, so completely, he would do anything for you. So he should have noticed, should have seen it coming, the dark thoughts and the overwhelming shadow over your shoulder.

He never missed a thing.

So how had he missed the way you hesitated when you said goodbye to him that morning? How had he missed the bags beneath your eyes, the way you smiled as if there were no other option?

If he had to guess, it was your father. He'd been calling a lot, lately, calling and yelling at you in your native tongue and oh, how he wished he spoke it so he could have known how to make you feel better from those words. But when he asked, when he pried, when he begged you to let him in you only smiled and said it was nothing you weren't used to from him, and that being with him and Red was enough.

But it hadn't been. No, it couldn't have been, or else you would still be here. He wouldn't be pushing the knot of his tie flush to his collar, dressed in black from toe to tip, if he and Red had been enough. He wouldn't be staring his own face down in the mirror, sharp and angular and quite the picture of the Grim Reaper you humans seemed so fond of.

He wouldn't be swigging straight from the whiskey bottle as he stared himself down. He wouldn't keep it in his bathroom, he wouldn't drink until he passed out each night, he wouldn't wake from

nightmares featuring your broken body on the tarmac or his brother's face after his attempt to follow you a few days later.

No. He and Red hadn't been enough to keep you here. They hadn't been enough, and it made him angry, but more than that it made him sad, that you would choose not to feel over the sensation of being in his arms. He repeats his speech again, and his voice doesn't waver at the skull in the mirror. It's flawless, of course it is, because one of them has to have it together and it sure wasn't going to be Red so it had to be him, like always.

He supposed that, realistically, he should be happy that you aren't in pain anymore. Because you had been, oh, you had been, he had seen it even in your happiest of moments, the darkness hanging over you. You'd been treated as less than and worthless long enough to believe it no matter how much they tried to unteach it, and in the end there was nothing for it but to die.

Maybe one day he will love again. In his mind, she looks just like you, before the fall. She wears your face and has your laugh, but she's brighter, happier, with less darkness around her. Maybe it will happen, somehow he knows it could, but for now you are gone and it hurts and there's only so much denial a man can face before he has to give a speech at his brother's dead girlfriend's funeral and pretend that he didn't desperately love you and miss you so much that he wanted to lay down in a little ball and cry.

After all, he's the Great and Terrible Papyrus, he thinks bitterly, reaching up to gently dab white makeup over the dark trails of tear tracks he can't seem to scrub away. And the Great and Terrible Papyrus is always stoic, always in charge of his emotions.

Even when his heart is broken.

"Papyrus?"

Edge jerked his head up, blinking away from his thoughts. His therapist, Dr. Crain, was looking at him in an expectant sort of way, as if perhaps he'd been asked a question.

He coughed a bit, straightening up as he sat on the couch. "I APOLOGIZE, WHAT WAS THE QUESTION?"

"I asked you if you'd had any progress with gaining a new hobby?" She repeated, gentle. "Last time we talked about possibly learning something new as a part of turning over a new leaf and you decided to think on it. Have you come up with anything?"

"YES," he said, confident. "I THOUGHT ABOUT IT. I DECIDED TO LEARN SPANISH."

"Another language can be a great vessel for learning new things about yourself," she agreed. "If you're diligent, it'll keep you busy and open up new pathways. But it's not exactly a hobby."

"THEN I SUPPOSE SOME MORE THINKING IS IN ORDER, DOCTOR," he said stiffly.

She hummed, smiling softly at him. "Take your time. In the meantime, tell me--why Spanish?"

He hesitated. Baring everything out in the open was a hard thing for him, even with a neutral listener. He'd gone through two other therapists before Dr. Crain, both of which had insisted he needed to speak about deeper things right off the bat. Dr. Crain had instead talked to him about the

weather, traffic, and her own rabbit for the whole 30 minute initial session, and when he asked if she was disappointed in the session, she said there was something to be gained from any and all conversation.

It had taken 4 more sessions of similar small talk for him to finally say anything of worth to her, and she hadn't treated it as monumental or as if he had finally gotten around to it. He appreciates that she gives him space and time to talk at his own pace. It also helps that she was the only one that didn't give him a disbelieving look when he said he came from another universe.

"IT WOULD HAVE HELPED," he said. "I'M SURE OF IT. IT WOULD HAVE HELPED ME...UNDERSTAND, A LITTLE BETTER. MAYBE I COULD HAVE DONE MORE, IF I'D SPOKE IT THEN."

"What do you think learning it now will do for you, mentally?" She asked, and it wasn't judgemental, just curious. She knows he likes to analyze himself, and she always gives him the chance to do so. Another thing he appreciates about her.

"I THINK, PERHAPS, IT WILL MAKE ME FEEL A LITTLE BIT CLOSER TO HER." He breathes deep, carefully measuring out his words. "AND ALSO, PERHAPS, WHEN I'M FLUENT, I CAN SAY GOODBYE PROPERLY. I THINK, WHEREVER SHE IS, SHE ONLY SPEAKS SPANISH."

"And why is that?"

He snorted, a half-laugh. "BECAUSE SHE ALWAYS CODESWITCHED RIGHT INTO IT WHENEVER SHE WAS PROPERLY ANGRY. AND I *BET* SHE IS ANGRY."

"You think she was angry when she passed?"

"IF SHE WASN'T ANGRY THEN, SHE CERTAINLY IS NOW." He looked down at his hands, red leather gloves and the edges of black sleeves. He always dressed warmly for therapy, as if back in the bitter cold of the underground. "AFTER ALL, ALL SHE EVER WANTED WAS FOR US TO FORGET HER AND MOVE ON. SHE TOLD SANS AS MUCH WHEN SHE...WELL. NEEDLESS TO SAY IT'S A FINAL REQUEST I HAVE STRUGGLED TO FILL."

"And your current mate, Nova. Have you spoken with her about Kitty?"

"OH, HEAVENS, NO." He shook his head. "NO. MY DOVE HAS ENOUGH OF HER OWN WORRIES THAN TO SHOULDER MY OLD HURTS. I BELIEVE SANS HAS TOLD HER SOME, MAYBE MORE THAN I WOULD LIKE. BUT I DON'T WANT HER TO FEEL...INFERIOR. AS IF MY MEMORY OF KITTY WOULD DROWN OUT HOW MUCH I LOVE *HER* ."

"Do *you* think your memory of Kitty affects your relationship with Nova?" She asked, inclining her head slightly, watching his reaction.

"NO," he said. "...YES. MAYBE. IT'S UNCERTAIN. SHE HAS SO MANY OTHERS, YOU SEE, I OFTEN FEEL AS THOUGH PERHAPS I RELY ON THAT A BIT TOO MUCH. THAT PERHAPS I DON'T...I DON'T LET HER KNOW, ENOUGH, HOW MUCH I LOVE HER."

"Should we make it a goal?" She asked. "This week, try to talk about your feelings with Nova. It doesn't have to be about Kitty. It could be as simple as complimenting her outfit, maybe asking

about something she's doing? Maybe you could engage in a hobby together? Like a date?"

He drummed his fingertips on his knees, where they'd been laying since the moment he first sat down, where they stayed all session, every session. It wasn't a bad idea, to spend some time with you. You would probably jump at the chance to talk to him about your interests, and just the idea of it was already beginning to make him smile.

"THAT MIGHT BE NICE."

Edge stared at the bottle on the shelf. It isn't on the list, of course, he tries not to drink it anymore. He drank enough of it between her death and the day they came here to remember the taste on his teeth forever.

If he brings it home, Red will see it, and he'll have a fit. He's been doing well, so well, without a therapist somehow he has managed to progress in leaps and bounds. It had taken some time for Edge to realize that Red was outpacing him in everything, in kisses and good habits and "I love you"s and he'll be damned if he's left behind with an empty bottle and a heart full of regret. Somehow, Red had reconciled their version of you from their world with his love for you, Nova, as you are, and he wants that, too.

Of course the difference here is that you *are* his. You've told him so, that you give yourself willingly to him, and that's not even sexual, he hadn't gotten there yet. With Kitty it was...opposite. He shared a bed with her many times, but she never had a clue how much he truly loved her, never understood the depths of his emotion. He'd always thought that feelings were trivial and would only bog him down, so he left the loving to Red and indulged in her physically. But he knows now that he was showing his love in other ways...by congratulating her when she didn't self-harm, by trying to protect her from all the bad things that followed her.

But he couldn't protect her from herself, in the end, and it messed Sans up but he cried and cried and mourned and mourned and eventually, he built a bridge with all those tears and got over it. Edge didn't allow himself time to grieve properly. He cried alone, in the dark, until he had crimson trails of dry magic staining his face. Then, he gave a speech, and he pushed it all down and tried to do what she asked and just...forget. Drowned her memory. Listened to his music louder to drown out her voice in his head.

When he first saw you, he had pushed it all down so well that he didn't even see it at first, how much you resembled her. It wasn't until you were beaming up at him in wonder and mischievous glee that he realized. That's why he asked you out with those dare tickets.

He carried the groceries home, leaving the bottle and the memory attached to it on the shelf at the store. The house was quiet, who knows what everyone was up to today, but he was fine putting groceries away by himself. After a session he liked to take a little bit of time alone, to think, to collect himself. He hadn't worked up the courage yet to tell anyone he'd been seeing Dr. Crain, so it was hard to explain away his lingering emotions if he had a rough session.

He could probably start on dinner, maybe take something off your shoulders. Or perhaps he could hunt you down and start on that goal for the week. It sounded nice, spending some time with you--he had been giving you space, Blue needed a lot of attention right now and you were healing still with Stretch, and Papyrus had been demanding a lot of your time as well. It must be exhausting being so beautiful and loved.

"Oh, Edge, are you starting dinner?"

Ah. Speaking of.

He turned to see you at his elbow, craning to see what he was doing at the counter.

"PUTTING GROCERIES AWAY." He angled toward you, lovingly brushing your hair from your face. You hummed and leaned into his touch and oh, you are so beautiful. "WHAT DID YOU DO TODAY, SO FAR?"

"I wasn't being lazy, if that's what you mean," you giggled.

He bit off a heated response--that isn't what he'd meant at all, but he knows he can come across as clipped and judgemental. "I JUST MEANT, I'D LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR DAY, IF YOU'D LIKE TO SHARE."

"Oh! Well, let's see...I did some schoolwork, and some yoga with Papyrus. Blue wanted to go get Boba Tea so we did that." You looked up at him with that soft smile. "What about you? How was work?"

"IT WAS FINE." He paused, watching you lean down and pull out a casserole pan.

You are so cute, so sweet. You've been through so much, navigated a world of darkness and pain and still don't think you're worthy of all the love you get, when he thinks you're worthy of so much more.

"I DIDN'T HAVE WORK TODAY. THAT WAS A LIE." He said suddenly, and you looked back at him in surprise. "ACTUALLY, I TOOK TODAY OFF. TO SEE MY THERAPIST."

You blinked, surprised, cocking your head slightly. "Oh! I didn't know you saw a therapist, Edge."

"I DIDN'T TELL ANYONE. I'VE BEEN SEEING HER FOR TWO MONTHS, TWICE A WEEK." He took the casserole dish from you. "EVER SINCE I BLEW UP AT YOU AND RED HERE IN THE KITCHEN, I...I KNEW SOMETHING HAD TO CHANGE. I DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE YOU CRY EVER AGAIN."

"Edge, that's old hat," you giggled. "You don't need to feel bad about it."

"BUT I DO FEEL BAD ABOUT IT. BECAUSE YOU ARE FAR TOO BEAUTIFUL, HAVE CRIED TOO MUCH, TO DESERVE MORE TEARS FROM SOMEONE WHO IS SUPPOSED TO LOVE YOU," he explained, cradling your cheek with his free hand. "AND I DO, LOVE YOU, THAT IS. I KNOW I DON'T SAY IT MUCH, AND THAT SOMETIMES IT MAY SEEM AS IF I AM DISTANT OR UNCARING. BUT I DO LOVE YOU, WITH AS MUCH OF MY BROKEN SOUL AS I POSSIBLY CAN. YOU BEING PRESENT IN MY LIFE HAS DONE MORE FOR ME THAN ANYTHING I HAVE EVER TRIED TO DO FOR MYSELF AND I THANK THE STARS EACH DAY I WAKE UP AND SEE YOU SHINING SO BRIGHTLY, BEING SO *GOOD* AND *LOVELY* AND *SOFT* ."

You blushed, looking down at your feet with a chuckle. "You give me too much credit. Getting help for yourself is a big step, I mean, I never got around to it myself, you know? That's amazing, Edge, really."

Then you hugged him, and he set the dish in the island and pulled you close, letting his sockets close as he breathed you in.

"I'm so proud of you," you mumbled against his shirt. He nodded gently, nuzzling deeper into your embrace.

"I'm proud of you, too," he said softly, his voice gentle. "I know it must be hard, whatever you are holding onto and guarding so closely must take a lot out of you. I hope one day I am ready to share the hurts I hold in my heart, and perhaps you will feel the same."

How natural, to pick you up and cradle you. How innate, the response of you curling against him, wrapping your legs and arms around him, and he wouldn't trade it for the world. That moment, back in the airport, where you kissed him with desperation, was the most adored he had ever felt in his life and it was so healing, so special.

He doesn't know how long he stood there holding you before the thought of Kitty crossed his mind, but it was surprisingly long. That was the thing about you, your presence never demanded he forget his past but rather eased the pain, made him wish to make new memories.

He knows better than to believe you'll be here forever. He made that mistake with Kitty, thinking forever was on the menu, and he'd been left with nothing but heartbreak and regret. But if there is a possibility you might be gone tomorrow, then every day he has you he'll just have to be sure to love you as much as he can.

You leaned back, and he turned to meet your kiss, wrapped around each other in the kitchen, and he knows he hasn't been great at showing emotions, that he took an embarrassingly long time to recognize his feelings. He'd been in such denial, unwilling to hurt again, not ready to accept that you might be able to cause him pain, but it was startlingly obvious that he didn't have any control over how much he loved you.

You were so beautiful, so kind and good and lovely, there was no stopping this train no matter how much he tried.

He should have seen it coming.

Chapter End Notes

Awww Edge having feelies 😭
But if Edge remembers, then how much do the others remember of their worlds??
Also good on him for getting help
Bonus points if you know where I got Dr. Crain from

It's A Beautiful Day

Chapter Summary

It's a beautiful day for a hike and Edge is happy to spend it with you

Chapter Notes

Some fucking fluff with the Edgelord because he EARNED this shit!
Also plot. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stretch could feel you shifting, and that woke him right up.

“mm…what’s the rush here, honey?” He asked as you sat up, ruffled a bit from falling asleep on the couch.

“I slept in too long, m'supposed to go grocery shopping so Edge can make dinner tonight.” You rubbed at your eyes, squinting around the living room.

You squeaked as he pulled you back into his arms, kissing you sweetly, and you hummed and leaned into it.

“shop later, or send edge,” he murmured. “we haven’t gotten a lot of chances to be together since you’ve been home.”

“But Edge never knows where anything is in the store,” you giggled, letting yourself melt a bit under his small touches, fingertips tracing up and down your arms. “He’d be there for hours.”

“and if i asked you to stay? would you?” He whispered gently. “for me? just this once forget your chores and stay right here watching reruns of teen titans with me.”

“Watching?” You asked, a raised brow.

He chuckled. “i don’t promise you’ll watch most of it, just that it’ll be on. sound good?”

“Yes, so good,” you sighed, leaning back in for another kiss. He deepened it, pulling you in along with the tangle of blankets no-doubt left by someone who found you both down here in the wee hours of the morning.

He loved this. He loved that he got to hold you, love you, and kiss you as much as he wanted. A part of him deep in his soul protested, told him he didn't deserve it but it doesn't matter. You do, so he gets to enjoy it, too.

When you’re in love, there’s only a handful of reasons to get out of bed (or couch) when the one you love is there. It just so happens that grocery shopping didn’t quite make the cut.

It was a few more hours before Stretch finally relinquished you, and even then it was only because he couldn't argue that you needed to use the restroom. Edge had been to the store and back already, more than capable apparently and he wasn't even sour about you not going with him.

"Did you find everything?" You asked, peering around his elbow to look at the spread.

"AND THEN SOME," he assured you, patting your head gently, brushing hair from your face, before drawing you by the chin for a kiss, soft and sweet and oh, you like this new side of him you'd been seeing lately. "BUT I'M NOT MAKING DINNER QUITE YET. I'M MAKING A LUNCH FOR US."

"Oh? Lunch date?" You asked, wiggling your way in between him and the counter. "This looks like a picnic."

"IT IS, YOU NOSY HUMAN. IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A SURPRISE." He sighed, but his tone was playful even as he scooped you up and deposited you beside him. "GO GET DRESSED FOR A HIKE. I THINK I CAN MANAGE NOT TO RUIN SANDWICHES."

"Hmmmm...okay!" You tugged on his sleeve until he stooped down curiously, and you rewarded him with a kiss to the cheekbone before taking off to change as requested.

You went with shorts and a t-shirt, and a light overshirt seeing as it was still March--it was sunny enough today, but it might get cold without warning. You paused before leaving the room, and decided to take some of the magic vitamins just in case. It isn't a bad idea if you're going to be hiking, your stamina isn't tip top on the best of days.

"I'm ready!" You crowed as you hit the bottom of the stairs, and Edge broke away from where he was discussing something with Red to smile at you softly.

"YES, YOU ARE," he chuckled, drawing a finger up the length of your overshirt before flicking your nose. You rubbed it and grinned at him, and oh, he melted with soft affection in his gaze. "THANK YOU FOR AGREEING TO COME WITHOUT QUESTION."

"I don't need a reason to go on a date with you, Sugar Daddy," you purred, copying his motion and flicking him gently in the nasal ridge. He scoffed, but that vermilion blush was all you needed to see. "Where are we hiking to? Are you coming, Red?"

Red hesitated, clearly on his way out of the room. His eyelights flicked to Edge, and a soft look crossed his features. "nah. s'edge's turn to shine. hiking ain't much my thing."

"Okay! See you when we get home then," you said cheerfully, taking off with Edge behind you.

This was going to be fun!

Okay. Maybe you underestimated this fucking hike.

You were already panting, but Edge didn't even look like he was sweating. It's fine, it isn't so bad as the hike to see Eridanus in Brazil and it definitely isn't as hot. You can do this...just, in pieces.

"Can we stop a moment?" You asked weakly, collapsing on a nearby fallen log. "Humans need water breaks, you know."

You thought Edge would make fun of you, but to your surprise he stopped without complaint, sitting next to you and rummaging through the basket to produce an electrolyte beverage. "HERE, DOVE. KEEP YOUR STRENGTH UP."

"Thank you," you sighed, accepting happily and drinking half the bottle without pause. "It's really beautiful out here. Too bad I'm such a wuss."

"EVERYONE HAS DIFFERENT LIMITS."

You hummed looking at him sideways. He really had changed so much recently, you supposed you hadn't noticed because you weren't looking for it but he was softer now. Sweeter. More understanding.

"IS THERE SOMETHING ON MY FACE?" He asked, annoyed by your staring. You giggled and shook your head, and he chuckled, smirking back. "OR MAYBE YOU JUST WANTED A KISS?"

"Mmmmm...maybe," you teased, swinging up and into his lap. He happily pulled you closer, kissing first your forehead and then your lips, a gentle press of teeth with great appreciation layered behind it. His hands were being a lot less gentlemanly, sneaking down to cup your ass and pull you in, a rumbling chuckle vibrating in his chest. "We didn't have to hike if all you wanted was a kiss, you know."

"IT'S HARD TO GET YOU ON YOUR OWN," he admitted, a gloved finger tracing your jaw reverently. "YOU'RE A HOT COMMODITY, DOVE."

"Smooth talker," you giggled, leaning in for another kiss. He took it readily, and oh, didn't this remind you of a certain dare-date and kissing in the car? Except this time there was no time limit, and he was in no sort of rush with his worship and no amount of denial would ever be able to get him out of this now.

"I LOVE YOU," he sighed against your mouth, his hold on you tightening for just a moment. "BY THE GODS DO I LOVE YOU SO MUCH. I TRIED NOT TO, I DID, I WILL ADMIT IT, BUT OH, I DO."

"Oh, Edge, you can love me as much as you want," you hummed softly, pecking three kisses to his teeth and from the way he closed his sockets briefly, he understood what that meant.

"I'M AFRAID LOVING YOU AS MUCH AS I WANT MAY STILL BE LOCKED BEHIND A THERAPY PAYWALL," he joked dryly. "BUT I WILL SETTLE FOR LOVING YOU AS MUCH AS I AM ABLE."

"Sounds good," you chuckled, kissing him again, and he drew you in, dragged it out until you were panting, and there was something softening in your soul, something aching for him.

"COME ON, THEN," he breathed, making no move to release you. "IT'S ONLY A LITTLE FURTHER UP THE WAY."

Papyrus glanced out the window, hoping to catch you and Edge walking home, but the street was quiet and no such event was happening.

He really needed to relax. Edge was more than capable of handling himself and he was gentle with you, there needn't be any worries about you going off on a date. You had even taken your meds as a precaution!

Instead he busied himself with dishes so you and Edge would have clean ones when you made dinner tonight. He wondered and hoped that you were having fun, and a tingle in his chest told him you must be. Oddly he'd been able to look inward for reassurance lately, as if a piece of you actually resided within him a little bit, and he pushed away the thought as his brother came in.

"heya pap," Sans drawled, and Papyrus nodded at him. "hey, you been noticing the noises from nova's room at night? nights when nobody's up there but her. i think she's having nightmares."

"SADLY IT WOULD NOT SURPRISE ME," he sighed. "LUCKILY ONE OF US IS USUALLY WITH HER, BUT IF YOU HEAR IT AGAIN YOU SHOULD CHECK ON HER. SHE WOULD LIKE THAT."

"usually do," he admitted. "by the time i peek in seems like she's fine."

"WELL, THEN IT'S PROBABLY--"

The glass casserole dish shattered against the tile, hastily dropped as Papyrus cried out, a sharp pain blooming in his chest, a feeling of dismay, a sense of forboding--

"pap?" Sans breathed, worry evident as he touched his shoulder. Papyrus was hunched over, practically kneeling in the glass, and all he could think of was you, something was wrong, something--

That's when the message came, lighting up their phones in the group chat, and Papyrus felt his soul go ice cold.

"SANS--"

But he was already gone, answering the call, leaving Papyrus kneeling in the broken glass, staring, rereading the message as his soul filled with dread.

EDGE : SOS TOP OF THE PATH AT WIDOW'S PEAK

EDGE : SOMEONE WITH TELEPORTING GET HERE NOW!! NOVA IS UNCONSCIOUS!!!

With shaking fingers, he texted Green for the emergency. He had a sinking feeling he would need him here.

Chapter End Notes

Ah, hello, plot. Nice to see you again.
Wish I could just write a nice fluffy chapter...

Too Much Sense

Chapter Summary

Nothing makes sense and everyone's scared.
And when things start to make sense, it doesn't ease anyone's fears.

Chapter Notes

We are in a moment of truth here, lovelies. This could go one of two ways and I'll be honest im not sure which.

Warnings: terminal reader, discussions of anemia and illness, attempted breach of private patient info, worry bois

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Edge dropped his phone the moment the text sent, god knows he wasted enough time in a blind panic before he remembered he could even text. His hands shook as he pulled you closer, uncomfortably limp and unresponsive as he gathered you completely into his lap.

How could this happen? You'd been fine not a moment before, chatting, maybe breathing a little heavy but he'd been holding your hand and listening to you talk about the last hike you'd gone on, to see Eridanus, and he'd been thinking of how beautiful you were when you talked about your favorite subjects--

--when suddenly you had reeled and dropped like lead, dragging him down to the ground with you.

"DOVE, PLEASE WAKE UP," he begged, brushing strands of stray hair from your face. It didn't look like sleep, no, there was a look of peace about you when you slept, you reacted even if it was slight. This was a blank look, completely impassive, and it looked too much, far too much like *her* at the wake, in the coffin, unmoving, never going to open her eyes again--

"what happened?"

He let out a breath he didn't realize he'd been holding, Sans' voice breaking him from that memory. "WE WERE JUST WALKING AND SHE WENT DOWN, I DON'T--"

"what happened?!" This time from Stretch, appearing next to where Sans was crouching. Before he could explain further, Red appeared, and then Mutt, a cannon effect of "what happened" flying through the air and hitting every goddamn raw nerve Edge had been trying to protect.

"SHE FUCKING FAINTED! THANK YOU, PEANUT GALLERY! IS ONE OF YOU GOING TO FUCKING TAKE US HOME OR ARE YOU GOING TO CONTINUE TO ACT OUT A

COMEDY OF ERRORS?" He hissed, pulling you closer to him.

G materialized next, and before he could say anything, Red covered his mouth. "kitten fainted, we need to get her home."

"Yes, that would be why he brought me," Green said impatiently, pushing past them both. Sans moved so Green could crouch by where Edge was holding you protectively. "I need to see her, Edge. You have to loosen your grip or you'll hurt her further."

He hadn't even noticed how desperately he was holding onto you until Green mentioned it, and with a whine he released you into Green's arms. There were already purple blooms of bruising appearing on your arms, and the guilt settled like a rock in his chest.

"Everyone, please head back to the house. Sans, make sure the bed is prepared for her, I'm sure Papyrus is already on it," Green said, turning to the rest of them. Sans nodded and disappeared. "Stretch, please make some tea, Red, something to eat if you will. G, go home and get the file with her name on it. Please don't open it, there's a lot of loose papers. Mutt, please bring Edge home and keep him busy."

"KEEP ME--" Too late, the others disappeared one by one and so did Green, along with you, leaving him with Mutt, who ran a hand over his skull with a curse.

"fuck. fuck!" Mutt kicked a stone so hard it flew off and broke a tree branch, and he took a deep breath, turning back to Edge. "doctor's orders, man. if i take you back you gotta give 'im the space he needs."

He nodded mutely, numb to even the pressure of the shortcut, and if normally he was good with shortcuts this one made him nauseous. He staggered out of it, past Stretch and Red as they crowded the opposite counter, to the kitchen sink to expel the electrolyte-laden beverage he consumed earlier. Vaguely he thought about the picnic basket, still up on the mountain where he'd dropped it, and he'd been proud of those sandwiches, goddammit, they didn't even look bad!

He stepped back and underneath his boots was a suspicious crunch. Glass shattered against the tile, he doesn't know when or why but if the thrown aside dishwashing apron was a sign he'd bet money it was Papyrus' reaction to the text message.

He looked up at Mutt, hovering between him and the exit to the kitchen. "WELL? GET THE BROOM!"

"what?" He scoffed, as if offended.

"YOU WERE TOLD TO KEEP ME BUSY SO GET ME A BROOM SO I CAN FUCKING CLEAN SOMETHING. BEFORE I VERY WELL SNAP IN HALF."

"i'd do as he says," Red grumbled, rushing out of the room with a plate of warmed leftover burgers.

Mutt sighed and held his hands up in surrender, placating. "okay, okay, a broom. got it."

Green laid you gently in the waiting bed, Papyrus worrying his hands and hovering beside it, and Sans standing near the door, feeling somewhat out of place.

"Papyrus, I'm going to start a check on her physically, if you could please do your usual routine."

"RIGHT!" Papyrus squeaked, skittering over to your desk and pulling open a drawer. Sans watched as he pulled out a little device, hurrying back to your side to use it on one of your limp fingers.

"When was her last transfusion?" Green asked, producing a stethoscope to listen to her lungs.

"transfusion?" Sans asked, his voice small and scared and entirely unnoticed.

"THREE DAYS AGO. BUT WE'VE BEEN TESTING EVERY NIGHT, IT SHOULDN'T--" Papyrus cut off with a noise of discontent. "NO, THESE NUMBERS ARE WRONG! THERE'S NO WAY IT DIPPED THIS LOW THIS FAST!"

"what numbers?" Sans asked, panic rushing to the forefront as the numbness wore off. "what's wrong with her?"

Papyrus spared him a sympathetic glance, but no answer was supplied.

"We are working on an answer to that," Green said softly, sliding the stethoscope to her heart, then pulse lines.

G materialized with a folder. "I have 'er file, bro."

"Great, set it--"

Sans snatched it from him, flipping it open before anyone could protest.

"BROTHER, PLEASE," Papyrus pleaded, grabbing his wrist to keep him from rifling through the papers. Sans scoffed and used blue magic to move them, G peering over his shoulder before Green was able to snatch them away.

"what is all that?" Sans asked, eerily calm. "that looked like a lotta paperwork for an infection."

"It's her, ain't it?" G asked softly, his voice wavering. "Your terminal patient. The one with the blood problem."

"It's called patient confidentiality and you two don't have Nova's consent to what's in this folder," he snapped, adjusting his glasses. Magic flared around him in a dark glow of anger and desperation. "Now get *out* ! Before I make you!"

Papyrus crowded them both out the door. "I'M SORRY, SANS. I'M SO SORRY. PLEASE, LET US HANDLE THIS AND...EVERYTHING WILL MAKE SENSE SOMEDAY, I PROMISE."

"no," Sans cried softly, fighting against his brother's hold. But Papyrus had always been physically stronger, had always had the height advantage. "no, pap, please, whatever's happening you can't shut me out, you, you just can't--"

"WE WILL DISCUSS MORE WHEN SHE IS STABLE."

The door closed and latched, and that silence fell over the house as Green's wards settled in.

Sans stared at the door for a long moment before turning to G, who had accepted his removal with startling grace, leaning back against the opposite wall and closing his sockets.

"you know something."

He shook his head. "I really don't."

"bullshit!" Sans growled as footsteps began sounding on the landing below. "you said something to him, you said she was his terminal patient!"

"All I know is he's got a terminal patient that got him outta sorts!" G sighed, running a hand over his skull. "They got some blood problem so he's been researching his ass off to find cures for different sortsa blood problems, tryna save them. It might not be her!"

"but it could be," Sans said, deflating a little.

It made sense. Too much sense. God, he wished it didn't make so much stars-damned sense! Everything was piecing together just a little too well for comfort, even Papyrus' involvement in your healing process. Your bruises, your energy issues, the way your scratches and cuts and scrapes just never seem to stop bleeding until someone heals them…

"IS EVERYTHING OKAY?"

They looked over at Blue, looking fresh from a run as he stood on the second landing of your stairs with worry in his eyelights, and Sans sighed, parking his nonexistent ass right across from your door with a mixture of frustration and dismay.

"we don't fucking know."

Chapter End Notes

Well, no hiding much after this i suppose

Spilling the Beans

Chapter Summary

You have no choice but to tell everyone the truth and hope they forgive you.

Chapter Notes

Heeeey this story isn't dead! I have plans for it still! The main problem is narrowing ideas down and picking one storyline to go with.

Warnings: this chapter contains references to death, illness, and terminal illness

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Papyrus held your hand tightly, the silence in the room so heavy he feared he would buckle under it if he stood. You didn't move, didn't even twitch, disturbingly still.

"Her numbers are back up," Green said softly, rubbing his sockets. "Did you encounter anything during transfusion that might have been unusual?"

Papyrus shook his head. "NOTHING. IT WAS JUST JUMBLED NONSENSE, NOT EVEN MEMORIES THIS TIME. IS SHE…?"

"No, she isn't dying," Green reassured him, and he sighed, relaxing. "Something is wrong, though, something we're missing. There's a factor we can't see. Why else would numbers dip so much so quickly?"

"SHE WAS HIKING, IT MAY HAVE BEEN A STRESS RESPONSE TO EXERTION?" He offered. "THE TRAIL THEY TOOK ISN'T EASY AND SHE IS PRIDEFUL."

"It could be a factor, or maybe it's emotional or mental to an extent? Either way it seems there is no choice any longer. I'm afraid I'll have to press her to tell the others once she wakes, for safety's sake." Green rubbed his sockets tiredly, looking back over the papers again. "And I will have to discourage anyone else from Marking her, I'm not sure yet if the constant presence of your magic is helping or hurting."

Papyrus' head swiveled up like a bobblehead, sockets wide in disbelief. "I'M...I'M SORRY? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

Green blinked over at him in surprise. "Ah...I mean, your Mark. On her soul. I saw it when you were doing the transfusion, I only assumed...you didn't know?"

"I DIDN'T...I MEAN, I HAVEN'T…" Papyrus sputtered, cheeks flushing brightly as he stammered. "I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO MARK."

"Well, there's a few ways nowadays but...it's traditionally done by direct contact with the soul, especially during, eh...sexual encounters. Sometimes paired with the instinctual urge for a physical mark, a bite or a scratch." Green paused, taking in the way Papyrus had buried his face into his hands, flushed a bright orange. "It's only natural, the amount of magic you've been exchanging and the nature of your relationship. Perhaps I shouldn't have implied it might be hurting her, I only meant that it was something for her to get used to and it may have caused this drop but I don't see any reason for it to cause any more once she stabilizes, I mean, we could run some more tests or maybe keep a closer socket on--"

"STOP," he squeaked. "IT ISN'T HELPING."

Green stopped obediently, shifting from one foot to the other nervously. He hadn't meant to embarrass him or anything, and Papyrus knew that, he'd only been speaking purely medical but it was far too much information to process on top of his worry and the fact that you were unmoving, still as a log in the bed.

It explained the horrible feeling he'd gotten just before the text came in from Boss, the *knowing* something was wrong, and it explained his extra dosage of worry whenever you weren't in his sight. When a mark is settling monsters hardly leave their mate's side, so it could very well have been the distance that triggered your soul's anguish and that meant it was *his* fault, *his* fault you were in this bed unconscious, *his* fault if you have to tell everyone early, *his* fault if you never recover.

"Papyrus…?"

He looked up quickly, Green letting out a sigh of relief beside him as you stirred just slightly, eyes half-open and hazy as your hand slid over the sheets, searching. He snatched it up, placing a kiss on your fingertips and hoping you could feel the Intent, the relief and his love.

"I'm here," he cooed softly. "I'm here, Nova, everything is going to be alright. Right, Green?"

Green glanced up to the magitech screen propped up on your bedside table, recording vitals, and nodded. Everything must look good.

"What happened? How did I get home?" You looked up, catching sight of the screen and the cords and immediately closed your eyes against it--even with trying so hard to make it inviting, it was still very hospital-esque and Papyrus quickly moved his chair to block the view.

"Your blood cell counts dropped very rapidly when you were hiking with Edge," Green explained gently. "I'm afraid it's a matter of safety now, Miss Nova. I'm going to request you tell everyone so they can be trained in how to handle an unexpected drop like this."

"...I guess so," you said softly, a soft admission, quietly giving the okay and Green relaxed but Papyrus did not.

"She's just woken up, can't we wait for that conversation?" Papyrus interjected, squeezing your hand. He knew the answer was no, it can't wait, but he didn't want to overwhelm you.

...he didn't want to share you just yet. Gods help him, it's selfish and horrible but he liked being the one you came to for it. He liked knowing, liked helping you with it. It was the closest he'd ever felt to anyone and he hated that it was so hard to let that go. Perhaps it was this new Mark, filling him with conflict, with a desire to keep you to himself.

"Pap?" You said softly, reaching up to wipe his tears. Gods, he hadn't even realized he'd been crying. "What's wrong, sweetie?"

"Nothing!" He said, all too swiftly. "Or...everything. I don't know. I'm so sorry, I just…I marked you, and I didn't even know it, and it may be all my fault you're ill right now--"

"Papyrus, I've been ill for years," you reminded him. "If it's your fault I'd love to hear how, seeing as you were underground back when my genetics were messed with."

He laughed, but it lacked his usual mirth. He held your hand to his cheekbone, blinking away the remaining tears. "Of course. But the Mark, I didn't even ask--"

"I want it," you said quickly. "I want your Mark, Papyrus. It isn't hurting anyone, not like when G tried, right? And I feel closer to you. I want that."

"Oh," he sighed, smiling softly at you. "Alright. If you say so. I'm still sorry, for not asking, and for possibly causing this episode."

You waved him away and he relaxed, leaning in to kiss you gently on the forehead. He loves you, he loves you so much, more than he'd ever loved anyone else before. The Mark may have been an accident but it was a lovely one, and it made him feel closer to you, made his soul flutter as he leaned down to kiss your lips.

Made him protective. Loving, yes, doting, of course, but also a little jealous and protective, slightly possessive. He stomped those feelings out the best he could, but they were instinctual. They would go away when the Mark settled, but for now he wanted to protect you in any way he could.

And if that meant telling the others for you while you sleep later, and taking the brunt of their anger and confusion, he will gladly do that.

Papyrus folded his hands in front of him, slightly defensive but unaggressive. From the rapt attention he was receiving in the stairwell it was likely they didn't quite understand what they were saying just yet.

"NATURALLY I HAVE BEEN TREATING HER PER GREEN'S INSTRUCTIONS," he continued. "I REMAIN HOPEFUL THAT WE CAN FIND A WAY, BUT SEEING AS THE ILLNESS DIRECTLY AFFECTS HER BLOOD CELLS, THE CURRENT PROGNOSIS IS...EIGHT TO TEN MONTHS."

"EIGHT TO TEN MONTHS WHAT?" Black huffed, crossing his arms. "IT WILL TAKE YOU THAT LONG TO FIX HER? WITH ALL YOUR MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE AND MAGIC SHE HAS TO SUFFER THIS FOR EIGHT TO TEN MONTHS MORE?"

"yeah, that seems a bit...excessive," Stretch agreed slowly. Even as he said the words it seemed to click in his mind that wasn't exactly what they meant, his sockets widening.

"HE DOESN'T MEAN TEN MONTHS TO A CURE," Edge said stiffly. "HE MEANS TEN MONTHS AT ALL. TEN MONTHS AND THAT'S IT."

Black scoffed, rolling his eyelights. "THAT MAKES EVEN LESS SENSE, IT SOUNDS AS IF SHE'S--"

"going to die."

The whole hallway grew quiet at Sans' quiet revelation, and all eight sets of eyelights settled on him and Green, who removed his glasses with a sigh.

"I'm afraid that is the current situation. Eight to ten months until she dies, maybe more with magimedicine. But as it stands, in spite of my best efforts, there is no cure." His voice was shockingly even, but anyone with sight could see the pain in his eyelights.

"you knew, you both just knew, and you didn't say anything?" Sans growled, fists clenching. "she left the *country* , and *nobody with her* knew about this? nobody knew what to look for, how to help?"

The hallway suddenly burst into conversation, most of them talking over each other, asking the same questions, wondering why now, why not then, have they tried everything, did they even consider their feelings at all--

" **QUIET** !"

The chatter stopped immediately at Blue's sudden outburst, a rare occurrence of his newfound big monster voice, and he took a few calming breaths, clenching and unclenching his fists.

"NOVA IS DYING, AND YOU ARE ALL HERE POINTING FINGERS AND SQUABBLING," he ground out, his normally starry eyelights dim and tired with repressed anger from the last few days and now. "NOT A SINGLE ONE OF YOU HAS ASKED TO SEE HER OR IF YOU CAN HELP!"

With that Blue pushed everyone out of his way, making his way to the bedroom. He glanced up at Papyrus, his jaw set, and Papyrus only stepped aside, allowing him to sweep into the room followed shortly by Green. With the chatter gone, he stepped back until he was squarely in front of them all, his jaw similarly set into a frown. He hoped his patented Papyrus Disappointment™ was coming through but it probably looked a lot more like fury.

He was getting all too used to fury, all too quickly.

"YES, WE KNEW, BUT WE ONLY KEPT IT MUM BECAUSE THAT WAS HER WISHES," Papyrus said sternly, his own fists clenching. "AND I AM GLAD THAT I AM THE ONE WHO TOLD YOU, SEEING AS YOUR FIRST RESPONSE APPEARS TO BE *ANGER* OVER SOMETHING SHE CAN'T CONTROL."

The hallway was quiet, contemplative silence filling the space until there was a pop of a shortcut--Red was gone, and with a sigh, Edge turned to troop down the stairs, likely going to look for him. Stretch only leaned against the wall, his face turned away, and G was swift to follow with a shortcut of his own.

A small sniffle broke the silence, and to everyone's surprise, even his own, it was Black, hiccuping quietly as tears marked his cheekbones. Even more at a loss was Mutt, who seemed entirely unprepared for such a thing, hesitantly reaching for him.

"...m'lord?"

"SHUT UP!" Black squeaked, scrubbing uselessly at the tears on his face. "THIS IS THE *ONLY* APPROPRIATE REACTION TO NEWS LIKE THIS AND YOU ALL ARE INSANE!"

"i need a minute," Stretch mumbled, turning to follow Edge down the stairs.

Mutt moved to comfort his brother, and that left Papyrus staring down at Sans, as his brother stared up at him, struggling still between anger and heartbreak.

"I KNOW IT'S A LOT," Papyrus said softly. "BELIEVE ME, BROTHER, I KNOW. I'VE BEEN DOING IT ALONE SO I UNDERSTAND. BE ANGRY WITH ME IF YOU MUST, BUT SHE IS ALREADY SCARED, AND SHE IS *DYING* . SHE DOES *NOT* DESERVE THAT ANGER."

"...i know," he said, so quiet, too quiet, heartbreak heavy in his voice as he brought his hands halfway to his face, where shocked tears were beginning to fall. "i can't, it...it can't be, i…"

"OH, SANS," Papyrus sighed. He kneeled, pulling him close as he used to do frequently, and Sans held him back, his grip loose, as if he were shocked numb, which he may very well be. "I AM HERE. NOBODY WILL BE DOING THIS ALONE, LEAST OF ALL NOVA."

He held him close, and eventually the shock wore off and he heard the sobs choking him, felt them in his chest and he only held Sans tighter, closed his eyes, and leaned back against the wall to wait.

For what, he didn't know. Maybe an answer. Maybe an interruption. The only thing he knew for sure was that this house would never be the same and oh, he hoped it was a good thing.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for your patience with this story! Let me know in the comments if there is anything specific you predict or hope will happen, any tropes you want to see before I start wrapping the story up!

Life is Pain, Princess

Chapter Summary

Blue and Edge are the first to come to you with their thoughts on all this.

Chapter Notes

Heya guys! I'm not sure how much longer the story will be but I have a few obligatory "response" chapters and then I can get into some more shenanigans. Things are gonna get complicated with them knowing about all this!
From here on the "terminal illness, mention of death, mention of illness" tags are pretty much permanent but I'm sure you expected that.

Warnings: mention of past trauma/previous death discussed

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You blinked awake, mid-afternoon sun shining just barely into your eyes and confusion muddling your thoughts. You vaguely remember a conversation with Papyrus and Green...yes, you'd given them the go-ahead to tell the others, and you hoped they'd already done so without you because it was a stress you didn't need.

"LIKE THIS?"

"Yes, that's perfect."

You looked up groggily to see Blue and Green huddled together by your desk. Green was discussing a diagram in a low voice, and Blue had his soul out, demonstrating the technique on himself--ah, learning how to do the transfusions like Papyrus does. You suppose the more the merrier, maybe they were hoping a higher dosage would be more effective?

"I'M AFRAID I'LL HURT HER IF I DO THIS, THOUGH," Blue sighed. "I'M STILL HAVING TROUBLE CONTROLLING MY TENSILE STRENGTH."

"Are you hurting yourself right now?" Green asked. Blue shook his head. "Then you'll be alright."

Blue's eyelights traveled over to you and he made a noise of surprise, his beautiful blue soul snapping back into his chest as he scrambled up and over to you. "NOVA! YOU'RE AWAKE! HOW ARE YOU FEELING?"

"Fine," you insisted, sitting up. He sat beside you, pulling you close, and you curled into his embrace with a sigh. "I'm sorry."

"FOR WHAT?" He cooed, petting your hair. "YOU HAVE NOTHING TO BE SORRY FOR."

"For lying to you all," you whimpered. "For not telling you sooner, I'm sorry, I'm so so sorry, I'm gonna leave you and--"

Blue shushed you, gathering you up in his large arms and rocking you gently. "OH, NOVA, DON'T YOU EVEN START. YOU WERE SCARED, FACING SOMETHING SO BIG AND TERRIBLE AND YOU CAN ONLY DO YOUR BEST TO KEEP GOING. AND ANYWAY, WHAT MATTERS NOW IS THAT WE KNOW, AND I DON'T LOVE YOU ANY LESS FOR IT."

He tightened his hold, leaning his skull to rest against your forehead with a sigh.

"IT'S SCARY, AND I'M NOT...UNAFFECTED. BUT I TREASURE YOU AND I WILL DO EVERYTHING I CAN TO HELP."

You reached up, wiping a light blue tear from his cheekbone. He smiled softly at you as another rolled down, and you pulled him closer. He squeezed you gently, but firmly enough to not feel like he was treating you like glass, and tears pricked your own eyes as you realized it was really fine, it was really all over, it was really done.

They really, finally know, and now the only thing left to do is love them as best as you can.

"Papyrus, an unexpected surprise. You hardly use my emergency line," Dr. Crain said on the other end. *"What did you need?"*

"SHE'S DYING."

There was quiet on the other end as Edge stared into his reflection, imagining a mourning suit, imagining a bottle in his hand. It would be so easy to fall back into, it would be so easy to skip to the mourning.

"...do you mean you are seeing Kitty's death again?"

He shook his head, even though she couldn't see it. "NO. *NOVA* IS DYING. THEY JUST TOLD US. SHE HAS EIGHT, MAYBE TEN MONTHS."

"Oh, that's...terrible, I'm so sorry, Papyrus. Do you need an emergency session or is on the phone okay? We can talk this out as long as you need."

"THE PHONE IS FINE."

"If you're in front of the mirror, I encourage you to step away. Go sit someplace you can't see your reflection."

He hesitated, but she was right. He tore his eyelights from the mirror and turned to sit on the opposite side of the bed. It was a trigger for him to remember how he looked in the mirror, a ghastly visage as he pulled his tie up. He pulled his long legs up to perch on the bed, curling around himself. She wasn't there to see his hands weren't on his lap.

"Talk to me about whatever you want, Papyrus."

"WE WENT ON A HIKE, LIKE YOU SAID, FIND A HOBBY TOGETHER," Edge began, picking at a loose string on his pants. "I DIDN'T KNOW IT WOULD BE TOO MUCH. ONE MINUTE WE WERE TALKING, LAUGHING, AND THE NEXT SHE'S COLLAPSED, MOTIONLESS IN MY ARMS AND...I THOUGHT SHE'D DIED RIGHT THEN, SHE LOOKED *JUST* LIKE HER IN THE COFFIN, I WAS...SCARED."

"It's okay to be scared," Dr. Crain soothed.

"...YES. IT IS." He paused, and then pushed through. "WHAT DO I DO NOW? I'VE PREPARED FOR THE POSSIBILITY THAT TOMORROW IS NOT AN OPTION, BUT...IT DOESN'T MAKE IT EASIER. HOW CAN I INTERACT WITHOUT MAKING HER FEEL GUILTY I WILL BE SAD?"

"You just have to be as honest as you can with her. Eight to ten months can be a long time or a short time depending on how ill she is and how you utilize it. Try talking to her about what she wants from you during this time--some people want nothing to change and others want to go through a bucket list. Some people just want company and others...want everyone to go. I doubt that's the case here, but communication is important. She is not her diagnosis, she is not her death."

"SHE IS NOT HER DEATH," Edge repeated, nodding. That's good, that's very good. Thinking of you death-first will only pile more guilt on everyone. "I UNDERSTAND. CAN I...SCHEDULE AN EXTRA SESSION THIS WEEK? TOMORROW? I THINK I...HAVE THINGS TO DO RIGHT NOW."

"Of course you can, Papyrus. I have a 9am, if you can make it?"

The knock on the door was expected, though Blue was surprised it was Edge who stood on the other side when Green opened it. You lifted your head from Blue's shoulder where you'd been dozing, taking full advantage of his new size and Blue had to admit he was getting used to it easier than he'd thought.

Edge glanced over at you, before looking at Green, who hadn't moved from the doorway. "I...IS IT ALRIGHT IF I SPEAK WITH NOVA ALONE? ARE YOU DONE WITH CURRENT TREATMENT?"

"Er, yes, of course." Green stepped aside, and Blue set you down with a kiss to your temple. They politely left, and you avoided Edge's eyelights.

He's probably pissed. You didn't tell him you were sick and you let him take you on a tough hike like that, you were careless and he had to have that scare because of you, because you had some stupid idea in your head that it was better they didn't know.

But it was hard to avoid eye contact when he was kneeling beside the bed looking up at you, and when you caved and looked at him, he looked as if maybe he were hanging by a thread.

Silence. It seemed neither of you really knew what to say, but he cleared his nonexistant throat anyway to try.

"CAN I TELL YOU A SECRET?"

You paused, then nodded. "Always."

He took your hand, closing his sockets briefly and breathing deeply. When he opened them again, his eyelights were little flames, flickering with affection.

"I REMEMBER," he said softly. "I REMEMBER THE RESETS OF MY WORLD IT...IS VAGUE, THERE ARE POCKETS OF CONFUSION, BLANK PARTS. BUT I REMEMBER YOU, OR RATHER, THE YOU OF FELL. THE ONE THAT IS IN HERE, SOMEWHERE."

He tapped your chest, indicating your soul.

"AND I LOVED HER. I LOVED HER MORE THAN I EVER THOUGHT I COULD LOVE A PERSON, AND HER DEATH WAS DEVASTATING. I CAN'T SPEAK OF IT MUCH--" He paused, blinking away the tears forming. "--BUT I CAN TELL YOU THAT I LOVE YOU A WHOLE LOT MORE THAN I LOVED HER, TWENTY, MAYBE THIRTY TIMES AS MUCH. I WOULD MOVE MOUNTAINS FOR YOU, I WOULD GLADLY KILL OR DIE FOR YOU, AND IF BEFORE I DIDN'T THINK I COULD LOVE ANYONE MORE THAN I LOVED HER THEN I WAS *HORRIBLY* MISTAKEN."

"Oh, Edge, you don't have to--"

"YES, I DO," he said, reaching his free hand up to your face. "BECAUSE I HAVE TO TELL YOU SO YOU WILL UNDERSTAND WHEN I SAY THAT EVEN DEATH ITSELF CANNOT STOP ME FROM LOVING YOU. IT DIDN'T WORK LAST TIME AND IT WON'T WORK NOW. DEATH COMES AND GOES, IT HAS DONE SO MY ENTIRE LIFE, BUT LOVE LIKE THIS IS *FAR* MORE RARE AND PERMANENT."

You leaned into his touch, closing your eyes against the threatening tears. "But I...you're going to have to go through it all over again."

Both hands rested upon your cheeks and his thumbs wiped your tears. You glanced up at him, and oh, so soft, he looked so soft, so completely different than he had when you'd first met.

"FOR A SINGLE DAY WITH YOU, NOVA," he muttered, pulling you closer to lean your forehead to his. "I WOULD ENDURE A THOUSAND HEARTBREAKS."

He kissed you, salty with tears and you weren't sure if they were his or yours but you didn't ask, didn't point it out as he shook slightly against you.

"I'm scared, Edge," you said softly between kisses. "I'm scared I'm gonna hurt you."

"LIFE IS PAIN," he countered. "I COULD QUOTE THE PRINCESS BRIDE HERE AND YOU WOULD ADORE IT, BUT I'M BEING SERIOUS. JUST BY LIVING WE HAVE ALL HURT SOMEONE OR BEEN HURT." He rubbed your cheek with his thumb gently, kissing you slowly. "I'M SCARED, TOO, DOVE, BUT THE LAST THING I AM GOING TO DO IS LET THAT FEAR GET IN THE WAY OF BEING WITH YOU."

"Okay," you squeaked, blinking rapidly. "God, I'm sorry, just...here, come here."

He followed as you beckoned him into the bed, and after a moment's shuffling he was curled around you securely, holding you tightly.

The silence was long, but companionable. It wouldn't be the last time you both cried over this, and you knew that, but at the very least things are alright for now.

You just hope the others are as understanding as Papyrus, Blue, and Edge have been.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys aren't tired of this yet haha. I promise we'll get back to some good stuff later and it won't always be doom and gloom hurt/comfort

No More Running

Chapter Summary

If anyone understands the feeling of wanting to run away from grief, the need to be selfish, and the need to keep a secret....it's Stretch.

Chapter Notes

I've had this chapter mostly finished a few days now but I wasn't exactly sure how I wanted it to end. I have made my decision apparently so here we go!

Warnings: same as usual death/illness/trauma warnings for this fic

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stretch probably spent too long in the shower. He could tell, on a normal day, by the sound of Edge or Red banging on the door and telling him so, but even without that he could tell he'd been in here too long. The water was less hot and more lukewarm--not cold, the water heater was better than that, but it wasn't *hot* anymore.

But it was fine. This wasn't a normal day, dammit, he needed this fucking shower because he needed to think/not-think for an hour before he said or did something reckless and dumb.

Because his first instinct upon hearing you were going to die was to run. Actually run, to push you away, to distance himself because holy *fuck* did losing you scare him, oh, God, it scared him so much that he was shaking in spite of the still-warm shower water. The hole in his soul Honey had left, it ached so much, as if reminding him what it was like and if there's one thing he's great at, it's letting his big dumb mouth say things before his mind had fully cooked them and ruining everything in two to three words.

So he'd gone for the shower because maybe he could hardboil his words a little better. Or something. He's losing the metaphor, but, he went here to think.

Honey's death was sudden and horrible. This one would be slow, possibly equally terrible and painful to watch. And yes, he's crying, he's been crying a while now but can anyone really blame him? Of course, curse his rotten fucking luck that the woman he loves is destined to die and he was *right* , he'd *called it* , and he'd never wished so much that he'd been wrong. They had all died, in all their worlds, and you...you were cobbled together, who knows how stable you are so of course, of course something wasn't right.

But running away, while tempting, isn't the answer. He breathed deep, turning the water off. He dripped as he groped for the fluffy towel, wiped himself off, wiped away the idea of leaving you with it.

No.

He may lose you but it wasn't going to be by choice, dammit. He was going to be with you until the very end because that's what you deserve and that's what he wants. He'll...he'll fight death! With his fists! If that's what it takes!

"OH, GOOD, GLAD TO HEAR IT."

Stretch squeaked and slipped in his own puddle of shower water, clattering to the floor in a pile of bones and towel as Blue looked down at him with a raised brow.

"cheese nips, can't you *knock* , bro??" He squeaked. "i was showering! occupied!"

"AND YOU'VE BEEN DOING THAT FOR NEARLY AN HOUR SO I CAME TO MAKE SURE YOU HADN'T ESCAPED OUT THE WINDOW WITH TIED-TOGETHER SHEETS," Blue pointed out, heaving him up with one newly-massive-and-strong hand. "I WANTED TO MAKE SURE YOU HAD YOUR HEAD SCREWED ON STRAIGHT BUT I GUESS MY WORRIES WERE UNFOUNDED."

"eh. not completely. i did consider the sheets," he joked flatly. "...thanks. but i think i got this, actually."

Blue sighed tiredly, smiling up at him with weariness beyond his years. "IT'S ABOUT DAMN TIME."

He chuckled, running his knuckles along Blue's skull musically. Blue made a show of pushing it away, but then pulled him in, towel and all, and they both melted into the much-needed-brother-hug.

"...THIS SUCKS," Blue said softly, muffled slightly by Stretch's collarbone.

"you're telling me," Stretch sighed back. "but...you know. eight to ten months is...better warning than eight to ten minutes."

"I MISS HER, TOO," Blue said, causing Stretch to go still in surprise. "I KNOW YOU THINK...YOU THINK I DON'T REMEMBER, BUT I ONLY THOUGHT IT WOULD MAKE IT EASIER FOR YOU IF I DIDN'T. I WAS WRONG, I SHOULD...WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN GRIEVING TOGETHER ALL THIS TIME AND I'M SORRY I WASN'T THERE FOR YOU."

Stretch laughed, empty and bitter, but he only hugged his brother tighter. "it's okay, bro. we all got to the same station, right?"

That earned an obligatory chuckle from Blue. "YES, WE DID. NOW GET OUT, I NEED TO SHOWER, TOO."

He laughed, squeezed him one more time, and then returned to his room to get dressed.

The plan had been to head up once he was dressed, if his hands would ever move faster than a mile a day. Also, what does one wear when you're going to tell someone you still love them even though they're dying? Stretch had gone casual to a lot of things but he didn't suppose this should be one of them. Or maybe it should, maybe you'd prefer he didn't make a big deal out of it?

In the end, he'd only managed to pick some pants and a tank top before someone knocked on his door.

"come in," he said, distracted, expecting Blue or maybe Red, maybe wanting to talk it out, maybe wanting to get his thoughts straight.

He wasn't expecting you, in that little lavender nightgown that he loved so much.

"oh, doll, should...should you be out of bed?" He asked, unsure, his hands awkwardly laying at his sides. "i mean...i don't mean you're, like, incapable, i just...i dunno. don't know the scope of it?"

You chuckled, closing the door behind you. "No, I...I'm fine to be up now. It's unfortunately rapid ups and downs, mostly?"

"good. sort of. there's a...certain amount of goodness to that," he mumbled, stumbling over his words and *wow* he was not prepared to talk about this.

"Um. Anyway. I came down because...I wanted to say I'm sorry? You told me how much Honey's death hurt you and I still...didn't say anything. It was kind of selfish."

Stretch hesitated, drawing his hands to his pockets. "i mean...a little? but, uh, i'm hardly one t'talk with all the selfish bullshit i've pulled you into. i don't blame you for wanting to be...normal. you know?"

"...You're the first one not to instantly say I have nothing to apologize for," you laughed. "...thank you. I needed to hear it. Not everything is rainbows and butterflies, the sun doesn't *really* shine out my ass even if most of you would argue with me on that. I'm still just...a person. Who makes mistakes."

"you've got feelings, fears, worries. who doesn't?" Stretch offered, reaching up awkwardly to scratch at his cervical vertebrae. "you were a little selfish, but i think you have a right to want it your way, i mean, you're...you know."

"...Dying," you finished for him, softly, and he closed his sockets, oh, it sounded so *final* coming from you, like maybe it could have been a grand horrible prank but not if you were saying it.

Dammit, he thought he was out of tears.

"this fucking sucks!" He huffed, turning away and blinking them away. "i'm sorry, i...i was hoping to come to you once i figured out what i was gonna say but the truth is, it just sucks, it sucks, and it isn't fair." He turned back to you, crossing the room to where you stood, looking tired and worried and frail. He gently cupped your face with both hands, leaning his forehead to yours. "it isn't fair, it isn't. and no amount of flowery words are gonna make it better, you know, and i bet you've been getting a lot of those so let me just be honest with you, okay? this sucks, it isn't fair, it isn't *right* . god, you, *you* ...you deserve *so* much more than this."

You huffed out a bitter laugh and pressed closer, instinctively groping for his pull-ties...and missing since he wasn't yet wearing his sweatshirt. You chose instead to grip his tank top. "I dunno, that seems a bit extreme. I think it's more unfair to all of you. You've all put so much emotion into me, so much time...and I'm just gonna...leave."

"you're not, like...a project. you aren't like Edge's giant table puzzle that he's got spread out on the kitchen table, you know? we don't put time in for the payoff of looking at you forever in a frame. we put time in because we like spending time with you." He kissed your forehead as you wrapped your arms around him, sinking into a hug. "i love spending time with you. even if that time's limited now, it doesn't change that being with you is its own reward, y'know? and...when you're gone it'll suck but at least we have the time we have. that's what's important, yeah? and, uh, i'm gonna spend it with you. as much of it as i can. i'm not going anywhere."

You sighed and leaned into him, relaxing into his hug and hiding your blush...and tears. You had been worried about that, you had, you'd tried to hide it but it's been a bumpy ride with him and you wouldn't blame him if he'd jumped ship, wouldn't blame any of them, but especially not Stretch. You feel kind of bad but you had expected him to run.

To be fair, running was all you did so maybe you'd feel better if one of them ran, too.

"so, uh...if it's alright, i have some questions?" You blinked, pulling back a bit. He lovingly wiped a tear from your face with a lopsided grin. "just...so we're on the same page. yeah?"

"Uh. Yeah, yeah. Okay."

You let him lead you to the bed, and he sprawled his legs wide so you could sit between them,and you enjoyed how much of a cuddle bug he always was. In the end you were laying across his lap as he leaned back against the headboard, his fingertips already playing with your hair.

"So?"

He hummed, eyelights raking down your body. His sockets seemed so full of curiosity, full of questions, too many to ask. "papyrus explained it, briefly, and Green, scientifically, an' i get it, kinda. but what does this blood thing actually do to you?"

"Anemia in general or mine specifically?"

He considered that a moment. "...yours specifically. and how it's different from regular, plain ol' not-deadly anemia."

"It affects all the types of blood cells and basically keeps me from making *any* new. Regular anemia can usually be combated with iron supplements and a good diet, maybe medication? This kind, it needs constant blood transfusions to treat, and to cure it...a marrow transplant." You snuggled in closer. "But I don't have a match. Not anywhere."

"that's...unusual. aren't most humans easy to find donors for?" He scratched his chin thoughtfully. "honey had minor surgery and needed a blood transfusion once, they found a match within an hour and she was fine within a day."

"Blood's a little easier than, like...organs and marrow. But even so, I'm completely unique, the doctors…" You paused, closing your eyes against the memories, the cold white rooms and the IVs. "They've never seen anything like it. Like...inky blackness. Not marrow at all."

There was silence for a beat, as Stretch absorbed the information and you basked in the cuddles, nuzzling closer to his soft tank top.

"...okay. i'll set that aside, i know m'gonna be thinking about that for a long while but i have more questions."

You nodded slightly against him. "Of course."

"do you...can…" He took a deep breath. "this sounds terrible, but, how delicate are you? like, have we been...endangering you at all? can you...i mean, is it advisable for you to...uh…"

He floundered a moment, his free hand that wasn't petting your hair gesturing vaguely, and when you gave him a confused look he only covered his blushing face with it and it clicked.

"Oh!" You covered a laugh. "Yeah, I can have sex as long as I have the energy. I mean...if 'Nurse' Papyrus lets me do it with *him* then I think you're safe on that front, hon."

He chuckled, bringing both hands to cover his face now. "i didn't…! i mean, yes, that's what i was asking but, i wasn't being a creep or *asking* for it, god, it seems so dumb now."

"Oh? Sex with me seems dumb now?" You teased, sitting up and getting closer to him, a grin playing on your lips as you looked up at him.

"not what i said," he said firmly, moving his hands to meet your eyes with a grin of his own. "and not at all what i meant, doll."

"Too bad, I *love* doing dumb things," you sighed, cocking your head at him and enjoying that cute honeyed blush.

"i know, i share a wall with red, i can hear when y'do him."

It was his turn to chuckle at your blush, sliding his arms around you and swooping in for the kiss, and you loved the way he touched you, so delicate but not as if you were going to break. Just...as if he were trying to burn it into his memory, the feeling of you, of your nightgown.

"i love you, so much," he murmured against your mouth, his voice like honey and his tongue tasting the same. "m'sure you've got more little talks left today but...come back to me tonight when you're finished, okay?"

"Okay," you breathed, eyes closing as he kissed you again, and again, and down your jaw and your neck and back to your mouth once more, and oh, he's right, you still have to talk to Red and Sans and Mutt and Black but your body is unwilling to break away.

"okay," he agreed, eyelights flashing hearts. "okay. okay. go, before i change my mind and keep you here, hmm?"

"Doesn't seem so bad an idea," you said, even as you stood together from the bed. "...I'll come back tonight. Promise."

"don't gotta promise, i know you will," he cooed.

And one more kiss, and…

"...If I'm going to go, Stretch, you've got to stop holding me," you said softly, making no move to push away from where he held you.

"i know, i…" He was so close, his eyelights soft flames as a tear began to trail down his cheekbone. "...i'm having trouble letting you go."

With one hand, you groped behind you slightly. He followed your movement, crowding you against the door and you shut it firmly, turning the lock.

You reached back up, gently brushing the tear from his skull. The orange magic still glowed dimly on your fingertip, and he leaned into your touch so heavily, sockets closing.

"...Then don't."

Chapter End Notes

Alt title: Local author only has a third grade vocabulary when speaking to the girl he likes

*A Little Honey

Chapter Summary

> You and Stretch have been working up to this forever, and maybe the timing isn't perfect, but damn does it feel good.

Chapter Notes

> Sorry it's been so long! This one was giving me some trouble. Hope you all enjoy!
>
> Warnings: medical talk, sexual medical condition
>
> Smut: p in v, first time together, quick n dirty, Stretch is very horny

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Once, Stretch had been so sure he would never, *could* never love again. He was wrong, of course he was, as evidenced by every moment of his life since he'd met you being a rollercoaster of emotion, and even through everything he's glad he was wrong.

"Are you mad at me?" You asked quietly between kisses, as he laid you gently on his bed. "For keeping it from you? You said you understand, but are you mad?"

"no," he mumbled back. "not at you. never at you."

"Liar," you giggled. "I'd be mad."

"well, you're not me," he said, brushing a stray curl from your face. He wanted to kiss you, so he did, as promised, and you hummed and kissed him back, and there was desperation, months of frustration, anger, and tension snapping all at once as he drew his fingertips over the soft lavender nightgown.

Impatience came next, and you were pulling him down, closer, straining to meet him and yeah, it was shitty timing maybe but honestly it was about time you got past second base and maybe he's a little emotional and so are you but it's not as if you hadn't both wanted this yesterday, or last month, or on Christmas morning.

"can i--"

"Yes," you responded breathlessly, cutting him off, and he chuckled as you grabbed his hand to guide it downward.

"slow down, honey love, no need to rush," he chuckled, but he did quicken his pace slightly, dipping beneath your cute little nightgown and vanishing your panties.

He kissed your sternum, feeling the buzz of your soul in there, and oh, he wanted to touch it, feel it, see it...but he could wait for that, it's a whole other level and you were lovely as ever right now without it. He might actually burst into rainbows if souls came into it.

Instead he kissed his way south, slowly pushing your nightgown up over your sinfully perfect body. How many secrets does this beautiful form hold? The abuse, the cloning, the running, the pieces of the others inside you...the illness. Is that it? Does he know everything now? You hide so much of yourself from them that he can't help but feel like he's still missing something, even if he can't tell exactly what.

It doesn't matter. Questions for another time. Right now there's a lot of missed time to make up for, made even more desperate by the sudden ticking clock he could almost hear. He wasn't about to waste time and get interrupted again, oh no, he was done playing around.

He drew his thumb over your folds and oh, so perfect, he hadn't known what to expect but you looked perfect to him all over, and you shuddered and gasped when he leaned in for a taste. You even tasted perfect, sweet and unique and oh, he likes that noise so he does that again, causing you to press up against his mouth, your fingers scrambling for something to hold.

He could probably spend hours eating you out, but that could be another time. He picks up his technique, getting used to your sensitive spots, and before he knew it you were arching and gasping and tasting even sweeter for him. He chuckled, licking once more before looking up, crawling up your body to lean over you as he wiped his mouth.

"that's a good girl," he cooed, his hand coming up to brush your face, then tangle in your hair as he kissed you, his magic pressing insistently against his fly. "fuck, honey, you taste so good."

That made you giggle and blush that cute pink, and he leaned down to kiss your heated cheeks before leaning back to loosen his pants. You helped, enthusiastically tugging his shirt off and helping him kick his pants across the room.

He let you inspect it, for lack of a better word, honey-gold and heavy in your grip. Where Papyrus' cock had curved upward with exuberance, it seemed that Stretch's heft was holding his down a bit more, but you definitely did not mind how it felt in your hand. He shuddered as you drew your fingertips over it, his sockets closing briefly before opening to look at you with hazy lust.

"you like that, doll?" He hummed, and you nodded, ducking your head to taste the glimmering smear of magic glistening at the tip. "fuuuuck, dirty girl. come'ere."

You did, and the moment you kissed him it was suddenly desperate, kissing passionately as hands wandered everywhere. He didn't waste any more time, and you rolled around the sheets until you both were comfortable enough for him to line up and slide inside you with combined groans of pleasure.

It was a bit of a blur after that, and you knew already that neither of you would last very long. He was being careful, you know, you could feel it, could sense his flash of fear if you so much as flinched, but he didn't let it stop him and neither did you.

It was quick, but gentle, the feeling of his hands on your body as he rocked against you, pressing you deeper into the soft pillows on his bed.

"love you, i love you," he muttered, like a mantra, a chant. The words were muffled against your skin as he kissed you and you could only groan in response, lost in bliss as your orgasm overtook you with a shudder. "ah, ah…! fuck! i love you, love you, nova, i love you so much--"

You could only grip him closer, and there, that spark, that soft heat, it was back, blossoming from inside your chest until it settled over your body, tingly and warm. He must have felt it, too, as he gasped and came undone, panting and such a beautiful mess.

The afterglow was sweet as the honey he loves so much, and you both didn't move even an inch unless it was closer, kissing slowly, letting the feeling linger as you touched each other. Your fingertips wandered over his bones, slight in comparison to Papyrus' and smoother than Red's scarred ones. He made a noise of contentment as you ran your thumb along his bottom rib, and you echoed the noise when he, in turn, ran his thumb up your side.

"don't normally finish so fast," he breathed, an unspoken apology. "try t'last longer next time, just...guess i skipped my meds today, now i think of it, so…"

"It's fine," you soothed, cupping his cheekbones and kissing him again. "Meds? Like what's in your cigarettes? You haven't smoked today?"

"no, no, uh, i quit smoking, actually," he said, propping up over you on his elbows. "thought i told you? it's just in my tea now, as needed, i...hold on, let me--"

With a groan he finally pulled out of you, and you could feel the pleasant ache of being well-fucked as he hurriedly helped you clean up, even offering his sweatshirt when you realized your nightgown was a little...wet.

As you pulled it over your head, taking in the scent, you watched his eyelights flare as he flushed.

"...holy fuck," he muttered, tracing one hand up your thigh until it hit the hem of the sweatshirt. "this is... *so* much better in person."

"Do you...wanna go again?" You asked, eyes flicking down to where his magic was perking back up. He chuckled, pulling a sheet over it.

"i...if you want to? you don't have to help me at this point. with my condition, uh, it would be wrong to expect you to help every time."

"I guess I never asked what your condition is," you hummed thoughtfully. "Does it have to do with sex?"

"pretty much, uh, yeah. m'constantly in heat, but, not like pink or bj. less severe. enough to intrude on my daily life but not enough to negate my real heats." He shrugged. "basically, my life is that 'no reason boner' song."

You chuckled at that, leaning back. "So you're horny all the time, well, that explains a lot."

"yeah, does it? does it explain a lot?" Stretch teased, leaning in to nuzzle a kiss against your mouth. "truth be told i'm always horny for you, even when i medicate."

"So your medicine just keeps it to normal levels, then?"

"yeah. what does your medicine do?" He asked, tracing your arm gently. "er...do you take medicine? i mean, i assume you do."

"Sort of," you shrugged. "I have some magic supplements that help balance my blood cell levels. But, uh, they're only temporary, fast relief, the only treatment really working is Papyrus giving me magic directly to my soul. In place of a blood transfusion."

"oh, that's, uh," his blush grew brighter. "intimate."

"Yeah, it is," you laughed, playing with the slightly-too-long sleeves. "But I don't mind it, with him. I think Blue was learning how to, too."

"i'd offer, but, not sure m'ready to touch your beautiful soul just yet," he hummed, pulling you close to him and giving you a kiss. "you're in good hands with blue and paps, they have the most magic out of all of us anyway."

You happily returned the affection, kissing him so gently, and you heard him sigh. It felt nice to be so open about your health, and Stretch's concerns were less smothering and more comforting. He didn't ask too many questions, and once they were answered the crease in his brow went away in favor of that light smile of his.

When you expressed interest in helping him make his tea for medicine, he showed you where his oil was, to add to his tea, and taught you how much goes in. Before long you were joking with him over your respective cups of tea.

"have you had a chance to talk to everyone yet?" Stretch asked, sipping his tea with a hum.

"No, I came to you first after talking with Blue and Edge. I'm not sure what to say to everyone," you shrugged.

"well, word to the wise, i think you should give red a little more time," he suggested. "maybe let him come to you. he's gonna need some time to process."

"Yeah, makes sense," you sighed. "Maybe I should go see Sans next, then?"

"yeah, that might also need time, but...your call, honey."

"Thanks, Stretch," you hummed, leaning over to kiss him once more before you got up. "For being here with me, for not running away."

"i'll never run away from you again," he promised.

This time, you really, truly believe him.

Chapter End Notes

Ah Stretch, the resident horndog. Finally after all this time!

Marked Interest

Chapter Summary

Papyrus helps you settle after a long, long day.

Chapter Notes

Word count: 2245

Hey uhhh so it's been like 4 years since I updated this, which I can't BELIEVE. Anyway, here's an update since I went and reread everything. I still have plans for this story so hopefully I can do a few more updates soon!

Also I don't know when it happened but at some point I started saying "Mutt" instead of "Pup" so I'm sorry for that, eventually I will go back through and change all the "Pup"s to Mutt lol for now just go with it

Warnings/tags: soul stuff, fluff

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Papyrus tucked his brother into bed with a sigh.

"You tuckered yourself out crying before you could even talk to her," he said softly, patting Sans' sleeping skull. "Tomorrow, then."

He'd lost some time in here. It was dark now, and he doesn't know how long he'd been sitting with Sans in his room, answering every question he had to the best of his ability and comforting him, mourning together.

He has no idea if you've spoken with anyone, or where you even are right now, and that was a little strange for him. He closed Sans' door quietly behind him, scrubbing at his tired sockets, head feeling heavy from how much he had cried with Sans. He'd been brave about it for a while now, but it was true.

You're dying, and it doesn't look like there's a cure anytime soon.

But! He hardly needs to focus on that so much! He shook his head, no, let's just find you and make sure you get dinner and get to bed proper! He took a deep breath and made for the stairs, wondering if you were in someone's room, or downstairs.

His answer came when he reached the kitchen, where Mutt was cleaning up a disastrous something or other. Obviously Black had come in here and stress-cooked, so at the very least if it was edible

he didn't need to make dinner.

"she's in the living room with my bro," Mutt said without turning around. "they're just cuddling, we've already made sure she knows we're here for her. he made a good effort not to cry but failed, so don't mention his tear stains."

"And you?" Papyrus asked. "How are you feeling?

Mutt sighed, setting down the pot he was washing. "...i don't know yet."

"Is there anything I can do? Questions I could answer?"

Mutt scratched the back of his head. "no. i think i just need some time."

"Of course," Papyrus said, nodding shortly. "It's big news. I'm sorry again for keeping it."

He shook his head. "nah, don't be. m'glad she has someone on her side."

Papyrus wrung his hands a bit. "Still, I feel a little responsible for the current sadness in the house."

"ain't nobody's fault but the illness," Mutt said, shrugging. "all we can do is keep her alive, happy, and comfortable as long as possible."

He frowned, then, looking down at the glass in the dustpan.

Papyrus got the distinct feeling he wasn't thinking about you.

"You both are welcome to stay the night," he reassured him, before leaving him to his thoughts and searching you out.

As Mutt said, you were curled up on the couch, gently tracing Black's face as he had passed out across your lap.

You gave him a tired smile as he came over. "Hey, you."

"Hey, you," he said back. "How are you feeling?"

"Tired, mostly," you sighed.

"I bet the calisthenics with Stretch did not help!" He scolded lightly, and you flushed deeply.

"I didn't! I mean, we, well…" you trailed off, fiddling with the drawstrings of Stretch's sweatshirt you still wore as you realized you didn't have an excuse.

"You're fine, silly thing," he said sweetly, leaning down to kiss your hair. "Only teasing! I'm glad you both had a good time."

"a *very* good time, eh?" Mutt teased, coming in after him and tousling your hair. "lemme get this log outta yer way."

He lifted Black effortlessly, still so small, the only small Sans left, it seemed, and he looked it, in Mutt's arms. He curled in perfectly, his cheekbone squishing against Mutt's shoulder as he adjusted him, and he seemed so…vulnerable.

"If he wakes up and wants to come up to my room, you can tell him he's welcome to snuggle some more," you said as you stood.

"maybe he'll take you up on it, but I'm gonna guess you'll have a snuggle buddy tonight already," Mutt said, patting your head affectionately. "night, princess."

"Night," you echoed, and with their exit Papyrus shooed you back a bit to pull the couch out into a bed, probably for Green and G since Black and Mutt seemed to be claiming the guest room.

Once that was finished you headed back upstairs, doing your little ritual of knocking on all the doors and calling out good night, lingering just a bit around Red's door before moving on.

"He isn't in there," Papyrus said when you raised your hand to Sans' door. He gestured instead to his own door, and you knocked on that instead.

"Good night, Sans," you said softly, and he didn't answer, but that's alright.

"He'll be okay," Papyrus reassured you. "They both will. They'll come to you in their own time."

You nodded as you started up your stairs. "Mhm…"

He helped you get ready for bed, smothering you in kisses until you were giggling properly again, and oh, he does love that noise. Your smile, your laugh, what he wouldn't do to see you happy…

“Papyrus…are you okay?”

Despite his A+ acting skills, he supposed it wasn't surprising that you could see right through his attempts to cheer you.

“I am just fine, my dear!” He said, but you gave him That Look and he wilted, just a bit. “Well… I…it's silly, is all. Don't worry about it.”

You gave him That Look even harder, and he sat back against the headboard, worrying his fingertips.

“Alright, well…” He began, and you took his hand, squeezing it reassuringly. “You've had an awfully long day, we both have, everyone has, but…I was wondering, if you had it in you…”

You raised a brow at him. “Didn't you *just* chastise me for having sex with Stretch today?”

You almost laughed at how aghast he looked at that as he swiveled to look at you in shock. “No! Not sex! Not that I don't find you attractive or crave that affection from you, I think we both know by now that I--”

“Papyrus,” you interrupted, and he flushed, quieting. “What do you need?”

Right. He took a deep breath, steadying the pounding in his soul.

“It's just…I know you were half asleep, but do you remember when I told you that I had…” He hesitated, eyelights flicking to your shoulder. The bruise was gone with lots of healing since, but he swore he could still see where he'd bitten you. “...marked you?”

You nodded. “Yeah, and I told you not to feel bad and I wanted it, so what's the problem?”

“No, I'm not worried about that, I…was hoping I could…see it?” He squeaked, his face flushing brighter. “I'm sorry, it's *so* lewd to even ask, b-but it isn't like I'm some sort of jealous overprotective--”

“It's fine,” you cooed, squeezing his hand. “Maybe I don't understand the monster propriety or whatever, but I don't think you're weird for asking.”

He relaxed, giving you a shaky smile. He supposed he was lucky you were so understanding! “Thank you…I will have to hold your soul to see it, are you up for that? I know it's been a long day and I've already had to touch it once today, and I couldn't even ask that time.”

You reached up, cradling his skull and bringing him down for a kiss. He sighed a shaky sigh, kissing you back gently, carefully. “You are always welcome to see my soul, Paps.”

He didn't faff about any more than that, only gesturing you closer, and you settled in his lap with your head against his chest. He sighed, resting his head on top of yours and simply squeezing you close for a long moment. It had been an awfully long day, and his soul ached from all the emotion. Being close like this…it helped. The mark was thrumming, crowing with delight at the closeness, and maybe he didn't know *exactly* how it all worked but he was beginning to understand. He would have to stay close to you for a few days, *this* close was preferable but he didn't want to *smother* you and--you shifted in his lap, looking up at him curiously.

Right. He wanted to see it. He *needed* to see it.

“Ready?” he asked as he laid a hand upon your chest. You nodded, smiling big at him and he could only kiss your forehead as he beckoned for your soul.

It came willingly, eagerly, like no other time before. It practically hopped into his hand, and you didn't even flinch.

Gods, it was so beautiful, always so beautiful. He felt the change immediately, could just *tell* his magic was there.

“It looks the same?” you asked, confused, tilting your head. “Is it supposed to?”

“It doesn't look the same to me,” Papyrus said with a soft sigh as he watched the silver surface sparkle with his own soft orange. “Here, let me…if you put your hands like this--”

You adjusted how he showed you until you were both cupping your soul, and you copied his movements, brushing a thumb over it. It felt different than when you'd touched Papyrus’ soul, like a little stress ball filled with goop; you supposed you couldn't affect your own soul, but his soft touches were making your breath catch enough.

“There,” he muttered, his voice filled with awe and pride. “Do you see it?”

You looked, running your thumb to the side and--there it was, a little seedling of magic, like a plant growing through the cracks in the concrete. It was brilliant, pure orange, and you touched it softly.

You both sighed as you touched his magic, the tiny little pocket growing in your soul. You felt all of his love, his adoration, his sweet eagerness; it felt warm and bright and beautiful, like he always made you feel.

“It's like a little seed?” You asked as you brushed it again.

“It's still new,” he explained. “It will bloom eventually, with time and love and patience. If I'd known that I marked you, I would have been by your side more.”

“So I'll have a flower on my soul?” You asked, dubious.

He chuckled, kissing your forehead. “Not a flower, not really. But since you aren't a monster and don't really have any experience to liken it to, it seems it's taking this form. Showing you something similar that you can understand. It makes sense! A flower needs time, patience, and love to grow, just like a mark or bond!”

“Since we're on the subject of marks and bonds,” you said, dropping your hands as he dismissed your soul back to your chest. You both shuddered as the feeling of closeness and adoration settled. “What exactly *is* the difference?”

“Hmm…well, I suppose it's similar to the difference between dating or engagement, and getting married!” Papyrus gave you a squeeze. “If I wanted to (which I don't!) or you wanted me to, I could let the mark fade, or remove it, or another monster could write over it.”

“Like the scenting thing Red told me about?”

“Oh, no, nothing so crass as that,” Papyrus scoffed. “If bonding is marriage and marks are dating, then scenting is more like…what did Sans call it? Fooling around.”

Oh. So it wasn't that big of a deal, the scent thing…you felt a twinge of sadness for a moment; does that mean Red doesn't like you as much as you thought?

A gentle finger on your chin tipped your head up, and you looked deep into Papyrus’ eyelights.

“Do not misunderstand,” he cooed, thumbing your cheek. “Scenting is still very intimate, and can reach a level similar to a mark. It's simply more…hmm…how should I put this? Animalistic? Less organized? Messy?” He hummed, bringing his hand back to tap at his jaw. “For instance…my mark will scent you if I want it to? But I'm simply not the possessive type, I suppose! So, maybe if it had been someone else it would have been a natural progression of scenting.”

Ah, so it was just that Papyrus was a sweet bean who didn't mind the others “infringing on his territory”, so to speak. That made sense, Papyrus had always been on the same page as you with all of that. You'd say not a jealous bone in his body, but…you'd spotted it, even briefly, when Green asked to see your soul, and you felt a little smirk forming from the thought. Even Papyrus isn't immune to jealousy, if the circumstance was right.

“I am sorry,” he said suddenly. “It was because of me, because I let you wander too far when the mark was settling, that you collapsed today, and if perhaps I had known what I was doing, all of this might not have happened.”

“We already talked about this, silly,” you said as he helped you to settle, pulling the blankets up over both of you. “Forget it, okay? Things will happen how they'll happen.”

“This is true! Even if the journey is a little unpleasant, I suppose I would be lying if I said I didn't like the results!” He squeezed you, nuzzling his face into your hair as you tucked your head against

his collarbone. “And I am neither a liar nor an idiot! So I will relent that I am happy despite the bumps along the way.”

You snickered, eyelids feeling heavy as his hand settle on your chest over your soul. You felt it humming and beating, felt his own soul singing in time.

“Me, too, Paps.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry it took me 4 years to bring you filler fluff lol. Next chapter we will move on from this little arc and into some other shenanigans. Missed you guys!

Territorial

Chapter Summary

You have a soft morning with Red, but seems there's more going on while you snooze.

Chapter Notes

Word Count: 2945

Wow! I'm so happy so many of you are excited for a revival! I went back and changed all instances of Pup to Mutt so everything matches now. I debated on the all-caps for pap-types, and I think I'm gonna keep it for continuity and have them talk normal only when speaking quietly with someone purposefully.
This will be a little more fluff and we have one more skelly after this who still needs a bittersweet acceptance speech, so hold on to your hats!

Warnings/tags: territorial monster stuff, alpha stuff, background violence, fluffy stuff to balance it out

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You woke up so warm and toasty, curling sleepily into Papyrus' hold. You heard some voices, and blearily tried to make sense of them before giving up to let sleep drag you deeper.

Papyrus moved, and you sleepily protested, grabbing at him and pulling him back. His chuckle vibrated against your cheekbone.

"I will be back," he promised, and you hummed, displeased, but released him.

He kissed your forehead and you lifted your head, sleepily pursing your lips for a full kiss. He obliged, and you happily took it, then dropped back to the pillows. His hand gently smoothing over your hair was enough to send you back to dreamland.

Could have been hours or moments later, who can tell? But eventually, you felt someone nudging you.

"scoot."

"Mmm…Red?"

"yeah, s'me. gonna let me in?"

You rolled over a little, sitting up and blinking at him. "Yeah, 'course. C'mere."

You lifted the blankets and scooted over, and Red filled the space you had left. He didn't hesitate to pull you in, and you slotted up beside him, snuggling right in like puzzle pieces. His hand curled into your hair as he adjusted the blankets, and pretty soon you were snug as bugs in a rug, his warmth lulling you nearly back to sleep again.

"...love you," he said softly, and you hummed in response. "nothin' s'gonna change that. not anythin'."

So warm…so gentle…you tipped your face up, kissing his jaw, and decided not to mention the salty taste of tears on his cheekbone. By his watery sigh, he appreciated it.

The two of you dozed a few more hours together, snuggled warm beneath the sheets. You drifted in and out, the knowledge that Papyrus said he'd be back hovering at the edge of your consciousness and keeping you from deeper sleep, but this sort of sleep was still nice.

There was a noise, at some point, and you raised your head confusedly. "Wha' was that?"

"don' worry 'bout it, kitten," Red yawned, pulling you back in. "sansy an' baby blue are workin' out their issues."

"Should I be concerned about that?" You asked, tucking your head back below his chin.

You felt Red shrug. "nah. everybody's gotta learn sometime, and sansy won't do more than's necessary. if it weren't alright, wouldn't we hear stretch flippin' the fuck out?"

"You said that last time, and Blue *did* need me then," you pointed out.

Red snorted, his hand beginning to card through your hair. "knowin' blue, he don't wantcha t'see him get his ass kicked."

"Why are they fighting, again?" You asked with a yawn.

"monster stuff. blue bein' a big boy now an' all, s'only natural t'clash with the one who runs th'house."

"Are you admitting Sans runs the house?" you asked. Another shrug.

"hey, s'just facts, kitten. i had my chance, i lost, that's how it works. they've all lost one way or 'nother, 'cept blue n' black."

"Surprising," you said, thinking of Dusty and Axe. "All of them?"

"all of 'em," he repeated. "he's the original, plain an' simple. even with all my skill, i don't got nearly as much magic. and those who have enough magic don't got any skill, and some have neither. when the universe dealt the cards, it didn't seem t'care if everyone got the same hand."

"I mean, Blue seems to have a decent amount of magic and skill," you pointed out.

"but no idea what he's getting into," Red added. "he's gonna underestimate sans and it'll be over before he knows it."

"Sans isn't gonna hurt him, is he?" You asked, concern growing as sleep began to fade from your mind.

“a few bumps and bruises and a blow to his ego. but he'll prob'ly be fine if y’kiss it better.” Red chuckled, leaning back to look down at you. Despite sleeping together the last few hours, he looked rather sleepless, with hastily scrubbed tear tracks still visible.

You reached up and ran a thumb over the faint pink lines, and he huffed, leaning out of your grip.

“s'fine. don't ya worry yer pretty lil head about it,” he said. “it sucks but it ain't about me. better some months notice, in my opinion. last time i only got about 3 minutes, so this is an upgrade.”

“Oh,” you said smartly.

He sighed, running a hand over his face as he scrunched his brow, frowning.

“sorry. that came out a lot less positive than i meant it.”

“It's okay,” you said, taking his hand and threading your fingers together. “I got what you meant. Thanks, Red.”

He squeezed your hand, giving you his signature grin. “no worries, kitten. s'better this way, like we always talk. m'never gonna be like edge with all them flowery words. bet he came in here and quoted princess bride or some shit.”

You giggled, remembering how Edge had seemed like he was getting knighted. “He did.”

He kissed your fingertips. “just, eh…hope i didn't make anythin’ any worse with…y’know…”

He waggled his brows. You rolled your eyes. “Sex isn't gonna break me. Stretch said the same stupid thing. If it hurts, I'll tell you.”

“yeah, speakin’ of which, think we're gonna need to do some soundproofin',” Red mentioned, snickering. “lemme tell ya, the dulcet tones of you two fuckin’ was the last thing i expected when i was tryna come to terms with yer imminent death.”

You flushed, ducking your head to hide against his chest. “...Sorry.”

He snorted, kissing the top of your head. “nah, s'fine, i prob'ly deserved it a little for how often he has to listen t'us.”

Another loud noise, this time a distinct BANG coming from down in the garden, and you shot up, glancing over to the window.

“yup, sounds about right,” Red said as several voices began to drift through the ajar window. “c'mon, sounds like it's over. let's get you down there to kiss the baby blue's bruises.”

You didn't argue, feeling wide awake now as you went to your wardrobe. Red was already there, pawing through a drawer, and it didn't escape your notice that he was picking things Blue might like.

“You have the chance to dress me and you're going with someone else's tastes?” You teased as you pulled on the cropped blue sweatshirt.

“everything you wear drives me wild, kitten, my bro made sure of that when he bought you this wardrobe,” he admitted, pulling out a pair of baby blue yoga pants. “besides, i wasn't kidding, blue

is gonna need some nursin' for those bruises and his ego. i may not know much, but i have learned that happy house makes happy…you."

"Were you gonna say spouse?" You asked, hands on your hips. He flushed. "Cute."

You kissed his cheekbone and then busied yourself with pulling on the yoga pants. When you were done, he caught your hand, and you eagerly let him draw you in for a kiss, deep and gentle and filled with everything and always.

"love you, kitten," he said again. "so much."

You squeezed his hands, three times, and his expression softened further. Another kiss…

"I AM BACK, MY DEAR! AS I SAID I WOULD BE!" Papyrus crowed as he swept into the room. "AH, I SEE YOU ARE UP AND DRESSED ALREADY! THAT'S WONDERFUL! AND THANK YOU, RED, FOR KEEPING HER COMFORTABLE WHILE I WAS BUSY."

"no problemo," Red said, holding up his hand in an 'ok' sign. "we had a good snuggle, talked a bit, kept her updated about what's going on downstairs. s'all good. how'd it go?"

"AS EXPECTED! BUT, BLUE CERTAINLY GAVE SANS A RUN FOR HIS MONEY," Papyrus said, grin never wavering. "LITERALLY! I HAVE NEVER SEEN SANS RUN SO FAST!"

"Is Blue okay?" You asked, and Papyrus turned to regard you, looking you up and down.

"I THINK IF YOU'VE A HEALING KISS FOR HIM, HE'LL BE JUST FINE IN HALF AN HOUR'S TIME," Papyrus exclaimed. "COME COME! GREEN MADE BREAKFAST!"

Downstairs was already pretty lively when you went down, slightly unexpectedly so given yesterday's din atmosphere. When you hit the bottom of the stairs, it only got livelier.

"hey, honey, how ya feelin'?" Stretch purred, catching you at the base of the stairs.

"Like a million bucks," you reassured him.

"y'look it," he said, taking your hand for a squeeze. "pap already explain all the noise?"

"Red said it was some sort of territorial monster dispute," you said. "And Pap said Blue lost."

Stretch shrugged. "not unexpected, but he went down swingin'. come on, he's sulking in the living room. could sure use your cute smile to make 'im feel better."

"So I've been told," you chuckled, letting him pull you along, into the living room where an unexpected show awaited.

"--AND WHEN HE SWINGS LEFT, YOU ALWAYS PRESS YOUR MAGIC UPWARD AND TRY TO SHATTER THE ELBOW!" Black was standing on the coffee table, looking riled as hell, apparently halfway through explaining how Blue should have fought, when he caught your eye from across the room. He gasped. "DARLING! SHOULD YOU BE OUT OF BED?"

"I'm fine," you reassured him, casting a glance around for Blue. At first, you didn't see him, spotting only Mutt lounging across the still-pulled-out couch bed.

Then, you saw him, sitting in the corner on an ottoman, and you realized why you looked over him at first: he was wearing one of his newer workout shirts that happened to have a hood, and he'd drawn it up as he sulked in the corner, ice pack resting in his hand against what looked to be a rather nasty little black eye. You stepped around the extended couch bed to lean around and catch his eye.

“Blue?” You asked, and he startled, turning away quickly.

“I’M FINE!” He lied, though you caught an embarrassed cyan flush across his cheekbones as he turned.

“Aw, Blue, it's okay,” you said sweetly, taking his hand that wasn't holding the ice pack. “Let me see?”

He turned back slowly, and if a skeleton could properly pout then that's exactly what he was doing. “PAPYRUS ALREADY HEALED IT SOME…IT'LL BE GONE IN A DAY OR TWO.”

Man, even with his bigger size, he was still so damned cute! You coaxed the ice pack away for a moment, looking at the darkening bruise. “Oof. Yeah, that's a bruise. Does it hurt?”

“NO,” he said, honestly.

“you're supposed t'say yes, then she kisses it better,” Mutt drawled, teasing lilt to his voice. “don't you know anything?”

Blue flushed again. “OH! UH, THEN, YES…YES, IT HURTS.”

You rewarded him by leaning in, pressing a soft kiss to the bruised cheekbone. “There. Hopefully it feels better now.”

“OH, NOT QUITE, BUT…MAYBE IF YOU DO IT *ONE* MORE TIME?” Blue said, his usual grin beginning to return.

“Very well,” you said with an exaggerated sigh, kissing it once more. “...are you okay? Overall, I mean?”

“OH, IT'S…YOU KNOW,” he said, gesturing. “A LITTLE DISHEARTENING! BUT I UNDERESTIMATED SANS, CLEARLY. I DID THE BEST I COULD, AND I GUESS THAT'S ALL I CAN DO.”

“YOU SHOULD HAVE TRIED TO BREAK HIS ELBOW,” Black chastised, hopping off the table. “SWIFT MOVEMENTS, BAIT HIM CLOSE AND THEN--*CRACK*! HONESTLY, WHEN IT'S MY TURN, I’LL SHOW ALL OF YOU.”

You looked up in time to catch it as Stretch and Mutt exchanged uneasy glances at that. You wondered what that was about, but Black didn't give you time to consider.

“THEN, WHEN I WIN, I'LL MOVE MUTT AND ME BACK IN AND I'LL BE HEAD OF THE HOUSE!” he puffed up his chest, hands on his hips. “PERHAPS YOU'LL BE MY MATE PROPERLY, THEN, DARLING.” You watched him falter a moment, there. “THAT IS… ASSUMING IT HAPPENS FOR ME THIS NEXT HEAT IN AUGUST, I SUPPOSE. ”

“I'm sure it will,” you reassured him. “But, you know, you guys don't have to beat Sans in combat to move back in here. We have enough rooms.”

“well, that's sweet, doll, but it does actually work that way,” Mutt said nonchalantly. “if sans leads the pack, so to speak, then he gets t'say who stays or goes. why d'you think axe n'dusty don't live here already, when you do?”

“Oh…well, I'm sure I can talk to him about you guys, I think you've shown you're no more trouble than anyone else here.”

“i think he'd do ‘bout anything y'ask,” Mutt mumbled, almost too quiet to hear.

You looked back at Blue, curious now if that was the only bruise he sported. He had lowered his shirt hood, now, and was looking very pointedly at the ceiling and definitely not your outfit.

“let's get breakfast, yeah?” Stretch offered, and thankfully Mutt and Black seemed to agree, filing out of the living room to the lively dining room beyond.

“Does anything else hurt, Blue?” You cooed, reaching up and cradling his skull in your hands. “You don't need to be embarrassed, I don't like you any less for losing.”

He smiled at you, the stars beginning to return to his sockets. “THANKS, NOVA, I FEEL BETTER ALREADY! I GUESS MY EGO IS BRUISED THE WORST…I *REALLY* THOUGHT I HAD A CHANCE.”

You sat on the chair beside his ottoman. “Would you have changed anything?”

“I GUESS NOT,” he said thoughtfully. “SANS DOES A PRETTY GOOD JOB KEEPING EVERYONE IN LINE. IT MUST BE EXHAUSTING! ESPECIALLY WITH YOU BEING SO CUTE AND RILING EVERYONE UP!”

“If nothing would have changed, then why would you want to win?” You asked, seeking to understand.

Blue shrugged. “I DON'T KNOW. I JUST WANTED IT! IT WAS A FEELING I HAD. IT'S GONE NOW, THOUGH…I THINK I GET IT NOW, HOW RED AND THE OTHERS FEEL. I ALWAYS WONDERED HOW THEY COULD STAND KNOWING THEY LOST, HOW IT DIDN'T ANNOY THEM. BUT SANS HAS A LOT OF RESPONSIBILITY WITH HIS POSITION, TOO, SO…MAYBE IT'S FOR THE BEST.”

“Sounds like you've got it all figured out, then,” you said, nodding. “Here I was, ready to console you. Guess you're too cool for that.”

Blue smiled at you, face flushing. “...THAT DOESN'T MEAN I WOULDN'T APPRECIATE A FEW MORE KISSES! MY EGO AND MY FACE *ARE* STILL A LITTLE BRUISED!”

“Well, how could I refuse you when you're in such need?” You giggled, leaning forward to meet him halfway. He sighed, leaning into the kiss, and you felt your soul resonating a little with his contentment.

By the time you pulled away, his grin was a little more dopey, hearts instead of stars dancing in his eyelights. He sighed, speaking softly for once. “Wowie, Miss Nova, you sure are good at that.”

“You too, my Blueberry,” you cooed. “Shall I give you another?”

“I would love that,” he purred, but pulled away. “But…I think Sans might actually need you more, right now. He seemed…off…the whole fight.”

“Well, we haven't had a chance to connect since…” You trailed off. Blue nodded, understanding without words. “Maybe I should go talk to him. Are you sure you don't need me?”

“OH, I *ALWAYS* NEED YOU,” He teased, squeezing your hand. “BUT YES, YOU SHOULD GO. WE CAN TALK LATER.”

“Do you know where I can find him?”

Blue nodded his head towards the window. “HE'S IN THE YARD. PAPYRUS TOLD HIM HE HAD TO REPLANT ALL THE TULIPS HE UPTURNED WITH HIS ATTACKS WHEN WE WRECKED THE GARDEN.”

“Got it. Thanks, Blue, I'll see you later.”

He waved you off, smiling wide, and you turned to leave, missing the way he sighed and let his grin fall.

“coulda just let her dote on ya, bro,” Stretch said, strolling in from where he'd been parked outside the door.

“I KNOW,” Blue said sheepishly, returning the ice pack to his bruised skull. “AND I'LL CATCH HER LATER. BUT THE LONGER SHE AND SANS DON'T TALK, THE WORSE IT WILL GET.”

“yeah,” Stretch agreed, dropping to the spot you vacated in the chair. “but you should put yourself first sometimes, too. nobody would be mad. nobody woulda been mad if you had won, either, so i dunno why y’pulled yer punches.”

Blue looked away. “I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, BROTHER.”

“c'mon, blue,” Stretch scoffed. “we both know you weren't playin’ at full power. i've never seen you move so slow.”

“WELL, I AM MUCH BIGGER NOW! PERHAPS I HAVEN'T GOTTEN USED TO MY NEW SIZE YET,” he excused, idly adjusting his ice pack.

“yeah, right. i was at the gym the other day when you were going at those punching bags, i know how fast you can move,” Stretch insisted. “an’ you can take a semi-truck to the side without blinking, you want me to believe *one* decent hit took you out?”

Blue hummed, finally looking up at him, eyelights guilty. “IS IT WRONG? I DIDN'T WANT TO ROCK THE BOAT.”

Stretch shook his head. “i get it. he doesn't need the blow right now, and nova needs stability. you didn't wanna upset the balance, so you let him win. i might not'a done it myself but, i get it. if anythin’ its testament to the amount of control you have.”

Blue sighed, letting the ice pack drop. “EVERYTHING IS ALREADY CHANGING SO MUCH. I DON'T WANT ANYTHING ELSE TO CHANGE.”

Stretch reached over, running his knuckles over Blue's skull and pulling him in for a hug. Blue sighed, hugging him back, hunching down to tuck his skull beneath Stretch's chin.

“besides, who wants to be in charge whenever the rest of the fam finds out about her condition?” Stretch mumbled. “not me.”

“ME EITHER,” Blue admitted.

They sat in that silence for a long, long moment. It was better this way.

They both knew it.

Chapter End Notes

Blue tricked everyone but couldn't trick his own brother! He's always thinking three steps ahead.

Also, Red is so sweet, I love that he doesn't make a big ol' deal out of it as opposed to his brother’s shakespearian declarations.

End Notes

Alright alright you guys called me out.
I have a tumblr here
And my SFW blog for my art and commissions info is here
These aren't as active as the blog I had before, but if you want to ask me questions about commissions, headcanons, or my stories, then this is where to go for now! I prefer to keep all undertale related questions on my MK blog, just because I'm still trying to avoid overexerting myself!

Beautiful fan art! Send me links if you find or make any for my story so I can add it here!
Red in Heat
by penguinb0mb
Blue using his ticket by snijen
Cover art by Rydzia
The whole fam damily at Christmas by Jelly-Belly
The Human!Skelebaes (GINGER!FELLS OMG) by Mroczny Golf
Blue Me Away (Blue w/o Armor) by aonomi
Breakfast in Bed (This skeleton will be the death of me) by Shiro Inu
A Strange Proposal (Edge makes an Entrance) by aonomi
Reader and Stretch by Kamiiireru (based on reader's dream sequence)
Blue Being Weird (and bonus date!Edge) by Jelly-belly (back when the sniffing scene was just a story in the comments haha)
DYS: G wonders if it's worth it by Optima_Chama
Hunter wearing a silly apron by myself, posted to the original creator of Huntertale's blog
Losers in Love (On their phones) by me because why not
Dusty Makes an Entrance by winke77e on tumblr
Just For You by art-you-not-entertained on tumblr
Whispers Across Time by myself (from the echo flower scene)
[Nova Cosplay Test1] and [Nova Cosplay Test 2] by Wife_of_a_madman
He Knows by art-you-not-entertained again!

Works inspired by this one

Six Skeletons, One Store Clerk by mccloudydays

Existence by Musecookie

The Vacation by Aria Serif (Mysterie)

Human! by orphan_account

Soulbond by Veryna

Coffee and Skeletons by WeirdGrapes

Secrets Not So Secret by ZAQ606

Mysterious Messages by AnimeDancer14

Six Skeletons and The Waitress by Teutonic_lisp

Destiny Chosen by Sagittarian_Solstice

Bone-A-Fied Biddy [UPDATED CHAPS+DESC] by FreelyColorful

A Skeleton's Hope by JustVibingMan

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!